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HISTORY OF WALES,

B. B. WOODWARD, B.A.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CAERPHILLY DOLMEN.

THE
HISTORY OF WALES,

From the Earliest Times,

TO ITS FINAL INCORPORATION WITH THE KINGDOM OF ENGLAND;

WITH NOTICES OF ITS PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, AND MINERAL WEALTH;
AND OF THE RELIGION AND LITERATURE, LAWS, CUSTOMS,
MANNERS, AND ARTS OF THE WELSH.

BY B. B. WOODWARD, B. A. LOND.

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Gift of
The Author.

TO E. G. SALISBURY,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ., BARRISTER AT LAW.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT is with great pleasure that I inscribe to you this History of your native country. In no other way can I adequately acknowledge the value of the assistance which, by books and counsel, you have on all occasions so kindly given me; and without which I know not how I could have completed my task.

I am the more glad to do so, too, that I hope, by your interposition,—for there can be no doubt that you are what your old hero lawgiver, Hywel Dda, would have styled a *boneddig canhwynawl*,—my book may be favoured with a friendly reception amongst your compatriots; and be kindly judged by them notwithstanding its faults.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful,

B. B. WOODWARD.

St. John's Wood, London.

PREFACE.

THE interest possessed by a History of Wales, beside that which belongs to all histories, when truly told,—their being, in fact, each in its own way, the statement, and perhaps the solution too, of some one or more of the great problems which concern mankind,—arises from two sources. It is almost entirely unknown in England; for although the Principality has been united to this country nearly six hundred years, and for half that time completely incorporated with it, the English in general have no further knowledge of its history, than can be found in that of their own land, in connexion with the names of Arthur and Llywelyn, Owen Glendower and Henry Tudor. And every passage of it is associated with scenes unsurpassed in romantic grandeur and beauty, with which most are now, in some degree, familiar. Few words, therefore, will be required by way of preface to this book.

It is more than sixty years since the last *English History of Wales* was written. And in that interval, not only have the materials employed by the historian been vastly increased, by the disinterment of records, invaluable for their antiquity and their genuineness, from the repositories in which they had for ages been buried; but historical studies have had a new spirit and scope imparted to them, by the labours of some of the most profound and philosophical scholars that ever adorned the world. In one particular alone,—the discrimination between *History* and *Legend*, which seems to have been scarcely suspected before,—enough has been done in the approximate determination of the canons of criticism, to make any work, produced at the present time, different, *toto cælo*, from a predecessor at the distance of two generations.

The most ancient and authentic authorities which were accessible, have, throughout, been uniformly resorted to and followed, in preference to certain which have enjoyed

a distinction to which, by their actual worth, they seem not to be entitled. Thus, to the Monastic Annals, in Latin, both printed and in MS., from which the *Bruts* in the vernacular of Wales were undoubtedly derived, and to the documents contained in Rymer's voluminous collection, and the publications of the Record Commission, has been assigned the highest rank. And the next has been given to the early chroniclers of England; and particularly to those who lived nearest the events they have recorded. Lhuyd, with his editors and continuators, Powell, Wynne, Price, &c., occupies a lower place; and has been reluctantly and with caution referred to, when unsupported by other witnesses. Nothing, indeed, but the prescriptive right enjoyed by every such "painful searcher" into antiquity, would, in many instances, have rendered even an allusion to his "*Welsh Chronicle*" necessary.

With regard to the bards, their social position,—dependents upon the princes and nobles; and the nature of the compositions, which most frequently contain allusions to contemporaneous events,—professed panegyrics upon their patrons; alike forbid us to expect extreme accuracy in what they sang. Examples of the manifest untrustworthiness of these writers, as authorities for historical facts, have been pointed out on suitable occasions; both in vindication of the scanty use made of them, and for the sake of those readers, who may be induced to examine for themselves the sources of any particular event.

The amount of vigilance requisite to disentangle the indubitable matters of fact, from the luxuriant tendrils of the legends, with which they are, in all the earlier parts of the story, constantly overgrown; might be illustrated by reference to the works of Sir James Mackintosh, Sharon Turner, and other distinguished historians. But the common reception of the tradition of Cadwaladr's pilgrimage to Rome, and of fictions yet more audacious,—e. g. the appropriation by the compilers of the *Bruts* of the incidents of the life of Ina of Wessex, to adorn the names of Ivor and Ynyr, (by which Mr. Price himself, in his *Hanes Cymru*, has been misled,)—will sufficiently demonstrate it. And, therefore, it may be here confessed, that at the outset of the present history, there was scarcely so much caution exercised, as experience, subsequently acquired, declared to be needful; and some matters,—the fictitious character of which could be demonstrated by comparison with well-established facts, as easily as that of the legends of Geoffrey of Monmouth,—have been narrated as genuine history. These errors are of trifling magnitude, truly; and they have been committed in company with, and perhaps, in part, because committed by such writers as those just

now mentioned ;—but mistakes they are, even though they should never lack defenders.

Welsh readers will easily discover the writer's ignorance of their fine old language. But, how much soever this is, in itself, to be regretted, in respect of the *History* of Wales, it is a matter of comparatively little moment,—the oldest and most credible materials being still extant, in their original Latin ; and there being excellent translations of almost all the most valuable pieces in the *Kymraeg*. The assistance of a friend also has been gladly employed, whenever reference to Welsh authorities seemed absolutely needful.

It will not be expected, that a *Saxon* should display the same kind of enthusiasm that a *Kymro* must, upon this subject. But it will be clear, that no groundless prejudice has been allowed to interfere with the narrative of the events of the story, or to warp the conclusions drawn from them ; and that wherever unfavourable opinions of the people or the princes are expressed, the statements are in accordance with the evidence ; which is presented so fully, that every reader can judge for himself respecting them.

The sketch of the Physical Topography and Geology of the country, which is prefixed ; the chapters on the Literature and the Religion, the Laws and the Social Condition, of the *Kymry* at different periods, which are intercalated at intervals ; and the concluding observations on the present condition and the future prospects of the Welsh ; distinguish this (it is hoped, with advantage) from every other History of Wales.

And the grateful acknowledgments of the author are due to the late Rev. John Jones, (*Tegid*), of Nevern ; William Rees, Esq., of Llandovery ; the Rev. David James, of Liverpool ; the Rev. W. Basil Jones, of Queen's College, Oxford ; and the Rev. Robert Williams, of Llangadwaladr ; as well as to the gentleman to whom the work is dedicated, for valuable information, and suggestions relating to different parts of the undertaking.

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

	PAGE
ABERGAVENNY	330
ARTHUR'S STONE, VIGNETTE TITLE.	
BANGOR CATHEDRAL	307
BANGOR ISCOED	78
BASINGWERK ABBEY	329
BUILTH	135
CADER IRIS	3
CAERLEON	136
CAERNARVON	569
CAERNARVON CASTLE	556
CAERPHILLI	470
CAERPHILLI CASTLE	291
CARDIFF CASTLE	306
CHEPSTOW CASTLE	2
CHEPSTOW, FROM THE BRIDGE	482
CHIRK CASTLE	563
COITY CASTLE	246
CYFARTHA CASTLE	40
EAGLE TOWER, CAERNARVON	557
ENTRANCE TO BEAUMARIS CASTLE	560
FALL OF THE TEIFY	6
FLINT CASTLE	494
GATEWAY AND BRIDGE, RAGLAND	577
HARBOUR OF HOLYHEAD	63
HARLECH CASTLE	574
HARLECH CASTLE, FROM TREMADOC ROAD	573
HAWARDEN CASTLE	468
HAY CHURCH	347
HOLT	462
KEEP OF RAGLAND CASTLE	577
LLANBERIS LAKE	8
LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL	153
LLANRWST BRIDGE	166
LLANTHONY ABBEY	90

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

	PAGE
LLANTHONY ABBEY, WEST FRONT	50
LLANTISILIO CHURCH	153
LLYN TEGID, OR BALA LAKE	16
LLYN OGWEN	7
MARGAN ABBEY	383
MENAI BRIDGE, FRONTISPIECE.	
MERTHYR TYDVIL	581
MILFORD HAVEN	12
MOLD	269
MONTGOMERY	231
NANT Y GLO	582
NARBERTH CASTLE	364
NEWCASTLE EMLYN	452
NEWPORT	19
OLD RADNOR	340
PEMBROKE	430
PEMBROKE, LOOKING WEST	263
PENMAEN MAWR	1
POWIS CASTLE	30
RAGLAND	86
RAGLAND CASTLE	24
REMAINS OF ST. DOGMAEL'S PRIORY;	70
REMAINS OF THE PRIORY, HAVERFORDWEST	350
REMAINS OF CASTLE DINAS BRAN	424
REMAINS OF DYSERTH CASTLE	432
RHAIADER DU	337
RHUABON	581
RHUDDLAN CASTLE	212
RUTHIN CASTLE	566
SNOWDON, FROM CAPEL CURIG	246
ST. ASAPH	145
SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN	4
TOWN AND CASTLE, PEMBROKE	361
UPPER AND LOWER TOWN, FISHGUARD	349
USK	375
VALE OF THE TEIFY	10
VALE OF THE TOWY	13
VIEW NEAR ABER	374
VIEW FROM CASTLE USK	289
VIEW IN COLDBROOK VALE	19
WELSHPOOL	255
WYE AT ABEREDWY	5

HISTORY OF WALES.

CHAPTER I.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF WALES.—GEOLOGY.—GEOLOGICAL EPOCHS.—MINERAL WEALTH.

DR. ARNOLD has remarked, that a real and lively knowledge of the physical features of a country is indispensable to a correct understanding of the social and political condition of its people. Completely agreeing with him in this, we begin our story of Wales with a sketch of its great natural features, elucidating them by a notice of the disclosures of their origin, made by the recent and minute research of geologists; not only because of the intrinsic interest of these views of the history of this tract of Great Britain, in periods of incalculable length and antiquity, but also because it has been by these vast and wonderful changes, that those inexhaustible treasures of metals and coal, building-stones and slates, on which the later fortunes of the province have mainly depended, were first stored up, and afterwards brought within the reach of human enterprise and skill.

THE SOUTHERN PART of the island of Great Britain, which is above double the breadth of England north of the Mersey and the Wash, and Scotland, has on the eastern side a rounded coast-line, with very few cliffs, but towards the west stretches out in three bold and forked promontories; the two to the north, which are united rather than separated by Cardigan Bay, being divided from the longest and most southerly one by the wide channel of the Severn, which runs up far into the heart of the country. The surface of this part, generally speaking, rises, as you proceed inland, from the low eastern shores into high slopes and platforms; till, west of the Severn and the Exe, we have a "tumbled sea" of mountains, some almost isolated, and others in continuous ranges, attaining in several instances the height of 2000, and 3500 feet; whilst the entire coast-line opposes an indented and often precipitous barrier to the long and heavy roll of the Atlantic waters.

The tract enclosed between the Weaver, the Severn, and the ocean, we here describe as Wales, although it extends beyond the political boundaries of the Principality, both as they stand at present, and as they stood when Harold brought the Saxon conquests to a close. We shall find the events of legitimate Welsh history not unfrequently

overstepping even these limits ; yet within them were nursed that sturdy independence and patriotism, which the storms and the changes of so many centuries have never obscured in the breasts of the Kymry ; and there is also, in this tract, a unity and completeness of physical character, which renders the description of the whole much more easily intelligible than that of a part could be, and makes it advisable to neglect political exactness. Its extent may be estimated by the following particulars: From Carmel Point in Anglesey to Chepstow on the Severn, is about 145 miles ; and from Birkenhead on the Mersey to Worms Head in Glamorganshire, about 140 miles. From the mouth of the Clwyd in Denbighshire to Barry Island in Glamorganshire, is also about 140 miles ; and from the mouth of the Dovey in Cardiganshire to Bridgenorth on the Severn, nearly 70 miles ; while Braich-y-pwll Head in Caernarvonshire extends to the west beyond the mouth of the Dovey, about 30 miles, and St. David's Head in Pembrokeshire, about 50 miles. It includes, beside the twelve Welsh counties, Monmouthshire and Herefordshire, with parts of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Shropshire, and Cheshire. The most conspicuous physical features of this tract are the mountains, we shall therefore describe them first ; the river-courses and coast-outline, which depend upon the direction and elevation of the mountains, will most naturally follow ; and thus the general appearance of the country will be clearly comprehended.

There are three principal ridges, composed of old rocks, which run nearly from S. W. to N. E. conformably with the strike of the strata. These are connected by transverse ridges of the same age ; and some of the hills of newer rocks, on the eastern frontier, run so much in the same direction as to seem to be continuations of them. The low hills of Anglesey are almost parallel to these great lines ; but in South Wales the mountains form an arch ; running for a little way parallel to those older ridges, and then bending round to the S. E. ; and the hills beneath this arch run from about W. N. W. to E. S. E. The N. E. angle is part of the plain of Cheshire, and the mountains west of it run from N. N. W. to S. S. E. The Shropshire hills between the Severn and the Weaver range almost N. and S., and the same direction is followed by the Clee Hills and Chelmarsh ridge, by the Abberley Hills and the Malverns.

The most northerly of these three ridges is that of Snowdon, and it covers nearly the whole of Caernarvonshire. Snowdon, or Eryri, is its loftiest peak, and rises 3571 feet above the sea : it is surrounded by peaks of almost equal elevation, Carned-Llewellyn being 3469 ; Carned-David, 3426 ; Yr-Arrig, 2999 ; Yr-Aren, 2472 ; Y-glefford-faun-ogdu, 2362 ; and Mynydd-Maur, 2276 feet above the sea. Pen-Maen-Maur, at the northern entrance of the Menai Straits, is only 1540 feet in height. The loftiest point of the Hirqethog Mountains, which overhang the Vale of Llanwrst, in Denbighshire, is about 1100 feet high ; and that of Clwydian range, on the borders of the county of Denbigh and Flint, about 1840 feet. These ranges are nearly at right angles with the ridge of Snowdon. Southward across Merionethshire run two ridges, connecting Snowdonia with the chain of Cader-Idris and the Berwyns. That,

"Fast by the margin of the deep,
Where storms eternal uproar keep,"—

so rugged and barren, with the wild and narrow valleys of *Craig drwg* and *Trws Ardudwy*, has points varying from 2100 to 2400 feet in height. The inland ridge has *Arenig-Fach*, 2809 feet above the sea; *Arenig-Faur*, 2200 feet; and *Rhobel-Faur*, 2367 feet high.

Cader-Idris, *Aren-fowddy*, and the *Berwyns* form the second principal ridge, as we advance southward. The first-named mountain attains the elevation of 2914 feet; *Aren-Mowddy*, the highest point of the next range, surpasses it, being 2955 feet above the sea; and in the *Berwyns*, *Cader-Ferwyn* is 2363 feet in height; and *Moel-Faur*, 2050 feet. These are all in *Merionethshire*; but in the S. of *Denbighshire* is the ridge of *Cyrn-y-brain*, which appears to be a prolongation of the *Berwyns*, and has one point 1767 feet, and another 1857, above the sea.

From *Aren-fowddy* to the south, along the borders of *Cardiganshire* and *Montgomeryshire*, runs the ridge of *Plynlimmon*, which is regarded as part of the *Berwyn* chain. It has two summits, *Plynlimmon-Arwsty*, 2391 feet; and *Plynlimmon-Faur*, 2463 feet in height. Eastward of *Plynlimmon* are several ridges of lower elevation, in part running in the direction of the chief mountain chains, as the *Llandinan* mountains, 1898 feet high; and in part running transversely, as the *Breiddin* or *Freiddin Hills*, 1199 feet high; *Long Mountain*, 1330 feet; *Long Mynd*, 1680 feet; and *Caer-Caradoc*, which connects these minor ridges with the third great ridge, 1200 feet high. These last are all on or within the borders of *Shropshire*. Beyond the *Severn* the *Hawkestone* and *Haughmond Hills*, and the *Wrekin*, form the eastern boundary of the district we are describing.

The third great mountain ridge commences almost at *St. David's Head*, and runs with a slightly curving course through *Pembrokeshire* and *Caermarthenshire* to the borders of *Montgomeryshire*. It bears the name of *Precelly*; and its highest point, *Precelly Top*, is 1762 feet above the sea. The *Tregarron* mountains, which form a parallel ridge nearer the sea, are 1747 feet in height. The main ridge is much broken as we advance eastward. *Radnor Forest*, which lies a little south of the line, is 2163 feet high; and *Stow Hill* and *Black Hill*, which lie a little north of it, are 1417 and 1500 feet high. *Wenlock Edge* seems to be a direct continuation of the chain, but it is of inconsiderable elevation.

Radnor Forest appears almost like a transverse ridge connecting these chains of old mountains with the newer ones of *Brecknock* and *Glamorganshire*. The *Clee Hills* of *Shropshire*, which are volcanic, have a directly vertical position; they are about 1800 feet high. The arch of mountains that rises from *Caermarthen Bay*, crosses *Brecon* to the borders of *Herefordshire*, and then follows the course of the *Wye* to the *Bristol Channel*, is of a different character from the three long ridges we have described above. It is composed of newer rocks, and wears a less rugged aspect. On the border of *Caermarthenshire* is one height of 2598 feet; and the *Beacon of Brecon*, or the *Fan*, is 2362 feet high. In *Monmouthshire*, the loftiest points hardly exceed 1000 feet. This arch, as we have called it, is rather a long succession of transverse ridges than a regular chain of hills; and the same character is impressed on the heights of

the S. Wales coal-field, which is enclosed by it; the greatest elevations in which are attained by Mynydd-Llangeinor, in Glamorganshire, 1860 feet high; and Mynydd-Maen, in Monmouthshire, 1568 feet high.

It only remains for the completion of this orographic view of Wales to mention the Abberley Hills, of very inconsiderable height, and the Malverns, under 1500 feet, which are plainly of volcanic origin, and which follow the direction of the Severn, and lie almost due north and south; the hills of Anglesey and those of the remainder of S. Wales being too low to make it needful to notice them particularly.

Beginning with the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee, the coast-line is low; being chiefly formed by the alluvion of the sea and of the rivers. But at Orme's Head we have, almost suddenly, one of the boldest promontories of Wales. Beyond this headland the mountains of Snowdonia run down to the sea-shore, and form a fine entrance to the beautiful Menai Straits. These Straits have converted the N. W. branch of the promontory of Snowdonia into an island, the largest pertaining to Wales, and one of the largest satellites of the British Isles,—Anglesey. It has a very indented coast, and numerous islets lie around it; the chief of which is Holyhead Island. Between the low shores of Anglesey and those of Caernarvonshire, interspersed with cliffs and overhung with mountains, lies Caernarvon Bay. The southern branch of the Snowdonian promontory runs in the direction of the great mountain chains, to the S. W.; and is prolonged beyond Braich-y-pwll Head by Bardsey Island. Hence the coast returns by a broken and cliffy bay, called Hell's Mouth, which is rendered more dangerous by a submerged bank, named the Devil's Ridge; and from Wylfa Point it runs nearly parallel to the coast of Caernarvon Bay to the mouth of the Traeth-mawr, and Traeth-bach.

Between Bardsey Island and Strumble Head in Pembrokeshire, lies the wide Bay of Cardigan. Its shores from the Traeth estuary to that of the Dovey are low and flat; but off the very centre of the maritime mountains of Merionethshire, there runs, to the S. W., following the general direction of the mountain chains, a very remarkable ridge of sand and gravel, of about twenty miles in length, which is always marked by a heavy surf, and in storms exhibits the most terrible aspect, called Sarn Badrig. The couplet we quoted above from Owain's "Circuit through Powys," for the purpose of identifying the position of those mountains, shows how truly the old kingly bard had observed the features of that part of his coast. There is no doubt that this ridge is the summit of a sunken mountain chain; and a tradition respecting it, and another ridge, less dangerous in its appearance, and running in the same direction from the shore of Cardiganshire, called Sarn Gynfelyn, will be mentioned afterwards in this chapter. Below the mouth of the Dovey the coast begins to exhibit cliffs here and there, which become more frequent and formidable to the southern verge of the Bay. The line is more indented here, also, than it is on the coast of Merionethshire.

Westward beyond the rugged promontory of Strumble Head, St. David's Head projects into the Atlantic; and the Precelly ridge, which rises almost from the water's edge, has an extension in Ramsey Island, and the rocks beyond it, the best known and

most dangerous of which are the Bishop and his Clerks. This south-western extremity of Wales is, as has been remarked, bifurcate; and St. Bride's Bay, with its walls of cliffs, divides the branches. Skomer Island, with three others, smaller than it, lie off the southern branch; and beneath it is the deep cleft of Milford Haven. The peninsula on which Pembroke stands is marked by the same features as Orme's Head, and is composed of the same rocks. Caldy Island is one boundary of Caermarthen Bay, the western side of which is clifty, but the remainder has low and sandy and marshy shores; with a wide but shoaled creek, into which the Llwchwr empties itself. Once more the physical features of Orme's Head are reproduced, between Barry Holmes and Mumbles Head; and here, as elsewhere, the limestone rock has huge crevices in it, which in some instances have been transformed into caverns, by the chemical action of running water in ancient times. Swansea Bay with its sand-banks succeeds; and then the shores of Glamorganshire, jutting out as a low and broad promontory into the Bristol Channel; across which, Barry Island, and other smaller islets, serve to show the connexion of the strata of S. Wales with those of the base of the great Cornish promontory of England. In the narrowest part of the Channel the Welsh shores are quite level, and the rivers which run into it through very winding courses, and the tides, have thrown up extensive banks of alluvion, till we arrive at the Severn's mouth.

It will be seen as we have proceeded, how completely the configuration of the coast-line has agreed with the direction and character of the mountains and hills; we will appeal only to the most remarkable example of this,—the shore of Cardiganshire, forming the south side of the Bay, which follows exactly the course of the Precelly Mountains. And now we proceed to the rivers of Wales.

There is a singular unity in the river-systems of this tract. It would not be difficult to believe that the valleys along which they run were all formed by one upheaval of the land, the greatest force of which was exerted some where in the neighbourhood of Plynlimmon. For one, or at most two, imaginary points might be selected from which these valleys radiate, following the courses of the great mountain chains on the western side; and as we advance to the east, both by the north and by the south, bending round in longer and bolder curves, till the Dee and the Severn form nearly entire circles, and discharge their waters in the direction from which their fountains flowed. The arrangement of steel-filings round the pole of a magnet, is not a bad illustration of the general configuration of the river valleys of Wales.

We must mention the Severn first, inasmuch as it has the undoubted superiority amongst Welsh streams. This river springs from the eastern side of Plynlimmon, and runs in a N. E. direction through Montgomeryshire, to the border of Shropshire, where it is joined by the Vyrnwy, and other streams originating in the Berwyns; thence it flows by a very meandering course, in a long circular sweep, through the counties of Salop, Worcester, and Gloucester; during which it receives from Wales only the waters of the Teme, from Wenlock Edge and the Llandinan Mountains; and is lost in the Bristol Channel. Its entire length is estimated at 190 miles; and the basin drained by it is about 4500 square miles in extent. The Wye ranks next to the

Severn, in position and magnitude. Its origin is but a short distance from that of the Severn, but it runs in a S. E. direction, between Brecknockshire and Radnorshire, almost to the Fan of Brecon, and is swelled by the waters of the Yrfon, from the desolate mountains at the head of Caermarthenshire, and those of the Ithon from Radnor Forest. From the foot of the Brecon mountains, it turns for a short way to the N. E., and then resuming its former direction, in a shorter circle, but along a more wavy bed, it passes through Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, where, after being joined by the Munno, from the south side of the Brecon mountains, it enters the British Channel just at the Severn's mouth. It is about 120 miles long, but it does not drain a surface of more than 1400 square miles in extent. The Usk rises on the north side of the mountain arch in S. Wales, and runs through Brecknock; but it finds its way by a break in an arch south of the Fan to the inner side, and falls into the Bristol Channel below Newport. Numerous streams of less note fill the valleys of Glamorganshire. The next worthy of mention is the Towy, which springs up in the heart of the barren region below Plynlimmon, divides Caermarthenshire from Brecknockshire, then conforms its course to the Precelly mountains, receiving the various rivulets from their south sides, the greatest being the Cothy, and finally runs into Caermarthen Bay through a great rent in the newer rocks. The Tave, which joins the Towy at its mouth, and the Cleddon, which has Milford Haven for its embouchure, are rivers of less size.

The Teify rises not far from the fountain-head of the Towy, but it flows on the north side of the Precelly range; where, following the course of the mountains most exactly, it serves as a boundary between Cardiganshire and Caermarthen and Pembroke, and enters Cardigan Bay a little below the town. The Eirion, the Ystwith, and the Rheidol flow from the Tregarron and Plynlimmon mountains into the Bay. The Dovey, or Dyfi, has a fine estuary, and rises in the Aren-Fowddy. The Maw, which has the Wynion as a feeder, drains the transverse mountain regions of Merionethshire. From the Arenigs there runs a small river into the deepest recess of Cardigan Bay; and into the same recess flows, through the beautiful lakes of Llyn Gwynan and Llyn Dinas, the Glas Lyn, from the side of Snowdon itself. The Lyfni, and the Seiont, on the north of Snowdon, the latter of which passes in its course through the romantic vale of Llanberis, are of the same character.

And now we reach the Conway, which rises on the north side of the Arenigs, and seems to form the boundary between the two different mountain systems of Snowdonia and Denbighshire. Its chief feeders join it at right angles from the valleys of Snowdonia; and it expands into a fine estuary west of Ormes Head. The Clwyd follows the direction of the Denbighshire mountains, as well as the Conway, and the transverse valleys in them are defined by the Elwy, which is a tributary to the Clwyd. All the streams we have mentioned, from the Maw to the Clwyd, receive their waters from the north side of the mountain ridge we have named after Cader-Idris: the next we meet with has one tributary which springs from the south of that line, and thus the rivers of N. Wales are brought into one system with those of S. Wales. The Dee, of which we speak, rises at the south extremity of the Arenig ridge, flows through the wide and

long Bala Water, receives the Alwen, whose head lies between the valleys of the Conway and the Clwyd, and fetching a long circuit, with many fantastic windings, in the course of which it passes through the celebrated Vale of Llangollen, reaches its noble estuary just below the ancient city of Chester. The Weaver, which is the N. E. boundary of our district, rises on the borders of Shropshire, and after flowing nearly N. to Northwich, turns to the N. W., and enters the estuary of the Mersey at its S. angle.

This completes our outline of the great physical features of the country. The more minute description of them belongs to the naturalist or the tourist, and is rendered unnecessary here by the engravings, which surpass the best verbal description possible. We proceed, therefore, to give such a sketch of the Geology, and the Geological History of this district, as may invest both the engravings and the description with some living interest. We shall avail ourselves of the researches and conclusions of the eminent men, who have in late years devoted themselves to the task of interpreting these gigantic monumental records of the past; not following them with great minuteness, nor discussing the differences of opinion between a Sedgwick and a Sharpe, or a Murchison and the staff of the Ordnance Survey; but attempting to produce such an account as shall not misrepresent the present state of knowledge respecting the subject, and as shall prove not out of keeping with the antique and romantic traditions of the Kymry, although it must make their most daring fables of ancientness seem to be of but yesterday, in comparison with the unnumbered and countless ages whose revolutions are chronicled in imperishable characters in the rocks of Wales. We begin with the general distribution of strata in the Principality, and we recommend a glance at one of the numerous geological maps that are now silently diffusing both the knowledge of this great science, and the taste for its cultivation.

The oldest rocks, which bear signs of deposition from water, but contain no traces whatever of the existence of living creatures, either because they were not yet; or more probably because the rocks themselves have been subjected to such various and numerous changes from pressure and heat, and forcible upheaval, and contortion, and fracture, and from that action which communicated their remarkably slaty cleavage, that whatever traces there were originally have all been destroyed,—these rocks, known as mica slate; chlorite slate, &c., are found on the sides and summits of the low hills of Anglesey; and, less authentically, on the coast of Caernarvonshire, from Porth-dynllaen to Braich-y-pwll Head. But there is little doubt that they underlie the vast mass of later rocks piled mountain-high throughout the whole of Wales.

The rocks of the next series, variously named, after the country in which they are most fully developed, Cambrian and Silurian; and after the character of the fossilized remains entombed in them, Palæozoic, cover nearly two-thirds of the surface of the tract we are describing. The most ancient part of this series is found lying on the older rocks in Anglesey; and the area it occupies in Wales may be roughly described as bounded by the sea on the W. and N., and landwards by a line following the course of the Conway to Yspuddy Evan, and proceeding thence to Derwen, from which place it

crosses the Vale of Llangollen to the junction of the Tanal and the Vyrny; it then follows the Vyrny to a little beyond Moel-ben-twrch, turns to the S., crosses the Severn, and follows the course of the Ithon to the Wye; proceeds next with a curve to the W. along the valley of the Yrfon, pursues the course of the Towy to Caermarthen, and then runs nearly due W. to the upper corner of St. Bride's Bay. The general characteristics of this portion are slates and conglomerates, with bands of limestone; and in the whole region of Snowdon, in greater part of Merionethshire, and again in Pembrokeshire, frequent walls of rock of igneous origin, called trap, and thick seams of volcanic ashes and cinders. These rocks extend far under those of even modern date; in the S. part of Shropshire is a wide tract occupied by them; and they appear in Radnor Forest and the Malverns, and again in the headland opposite Skomer Island. The broken and contorted condition in which they are seen now is most remarkable; many long lines of elevation in different directions are clearly traced; and the slaty cleavage which they have acquired by some very wonderful chemical action, and which occurs at a particular angle almost vertical to the horizon, and quite irrespective of the strike of the original stratification, forms one of their most marked and peculiar features. The fossils in them are all marine, and the most abundant are zoophytes, or corals: a curious kind of crustaceous animals, called *Trilobites*, which are generally of an oval shape, with a wide head, and two huge, reticulated eyes, and which had the power of rolling themselves up into a ball, is also plentiful. All the remains in these rocks prove them to have been deep-sea formations; and the total absence of fossils in a large proportion of the different strata, suggests the conclusion that they were deposited in those abysses of the ocean, where no living creature could exist.

The upper Silurian rocks lie on the edge of the tract we have just described. They cover above two-thirds of Denbighshire, about half of Montgomery and Radnorshires, Wenlock Edge in Shropshire being a projecting spur from this their most extensive development. At the borders of Brecon they suddenly grow narrower, and send out a long strip which follows the outline of the older rocks, and thins off and disappears near Haverfordwest. There is no ground for supposing that they ever covered to any extent the rocks of older date; but their appearance on the Flint side of the Clwydian mountains, in the Abberley Hills and the Malverns, at Haugh-wood Hill in Herefordshire, about Usk in Monmouthshire, at Marloes Bay, and in a belt below Pembroke, in S. Pembrokeshire, justifies the supposition that they stretch beneath the newer rocks that bound them on the E. and S. They are sandy, calcareous, and argillaceous in their characters, and are interspersed with many conglomerates. They lie upon the bent and upturned edges of the lower beds, and are, like them, greatly broken and twisted. In Radnorshire and some other parts igneous rocks have burst their way through them; but they are not found intercalated with them, as they are amongst the rocks of Snowdonia and Precelly. Their fossils do not differ in general from those of the older beds, except that the remains of animals of higher organization are rather more abundant, and ichthyolites, or fossil fishes, are found in them for the first time.

Next in the ascending order we meet with the Devonian beds, so named from the

country in which they are best developed for geological study. From their most prevalent colour and texture they have also long been known as the old red sandstone. But as these strata are so intimately associated with the carboniferous group, which consists of the mountain limestone, the millstone grit, and the coal measures, we shall describe the area they severally occupy in Wales together. These rocks surround the older formation already described on the N. E. and S., and overlap the newer Silurians at each extremity; resting in some parts so unconformably (as geologists say) on the older beds, as to show a strange and considerable break in the continuous sequence of their respective deposition.

In Anglesey we meet with the Devonian beds, and the mountain or carboniferous limestone, lying in the hollows of the older strata, although they do not always occupy the lowest levels in the present surface. Both of these occasionally lie next above the oldest strata of all, no trace of the Silurians intervening. From Ormes Head the carboniferous limestone runs inland, with some intervals near the coast, in a gradually diminishing belt round the newer Silurian rocks, almost to Derwen; and at the ivy-clad Cefn Ogo Rock is (as is universally the case with this kind of rock) a cave, with (as old Pennant says) "as magnificent an entrance as Britain can boast." Another belt of the same rock forms great part of the level region of Flintshire, at the foot of the Clwydian Hills; and it reaches to the edge of the valley above Cyn-y-Brain. It occurs again on the side of one of the lateral branches of the Vale of Llangollen; and yet again on the side of the high ground on which Oswestry stands, stretching as far as Llanymynech on the Vyrny. To the E. of this belt, from just above the Point of Ayr to Oswestry, is a similar belt, but of varying width, of millstone grit. And eastward of this again, commencing on both sides of the estuary of the Dee, and growing very narrow near Oswestry, is the coal. Two isolated patches of coal occur near Shrewsbury, immediately overlying the Silurian rocks. These associated beds cover the whole of S. and S. E. corner of Wales, occupying about a third of its entire area. Their E. boundary runs from Coalbrook Dale on the Severn, in a wavy and interrupted line nearly due S. along the W. side of the Clee, the Abberley, and the Malvern Hills, to Newhaven on the Severn. The opposite boundary runs from Wenlock by Ludlow, Aymestry, and Kington, to the junction of the Brackwye with the Wye. Thence it turns to the N. W., and opposite to Builth again turns to the S. W. and runs in a long course to the upper corner of St Bride's Bay. The greater part of Shropshire, Herefordshire, Brecknockshire, and Monmouthshire, in this tract is covered by the Devonian beds. Coal occurs in two broad fields, one around Coalbrook Dale, important from its iron-works; the other, reaching from just below Bridgenorth to the end of the Abberley Hills, known as the Pensax coal-field, is of much less consequence. No mountain limestone, or millstone grit, interposes between it and the old red sandstone in these fields. The Forest of Dean coal-field is a very complete exhibition of the coal and its accompanying beds; it lies in Gloucestershire, between the Wye and the Severn, and the coal is surrounded by a double belt of carboniferous limestone and millstone grit. The great S. Wales coal-field takes up nearly the whole of Glamorganshire;

the millstone grit and mountain limestone divide it from the old red sandstone; and the N. edge is much interrupted. Another band of coal crosses Pembrokeshire, from Caermarthen Bay above Tenby, to St. Bride's Bay; in the latter of which places, the grit and limestone and sandstone are lost, and the coal lies on the oldest Silurian rocks. Across the S. of Pembrokeshire, and the peninsula ending in Worms Head in Glamorganshire, the mountain limestone and the old red sandstone lie in parallel and repeated bands; and those of the limestone extend across the broad promontory below Cardiff, and are connected by the islets of the Bristol Channel, with the similar bands of this rock which occur about Bristol and Wells. Several outlying masses of the old red sandstone are seen in Shropshire and Radnorshire, crowning the hills and uplands, the base of which is composed of the newer Silurian beds; but they could not have extended much farther to the W. than the extreme points at which these outlines occur.

In the Devonian beds the proportion of conglomerates is greater than usual; reddish-brown sandstones, cornstone, and marls, and tilestone (a sort of shaly sandstone) also characterize them. The mountain limestone has beds of grit and shale, and even seams of coal, intercalated, especially in the upper parts. Millstone grit is a coarse quartzose sandstone, and has thin seams of coal interspersed through it. The coal measures consist of seams of coal, of varying thickness, each resting on a stratum called the under-clay, and alternating with beds of shale and sandstone. The lowest coal-seams of S. Wales are anthracitic, and till lately this coal was chiefly employed in stoves; it is now extensively used in the iron-works; the middle beds of coal are "free-burning," and are the only kind used by government steamers; the uppermost division of the field affords the ordinary *caking* coal of our household fires. No rocks bear more remarkable signs of disturbance subsequent to deposition than these. The "faults," (in miners' phraseology,) which are fractures accompanied by displacement, are of wonderful extent; on the N. edge of the great S. Wales coal-field, these displacements are not visible in sections alone, but on the map of the Ordnance Survey, we see that the edges of rocks once continuous have been shifted laterally, in some cases for a mile or two apart. And the contortions of the strata of limestone and coal indicate the exertion of prodigious forces at a period when these beds were not hardened into rock, as we find them now. The belts of sandstone and limestone along the S. extremities of Wales show clearly at least two great lines of elevation. The limestone cliffs here present the usual phenomena of clefts converted into caves, of which we shall have to speak subsequently.

The most remarkable fossils of the old red sandstone are fishes, of such a peculiar kind, being covered with large bony scales resembling the plates composing the tortoise-shell in form, that they appear to be a connecting link between the fish and the reptile. Fishes are not uncommon in the carboniferous limestone; but the characteristic fossils of this rock are chambered shells resembling the living nautilus, star-fishes, with jointed stems and arms, called crinoids, or stone-lilies, and corals. The fossils of the coal are peculiarly plants. Indeed coal itself is nothing more than the compressed and altered

mass of stems and leaves of the dense vegetation of regions such as we now see on the mud-islands of the Delta of the Quorra, and other tropical rivers. The "under-clay" we have been careful to particularize, because in it are found the roots and stems of gigantic ferns and lycopodiaceous plants, just as they grew. Sometimes a trunk of one of these, being of larger growth and firmer texture, will protrude through many of the superincumbent strata, in the very position in which it originally stood in its primeval jungle. The remains of fishes and of crabs sometimes are met with in the coal measures; and in a few places, what is of far greater interest, those of insects and spiders. This is not more astonishing, however, than the perfectness of the remains of the most delicate fern leaves, some even showing the peculiar fructification on the lower sides, and displaying, under a microscope, their characteristic tissues.

Skirting the whole E. edge of the district we have already described are the Permian beds. They consist of the new red sandstone, and a dolomitic conglomerate, which is merely the littoral portion of the same deposit. These beds seem to have extended, formerly, a little farther to the W. than we find them at present; for a strip of them occurs on each side of the Menai Straits, crossing from Bangor to the shore opposite Caernarvon; and another strip fills up the Vale of Clwyd in Denbighshire. In Glamorganshire they occupy the hollows in the carboniferous rocks, and some detached portions are met with high up in the valleys of the coal-field. In these last-mentioned spots it is the dolomitic conglomerate which appears; which consists of fragments of mountain limestone imbedded in red or yellow sand. The greater part of these beds are, however, marl and limestones, sandstones and grits; and abound with conglomerates and concretionary beds. Fossil fishes are found in these beds, but the most interesting relics and monuments of the world that then was, are met with near Birkenhead, where on the successive layers of the rock are seen engraven, indelibly, the foot-prints of a large animal that was perhaps something like a toad, and the impressions made by the drops of a smart shower; while every layer shows those peculiar ripple-marks that are familiar to those who have watched the retreating tide.

Resting upon these beds in Shropshire and Cheshire, is found a tract composed of marls of variegated hues, and laminated clays, with rock-salt and gypsum, grits, sandstones and conglomerates, which are part of the "Triassic" system of continental geologists, and contain a few peculiar fishes and reptiles. And lying isolatedly upon them, about Wem in Shropshire, and again, covering the mountain limestone at the extreme S. of Glamorganshire, two patches of lias occur. This is one of the richest of all the fossiliferous beds in England; its dark-blue soft shales, and sand and limestones, contain reptiles of astounding form and size, some even winged; monstrous cuttle-fishes, with crinoids, fishes, ammonites, molluscs, starfishes, plants, and other remains in great abundance. And with this our sketch of the old rocks of one district is completed. A few facts only remain to be mentioned. On the W. side of Wales, between the mountains and the sea, are deposits containing shells of comparatively recent origin, but of a different kind from those now living in the Irish Sea. These deposits extend up the side of Moel-Tryfaen to the height of 1630 feet. Another kind of geological

phenomena of about the same date, are the grooves and scratches on the sides and floors of the valleys round Snowdon, and the peculiarly rounded and polished surfaces of the masses of rock that stand up above the general level in those valleys. The lower ends of many of the lakes in these valleys are composed of thick natural embankments, composed of fragments of rocks from the mountain tops, with sand, &c. On the coast of Cardiganshire and of Caernarvonshire is gravel with chalk-flints in it. All these phenomena are frequent in the Alps, where the elevation above the sea permits the formation of glaciers. The arctic character of the plants still growing on the loftiest regions of Wales seems to confirm the conclusion drawn from these facts. In the course of several of the larger streams, extensive bogs are met with; they are called turbaries, and amongst the peat have been discovered, amongst other relics, the bones and horns of the huge Urus, or forest ox. On the coast of Cardiganshire, and in St. Bride's Bay, are seen submerged forests. Beneath the stalagmitic or sparry deposit on the floor of the Paviland and other caves in the limestone rocks on the shores of S. Wales, in a soft alluvium, are found the remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, ox, hog, stag, bear, wolf, fox, hyæna, rat, and some birds; and in one of the Paviland caves, in a hollow evidently excavated by human agency through the ancient stalagmitic floor, was found a female human skeleton, with armlets of mammoth ivory, and small rods of the same material, the use of which is unknown, and some recent whelk-shells and sheep bones. The long series of geological phenomena has thus been fortuitously brought into connexion with our common daily world; and our sketch with this fact finds an appropriate conclusion.

And now we must endeavour to restore the scenes, the relics and records of which we have glanced at. Darkness, impenetrable at present by the clearest light of science, rests over the epoch of the deposition of the oldest rocks. We only know that some deep and silent sea rolled over this tract of the earth's surface. What its shores were, and where, no one can tell. It seems most improbable that it should have been utterly desolate and without inhabitant, but no vestige remains to assure us that aught living moved or vegetated in its waters. They rolled on there, age after age, perhaps; not without many a fearful outburst of volcanic fire from their still depths, till some mighty convulsion flung up into confused mountain-masses, and continents and islands, the hard strata that had accumulated beneath them, and a new epoch commenced. Yet the appearance of this region had undergone little change. Perhaps those old rocks in Anglesey and Caernarvonshire may afford traces of the shores of the new sea, or at least of its shallows; if not, nothing remains to indicate them. But beneath them there was life; grotesquely formed fishes swam there, and coral animals reared their marvellous structures, and clothed many a submerged cliff with a mimic and sentient vegetation. And many other kinds, intermediate in grade between these, peopled this new ocean. Changes there were too of vast magnitude, but of which we can tell but little. Generally, during the whole of this period the floor of the ocean was gradually depressed to greater and greater depths; for there is one genus of shell-fish found throughout the whole series of the older Silurian rocks, about 20,000 feet in thickness,

which we know cannot exist below a certain depth in the sea. Sometimes the waters were shallow, for there are the conglomerates which mark nearness to land; and sometimes prodigious rivers discharged over wide tracts the waste of continents of limestone. At the later part of this epoch submarine volcanoes again played, and spread their glowing lava over the ocean-floor, to be covered by new layers of its soft mud. As it closed they lifted their heads above the billows, and showers of ashes and tuff mingled with the oceanic deposit in a new and hybrid conglomerate. And then again the uproar of this elemental strife rose, and the solid beds that, during the existence of this ocean, had been piled up to such immense thickness, were burst and broken, and thrust up into lofty ridges, by that force which raises the rocky crust of the earth as easily as the wind tosses the waves and the spray of the ocean. Thus ended the second epoch.

We stand now on *terra firma*. Around the eastern shores of the new land, with its archipelago of islands, another ocean beat; not much unlike in its inhabitants to that which had passed away; nor much unlike in the layers of mud, and the limestone and conglomerates that gradually gathered at its bottom. Yet not always one in its outward features; now it spread illimitable and shoreless towards the rising sun; and now it flowed through wider or narrower channels, and divided the land that had arisen from its depths from other lands, which could be seen afar off; and sometimes the fury of the volcano would rage, and huge cracks in the solid ground attest its power, and streams of molten rock pour over both dry land and sea. But had this dry land no dwellers? Did no herbage nor flowers adorn it? The record is imperfect. Such things may have been, most probably were, but not a trace of them remains. Another exertion of subterranean force, lifting up a wider tract, and in some places twisting the newly formed ocean strata into strangest contortions, in others merely raising them to the air and the sun, brought this epoch to a close.

Yet another sea foams around the extended land, which stretched perhaps to the E. coast of Ireland on the one hand, and across England, between the Humber and the Tyne, on the other. It was but shallow near what is now Wales. Water-rolled pebbles here were imbedded in tenacious mud; there a sand-bank was heaped up, layer over layer; and elsewhere, in greater depth of water, its dark-red sediment formed strata of compact limestone. It teemed with life; and fishes of monstrous aspect gave a strange character to it, which marks it now, even more than its hue. Near the close of this period, we know from certain signs that a luxuriant vegetation clothed the land, down perhaps to the very edge of the waters, for the spoils of storms strewn along the bottom, and then buried beneath the deposit of more tranquil seasons, yet remain as coal-seams to testify to it.

Whatever change took place when this ocean was more charged with lime, and less mechanical and more chemical action occurred in its deposits, was in all probability effected without great convulsions. Yet the areas occupied by land and water were considerably affected by it, and along the N. E. side of our tract, as well as along the other sides, there was sea. Some vast continent alone, one would think, could have

supplied the stores whence the mountain limestone was formed; yet, certain it is, that a large proportion of these materials were abstracted from the salt water, and built into a living and enduring form, by the agency of zoophytes, whose accumulated skeletons now constitute great rocks of coral limestone and "entrochal" marble. And the sea which elaborated the new rock must have been a tranquil one, but not wholly without changes; for the solid surface of the earth seems to have been, and to be, in a state of constant vibration, though each pulsation moved so slowly that only ages disclose its results. The same proofs of the verdure and peculiarity of the forests on the land, which were of tropical type and luxuriance, are met with; and the same indications of waters swarming with corals, and even perfect zoophytes, with molluscs, and bivalves, and fishes, and with multitudes of nautili floating on their waves, of a magnitude that makes the largest of our days seem very pigmies.

It must have been a shallow sea indeed that deposited the grit that immediately underlies the coal; and then at the mouths of rivers more vast than the Amazon, and amongst numerous islands that were grouped thickly around them, in N. Wales, and in S., (unless, as is likely, all the coal-fields of the British Isles are but parts of one immeasurable Delta,) there sprang up and flourished the strangest vegetation these parts have ever known. Ferns, compared with which our present huge oaks are dwarfs, and lycopodia towering to a height of fifty feet and more; pines, vast as those of New Zealand, and as strange in character as that of Norfolk Island; grasses and reeds, that in themselves were forest-trees;—such plants grew here; their stems yet stand erect on the spots and in the earth where they throve, and their remains, charred and compressed, have supplied our hearths for some hundreds of years, and are inexhaustible. They grew here, and here were beaten down: some most remarkable oscillations of the land and water occurred with such frequency, and at such comparatively short intervals, that in one coal-field twenty, and in another sixty, of these strata of original vegetable earth, with the roots yet in their places, and separated by beds of marine mud, have been discovered. Through the steamy atmosphere of these gigantic marsh jungles variegated beetles and other insects flew heavily, and spiders stretched their webs under the arches of the ferns; and when the waters spread over the whole tract, and the glories of the forest were overthrown, fishes like those of the old red sandstone, and marine or freshwater shelled animals and crabs, were found in place of the creatures of the dry land. But to this epoch also there came an end; and one of convulsions which, if not more violent than those of earlier times, have certainly produced more visible effects, from the less firm texture of these strata. The whole surface of the land seems to have been upraised, and with it much of the bottom of the sea, which was laid dry, lifted into ridges, its regular and even beds contorted in every possible way, and so broken and displaced that the continuity and number of them are not easily ascertained now. To this period the first protrusion of the Malverns and the Abberley Hills must be assigned, though at some later time they were again raised to their present elevation. To the action of what other forces the carboniferous and Devonian formations were exposed, before, or along with this upheaval, so that the fermenting mass of

vegetable tissues should be converted into veins of coal, and even of anthracite and plumbago, we cannot tell ; it is only certain that no mean degree of heat must have been employed to render such rocks capable of serving as the shores and the bottom of the "Triassic" ocean, the story of which next claims attention.

How far the newly-raised land may have stretched cannot with certainty be known, but it included nearly the whole of Wales. Wenlock Edge was a cape jutting out into this new sea ; a narrow arm of which ran where now the Vale of Clwyd is situated, and another filled up, but with broader waters, the greater part of the Menai Straits. In other parts of Wales were similar gulfs and creeks, as in Glamorganshire, where most of the hollows in the coal-bearing strata and those between the ridges of the mountain limestone were so occupied. It was plainly the part of the sea nearest land, for strata composed of shingle derived from Welsh rocks, rolled in a soft yellow or reddish mud, are not unfrequent. And it was shallow water, with banks often exposed at low water, on which the retiring waves left ripple-marks, and the passing storm the impressions of its heavy rain-drops, and misshapen reptiles the track of their feet ; all of which abide, unchanged to this hour, through the revolutions of such an immeasurable period of time ; as if to show us that not all that is of this world is perishable ; and to mock at the vain efforts made by mighty Pharaohs, and others as ambitious as they, to preserve the memory of their names and their deeds amongst men.

It would seem that, for many an age after this, the Principality remained a large island in the midst of the sea, and any one who now looks on the valley of the Severn, or the plains of Cheshire, from the Malvern or the Shropshire hills, will be led irresistibly to this conclusion ; low and inconsiderable as these hills are, they formed the coast-line of the sea in which all the successive series of strata that now constitute the hills and plains of broad England, its Cotteswolds and Chilterns, its downs and wolds, were deposited.

Whilst all the varied and multitudinous kinds of reptiles and fishes, and other inhabitants of these seas, lived and died ; and whilst so many and such singular changes occurred, as the geology of midland and south-eastern England tells us of, we know nothing of the forms of life on our tract ; unless indeed the various animals and birds, and insects and plants, whose bones and fragments are found in the Stonesfield slate, the Portland beds, and those of the great Wealden formation, may be regarded as belonging to it. And if so, then was it still somewhat tropical in its climate, and in the general character of its zoology and botany ; and the forms of both its animals and plants were not much less gigantic than were those of the plants of the epoch of the coal.

To this long calm another epoch of convulsions succeeded ; though not of exactly the same description as those of earlier times. Across the depressed surface, and through the mountain valleys and gorges of this tract, violent floods seem to have burst with resistless fury : not only were all the traces of that lengthened peace swept away, and the softer and lighter beds to the E. of our mountains carried before them, and spread in confused wreck, to be moulded into ever-fresh forms, on the remote parts of England ; but the very mountains and rocky hills were torn and levelled by them, and

when their rage was spent the main features of the country had assumed pretty nearly the appearance which now they wear. And at this period it would seem that the wreck of the chalk was brought from the N. to the shores of Cardiganshire and Snowdonia.

Another emergence of the land, during the time that in the hollows of the chalk the various deposits of the London clay and crag formations were going on, must be imagined; but nothing remains to mark its existence till near the close; when the climate of the whole of this part of the world had been so strangely altered, that vast glaciers slowly glided down the numerous valleys that surround Snowdon and her sister hills; leaving the infallible signs of their having been there in the phenomena mentioned above, and in the morraines, and detached boulders and masses of rock which are found in spots, in which they could not have stayed unless brought by such tranquil might as that of the ice-torrents. Later yet the western edge of the country appears to have been again submerged; but the sea was no longer such as had bathed those hills of old. Icebergs with their silver-green pinnacles slowly wandered amid its waves, and wide ice-fields ran aground, bearing the seeds and perhaps the plants also of the regions where winter's reign is unbroken, except during the few weeks of perpetual day.

Once more, and for the last time, this tract was lifted above the ocean, and it was now the extreme edge towards the sun-setting of the continent that occupied the eastern hemisphere. And the age of glaciers and icebergs had passed away with the change; and a temperature, resembling that we enjoy at present, but much more unequal in its extremes of summer heat and winter cold, was established. Dark forests of spruce and pine frowned on the mountains, save where the peaks were so elevated, that they wore all winter long a mantle of snow. Savage and desolated heaths were spread out here, undulating and richly clothed prairies there. The beaver constructed his dams across the streams; the tail-less hare of Siberia sported over the plains; the Lithuanian bison, and the forest ox, far surpassing any living buffalo in size and ferocity, fed in countless herds; deer of incredible stretch of antlers were in the wastes; the reindeer, the Arctic elephant, with which the monsters seen by Sinbad the sailor must not be compared, and the Siberian rhinoceros, whose nasal horns were of prodigious size, roamed through the country in the winter time; horses like those of the Tartarian steppes, foxes and wolves, wild boars and bears, shared with them the possession of the soil; and with every advancing summer came droves of migratory animals from the south, amongst which the lion, a kind of leopard now unknown, the cavern-haunting machairodus, and hyænas with strength of jaw sufficient to shear through the stoutest bison's bone at one crunch, bore the sway. The remains of those that perished here, concealed beneath the stalagmitic incrustations of the caverns, or in the peat that shows us where the forests once waved, or in the more sandy and recent strata of England, but disinterred by ever-prying man, have told us both of their visits and of their doings here.

One great convulsion yet remains to be recorded; that which separated Great Britain from the continent of Europe, and completed the physical advantages of the land, on which the good of ages to come long afterwards depended. It appears not at all im-

probable that the river-valleys, if not formed then, were at least made deeper and wider; for those summer visitants to the Paviland caves could never have reached them as they are now situated; and indeed would not have attempted, for they were the most unlikely gentlemen to appreciate the benefits of sea-bathing, even in summer. If the Severn and the Bristol Channel existed at all, they must needs have been inconsiderable compared with what they are in our day. We have the surest ground for concluding the valleys of the E., and perhaps also of the S., of England, were formed then; which makes it almost conclusive that some changes in this respect occurred in Wales at the same time.

Since that convulsion, tradition tells of the submersion of a wide tract to the W. of Merionethshire and Cardiganshire, of which only the Sarn Badrig, the Sarn Gynfelyn, and perhaps the submerged forests, survive as traces. On grounds surer than tradition,—the occurrence of marine plants far inland, up the valley of the Severn, where, by good chance, they have lighted on the outcrop of the red “Triassic” marls, that abound in salt, and so have thriven to the present time,—we conclude that this river was once a far nobler stream than it is now,—an estuary rather than a river. The sand-banks and hills of blown sand round the coast, the mud-banks in the estuaries, and the marshes at the sides and mouths of the rivers, are the only other monuments of changes worthy of mention; and many of these have occurred during the historical period, and have given to the shores and streams of Wales a different aspect from that they wore when first ennobled by the deeds of the Kymry.

We have not attempted to specify time in any part of this strange, eventful history. Nor is it needful. We may say, without presumption, that the results we see in the geology of Wales, *could not* have been brought to pass without a length of time that to us would appear illimitable. In all such inquiries we should be guided by the *facts*, and by the *principles* of science alone. We shall be led, if we are faithful to these, to no conclusions that would rob the Creator and Preserver of this world of any of his due praise; far rather shall we learn more highly to magnify his name; and we shall go to the Bible to learn from it the awful lessons it was specially given to teach us, with profounder convictions of the wisdom, and power, and beneficence of God, than can be derived from any other study, except that which contemplates the unbroken order, the measureless spaces and periods, and the infinite number of suns and worlds, which the planetary and stellar universe discloses.

Before we notice, very briefly, the various mineral treasures that are found in Wales, we must repeat, that it was by the long-continued and unobserved processes we have endeavoured to describe that they were first accumulated here, and that, but for the terrific convulsions, which have occurred so frequently in the story, and which induced, as we have shown, so many and such great changes, they would not have been accessible to man. In the latter part of this work we shall have to speak particularly of the industrial condition of this country; we shall then be able to turn back to this chapter, and to point out the wonderful influence on these later ages of the world, exerted by the events that occurred long before man was its inhabitant; and what may now seem

irrelevant, and almost unintelligible, will then be seen to be one of the most indispensable conditions not for the understanding merely, but for the very existence of the history of Wales; and our work will acquire for its readers the *unity* which it has been our great object to give it.

We must pass by the mineral springs in our present account, with the bare mention of the famous Holy-well in Flintshire, with the traditional story of which we shall meet afterwards. The salt-works of the valley of the Weaver lie on the borders of our district, but saliferous marls occur along the whole eastern edge of it, and in Glamorgan-shire; and along with them, beds containing gypsum, which are worked in the last-named part. All the limestone strata, down to those which occur in the oldest Silurians, are very productive in matters of utility and luxury. Lime is of course the principal material derived from them; but they also furnish a valuable flux for the iron-works, various kinds of excellent building-stones, and in Anglesey and Caermarthen-shire, marble, which is used for chimney-pieces. Millstones are dug in Anglesey and Caernarvonshire. In different parts of the whole tract covered by the Silurian rocks, there are quarries for slates. But they are of very different qualities; those of Cardiganshire are much inferior to those of the Precelly mountains in Pembrokeshire; and the best of all are the slates of Snowdonia, which are fit not merely for roofing, but for tombstones, and for the fabrication of inkstands, and ornaments usually made of marble. These last-named quarries are amongst the most valuable of the mineral resources of Wales, and they will be more particularly described in the sequel. The coal stands at the head of these natural treasures of the country. Of the coal-mines we shall speak in a future chapter; and we can add nothing to what has been already said of the localities, &c. of the coal-fields; we therefore proceed to the metallic wealth, of which no mention has yet been made.

The most abundant metal is lead, which occurs in the Silurian rocks, and in the carboniferous limestone. It lies in veins, which for the most part run nearly E. and W., but sometimes cross each other obliquely. These veins, or "lodes," are fissures in the rock, varying much in width, at places opening some few feet, and at others, particularly near the bottom, closing up so as to be almost imperceptible. They do not regard the strike of the strata, nor the angle and course of the slaty cleavage, but run in almost straight lines, and penetrate downwards at angles of different, but not great, inclinations. They frequently run through different rocks, and pass from the sedimentary deposits through granite even, without changing their direction. But it sometimes happens that they are confined to one formation, as is the case of the lead lodes of Flintshire, which are in the carboniferous limestone, but do not extend into the underlying Silurians. They are completely filled up, and though not always with ore, yet with such materials as show that this took place almost simultaneously with their formation. The transverse veins in the lead district are usually those of copper ores. Respecting the origin of metallic veins, nothing is certainly known, except that electricity must have been concerned in it, as the principal agent in the deposition of the metal. Many theories have been advanced, but none in such a form as to admit of introduction here.

The lead is frequently largely mixed with silver, and the ore is then called galena. The veins are most numerous and productive about Plynlimmon, and the rugged mountains to the S. of it. Those of Flintshire rank next in value and importance. It is not at all uncommon, though not always abundant enough to reward mining operations. Copper is found most abundantly in Anglesey, in the Parys and Mona mines; it occurs there also in a natural state of solution. There are veins also in the valleys of the Glas Lyn, and of the Maw, but not so productive. In other parts it is met with, but in quantities insufficient to repay the labour of extraction; and in some places, where it was once plentiful, the source is exhausted. It is almost peculiar to the oldest rocks in Wales; but in Shropshire it is found in the old red sandstone, and in Cheshire in yet more recent beds.

Iron is a product of the coal measures; the ore being chiefly of the kind called iron-clay, which forms strata by itself, or is scattered dispersedly in the shape of nodules, each of which seems to have gathered about some organic remain, through the other strata. This, however, is not the only kind of ore found in the Welsh mines. Those of Glamorganshire are the most valuable. This metal does not exist in other rocks in quantities sufficient to repay the labour of procuring it, or the cost of coal and flux for smelting it. And, lastly, zinc, in the ore called calamine, is found in this tract, and is worked in Montgomeryshire and Flintshire.

Thus is completed our survey of the natural features of this country; we turn, therefore, to the variety of mankind that has given it no undistinguished place in the annals of the world.

CHAPTER II.

THE KYMRY.—TUMULI.—CROMLECHS.—THE WELSH LANGUAGE, ITS PECULIARITIES,
AND ITS RELATIONS TO OTHER LANGUAGES.

BEFORE proceeding to the traditions and early historical notices of Wales, we propose to show as popularly as the subject will allow, what conclusions the newly created science of Ethnology has established respecting the origin of the Kymry, the people who seem from the first to have inhabited this remote corner of Europe. In the next chapter the traditions themselves will show how nearly what the Welsh in ancient times believed of their parentage agrees with these conclusions. It must be observed, however, that such an investigation differs wholly from the speculations, which the antiquaries of past generations used to indulge in. Whatever verisimilitude appeared to be obtained, the processes employed were such as to discredit any result; and the subjects of the speculations beyond the reach of human knowledge, and alien alike from the realm of science, and from the interests of practical life. Happily, there are very few readers now, who would care to know what was thought of the "primitive condition of society," even though a picture as fascinating as those which the old poets drew of the golden age should be presented; on what was the original language of man, Hebrew or Sanscrit, Chinese, or Welsh, or Low Dutch, as one and another grave scholar, to his own satisfaction, elaborately demonstrated. And no conclusions would now be received, which were obtained from such data, and processes, as those formerly employed;—legends, the most incredible, converted into history; history itself a mixed mass of unsifted and inconsistent chronicles and theories; Bible narratives employed, without a thought of critical propriety, to elucidate matters wholly foreign and profane; chronology ignored with most perfect naïveté; any shade of literal resemblance in words regarded as proof of etymological affinity; and hypotheses used with as much confidence as certified facts and principles. Scientific method has been made so far familiar to the general mind by many invaluable popular works on every branch of knowledge, that speculations upon such subjects, so conducted, are impossible now.

Ethnology,—the science of the races of the human family,—is partly the product of this advance, and is certainly one of its most remarkable exhibitions. And the general results held to be established by it, by all its students, with the rare exceptions of those who still suppose man to be but the perfected development of the seaweed or the polype; and of those who maintain that the different races of men proceeded from nineteen or more different centres, scattered over the globe; are the substantial

unity of the family of mankind ; and the south-western region of Asia, the one centre whence all its varieties, dispersed throughout the world, have originated.

The sepulchral mounds or *tumuli*, the cromlechs, and the language of Wales, furnish the grounds on which we can determine the origin of the Welsh nation. We shall notice each in turn ; and it will be seen that the fullest testimony is given in this case by the language ; and that though similarity in this respect is regarded by Ethnologists as establishing only a supposition in favour of relationship between nations, the result obtained in this manner is so supported by the evidence derived from the other sources, that no doubt can remain that the Kymry are one of the most ancient people of Europe, and that they are no unworthy branch of the great and widely spread family which has been denominated, from its geographical range, Indo-European.

We begin with the sepulchral mounds. These are the only remaining traces of the first human inhabitants of Wales. And it is worthy of remark, that the continuity between this chapter and the preceding is preserved unbroken by these relics, which remind us so forcibly of the fossil remains of the different epochs of the world's history, anterior to the appearance of man, which are entombed in the various rocks we have described. But from them we can gather little more concerning the race and manner of life of these primeval Britons, than can be gathered in the same way from the remains of the animals we have mentioned. This, which is all-sufficient with respect to the latter, falls far short of what we desire to know of our earliest ancestors here. We give all that can be clearly ascertained.

The people who honoured their chiefs and eminent men with these conspicuous and enduring sepulchres, must have been in almost the lowest state of barbarism. No metals were known to them ; or else they were so scarce that not even with a chief were buried his most costly weapons of war. In the tumuli, various kinds of implements made of bone, the heads of spears and arrows curiously formed of flint, with adzes, or axes, also of flint, or of some stone that could by patient industry be wrought to a hard and tolerably keen edge, alone are found. The exact parallel to such a state of things as is thus disclosed, is to be found in the accounts given by the first voyagers in the Pacific, of New Zealand, and the Polynesian islands ; and the weapons, &c. procured by those and succeeding navigators from these countries, which are preserved in our museums, in many instances precisely resemble those which, in the same repositories, are stored along with other relics of a remote age in this island, and which have been obtained from these funereal mounds, or have by some happy chance been found in bog, or heath, or waste land when first broken up by the plough.

Dr. Prichard states that the form of the skulls discovered in these rude tombs, which have been examined, is rounder than that of the true Caucasian variety, and approaches the Mongolian type. This, of itself, would not be allowed to have sufficient weight to establish an Asiatic origin ; since degree of civilization is almost as powerful in determining the form of the skull, as physical race. But there is another circumstance that may be regarded as conclusive respecting the origin thus suggested. To the eastward, along the shores of the Baltic, and towards the Caucasus, are scattered numerous bar-

rows identical in character with these ; and it seems impossible to resist the inference that these mark the route by which this rude people reached our shores from the birth-place and cradle of the human race.

Not a vestige further remains. No other kind of monument ; no word on sculptured stone, or attached to mountain, or river, or dwelling-place of man, or imbedded in any provincial dialect of the Kymric tongue, can be unhesitatingly assigned to them. The date of their passage across the Sarmatian steppes, through the forests, and defiles, and marshes of Germany, and along the chill strand of the Baltic, to this land, is all unknown. When they ceased to be the lords of this fair island, and under what circumstances their power passed away ; whether they were fused into the mass of later hordes who had followed the same track, and reached the same bourne, or became gradually extinct—ceased to be—as so many barbarous tribes have, under the pressure of a higher degree of civilization, in recent ages ; we cannot tell. We only know that such a people once existed ; and we cannot but believe that they were the first possessors of the British Isles.

But this evidence carries us beyond the state of primitive barbarism. Mingled with these mounds, and undistinguished from them in outward appearance, are others which show a very considerable progress in civilization. In some of these are found ornaments, implements, and weapons, of bronze, silver, and (more rarely) gold, as well as of bone and flint ; whilst in others, beside articles made of these metals, are implements and weapons of iron. There seems thus to be two distinct advances clearly marked during the time that this mode of burial was practised by this people ;—that indicated by the use of metals, and the farther one of which the use of iron is the sign. These tumuli also are met with along the whole range occupied by those we have spoken of before ; so that we have in them a proof of successive waves of population flowing along the same channel, and dying away in the same remote distance from their source. In our island those of the rudest age are most numerous ;—the others are not wanting ; but they are more plentiful in the other portions of the track. And this confirms the conclusion we should have arrived at from the consideration of the common history of civilization. It makes it clear that these advances in the arts of life, of which the possession of gold and silver, bronze, and finally of iron, are the symbols, are not the tokens of internal growth and development ; that the first settlers in this land did not by in-born force effect these arduous achievements ; but that they were made by the gradual influx of new wanderers from the regions, where a less scattered population promoted activity of mind, and led by a necessary consequence to a higher civilization.

One other fact respecting these tumuli we notice, not so much for its own intrinsic value, as for the sake of pointing out more forcibly afterwards, the singular proof that it aids in furnishing us with of the great antiquity of the races that first peopled Britain. All across the steppes of Tatar, and the frozen plain of Siberia, and even in N. America, there are to be seen many tumuli, which, in outward appearance at least, exactly resemble those which we have mentioned ; and seem to indicate an easterly migration contemporaneous with that we have traced to the West, from the region be-

tween the Black Sea and the Indian Ocean. Similar sepulchral mounds in other countries of Europe and Asia have been associated traditionally with the heroes and kings of the earliest mythical ages.

From these funereal monuments, the cairns, or *carneddau*, furnish a fitting transition to the cromlechs. These are also sepulchral mounds, but instead of being formed of solid earth heaped over the bodies, or the ashes of the dead, are made of loose stones, which in some cases are of large size. In one instance, in which a *carnedd* at Bryn-Celli-Ddu, in Anglesey, has been gradually demolished by the removal of the stones composing it for utilitarian purposes, there was found beneath it a large and rude chamber, formed of upright slabs of rock, covered over by one slab of yet greater dimensions, and much resembling some of the cromlechs in appearance. It would not, however, be correct to infer from this solitary instance, that a similar erection exists under the others.

Such monuments at once remind us of the burial of Achan and of the king of Ai, described in the Book of Joshua, and that of Absalom, in the Second Book of Samuel. Careful readers of the Bible will be reminded too of Job, xxxi. 32, where such burial is spoken of as a customary thing; and of Isaiah's terrible denunciation of the king of Babylon, in which such a tomb is represented as the climax of his shame. The stone set up by Jacob, and the heap of stones raised by him and his company, when he made the covenant with Laban, as a "witness," is a trace of the same custom. And we are thus conducted to the very infancy of nations, and to the very centre whence they proceeded, by the most striking parallel with these rude monuments.

In a subsequent chapter it will be necessary to speak of some of the most curious relics found in these tumuli; since they illustrate both the arts and the superstitions which prevailed here before the first distinctly authenticated collision of the Britons with the civilized world.

Of the cromlechs, unhappily, little can be said that is in itself satisfactory. Yet, such testimony as they afford to the origin of the Celtic nations, we do not feel at liberty to pass over unnoticed. We must confine our remarks in this place to the isolated cromlechs, or nearly so; for the consideration of the grand remains of Avebury, Salisbury Plain, &c., will fall more properly under the head of the Religion of the Ancient Britons; which chapter, we may remark, will be in part a supplement to the inquiry we are engaged on in the present. The singular relics, of which the Rocking-stone, or Logan, and the Cheese-Wring, in Cornwall, are the best examples, appear to be, according to the opinions of those best able to pronounce upon such a subject, *natural*, and not artificial productions; having resulted, it is said, from the partial or almost entire destruction of seams in the masses of rock, which were of a softer texture than the rest. Whether or not they were regarded with superstitious reverence by the aborigines of our island is a point of no concern to us now, but will be spoken of hereafter.

The cromlechs are large slabs of rock supported, in a slightly sloping position, upon smaller upright pieces, varying in number from two to six. According to the most

learned antiquaries they were altars; an opinion which is not to be controverted, because one structure bearing a general resemblance to them has been disclosed by the gradual destruction of a cairn; nor because popularly they may have, in many instances, been deemed tombs; nor, again, because cairns and tumuli are not uncommon in their immediate vicinity. The supports of the so-called cromlech at Bryn-Celli-Ddu are slabs of rock; and the whole monument resembles the well-known Kit's Coty House, in Kent, except that the fourth side is almost closed up; whilst the supports of the true cromlechs are rude prisms, and no attempt to form a chamber by means of them is apparent. Popular tradition in such a case is quite inadmissible. And the remark of the ingenious and learned Archdeacon Williams, in his "Letters on the Cromlech Question," that the presumed sacredness of the place of worship would cause its vicinity to be employed as a burial-ground, as has been the case with Christian churches from time immemorial, is quite satisfactory in reply to the last-named objection. We may add, that some of these remains are found in situations where hard rock lies immediately beneath a very scanty covering of vegetable earth, so as to make sepulture beneath them impossible; and that the erections recognised as altars in the vast megalithic temples of this country, and of France, have all the characteristics of cromlechs. In this aspect we shall have to mention them again.

It is very astonishing that these peculiarly formed altars should be found at the extremities of both the divergent lines of tumuli, which appear to mark the course of some early migrations of people from the S. W. district of Asia. In Britain, it is well known that they are not at all rare, and that many have been destroyed by a barbarism of feeling which used to be misnamed Gothic. In Denmark, the island of Zealand, and Sweden, they are also seen. Whilst in both N. and S. America, remains of precisely the same character have been described by travellers. These facts associate them immediately with the tumuli, and give to them an interest, as corroborative testimony to the Asiatic source of the Kymry.

But along with these cromlechs are found in our island other and ruder megalithic monuments, consisting of single stones of great size, set upright; singly, it must be observed, for we do not yet speak of the circles and avenues of the great antique temples which are formed in the same way. Perhaps the investigations of modern geology may rob antiquaries of the glory of some of these relics; since in the track of the old glaciers of Snowdonia, and the other mountainous regions inhabited by the aborigines of this country, are yet remaining huge masses of rock, which have been left either by the melting of the extremity of the frozen torrent, or by having fallen through a *crevasse* in the surface, and so gradually reached the bottom, where they were left on the destruction of the glacier. Some of these masses are of the same form as those which occur as undoubted and unquestionable Kymric remains, and are found upright, as if raised on end by art, instead of standing so by the mere chance of the circumstances of their deposition, and, as is usually said, by a freak of nature.

In illustration of these monuments we may refer to the oldest historic records we possess, in which we have already discovered a parallel to the cairns. The pillar set up

along with the heap of stones, as a testimony to the covenant between Jacob and Laban, we have named; and the pillar set up by the same patriarch at Bethel, in commemoration of his prophetic dream, will occur to the mind at once. The pillars, and stones, mentioned in other parts of early Bible story, confirm our impressions; such as that erected by Jacob on Rachel's grave; those put upon the bank of the Jordan to commemorate the passage of the river and the entrance into Canaan; that at Shechem, when Joshua gave his last charge to the Israelites; and Samuel's monument, which he called Ebenezer; with many others, some of which are mentioned so casually as to show how common the practice was; as that boundary mark between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, the stone of Bohan, the son of Reuben.

The altars erected at various places by the patriarchs, and that of unhewn stone which was commanded to be used in the tabernacle service, are indications of customs resembling those disclosed by the existence and the mention of the monuments we have described. Similar indications are afforded by the oldest remains in Greece and Italy, which (because of the magnitude of the stones composing them, and from the custom of referring all works transcending the supposed ability of the people of the day to mythical beings) were in quite early times denominated Cyclopean.

It will not be needful to enlarge upon this evidence; more especially as it must be referred to again; it is sufficient that it should show that this island was peopled in very remote times, and that the earliest inhabitants were akin to those who first streamed forth from the fountain-head of the human family over the sunny lands of Greece and Italy; whilst the cromlechs serve to connect the funereal mounds of these first Britons with the language that has been so long cultivated, and so carefully developed, and is still cherished as the especial badge of the nationality of the Welsh.

We have now to consider the *Kymraeg*—the language of Wales; a subject which has lately attracted much attention, and upon which great light has been thrown by the researches of Prichard, Pictet, Meyer, Diefenbach, and others. Of the theories of earlier scholars, now completely exploded, it will not be needful to speak. And we greatly regret that, in a popular work like the present, little more than an outline of the best-supported opinions, with a few specimens of the facts upon which they rest, can be given. We trust, however, that the interest of the inquiry, and the extremely curious nature of the proof of national affinity afforded by it, will secure attention to what we propose to state; especially as extensive and profound acquaintance with languages is not requisite for appreciating its force. We should account ourselves more than fortunate in this undertaking, if we should kindle the desire in any of our readers for a fuller and more satisfactory knowledge of this portion of the question.

Philologists have, not unnaturally, a little exaggerated the value and the certainty of the results of their favourite study. Thus one of the greatest of modern linguists says, "The genealogy and antiquities of nations can be learned only from the sure testimony of their languages." But there is some ground for the confidence of this assertion, although it is so opposite to the verdict of the physiological ethnographers, which has been quoted above; as the remainder of this chapter will show. For it must be re-

membered that a people clings to its language with even greater pertinacity than it does to its native soil ; and that in a weak, or oppressed, or conquered people this passion is one the most strongly pronounced ; nay, that even in such a case of the fusion of two different tongues, as that of the Norman-French and Anglo-Saxon in England, while each has contributed its share of material and of formative influence in the construction of our modern English, the provincial dialects of the people have retained to the present day a preponderant proportion of words and idioms of Saxon origin ; and all English readers know how obstinately the legal and courtly formulas retained their dress of barbarous French. And if this latter element should appear to be but slight, in comparison with the Teutonic element in our tongue, it must be remembered that the Norman-French itself was a hybrid between the dialect of the northman sea-rovers, who were so nearly related to the Saxons, and that variety of the Frankish tongue spoken in Neustria, at the time of their taking violent possession of it.

The comparison of the ancient Erse or Irish language, the Gaelic of the Highlands of Scotland, that spoken by the natives of the Isle of Man, called the Manx, the Welsh, the provincial dialect of Cornwall, and that of Bretagne in France, has proved the close connexion of the different people using them ; and the languages and the people are generally denominated Celtic, or more properly, Keltic. Yet even in these languages there is diversity sufficient to establish a subdivision ; the three first-named being classed together as the Gaelic, and the three last-named as the Kymric, dialects. Of these six, only one is extinct, the Cornish ; which died completely out so recently as the reign of George III. ; the last individual to whom it was a living tongue being one Dolly Pentrath, a fish-wife, who lived not far from Penzance, and who employed it for no better purpose than scolding and swearing over any hard bargain her customers made with her. The following specimens of each of these dialects will show their relation to each other. After the fashion of the old geographers, we have selected the Lord's Prayer, and have divided the paragraphs by semicolons, commencing each with a capital, to enable our readers the more easily to compare them with each other. The first four examples are taken from translations of the New Testament, and Adelung's great work, which he calls " Mithridates," has furnished the other two.

ERSE.

Ar-na thair ata ar neamh, naomhtar hainm ; Tigeadh do rioghachd ; Deuntar do thoil ar an thalamh, mar do nithear ar neamh ; Ar naran laeathamhail tabhair dhuinn a niu ; Agus maith dhuinn ar bhfiacha, mar mhaithmidne dar bhfeitheamhnuibh fein ; Agus na leig sinn a ccathughadh ; Achd saor inn o olc. Amen.

GAELIC.

Ar n-athair a ta air neamh, gu naomhaichear t'ainm ; Thigeadh do rioghachd ; Deanar do thoil air an talamh, mar a nithear air neamh ; Tabhair dhuinn an diugh ar n-aran laitheil ; Agus maith dhuinn ar fiacha, amhuil mar a mhaitheas sinne d'ar luchd-fiach ; Agus na leig am buaireadh sinn ; Ach saor sinn o olc. Amen.

MANX.

Ayr ain t'ayns niau, casherick dy row dty ennym ; Dy jig dty reeriaght ; Dty aigney dy row jeant ery thaloo, myr te ains niau ; Cur dooin nyn arran jiu as gagh laa ; As leih dooin nyn loghtyn, myr ta shin leih dauesyn ta jannoo loghtyn nyn 'oi ; As ny leeid shin ayns miolagh ; Agh livrey shin veih olk. Amen.

WELSH.

Ein tad, yr hwn wyt yn y nefoedd, sancteiddier dy enw ; Deled dy deyrnas ; Gwneler dy ewyllys, megis yn y nef, felly ar y ddaear hefyd ; Dyro i ni heddyw ein bara beunyddiol ; A maddu i ni ein dyledion, fel y maddeuwn ninnau in dyledwr ; Ac nac arwain ni i brofedigaeth ; Eithr gwared ni rhag drwg. Amen.

CORNISH.

Nei taz ba oz en nev, bonegas boez tha hano ; Tha glasgaru doaz ; Tha bonogath bogweez en nor, pokara en nev ; Dreu dho nei deithma gen kenevyn ; Ha givians nei gen pehou, kara nei givians gele ; Ha na ledia nei idn tentation ; Byz dilver nei thart droeg. Amen.

BRETON.

Hon tad pehini a so en eon, hoch ano bezet sanctifiet ; Roet deomp ho ruanteles ; Ho bolonte bezet gret en duar, evel en eon ; Roet deomp hon bara pebdeziec ; A pardonet deomp hon offansu, evel ma pardonomp dar re pere ho devus hon offanset ; Ne bermettet ket e cusesemp e tentation ebet ; Oguen hon delivret a zruc. Amen.

The comparison of these languages by these specimens is rendered a little less satisfactory by the circumstance, that the different translators have not always chosen the exactly corresponding word ; thus, in the fifth sentence, *trespasses, offences, debts, sins*, would seem to be equally faithful renderings of the original ; but as one or another was chosen, the *verbal* agreement of the versions would be marred. Yet these are sufficiently alike to show the affinity of these tongues ; and the similarity will be more apparent if the regular interchange of certain consonants, which we must point out before proceeding to the illustration of the affinity of the Celtic to the Indo-European languages, be borne in mind.

Any one who has paid attention to the first attempts of children to talk, must have noticed that they usually substitute some particular consonantal sounds for others, which they find it less easy to utter ; as, for example, *d* for *g*, and *t* for *c* ; and that they not unfrequently drop others altogether, as that represented by *l*. Perhaps it was by the observation of this practice that philologists were led to the discovery that in kindred languages, certain consonants were subjected to a similar interchange ; but however led they made the discovery, and the distinguished grammarian, Grimm, developed it, and established it by a large induction of examples, as a law. A very

few examples will enable any one to use his own knowledge of the fact in the illustrations which will afterwards be given. It will be needful to remember that the consonants are, so to speak, the *bones* of words; and that it is in comparative philology as in comparative anatomy, by the skeleton that the connexion of the most diverse phenomena is determined.

Sanscrit, padas. *Greek*, pōdēs. *Latin*, pedes. *English*, feet. *Old High German*, vuoz.

Latin, pater. *English*, father. *German*, vater. *Italian*, padre. *French*, père.

Greek, hūper. *Latin*, super. *German*, ueber. *English*, over. *Gothic*, ufar. *French*, sur.

Sanscrit, kapala. *Greek*, kēphale. *Latin*, caput. *Old High German*, houpit. *Gothic*, houbith. *Old English*, heved. *English*, head.

Zend, dughdher. *Persian*, dhukhter. *Greek*, tūhgateēr. *Old High German*, tohtar. *German*, tochter. *English*, daughter. *Lithuanian*, dukter. *Gothic*, dauhtar.

Latin, lacrima. *Greek*, dakru. *Gothic*, tagr. *Old High German*, zahar. *English*, tear.

From these examples the nature of this law of the interchange of consonants will be apparent; other examples will occur in the illustrations to be given for the wider purpose we have in view; and those who are disposed to observe may collect others in great abundance from the vulgar and provincial pronunciations of common words, and names of places, and even from street-cries, which last remarkably illustrate the dropping of some consonantal sounds entirely.

It will not be compatible with our limits to do more than afford a hint, a specimen of the way in which, by the comparison of the Welsh with other languages widely remote in geographical position, the relationship of the Kymry with the oldest nations of the East is proved. We shall add a few specimens of the Irish, or Erse, in order to show that the Welsh is a somewhat more recent branch of the Celtic languages; which fact agrees precisely with the conclusions which must be drawn from the different kinds of funeral mounds. It will only be needful to observe that the Erse agrees more frequently with the Sanscrit and the Latin, which represent the older branch of the Indo-European languages; and the Welsh with the Zend, or Old Persian, and the Greek, which represents the newer branch. These examples are chiefly derived from Dr. Prichard's work on "the Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations."

Sanscrit, jani. *Russian*, jena. *Persian*, zen. *Greek*, gūnē. *Erse*, gean. *English*, woman.

Sanscrit, vama, vamani. *Latin*, fœmina. *Erse*, fem, femen. *English*, woman.

Sanscrit, vanita. *Doric Greek*, bēna, bana. *Erse*, bean, vean. *Welsh*, benw, benyw, venw, venyw. *English*, woman.

Sanscrit, virah. *Latin*, vir. *Erse*, fear. *Welsh*, gwr, wr. *English*, man, hero.

Sanscrit, tātah. *Welsh*, tad. *Breton*, tāt. *Cornish*, tāz. *Basque*, aita. *English*, father.

Sanscrit, pitre. *Persian*, pader. *Latin and Greek*, pater. *Erse*, athair. *English*, father.

Sanscrit, bhratre. *Persian*, braudur. *Erse*, brathair. *Welsh*, brawd (brodyr, plur.). *English*, brother.

Sanscrit, vangshah. *Persian*, pachah. *Welsh*, bachgen. *English*, offspring, child.

Sanscrit, swasar. *Gothic*, svistar. *Erse*, suir. *Zend*, khanhar. *Persian*, khuaher, *Welsh*, khwaer. *English*, sister.

Sanscrit, devas. *Greek*, theos. *Latin*, deus. *Persian*, diw. *Erse*, dia. *Welsh*, duw. *English*, God.

Zend, kerefa. *Latin*, corpus. *German*, korper. *Welsh*, corph. *English*, body.

Persian, zarah. *Greek*, dakru. *Welsh*, deigryn. *Erse*, deor. *English*, tear.

Greek, nēphēlē. *Latin*, nebula. *German*, nebel. *Erse*, neal. *Welsh*, nivwl. *English*, sky, cloud.

Sanscrit, hailis, hailih. *Greek*, hēlios. *Latin*, sol. *Welsh*, haïl. *Breton*, heol. *Erse*, saule. *English*, sun.

Sanscrit, aloka. *Latin*, lux (luc-is, genit.). *German*, licht. *Welsh*, llwg. *English*, light.

Sanscrit and Zend, madhu. *Greek*, methu. *Slavonic*, med. *Lithuanian*, medus. *German*, meth. *Welsh*, medh. *English*, mead, honey.

Sanscrit, hansa. *Persian*, kaz. *Greek*, khēn. *Latin*, anser. *German*, gans. *Scandinavian*, gaas. *Erse*, geadh. *Welsh*, gwyz. *English*, goose.

Greek, ichthūs. *Latin*, piscis. *German*, fisch. *Welsh*, pysg. *English*, fish.

Greek, gēraños. *Welsh*, garan. *English*, crane.

Sanscrit, navah. *Persian*, nu. *Greek*, neūs. *Latin*, novus. *Slavonic*, novii. *German*, new. *Erse*, nuadh. *Welsh*, newydd. *English*, new.

Sanscrit, dashan. *Persian*, deh. *Greek*, dēka. *Latin*, decem. *Erse*, deich. *Welsh*, deg. *English*, ten.

Sanscrit, sum. *Greek*, sūn. *Latin*, cum, con. *Welsh*, cyn. *English*, with.

Verbs, both in their roots, (or simplest forms, to which the various prefixes and suffixes, which give the different modifications of voice, mood, tense, number, and person, are attached,) and in some of their conjugation-forms, and also in their derivations, may be compared with the Welsh and other Celtic dialects, with the same results.

Sanscrit, (jan,) jajanmi, *I am born*. *Greek and Latin*, (gen,) gignomai, and gignor. *Welsh*, geni, *to be born*.

Sanscrit, (mre, mar,) whence marah, *dead*. *Zend*, (mar,) mahrka, *death*. *Latin*, mori, *to die*; mortuus, *dead*. *Slavonic*, mrijeti. *Lithuanian*, mirti. *Lettish*, mirt. *German*, mord, *murder*. *Erse*, marv, *dead*. *Welsh*, marw, *to die*, and *dead*.

Sanscrit, (jiv,) jiva, *life*. *Greek*, bios, *life*. *Latin*, vivo, *I live*. *Welsh*, byw, vyw, *to live*, *living*.

Sanscrit, (jna,) jnātas, *know*. *Greek and Latin*, (gno,) ginōsko, and nosco, *I know*, notus, *known*. *Welsh*, gwn, *I know*.

Sanscrit, (vid,) vidan, *wise*. *Greek and Latin*, (vid,) eidō, idō, and video, *I see*. *Danish*, vide, *to know*. *German*, wissen, *to know*. *Old English*, to wit. *Welsh*, gwydd, and wydd, *knowledge*.

Sanscrit, (stha,) *Greek and Latin*, (sta,) *histēmi*, and *staō*, *I stand*, and *sto*, *I stand*. *Welsh*, *eistedd*, *I sit*. *Erse*, *sta*, *stand*.

Sanscrit, *asti*, *Persian*, *est*. *Greek*, *esti*, *Latin*, *est*. *Sclavonic*, *jest*. *Lithuanian*, *esti*. *Old Prussian*, *ast*. *German*, *ist*. *Erse*, *is*. *Welsh*, *ys*, *oes*. *English*, *he*, *she*, or *it is*.

Dr. Prichard has shown by an elaborate analysis of the Celtic verb, that the person-endings are nothing but ancient or altered personal pronouns; just as has been shown in the case of all the other languages of the Indo-European family, Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, &c., that there is one point of agreement in these person-endings, which is too remarkable to be passed over without particular notice. The third person plural in Sanscrit, Zend, Latin, Greek, and Old High German, has for its peculiar ending some form which can be resolved into *nt* or *nd*. Thus the third person plural of the present, indicative, of the verb *to be*, in those languages is, *santi*, *henti*, *eisi* (for *enti*), *sunt*, and *sind*: and in the same way, the forms for *they bear* are *baranti*, *barēnti*, *pherousi* (for *pheronti*), *ferunt*, and *bairand*. In the Welsh the same person-ending is employed, as may be seen in *buont*, or *buant*, they have been; *carasant*, they have loved. But in none of those languages is there any pronoun of the third person, which affords the least clue to the origin of this universal termination; while in the Welsh there is yet in use a separate pronoun signifying *they*; in its full form *hwynt*, and contracted *ynt*, which has fully solved the difficulty. This very singular fact would of itself establish some original affinity between the Welsh and the other nations of the Indo-European family; and supported, as it is, by so many other agreements, only less striking than itself, it must be considered conclusive.

One other very noticeable resemblance, in the Welsh, to the remote and ancient Sanscrit we must briefly advert to. It appears that as the Kymraeg became cultivated by the bards committing their odes to writing, instead of to the uncertain keeping of the memory of their disciples and admirers, it acquired a peculiar power in the mutation of consonants, which to the ear of Kymry has now become essential to the euphony and elegance of their language. This power is in fact possessed to some extent by all languages; but it has been most fully developed in the Sanscrit and the Welsh. A few examples taken from the latter will suffice to illustrate this peculiarity.

Car, signifies "kinsman;" "thy kinsman" is written, *dy gar*; "her kinsman," *ei char*; "my kinsman," *vy nghar*. *Pen*, "head," is changed thus; "thy head," *dy ben*; "her head," *ei phen*; "my head," *vy mhen*. *Bara*, "bread," becomes *ei vara*, "his bread;" *vy mara*, "my bread." And in the same manner *deg*, "ten," becomes before *blynedd*, years, *deng mlynedd*: *yn*, "in," before *canol*, *yng nghanol*; before *pen*, *ym mhen*; and before *gwr*, *yng ngwr*.

It is rather the capability than the fact of these changes, upon which we dwell, as an incidental indication of affinity between these two distant languages; since it has been shown by Mr. Stephens that in the earliest specimens of the Welsh, these complicated laws are little heeded. And it may, after all, rather mark the stage of development of the language, than ethnographic relationship.

From some of the illustrations we have given it will be seen that these Celtic languages are directly related to the Sclavonian and Finnish or Ugrian families of tongues. In the same way some not very remote degree of affinity appears to have been proved between them and the ancient Cantabrian language of Spain, the remains of which forms the dialect of the Basque Provinces and of Gascony. The Welsh has also contributed some words by which the original connexion of the Semitic (Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Egyptian, &c.) and the Indo-European languages is distinctly shown. And, to draw this rapid sketch to a close, in a number of words which were found in use by the aborigines of the New Continent, whose roots, or simplest forms, were related to roots of words in the languages of the Old Continent, two-fifths of them were directly connected with the Celtic.

From this examination we derive these results:—that the inhabitants of Wales migrated thither directly from the great fountain-head of the nations, the land of the Euphrates and the Tigris;—that they went in successive bands, each in a more advanced stage of civilization than its predecessor;—that they carried with them a peculiar language, and peculiar arts and superstitions, by which it appears that their settlement in this island was both begun and completed at a very early period;—and that they are immediately related to those races which have played the most distinguished part in the history of human progress and civilization; but became a distinct people before the differences between that family and others of less eminence had become so strongly pronounced as now we find them.

Some addition to these results may be made when we have considered the aboriginal religion of Britain; but Ethnology, like Geology, cannot give an accurate chronological account of the events which it brings to light; history alone can furnish this, and unhappily only the flickering meteor-light of tradition casts a few rays upon the primeval darkness, amidst which science has discovered the facts we have spoken of now. The next chapter will however show to what extent a corroboration of these conclusions is furnished by the lays and legends, both homespun and imported, that flourished amongst the Celts of Wales.

CHAPTER III.

LEGENDARY BRITAIN.—LEGENDS OF THE TRIADS.—LEGENDS OF THE CHRONICLERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—LEGEND OF THE HYPERBOREANS.

THE history of Wales, strictly so named, commenced when the torrent of invading Saxons had driven the aborigines of Britain—enervated, not civilized, by their subjection to all-conquering Rome—into the wild and rugged regions on the western side of the island; where they maintained themselves with energy, such as calamity alone could inspire, and the character of the country alone render successful, a separate people, so resolutely, that only in the last century did Cornwall lose its native tongue; and in language and other respects, the Welsh still continue almost as distinct from the dominant English and Norman races as the Gaelic clans, or the Erse septs, which have been prevented from fusing with them by the barriers of mountain and sea. This and the immediately following chapters, therefore, will narrate the history of South Britain, which, during the period they relate to, was under the sway of the Kymry; and we shall begin with the legends of the origin and adventures of this people up to their first collision with the civilized world, at the invasion of Julius Cæsar. Not that the legendary period ends then, but that with that fact we first meet with credible historic narrative respecting Britain;—nor yet that these legends can be clearly traced back to the times which they tell of; but that they represent what the Welsh, in the most flourishing ages of their independent existence, believed, on the authority of the bard, or chronicler, of the earlier ages, when no alien conqueror had trodden even the shores of their island home.

It will be necessary somewhat to condense these stories, and to unite the scattered fragments of some of them; but we shall preserve as far as possible the legendary dress, or rather tell them in such a way that their unhistoric character may be felt at once. This plan has appeared to us the best that could be adopted; for by no ingenuity of criticism could any certain facts of history be made out from them; and there is too much interest in the stories as they have been handed down to us, to suffer us either to mar them by critical analysis, or to omit them altogether. They fall far below the mythical and legendary history of Greece and Rome, and even of Germany and Scandinavia; nay, they are vastly inferior to those famous lays and ballads which after-ages sang of the glorious prowess and heroic deeds of the renowned Prince Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, both in beauty and significance. Yet, as they relate to our own land, and as they were regarded in times of easier faith than our own, (from

the days of Nennius to those of John Milton, and even later,) as genuine narratives of events and exploits, and, like the Grecian myths, have been referred to by diplomatists for the settlement of difficult international questions; they have a peculiar value for us, and may elucidate some parts of the authentic history.

The legends of the Triads are undoubtedly the oldest, and are of purely native growth; we therefore give precedence to them. Of the Triads themselves we shall speak afterwards; it is only needful to say in this place, that they are a collection of documents of the most essentially national character. Each Triad commemorates three subjects under some common title; and the history, theology, morals, jurisprudence, grammar and rhetoric, poetry and bardism of the Kymry, as they were understood at the time of their composition, are included in their ample range. As we possess them, they are assigned by Welsh scholars to the period between the tenth and the fifteenth centuries; but many of them are of much greater antiquity, and some may have originated with the Druids themselves. When we refer to them more particularly we shall call attention to their remarkable construction, which we cannot always preserve in this place. And thus runs our story.

BEFORE the Kymry settled in Britain, they dwelt in the Summer Country, which is called Deffrobani [where Constantinople now stands]; or, as Taliesin, "king of bards," sang;—

" A numerous race, and fierce esteemed,
First colonized thee, Britain, chief of Isles,
Men of Asia, from the land of Gafis [near the sea of Azov]."

And whilst they yet lived there, Hu Gadarn, [Hugh the Mighty,]—who afterwards, with his huge oxen, Neinio and Peibio, and a golden chain, drew to land the water-monster of the Lake of Floods, so that it burst out no more; for once, when it was broken, a flood went out over the face of all lands, so that all the people were drowned, except Dwyvan and Dwyvach, who escaped in a bare ship, and from them the isle of Britain was re-peopled; and the ship of Nevydd Nav Neivion carried in it the male and female of all living:—he first showed them how with mattock and plough to till the land, and gave them laws for journeying from one part of the country to another in order and safety, and thus raised them into a nation. And, beside this, did Hu Gadarn first of all in the world use vocal song, (which Gwyddon Ganhebon had invented,) for recording and keeping alive the memory of mighty deeds of valour, and of wondrous things that befell, so that generations to come might be instructed. And therefore did Iolo Goch sing;—

" The mighty Hugh is a sovereign, a stedfast protector,
A king distributing the wine, and praise.
Emperor of sea and land,
And the life of all that are in the world, was he;—
After the floods he held the strong-beamed plough, active and excellent."

And Rhys Brydydd, also;—

“The least of the little, in the judgment of the world,
Is Hugh the Mighty. But over us he is greatest, and lord.”

Now at this time had Britain in it no dwellers, save bears and wolves, bisons and water-beasts; and it was named Clas Merddin [the island of green hills]. And Hugh the Mighty led hither the nation of the Kymry from the Summer Country, Deffrobani; and it was over the Hazy Sea [the German Ocean] that they came to this island, and to Llydaw [Bretagne], and there dwelt; and after they held this country it was called Vel Ynys [the Honey Island]; and none have any title therein but the nation of the Kymry, for they first settled upon it. So Hu Gadarn became “a Pillar of the Nation,” and “a Benefactor of the Kymry,” and as Taliesin sang of him;—

“Dispenser of good, and sovereign chief,
The owner and rightful lord of Britain.”

Now amongst the followers of Hugh the Mighty was Aedd Mawr [the Great]; and his son, Prydain, first established government, and set up royalty in the isle of Britain. For before his time there was no justice, but every thing was done through favour; and there was no law, but that of the strongest. And because Prydain, “the beneficent Sovereign,” “Pillar of the Nation,” joined all the tribes of Britain and its islands in a system of federalism, and regulated the affairs of each tribe both within itself and with its neighbours; therefore was he made monarch within the whole limits of the nation of the Kymry, by the convention of country and border country; and the island was called after him, Ynys Prydain. Thus this land was governed under a monarchy and the voice of the country; and to this nation belongs the establishing of the monarchy by the voice of country and people, according to privilege and original right. And every royalty ought to be under the protection of the voice of the country; for it is said as a proverb, “A country is mightier than a prince.”

And Dyvnwal Moelmud his son (who is called in some of the old books Dyvnvarth ab Prydain; but in the ancient chronicles, the son of Clydno, a prince of the Cornish Britons) destroyed “the Oppression of the Dragon of Britain,” which sprang from the frenzy of the country under the pressure of the violence and lawlessness of princes, by framing an equitable system of mutual obligation, between societies, and princes, and countries; so that right and justice might be obtained by every one in the land, small as well as great, under the protection of God and his peace, and of the country and nation. So the three Pillars of the Commonwealth of the isle of Britain were, the oath of compurgation, and the office of royalty, and the judicial function; and “the beneficent Sovereign,” Dyvnwal Moelmud, was reckoned the third “Pillar of the Nation of the Kymry.”

“THE three Social tribes of the isle of Britain. The first was the nation of the Kymry, that came with Hugh the Mighty into the isle of Britain, because he would not

possess lands by fighting and oppression, but through justice and in peace. The second was the tribe of the Lloegrwys, [Lloegrrians,] that came from the land of Gwasgwyn, [Gascony,] being descended from the primitive nation of the Kymry. The third were the Brython, who came from the land of Armorica, [Bretagne,] and had their descent from the same stock. These were called the Three Tribes of Peace, because they came by mutual consent, in peace and tranquillity; and these three tribes were sprung from the same origin, and were of the same language and speech."

IN the days of Cadial, son of Erin, there came from Scandinavia Urb Llyuddawg, son of Erin, to seek assistance in a great expedition which he had planned. And it was agreed to grant him aid, on condition that he should receive from each city no greater number of men than he could bring into it. And he went to the first city with no follower save Mathutta Vawr, his servant, and he procured two men from that city; but from the second city he obtained four men; and from the third, eight; and so on, till for the last city the number could not have been found in all the island. Thus Urb Llyuddawg took away with him the flower of the nation of the Kymry, threescore and one thousands; and there remained behind only children and old people; for it was through oversight that his demand was granted under an irrevocable condition. And of this mighty host there returned not one, nor of their children or posterity; for he led them as far as the sea of Greece, and there remaining, in the land of Galas [Galatia] and Afena, to this day, they have become Greeks.

And this was the first of the three "Unwise Armaments," for thereby was the island so greatly weakened, that there came into the country, first the men of Llychlyn [Denmark]; who could not be driven out again till the end of the third age, and then they were made to flee across the sea to the country of Almaen [Germany];—and next the Coraniaid, [Coritani,] who came from the land of Pwyl; and they could never be driven out, but dwelt about the river Humber and the shore of the German Ocean; and proved a sore oppression to the Kymry. But it came from God as a punishment for the "Mighty Arrogance" of the combined expedition under Urb Llyuddawg, as their intentions could not have been founded in justice.

WHEN Beli, son of Mynogan, was king, there came to Gwynedd [North Wales] the hosts of Ganvel the Gwyddel [Irishman]; and they oppressed the country of Gwynedd for twenty and nine years; and then Caswallawn, son of Beli, who was king in Britain, went forth against them, and drove them into the sea, and slew them in Manuba; and they that were slain were so many that a dreadful pestilence came upon the isle of Britain, and destroyed much people.

And after this, when Mwrchan the Thief, king of Gascony, and a friend of Iwl Caisar, [Julius Cæsar,] had carried off Flur, daughter of Mygnach the dwarf, into Gascony to Caisar; Caswallawn, son of Beli, with his nephews Gwenwynwyn and Gwanar, raised a mighty host, whose number was threescore and one thousands; and led them over the sea to the land of the Geli Llydaw, [Bretons,] who were descended from the original stock of the Kymry. And Caswallawn, "the Amorous Gallant," went as far as the land of Gascony, for the sake of Flur, daughter of Mygnach Gor; and disguised

as a shoemaker, he delivered her from Caisar ; but there were slain of the Cæsarians six thousand men, and he brought her back to the isle of Britain. Nevertheless, of the great host that he led forth not one returned, nor yet of their children, or posterity ; but they remained among the Romans in the land of Gwasgwyn, where they are to this day.

And it was to avenge the insult of this expedition that the men of Rome first came into Britain : and this is the second "Unwise Armament," which weakened the land so greatly, and gave place in consequence to the "Mighty Oppression" of the Romans.

Such are the legends of the Triads. There can be little doubt that they but lightly veil some genuine historic facts ; and yet they have so completely the air and form of mere traditionary stories, that, notwithstanding the confirmation afforded by the researches of ethnological science to the most questionable of the whole, we cannot venture to treat them as histories ; for we have no criticism sufficiently exact and delicate to separate the legendary from the historical element, and to leave the latter in its un-mixed simplicity, with such assurance of its correctness as will permit us, or compel us, unhesitatingly to receive it as a record of fact.

To the stories of the chroniclers of the Middle Ages we now turn ; and in order to explain the difference between them and the native legends we have been considering, we avail ourselves of an admirable remark of Mr. Grote, which will be found in the chapter of his History of Greece, in which he contrasts "the Mythical Vein" of ancient Hellas with that of modern Europe. He says,—

"The Latin language, together with some tinge of Latin literature,—the habit of writing and of recording present events,—the idea of a systematic law and pacific adjudication of disputes,—all these formed a part of the general working of Roman civilization, even after the decline of the Roman empire, upon the Teutonic and Celtic tribes. A class of specially educated men was formed, upon a Latin basis and upon Christian principles, consisting too almost entirely of priests, who were opposed, as well by motives of rivalry as by religious feeling, to the ancient bards and story-tellers of the community : the 'lettered men' were constituted apart from the 'men of story,' and Latin literature contributed along with religion to sink the myths of untaught heathenism." *Hist. Greece, vol. i. p. 622.*

There is abundant proof in Welsh literature of the rivalry between the bards and the priests, and each class was most keen in detecting and exposing the faults of the other ; yet in Wales the controversy seems to have had a different result from that which Mr. Grote speaks of as common to both the Teutonic and Celtic nations of the continent. For though the Chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and others more incredible still, were received in England as the genuine history of our island before the Christian era ; in Wales the bards had the advantage over their clerical opponents, and the Triads remain to this day the monument of their literary victory. It is of

course impossible now to ascertain the extent to which the Latinized legends of the chroniclers gained credence amongst the Kymry ; but that they had believers is evident from the MSS. yet existing in the Welsh tongue of the most popular of their myths, that of Brutus.

The first form of these mediæval stories, unhappily, cannot be recovered ; and it is not always to be presumed from the brevity of the narrative that we have the most simple form of the story. We give the following on the authority of Holinshed, who seems to have recorded, or manufactured, as complete a version of this legend of the times before Brutus, as possible. The mixture of sacred story and profane mythology, the latter debased too by the rationalism of the school of Evemerus, and the droll anachronisms of every kind, it is not necessary to point out specifically.

At the first, this our island seems to have been a parcel of the Celtic kingdom, whereof Dis, otherwise called Samothés, one of the sons of Japheth, was the original beginner, in the year 1910 after the creation of Adam ; and of him thenceforth for a long time was it called Samothea. Afterwards, in process of time, when desire of rule began to take hold upon the minds of men, and each prince endeavoured to enlarge his own dominions, Albion the giant, of the race of Ham, the son of Neptune Mareoticus, (whose dominions lay among the islands of the Mediterranean Sea,) hearing of the commodities of the country, and the plentifulness of the soil here, made a voyage over ; and finding the thing not only correspondent unto, but also far surmounting the representation, not long after invaded the same by force of arms, brought it to his subjection, and finally changed the name thereof to Albion ; whereby the former denomination did grow out of mind, and pass into utter forgetfulness, and the island did pass from subjection to the Celts of the line of Japheth, under whom it had been for 341 years.

Now when the said Albion had governed this country by the space of seven years, it came to pass that both he and his brother Bergion were killed by Hercules at the mouth of Rhodanus ; as the said Hercules passed out of Spain, by the Celts of Gaul, to go over into Italy, to war against Lestrygo, brother to Albion, whom his grandfather Osiris had placed over the Janigenes, who were the posterity of Noah in Italy. It happened that this Lestrygo and his issue did exercise great tyranny, not only over his own kingdom, but also in molestation of such princes as inhabited round about, in the most intolerable manner. And this it was that did move Hercules to this undertaking ; the aforesaid Neptune desired to leave his twenty-three sons settled in the mightiest kingdoms of the world ; and they, being giants and men without any fear, had conspired against and slain Osiris, only for that he was an obstacle to them in their tyrannous dealings. Therefore, Hercules his son, who was surnamed Lybius, in revenge at his father's death, proclaimed open war against them all ; and going from place to place, ceased not to spoil their kingdoms, and to overthrow their power ; and was now, as was said, proceeding against Lestrygo.

Albion, understanding how that Hercules was minded to make war upon his

brother, did think it good, if it were possible, to stop him ; and on his expedition met with Hercules and his army at the mouth of Rhodanus. And therefore, when a cruel conflict ensued, and Hercules had like to have lost the day ; he, perceiving the courage of his soldiers to abate, and seeing the want of artillery like to be the cause of his overthrow, willed each of his men to defend himself, by throwing stones (whereof there was abundance in that place) at his enemy ; and in this way were Albion and his brother slain, and their army utterly routed and destroyed.

Thus was Britain rid of a tyrant. Yet its name of Albion died not, but continued until the time of Brute.

The next legend we borrow from Hardyng, and is, in fact, nothing more than a plagiarism, or rather parody, of the famous old Grecian myth of the Danaides.

“ THE while that Troy was reigning in his might,
 In Greece there was a king right excellent ;
 That Dioclesian some book saith he hight ;
 And that of Syria had the regiment.
 Dame Albyne hight his wife, a lady gent ;
 Who thirty daughters had, to their degree
 Wedded to kinges all of great nobility.”

These thirty daughters, however, falling through “pride and high elation,” plotted to slay their lords as they slept, that they might be free from the control of any superiors. But the youngest of them, not so hardened for crime as the rest, discovered the matter to her husband, and to her father ; and thus their wickedness was frustrated, and they, after due trial, were sentenced to be exiled for ever. Being sent away, they were, so fortune willed it, by tempests and currents, after much woe, driven to this land, then waste and uninhabited, and here landed : and this happened in the seventy-second year of Aioth, judge of Israel.

Hardyng here interposes very mildly some most reasonable doubts respecting the truth of this chronicle ; for, says he, Saul was the first king *in* Syria, and these events are said to have happened before his days ; moreover, there was no king *of* Syria before Seleucus, and he lived not till after the death of Alexander the Great. The worthy chronicler’s reasons for his scepticism are not quite so sound as the scepticism itself ; but this is of small account.

“ Dame Albyne, who the eldest sister was,
 As many tell, did think she would increase
 Herself above the rest. Upon the dais
 Sitting, she there took fealty of them all
 True to her for to be, for aught that might befall.

“ And then she gave this isle the proper name,
 From her own name, as chief, of Albion ;
 And called it so from thenceforward the same.”

And instructed her vassal sisters, how with bows and bolts, traps and pitfalls, nets and other wiles, to slay birds and wild animals, so "that they should not perished be."

A kingdom sprung, like this, from so great a crime, and constituted by the superior ambition of one of the criminals, could hardly be carried on well. Accordingly we find new passions growing in the breasts of these Amazons; and the island, by the aid of evil "sprites," was soon peopled with a brood of giants, who lived and throve, Caliban-like, until the time when Brutus came; and then they were twelve thousand in number. And herewith ends this legend.

From these fictions respecting the first colonization of Britain we proceed to the famous legend of Brutus, and of his progeny of kings down to the invasion of the Romans. The true fount and origin of this myth must undoubtedly be sought in that "tinge of Latin literature," which Mr. Grote rightly ascribes to the priests, who, as "lettered men," superseded the "men of story" in the Middle Ages. How great a hold upon the reverence of the scholars of those times Virgil had, the immortal poem of Dante sufficiently shows; and that this reverence should manifest itself amongst the Kymric races, by a rude imitation of his fiction of the Trojan extraction of the Roman kings, will not be wonderful to those who bear in mind the difference between the culture of the age and of the people, amongst whom it sprang up, and of that which produced the "Divine Comedy." There was, however, enough patriotic lore amongst these chroniclers, to secure the introduction of many of the conspicuous names and events of their national traditions, into their legends; some of which we shall point out in the course of our tale.

But though the rise of such a story as this of Brutus may be satisfactorily accounted for, the real author of it is wholly undiscoverable. One of the chronicles which contains it in full is ascribed to Tysilio, the son of Brochwel, prince of Powys, a bishop who flourished in the latter part of the seventh century. The correctness of this ascription may well be questioned, were it only that the work bears so close a resemblance to that of Geoffrey of Monmouth. In its simplest form it is found in the *Historia Britonum*, to which the name of Nennius is attached; and which was written at some time between the seventh and the tenth centuries. In this the influence of Bible story also is most clearly marked; which, together with the entire absence of the minute detail with which the tale is told by the later chroniclers, makes it exceedingly probable that it contains one of the earliest attempts at imitation of the Mantuan bard.

The chief authority for this mythical history is the work of Gruffydd ab Arthur, or (as he is better known) Geoffrey of Monmouth, who in the middle of the twelfth century was bishop of St. Asaph. Without entering more minutely into the literary history of his Chronicles than the scope of our work permits, it would be impossible to show how far he depended upon legends already invented, and how far he drew upon his own imagination. This is however certain, that the chief elements of his history were already in existence; and that without any suggestions from Walter Mapes,

archdeacon of Oxford, there was enough in them to lead the archdeacon of Monmouth to attempt to supply what was lacking in the writings of Gildas and Bede, by a coherent account of the kings who reigned in Britain before the Christian era. The part played by Walter Mapes is so differently represented in various MSS., that it is no wonder that Mr. Thomas Stephens, in his "Literature of the Kymry," (a work of which Wales may justly be proud,) should treat him as the Jedidiah Cleishbotham of Geoffrey's romance. We have in the poetical versions of the *Brut*, by Master Wace, and by Layamon, satisfactory proof that there were other legends current amongst the Kymry of Wales and Bretagne, beside those embodied in Geoffrey's "History;" and further proof, if needful, that we are not indebted to his imagination for the whole of his "wild and wondrous story," is afforded by the differences between it and the *Brut Tysilio*, the *Brut Breninoedd* of the "Red Book of Hergest," and other versions of the old British chroniclers. We shall avail ourselves of all these writings, whenever by so doing we can impart a little more life or interest to our condensed account of the *Historia Britonum* of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

We have referred to the introduction of genuine Welsh traditions, and to the spice of sacred learning which characterize these legends. The latter appears under two forms;—the progress of events is marked by synchronisms from the Old Testament history, and the utter absence of even the pretence of chronological consistency, which is thus betrayed, is most amusing;—and, in Nennius, the descent of Brutus from Japheth is traced with elaborate minuteness, though without any attempt to make the genealogy agree with that of the Book of Genesis. In this genealogy also we have a comparatively modern instance of the invention of eponymous founders for nations and tribes, which occurs so frequently in the mythical history of Greece and Rome. This circumstance is worthy of the attention of scholars, since there can be no doubt that these eponyms were invented in the same manner as those of classic story; and we have genuine history by which we can detect the myth.

Before we begin our recital of this legend, it will be better to mention very briefly that the industry of antiquarian believers in it, has produced some very singular confirmations of the truth of what it records of Brutus. The traditions of Toledo in Spain record that it was founded by certain Greeks, who were bound for England and Ireland, and who landed at Corunna; they were called Almozudes, or Almonides. But other traditions ascribe the foundation to Tolemion and Brutus, two Roman consuls, in the time of Ptolemy Evergetes. Strabo makes some of the fugitives from Troy settle in Spain. And again, the traditions of Tours in France ascribe its name to Turnus, the friend of Brutus, who fell in battle at the Loire, and was buried near that city. Which confirmations do not appear to us to possess half the validity of the appeal to this legend by Edward I., when he laid claim to the crown of Scotland; which the Scots, albeit Edward was of Norman descent, and therefore doubly removed from the stock of Brutus, never called in question; but tacitly allowed to be a legitimate argument for the right of the kings of England to the realm of Fergus.

THE legend of BRUTUS. After Æneas Whiteshield, who fled from Troy, and obtained the kingdom of Italy, there reigned his son Ascanius. And while he yet lived, his son Silvius became connected in a private amour with a niece of Lavinia. Ascanius, coming to the knowledge of it, consulted his magicians, who by their art told him that the damsel would give birth to a boy, who would kill both his father and his mother, and after travelling through many countries in banishment, would arrive, at last, at the highest pitch of glory. And so indeed it fell out; for the mother died in giving birth to a son, whom they called Brutus; and when he was fifteen years old, as he was hunting with his father, he killed him undesignedly by the shot of his arrow. And the remainder of their prediction was fulfilled in course of time.

For this, seeing that he was the king's son, and had not intended so heinous a deed, he was banished; and went into Greece, where he found the posterity of Helenus, son of Priam, king of Troy, who were kept in lamentable slavery by Pandrasus, king of the Greeks.

So say the old Chronicles; but Nennius tells us that this Brutus was said, by other ancient books, to be the son of Hisicion, who was descended from Japheth. For the first man that dwelt in Europe was Alanus, with his three sons, Hisicion, Armenon, and Neugio. Hisicion had four sons, Francus, Romanus, Alamanus, and Brutus; from whom descended the Franks, the Latins, the Germans, and the Britons. Armenon had five sons, Gothus, Valagothus, Cibidus, Burgundus, and Longobardus; and from them descended the Goths, the Valagoths, the Cibidians, the Burgundians, and the Lombards. And Neugio had three sons, Vandalus, Saxo, and Boganus; and they are the ancestors of the Vandals, the Saxons, the Bogarians, and the Taringians. The whole of Europe was subdivided amongst these tribes. And this Alanus was the son of Rhea Silvia, who was the daughter of Numa Pompilius, and he was the son of Ascanius, who, through Æneas, Anchises, Troius, Dardanus, and Flisa, was descended from Juvin, the son of Japheth. There are also other genealogies, but it is not necessary to repeat them.

When Brutus had been for some time in Greece, and had distinguished himself both in council and war, so that great numbers of Trojans flocked to his standard from all parts, and desired to be freed from their subjection to the Greeks, he joined himself with a noble youth named Assaracus, who was a favourer of the Trojan cause, and took the command of his men, and fortified the towns and castles belonging to him; but himself, with Assaracus, and all who adhered to him, retired to the woods and hills, demanding of Pandrasus liberty either to live there, or to depart to some foreign country. A war between Brutus and Pandrasus was the consequence of these proceedings; and after various battles, in which the Trojans always had the advantage, Pandrasus himself fell into the hands of Brutus; and being threatened with a most cruel death if he did not comply with the terms of the victors, agreed to furnish them with all things needful for their voyage to some happier shore, and to give to Brutus his daughter Ignogen in marriage.

So, with three hundred and twenty-four ships, laden with all kinds of provisions, and

with his espoused Ignogen, Brutus set forth; and after sailing for two days and a night before a fair wind, arrived at an island called Loegecia, at that time desolate and uninhabited; and there Brutus, after sacrificing in a forsaken temple of Diana, received, in reply to his inquiry as to what land would prove their home; the following response, as he slept before the altar :—

“ Brutus! far to the west, in th’ ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies;
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
Now void it fits thy people; thither bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,
Where to thy sons another Troy shall rise;
And kings be born of thee, whose dreaded might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold!”

Cheered with this assurance of divine conduct the armament departed, and after a course of thirty days reached Africa; and thence passing the Philenian Altars and Salinæ, they sailed between Ruscicada and the mountains of Azara, where they conquered some pirates and carried off their spoils. Arriving at Mauritania, they laid waste the country, and well stored their ships, and then steered for the Pillars of Hercules, where they encountered great dangers from those sea-monsters, the Syrens. Escaping from them, they came to the Tyrrhenian Sea, and on its shores fell in with four nations, descended from the Trojans who had followed Antenor in his flight from Troy. Their commander was named Corineus, a man of gigantic strength and stature, and as modest in the council as he was bold in the fight. He, learning the lineage of Brutus, resolved to accompany him; and thus was the little army recruited with some most brave and serviceable men; sailing to Aquitaine, they cast anchor in the mouth of the Loire; and being involved in a quarrel with Goffar the Pict, or of Poictou, the king of the country, through hunting in the forests, a war ensued; in which Corineus performed prodigies of valour, and Turonus, or Tyrri, falling in fight, was buried in a city, after him called Tours. But Brutus, perceiving that by prosecuting this war he was delaying his search for, and possession of, the land promised him by the goddess, departed suddenly, whilst their army was yet flushed with conquest; and with all the spoils he had gathered in Aquitaine, set sail, and with a fair wind reached the wished-for haven of his voyage, arriving on the coast of Albion at Totness, or Talnus.

The island was at that time uninhabited, save by a few giants; Brutus and his followers were therefore well pleased with its appearance; and having driven the giants to the caves and mountains, and divided the country amongst them, began to till the ground, and to build houses; and soon gave the island the appearance of having been long inhabited. At last Brutus called it, after his own name, Britain, and his companions, Britons; for by these means he desired to perpetuate the memory of his name.

“ But ere he had established his throne,
And spread his empire to the utmost shore,

He fought great battles with his savage fœn ;
 In which he them defeated evermore,
 And many giants left on groaning floor."

And thus the most celebrated, and the last, of the giants fell. It chanced that on a certain day, when Corineus had gone towards Cornwall in search of giants, Brutus was holding a solemn festival to the gods, at the port where he had first landed ; and a giant named Goëmagot, or Gogmagog (Gaur-madog), with twenty of his companions, came suddenly upon the Britons, and made a fearful slaughter amongst them ; but they soon rallying, put their foes to the rout, and slew all but the leader, whom Brutus commanded them to spare, that he might witness a combat between him and Corineus, who took great pleasure in such encounters. The giant was therefore brought up to the top of a flat and high rock near the sea-side ; and at the first encounter Corineus and the giant grasped each other so strongly, that each panted aloud for breath. The giant then snatched Corineus up in his arms, and by the force of his terrible hug broke three of his ribs ; whereat Corineus, waxing angry, raised his whole strength, and heaving up his opponent on his shoulders, ran with him, as fast as his great weight permitted, to the edge of the cliff, and hurled him down headlong. In his fall the giant was dashed to pieces, and the sea was so discoloured by his blood, as to continue tinged with it for a long time. In memory of this feat that cliff, the Haw, was long called *Lamgoëmagot*, or the Giant's Leap.

" In meed of these great conquests by them got,
 Corineus had that province utmost west
 To him assignéd for his worthy lot,
 Which of his name and memorable gest
 He called Cornwall, yet so calléd best :
 And Debon's share was, that is Devonshire :
 But Canute had his portion from the rest,
 The which he called Canutium, for his hire ;
 Now Cantium, which Kent we commonly inquire."

The next care of the leader was to build a city ; and travelling through the country to find a place fit for his purpose, pitched upon a spot by the river Thames ; and he called the name of the city which he built *Troy-novant*, or *New Troy* ; which afterwards came to be designated *Trinovantum* ; and when King Ludd had surrounded it with stately walls, it was after him called, *Caer Ludd*, or *London*. At this time Eli was judge of Israel : and so

" *Troynovant* was built of old *Troy's* ashes cold."

" Thus Brute this realm unto his rule subdued,
 And reignéd long in great felicity,
 Loved of his friends, and of his foes eschewed :
 He left three sons, his famous progeny,
 Born of fair *Inogene* of Italy ;
 'Mongst whom he parted his imperial state,
 And *Lochrine* left chief lord of *Brittany*."

At last ripe age bade him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, unto final fate."

THE legend of **SABRINA**. The realm of Britain was now parted amongst the three sons of Brutus, Lochrine, Camber, and Albanact; the divisions being our England, Wales, and Scotland. And it chanced that Albanact fell in battle with Humber, king of the Huns, who had invaded Albania; and then Lochrine and Camber joined their forces, and marched against him, and he was defeated, and most of his army killed; and he with difficulty escaping fled unto a water, and was there drowned with much of his folk; and that water,—

"For king Humber's death, it aye was Humber hight."

Amongst the spoil taken by Lochrine was a king's daughter, named Estrildis, or Esylt, the all-fairest woman that then dwelt on earth; and Lochrine desired much to marry her, but durst not, for that he was affianced unto Guendoline, or Gwendolen, the daughter of the redoubted Corineus, who insisted on his fulfilling his troth. So Lochrine commanded his servants to make an earth-house, with walls of stone, and doors of narwhale ivory; and to place therein much coal, and of clothes plenty, palls of purple and golden linen, much wine, much wax, and much winsome thing; and in this secret bower he kept the beautiful Estrildis for seven long years, unknown to his wife Guendoline, and to all but a few trusty servants. And there was born to them Sabrina, fairer child was none. Now when Corineus died, Lochrine sent home Guendoline with her son Madon, or Madoc, and wedded Estrildis; she was to him agreeable, and he had her for queen. But Guendoline returned at the head of her father's army, and Lochrine was defeated and killed by an arrow. The victress immediately seized upon the crown, and commanded the beautiful Estrildis to be slain; whilst for Sabrina,—

"She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendoline,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearléd wrists, and took her in."

Or else by the ferocious queen's command both she and her mother were thrown into the Severn, which bears to this day that name in token of the maiden's death. Howbeit, some say that her name was Hafra, or Auren, and that she perished in a stream so called from her, that falleth into the sea at Christchurch.

THE legend of **LEAR** and **CORDELIA**. After Guendoline had reigned fifteen years, her son Madoc succeeded her; and this happened while Samuel judged Israel. He ruled the kingdom in peace and care for forty years, and then dying, left it to his son Mempricius, or Membyr, who was an unjust and profligate prince, and was devoured by wolves in the twentieth year of his reign; when Saul was king in Judæa. Ebraucus, or Efroc, his son, followed, who invaded Gaul, and suffered a grievous repulse there; and built York, and other towns; and had twenty sons and thirty daughters; and with

great valour governed Britain for sixty years. His sons subdued Germany, so called because they were brothers-germane: and Brutus, the eldest, surnamed Greenshield, succeeded him, who so completely retrieved the honour of the British arms by his defeat of Brunchilde,

“ That not *scuith guiridd* might he seem to be,
But rather *y scuith gogh*, sign of sad cruelty.”

After him came Leil, who built Carlisle;—Hudibras, or Rhun-paladr-fras, in whose time an eagle spoke while the walls of Shaftesbury were being built; and Haggai and Amos were prophets in Israel;—and Bladud, or Blaiddydd, famous for his magical skill, and for building Bath, and making the hot baths therein for the public good; he, attempting to fly, fell upon the temple of Apollo, in Trinovantum, and was killed. In his reign happened the famine in Israel for which Elias prayed. And to him succeeded Lear; but his story is so well known, that it needs not to be related here, further than what is said by some ancient chronicles: that Cordelia outlived her father, and buried him at Leicester; and herself for five years ruled Britain, being dispossessed by Morgan and Cunedagius, or Cynedda, her nephews; who divided the kingdom between them.

This Cunedagius soon obtained the whole of the country by killing his brother, and governed gloriously for three and thirty years. During his days Rome was founded, and Isaiah and Hosea flourished. His son Rhiwallon, or Rivallo, succeeded him; and after six generations happened the tragic deaths of Ferrex and Porrex, the sons of Gorbogudo, or Gwrfyw. Porrex having laid a plot to kill his brother, and so secure the inheritance of the crown for himself, was discovered, and fled to France: whence returning, he defeated Ferrex in battle, and killed him.

“ Whose death t’avenge, his mother merciless,
Most merciless of women, Wyden hight,
Her other son fast sleeping did oppress,
And with most cruel hand him murdered pitiless.

“ Here ended Brutus’ sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this sceptre borne
With high renown and great felicity:
The noble branch from th’ antique stick was torn
Through discord, and the royal throne forlorn
Henceforth this realm was into factions rent,
Whilst each of Brutus boasted to be born,
That in the end was left as monument
Of Brutus, nor of Britons’ glory ancient.”

THE legend of DUNWALLO MOLMUTIUS, the Lawgiver of Britain. At length, but very long afterwards, a young man arose named Dyrnwal Moelmud, or Dunwallo Molmutius. He was descended from the great Corineus, and was son of Clydno, or Cloten, ruler of Cornwall; and was superior to all the kings that were in Britain, in his time, in bravery and in beauty of person. As soon as he succeeded his father he made war upon the king of Loegria, and killed him in battle; and when the kings of Cambria and

Albania thereupon joined their armies and marched into his territories, he met them with thirty thousand men, and gave them battle. Now, after most of the day had been spent in the fight, and the victory was yet doubtful, Dunwallo drew aside a chosen number of his bravest men, and accoutred them with himself in the armour of the enemies that had been slain; and so marching up with speed to the enemies' ranks, and not being recognised, slew both their kings, and many others with them. Then resuming their own armour, lest his own men should fall upon them, he led them on to renew the assault, and in a short time they completely dispersed and routed the enemy. After which victory he seized upon their territories, destroyed their castles, and reduced all Britain under his own power from sea to sea.

When tranquillity was thus restored to the country, he caused a crown of gold to be made, and wore it on his head. He also restored the old form of government; and established the laws known by the name of the Laws of Dyvnwal Moelmud, or the Molmutine Laws, which were for so long a time famous amongst the Saxons, as well as in Wales.

"Thus made he sacred laws, which some men say
Were unto him revealed in vision;
By which he freed the Travellers' high-way,
The Temples' part, and Ploughman's portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion;
The gracious Numa of great Brittany:
For, till his days, the chief dominion
By strength was wielded without policy:
Therefore he first wore crown of gold for dignity."

For forty years did this first lawgiver reign; and was buried in the Temple of Concord, in the city of Trinovantum.

THE legend of BELINUS and BRENNUS. After the death of Dyvnwal, his two sons, Beli and Bran, or Belinus and Brennus, contended about the crown; but at length agreed, Beli being sovereign of Loegria and Wales, and Bran king of the country north of the Humber, but subject to his brother. But the peace was not of long continuance, for Brennus was persuaded to seek the alliance of the king of Norway against Beli; who, as soon as he had departed on that errand, took possession of his kingdom. It happened also that when he was returning with the Norwegian fleet, he encountered Guithlac, king of Denmark, who, aided by a storm, carried off the princess of Norway, whom Brennus was bringing to Britain as his bride. The storm, however, raged for five days, and at last Guithlac with his prize was cast away on the northern coast of Britain, and fell into the hands of Belinus. As soon as Brennus heard the fate of the princess, he demanded her restoration, with his kingdom, and proceeded to make good his demand by arms; but being utterly defeated, was glad to escape into Gaul, in a single ship.

Belinus, thus delivered from the Norwegians and his revolted brother, dismissed Guithlac, with the lady, upon condition of his paying an annual tribute: and devoted himself to the enforcement of his father's laws throughout his whole realm. He also

had two great causeways made with stone and mortar; one from the sea of Cornwall to the shores of Caithness; and the other from Menevia to Hamo's Port: and two others he caused to be made obliquely: so that all cities might have the benefits of high-ways, as his father's laws had provided.

But Brennus, after wandering in great sorrow through Gaul, and seeking for help of the princes of this country in vain, at last obtained compassion and assistance from Segianus, prince of the Allobrogians, or Burgundians; who gave him his daughter in marriage, and made him his heir. As soon as he came into possession of this principality he, with a great force, invaded Britain, to compel his brother to give up the throne to him. Belinus, however, having heard of his intention, went forth to meet him; and when the armies were upon the point of joining in battle, Conwenna, or Tonwen, the aged mother of the two rival kings, rushed between the lines, and going to Brennus addressed him so affectionately that of his own accord he laid aside his hostile purpose, and advanced with her to his brother. Nor was Belinus behind him in this display of brotherly feeling; and thus a league of true peace and friendship was formed between them.

In the year after these transactions, the two brothers having overrun all Gaul, and broken the power of the Frankish chiefs, passed into Italy, laying waste the country as they went along. And in the year of the consuls Gabius and Porsena, they arrived at Rome, which submitted to them at once, and agreed to pay a yearly tribute. But after they had returned to Germany, the Romans sent assistance to the Germans against the brothers, who thereupon divided their forces, and whilst Belinus remained to engage the enemy at home, Brennus marched upon Italy and Rome. The story of Brennus is told at large in the History of Rome, both how he took the city, and spoiled it; and how he exercised over it, and over all Italy, the most unheard-of tyranny; and needs not to be related here. Belinus also defeated the enemy in Germany; and returning to his own kingdom, devoted the remainder of his life to its welfare. He built some cities, and erected in Trinovantum that wonderful structure which has given the name of Billingsgate to its site to the present day.

THE legend of ARTEGALL and ELIDURE. Gwrgant with the Grim beard, called in some chronicles Gwrgiunt Brabtruc, succeeded Belinus;

"And after him reigned Guitheline his heir,
The justest man, and truest, in his days,
Who had to wife dame Mertia the fair,
A woman worthy of immortal praise,
Who for this realm found many goodly lays,
And wholesome statutes to her husband brought:
Her, many deemed to have been of the fays,
As was Egeria, that Numa taught:
Those yet of her be Mertian laws both named and thought."

And after five generations Artegall was dignified with the crown, and he ruled most unjustly in Britain, for he depressed the lawful nobility, and advanced the baser sort

of people, and plundered the wealthy by extortion; so that the men of property rose against him and dethroned him, and placed the crown on the head of his brother Elidure. Now when Elidure had reigned for five years, having gone to hunt in the forest of Caladyr, he met his brother who had been deposed, wandering in a mean condition; and touched with the sight, his brotherly feelings also stirring very strongly within him, he conveyed him secretly to Alclwyd, and hid him in his own chamber. Then feigning sickness, he caused all his great nobles to be brought one by one to him, and made them under terror of death swear obedience to Artegall; whom, after reconciliation made on all sides, he led to York, and there crowned king of Britain again, with his own hand. Artegall, thus wondrously lifted from meanness to honour by the great love of his brother, proved himself worthy of that sacrifice, and having forgotten all his former ill deeds, ruled worthily for ten years, depressing the baser sort, and advancing men of good birth, and exercising justice towards all.

At his death Elidure was once more advanced to the royal dignity; but very soon his younger brethren, Owain and Peredur, not imitating his fraternal piety, raised a rebellion against him, defeated him, and imprisoned him in the tower at Trinovantum, dividing the realm between them. And after the death of Owain, the whole kingdom fell into the hands of Peredur, who so much the better used his power, by how much the worse he got it, but suddenly dying, Elidure, after long imprisonment, was a third time seated on the throne, and ended his life in the station to which his virtue seemed to compel him, leaving a noble example of excellent deeds to his successors.

Thirty-four of these are named, but without much of either blame or praise, in the Chronicles; and then follows Ludd, who fortified and beautified Trinovantum, as has been related, and whose name is preserved to this day in the name of the street in which he was buried,—Ludgate. And after him Caswallwn, or Cassibellaunus, received the throne, for the two sons of Ludd were too young; nevertheless their uncle made one duke of Kent, and the other duke of Cornwall, and in many other ways he displayed his generosity and magnificence, so that his fame reached to distant kingdoms. It was this king that ruled when Julius Cæsar invaded Britain; so that here we alight from our air-ship of legend, and, excepting for a few shorter flights, walk henceforward on the plain and solid ground of historic fact.

Such are the stories, for the preservation of which we owe thanks most true to Geoffrey of Monmouth. And if they have been mistaken for veritable history, and, like the mirage, have often deceived those who thirsted for knowledge of the days of old, they have furnished to Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, and a host of other bards, both in this and in other lands, noble materials, from which to weave lays and dramas, whose philosophy and whose poesy are equally profound and beautiful. And now, before we leave the fairy shore, let us recount one more legend from a sunnier land, and, on the authority of Archdeacon Williams, tell the tale of the Hyperboreans, from Diodorus the

Sicilian's history, as a specimen of Grecian myth respecting the almost unknown island of Albion.

HECATÆUS the Milesian and others have handed down to us the following story.

Over against Gaul, in the great ocean stream, is an island, not less in extent than Sicily, stretching towards the north. The inhabitants are called Hyperboreans, because their abode is more remote from us than that wind which we call Boreas. It is said that the soil is very rich and fruitful, and the climate so favourable, that there are two harvests in every year. Their fables say that Latona was born in this island; and on that account they worship Apollo before all other divinities, and celebrate his praise in daily hymns; conferring the highest honours upon their bards, as being his priests. There is in this island a magnificent temple to this god, circular in form, and adorned with many splendid offerings. And there is a city also, sacred to Apollo, inhabited principally by harpers, who in his temple sing sacred verses to the god, accompanied by the harp, in honour of his deeds.

The language of the Hyperboreans is peculiar; and they are singularly well affected towards the Greeks; and have been so from the remotest times, especially to those of Athens and Delos. It is even said that some Greeks have travelled thither, and presented offerings at their temple, inscribed with Grecian characters. They also say that Abaris, in former days, went thence into Greece, to renew their ancient friendship with the Delians.

It is related moreover that, in this island, the moon appears but a short way from the earth, and to have little hills upon it. Once in nineteen years, also, (and this period is what we call the *Great Year*,) they say that their god visits their island; and from the vernal equinox to the rising of the Pleiades, all the night through, expresses his satisfaction at his own exploits by dances, and by playing on the harp.

Both the city and the temple are presided over by the Boreadæ, the descendants of Boreas; and they hand down the power in regular succession in their family.

This graceful story is older in date than what Herodotus has recorded of the Hyperboreans; and the next chapter will show that it contains some strange glimpses of fact; for we must in it gather together the earliest and most authentic information that remains respecting the religion, arts, manners, and customs of the Kymry before the arrival of the Romans.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, ARTS, AND RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.—
THE DRUIDS.—STONEHENGE.

WE propose in this chapter to give an account, as clear and succinct as possible, of the state of the Kymry in this island, at the time when they were first visited by the armed missionaries of Ancient Civilization—Julius Cæsar and his legions. We shall avail ourselves of any help within reach to make our picture complete; but shall not refer particularly to the authors whence we derive the different statements. It is enough to say that Cæsar is the principal authority; and that Cicero, Diogenes Laertius, Lucan, Lucian, Mela, Strabo, and others have supplied other facts of importance, especially respecting the religion and learning of the Druids. Antiquarian researches have also thrown light upon some subjects, which we have gladly used. The peculiar advantage of such a representation is, that it explains so much of the late history and condition of Wales, and supplies the key to the understanding of some of the most perplexing features in the Welsh character at the present day.

We are compelled to commence our *History* with Julius Cæsar's coming hither; because, although for many centuries before his expedition the adventurous merchants of Tyre had traded with the people of our island, and even (as it appears) established what we may call "factories" on some parts of the coast, no traces remain of this approach of the grand civilizer—Commerce, except a few Phœnician words, which can yet be discovered in the Kymric language; unless we may ascribe some of the darker features of Druidic worship to the influence of these strangers. The commercial intercourse of the Phœnicians with the Britons, seems to have been of the same kind as that of the Dutch and British, two centuries ago, with the natives of N. America, Africa, and the East Indies; and the monuments of its existence are of the same character. It is quite certain, that after the destruction of the maritime power of Tyre, so little was known of Britain, that Herodotus doubted the existence of the Cassiterides, (tin-islands,) whence the Phœnicians were said to have procured tin; and only affirmed that both that metal and amber were brought from countries lying at the western extremity of Europe. Before his days, as we have seen in the last chapter, the knowledge which existed had taken the form of legend; but afterwards, some further information appears to have been gained, for Aristotle speaks of the British Isles, under the name of Albion and Ierne.

Cæsar, who, beside being a successful general and an ambitious statesman, was an

acute observer and an accomplished author, has given us a very graphic account of Britain and its people as he found them. Modern writers, misled by some of his expressions, have represented the Kymry as much further advanced in civilization than his narrative justifies us in regarding them. It will be needful to lay aside all those particulars which belong to a later period, and to receive only the bare facts which he has recorded in his "Commentaries." And we must in the same way discard the stories of the Triads and the Chroniclers:—the latter, because of their palpably fictitious character; and the former, because we cannot by any means distinguish what contains a genuine tradition of the religion and manners of the primitive Britons, and what was the product of the time of their compilation; when the bards attempted to revive the glory of Druidism, and ascribed to it both ethical and religious doctrines, which could have been derived from Christianity alone. Thus, then, Britain appeared to the Roman who first dared to leave the main-land of Europe, and seek for trophies of victory amongst the secret recesses of the great ocean.

The island was peopled more densely than Gaul, perhaps because the climate was more temperate; and perhaps also because, being an island, its inhabitants could not wander at will as those of the continent could. The population of the interior was very rude, not even practising agriculture, but subsisting in part upon the milk and flesh of their herds, and in part on the fruits of the chase; nearer the coasts, however, by intercourse with Gaul, there was less barbarism, and in the south-eastern angle of the island—*Cantium*, as Cæsar calls it—the people were as civilized as those he had seen on the main-land opposite. The tribes of the inland parts wore untanned skins, and all, both in the interior and on the coasts, stained their bodies with some blue dye, and perhaps tattooed themselves. Their towns and buildings were very numerous; but they were nothing more than irregular clusters of rude wigwams, made of wattled stakes plastered with clay, or else of larger skins; surrounded by a paling; and placed in the depths of the forest, or on an island, or some firm spot in the midst of inaccessible morasses. They had long canoes, formed out of single trunks of trees; and beside these vessels, tiny boats, made of skin, and capable of being carried on the owner's back when he did not require it for the passage of some river; the exact copies of which may yet be seen in the "coracles" on some of the Welsh rivers. They had bronze or copper coins, and iron rings of particular weights, in use as money; and this foreign and Spartan currency would of itself tell us that trade was but endeavouring to rise above the operations for which barter suffices, when the Roman came. Cæsar does not mention the tin, which we know the Phœnicians came hither for; but he says that lead was found in the interior; and nearer the coast, iron, but in small quantities; while all the copper and bronze was imported.

The warriors were of course the first to attract the notice of Cæsar, and he has accordingly described them minutely. In their "war-paint," almost naked, with their long and shaggy red hair and moustaches, they must have seemed genuine barbaric heroes. They rode on horseback, but chiefly used a light kind of car, with two horses, the noise and the shock of which, when many were driven together against an enemy,

disordered even veteran troops. They were very skilful in the use of these chariots, and would stand upon the pole whilst they were in full course, to get nearer to their adversary; and when they had broken the line they had attacked, would spring out, and continue the fight on foot, whilst the drivers disentangled the cars, and withdrew to help their masters either in retreat or pursuit, according to the fortune of the day. Of their weapons we know from the numerous specimens which have been found in barrows and other places, in all parts of the country. They were swords and spears, bows and arrows, clubs, axes, and mallets; and for defence, light targets. At what time bronze was employed for the blades of the swords, and the heads of the spears, arrows, and axes, we cannot tell; but before that, and perhaps long afterwards, flint, and other kinds of hard stone, were employed for the latter. The heads of the mallets also were of stone.

Rude vessels of half-baked clay are almost the only relics we possess of the domestic furniture of the Britons; but we have in the beads of amber, jet, glass, porcelain, and stone, which have been found in many barrows, clear proof of their love of ornament; and, perhaps, of their skill; although it seems most probable that such things as these porcelain beads, and those relics called the Druid's egg, or the adder-bead—perforated glass spheres more than two inches in diameter, containing small beads of different colours, and a golden band; rudely resembling some glass ornaments of quite recent date,—were imported, or else belong to a later time, when the arts began to flourish here. The art of working in metals must however have been known here to some extent; for in these barrows, along with the beads, are found various ornaments of gold; and the moulds for casting the bronze weapons, which have been already mentioned, have been discovered. We do not speak here with minute particularity, being desirous chiefly of showing how far the Kymry of those times had advanced in civilization; and therefore do not dwell upon those works in bone and wood, to which all rude nations devote so much time, and in which they frequently display so much taste and invention.

Of their domestic life we know nothing, excepting one feature which Cæsar has preserved; and which we wish we could suppose was occasioned by what he saw of the scanty accommodation that the huts could afford to a family. He says that several brothers, or a father and his sons, would have but one wife amongst them. And unhappily not all the Triads that teach the laws and the morals of the married state, can be held to contradict his testimony; since we know the time and the circumstances of their compilation, but do not at all know that the laws and the wisdom of at least a thousand years before, (as the compilers and many commentators allege,) were handed down without alteration. There is another glimpse of their social state afforded by the fact, that fish, poultry, geese, and hares, were (as the Polynesians say) "*taboo*," and might not be eaten; though it seems that they kept fowls and hares, in a half-domesticated state, perhaps as a sign of wealth, or for some rude kind of amusement.

Politically, as we should expect, the Britons were broken up into a great number of

petty tribes; who were generally at war with one another, excepting when a common interest or danger drove some or all of them into alliance. That singly, and in alliance, they had chieftains cannot be doubted; but to apply to such chieftainship thoughts and terms derived from the monarchies of civilized countries, and of later date, will not aid the understanding of the actual condition of the people, who, last in western Europe, fell beneath the sway of Rome. We do not give the names of the tribes which Cæsar has Latinized, and rendered almost unintelligible to us, who know not on what principle (in all cases) he proceeded. One or two of them will appear in our story, and the rest must be left in the limbo of half-oblivion, to which history has consigned them. And we take the opportunity of cautioning our readers against placing absolute confidence in any one of the maps of Ancient Britain, which assign special districts and territories to these names; or any one of the historians who speak of *gavel-kind* tenure, as established amongst them long before the Saxons came to give a name to it; and when, in fact, the possession of a hunting-ground, and a meadow, down, or forest for their herds, by any tribe, was all the notion of landed property possible.

The most interesting question respecting the Kymry of the times immediately preceding the Christian era, is their religion; and this quite irrespectively of the general interest of that question in the history of every people. But it is greatly to be regretted that we have no other sources of information than the writings of classical authors, who looked at all alien religions for the purpose of finding analogies with their own; and the traditions or fictions of the later bards, who sought to revive Druidism, and for that purpose invested it with a philosophical and even Christian air, which was quite foreign to its original character. What can be ascertained respecting this subject is not a little perplexing; for after rejecting all that is fairly questionable in these accounts, we have a picture not at all resembling what we should expect to find existing contemporaneously with these blue-painted warriors, who so greatly resemble the N. American Indians. Instead of "medicine-men" and conjurers, we have a body of men, half-monks, half-philosophers; with the outline, at least, of a system of hierarchical order and professional instruction. We will endeavour to tell what is really known about the Druids and their religion; indulging in no speculations, beyond what may just serve to connect the recorded facts. For we cannot but regard the theories which connect their tenets with the doctrines of Pythagoras, and those which connect them with the truths taught of old to the patriarchs of the times before Abraham, as most vain imaginations.

The Druids, Cæsar says, held the highest place in public honour and esteem; and were the priests whose intervention was equally necessary in private as in public rites, and the authoritative instructors in religion. Over the whole, he says, that *one* was placed with the chief authority; a position of such renown, that when death had rendered an appointment to it necessary, the candidates or their partisans had resorted to arms to obtain it. He speaks of Druidism as he had seen it in Gaul, but adds that it was brought from Britain thither, according to common belief; and that it was held in greater completeness and purity there. Such is the general notion of that subject; which we must proceed to give greater definiteness to.

This body of religious instructors and priests was divided into at least three classes;—the Druids, (properly so called,) to whom pertained the care of religion and laws; the Ovates, Eubates, or Vates, who presided over science and medicine; and the Bards, who recorded history in song. And with them it is plain that female devotees were associated, who, like the Vestals of Roman Paganism, and the Nuns of Roman Catholicism, were vowed to perpetual chastity, and were supposed to be the especial favourites of the divinity. Their chief settlement—for since not only from Britain, but from Gaul also, acolytes flocked to be instructed in the mysteries they professed, it was needful to have some chief seat or central school—was in Mona, or the island of Anglesey; and there, amidst the sacred groves, and the rude megalithic temples, whose wrecks yet remain, did some of these students stay for twenty years, committing to memory the endless verses, in which was embodied all the wisdom that these mighty masters of the magic spell chose to intrust to such a frail protection against divulgation. Nothing was committed to writing; and therefore the Triads and the Coelbrenn are self-convicted of more recent origin. Twenty thousand lines, it is said, were thus learnt; and oaths of secrecy, and of veneration for the teacher, enacted. Most probably each temple had its school, though the fame of Môn Mam Gymru, Mona the Mother of the Kymry, far surpassed, and so concealed that of all the rest.

From this it is evident that there was a secret doctrine as well as a public one; and though it is not possible to say what the esoteric doctrine was, we may well believe, with Cæsar, that it consisted of speculations concerning the world and the universe, concerning nature and the deity. The exoteric or public doctrine was confined to ritual learning, save that metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, formed part of it. Various gods were set forth as objects of worship and fear; some being natural objects, such as heaven and thunder; others, deceased and famous heroes; and others, again, abstractions and impersonations, as War and Eloquence; and the supreme divinity of all was *Hesus*, whose symbol (if not person) was the oak. Amongst the rites which have been recorded as observed by them, the most solemn and frequent is that of cutting the misseltoe of the oak, which was performed on the birth-day of the moon, with a golden knife, and the sacred herb was reverently received upon a white garment; but what was done with it afterwards does not appear. Another rite which seems quite inconsistent with the rest that we read about the Druids, and quite consistent with the savagery of the rest of the habits of the people, was this;—when the favour of the deities was to be specially sought, or their frown most surely averted, human sacrifices were offered; and on great occasions, huge images, which were made hollow and combustible, were filled with unhappy wretches and consumed. It appears too, that auguries respecting the future were drawn from the aspect of the intestines of their victims; and from their mortal quiverings, when suddenly smitten to death.

The temples in which this dark worship was offered were hypæthral, in woods, or on eminences; and of these the magnificent remains which we know by the Saxon name of *Stonehenge*, can convey to us the best notion. In the midst of a circle of a hundred yards across, formed by a fosse and a vallum, with an avenue to it from other

earth works, on the N. E., stood a ring of upright, huge, and rudely squared masses of stone, each fourteen feet in height, having transverse pieces mortised into the tops, and being a hundred feet in diameter. Within this was a similar circle of smaller upright stones, which some suppose to be of more recent date than the rest of the temple. And within this, arranged in the form of a horse-shoe, five huger structures, each consisting of two uprights of sixteen or twenty-one feet high, with transverse masses mortised across the tops; before each of these stood three small upright stones; and exactly in front of the centre and tallest one, a vast flat stone, which was most evidently the altar. The neighbourhood is studded for miles around with megalithic monuments, and barrows; and if one could suppose a small splinter of a fact to be in that legend of the Hyperboreans, it would be what the old Milesian said of the splendid circular temple dedicated to the deity whom the nation most especially worshipped. And here another difficulty arises; for it seems impossible to ascribe so vast an erection to a race of men, who fabricated their canoes by charring the sides and interior of the trunk of a tree, and chipping out the cinder with a great sharpened stone. The solution of this we cannot attempt here, but we must observe that it is not the only one of its kind in the world. This much is certain, that it has been from time immemorial called by the Kymry themselves, *Choir Gaur*, the dance of the giants, as if none but such beings could have set up such a structure.

Beside these megalithic temples and monuments, the Rocking-stones, and those strange phenomena, of which the "Cheese Wring" is the most perfect type, have been regarded as connected with the Druidic religion. There is little doubt that they are the result of the operations of obscurely known natural forces; yet we cannot deny that art may have been employed in producing the appearances we now witness; and still less, that a religion, which has so many signs of a fanatical worship of nature, may not have regarded these remarkable rocks with idolatrous reverence, as symbols (at least) of the darkly-seen power that was really adored. In Cornwall, and elsewhere, there are some singular hollows on the upper surface of many "knolls of rock," which may in the same way have been employed by the ancient British ministers of religion; since in some cases there are signs of their having been artificially formed, or deepened. Of all these matters, however, we can speak but hypothetically, and according to the hints supplied us by stern and savage religions, with which we are better acquainted than, in the absence of full information, and from distance of time, we can be with that of the Druids.

Beside instruction in religion, the Druids are said to have communicated to their students a knowledge of astronomy, practical meteorology, and geometry, rhetoric, and medical botany, (the memory whereof the "holy" Vervain yet retains in being, though its own supposed virtues have long disappeared,) with astrology, magic, and divination; respecting which we may safely opine that their knowledge must have lain, in no small degree, in the ignorance of those around them; or else that the writers who have reported this, have regarded them as being much greater philosophers than they ever pretended to be. Plutarch tells a story of one Demetrius being sent by an emperor,

whom the British commentators on Druidism suppose to be Claudius, to explore the islands adjacent to Britain; and says that when he reached the one that lay next to Britain, he was alarmed by a black and troubled sky, with storm and whirlwinds, amidst which there appeared strange apparitions, and spouts of fire; all which has been put down to the credit of the Druids, as if they possessed sufficient "occult" science to protect the recesses of their sacred island against unhallowed intrusion, by such artifices as led the unscientific Roman to fear supernatural agency, and give up his attempt. The circumstances will at any rate show what was thought of the Druids, by those who found in them the sturdiest resisters of their arms.

The duties of the Druids, however, were by no means confined to religion and knowledge; they were the legislators and the judges also; the source and the executive of all law; and the final appeal in all causes amongst litigious Britons, was made to the Arch-Druid, whose decision could by no means be reversed. In those rude and vast temples they sat to hear all complaints and accusations, and then they gave sentence, with all the sanctions of their religious character to support them; and with the terrible power of putting any contumacious person under a special interdict. "They who fall under this sentence," says Cæsar, "are counted amongst the impious and profane; they are shunned by all, nor do any suffer them to come near them, or to speak to them, lest they should be contaminated; moreover, they cannot claim the protection or assistance of the law, nor receive or enjoy any honours." It has been thought that the Roman doom—"the interdiction of fire and water"—has been borrowed from this source; and if so, most certainly the great spiritual engine of excommunication, as employed by the Church of Rome, was ultimately derived from the Druidism of the Kymry.

Of the bards we shall speak in a subsequent chapter; we have therefore nothing further to add respecting the Druids, except that the Emperor Claudius suppressed both them and their creed in Gaul, in the year 45, A. D.; and that in Britain, after being nearly extirpated by Suetonius Paulinus, the remainder of them fled, after the revolt and the overthrow of Boadicea, to Ireland, the Isle of Man, and Scotland, and as some thought, even to Norway; and so the old theology and science (whatever it really was) of the Britons passed irrecoverably away.

One further remark we would make before we leave this subject. When pointing out the evidence of the eastern origin of the Kymry, we said that the mention of their religion would confirm the conclusions we then arrived at. Brief as this sketch has of necessity been, there is sufficient in the bare mention of mysteries, taught to an initiated class, to remind us of the religions which seem to have sprung up in the south-western angle of Asia, and to have been carried and established with various modifications in all the countries round,—India, Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Asia Minor; whilst the cruel and ferocious practice of offering up human sacrifices, recalls the horrors of the worship of Moloch and other heathen divinities, of which we read in the Bible.

The circular form of these Druidic temples, and their employment as places of counsel and instruction, and for hearing causes and giving sentence at the same time, reminds us of Gilgal, where the stones taken out of the bed of the Jordan, when the tribes

entered Canaan, were set up, which Samuel, in the execution of his office as Judge of Israel, periodically visited; and yet more forcibly of the representation of the *agora*, on the Shield of Achilles, where the chiefs were sitting in a circle on their seats of hewn stone; and in the midst, as at Stonehenge, there was the altar which bespoke the sacred character both of the men and of the occasion. Sir John Chardin says, that he saw in Media a circle of stones, which the traditions of the people living near, in singular conformity with these Grecian and Celtic customs, ascribed to the Caous, or giants, who wishing once to hold a council respecting some matter, brought each one his official seat, and left it when their meeting broke up, for a wonder to men. These may seem trifling facts on which to ground the opinion before advocated; but they must be viewed in connexion with those many other facts, all pointing to the same conclusion; and it must be remembered that it is by such trifling facts that the strongest evidence of affinity is afforded; inasmuch as they, at least, are not the results of mere imitation, nor yet of studied efforts in different people to seem to be of one common parentage.

A few extracts from the Triads, relating to some of the subjects of this chapter, may be appropriately introduced in this place. Amongst the legends we mentioned the ascription to Hu Gadarn of the first instructions given to the Kymry in agriculture, while yet they "wonned in the Summer Country." To Coll, the son of Collvrewi, the same Triad gives the praise of having first brought into Britain wheat and barley, where before his time only oats and rye were grown. Of the improvements brought in by St. Iltutus, we shall speak in another place. Another Triad commemorates the "Beneficent Artisans," Corvinwr, Bard of Ceri, of the Long White Lake, who first made a ship with sail and rudder, for the nation of the Kymry; and Morddal, the man of the Torrent, who first taught the work of stone and lime, in the time when the Emperor Alexander was bringing the world under him. Of the growth of poetry and song we shall speak in our chapters upon Bards and Bardism; which are such essential features in the History of Wales

CHAPTER V.

BRITAIN UNDER THE ROMANS.—THE CONQUEST.—THE SEED-FIELD OF TYRANTS.—
THE DEPARTURE OF THE CONQUERORS.

IN this first historical chapter, we shall, instead of reciting the stories of the Roman invasion and conquest in the forms in which they appear in the general histories of the island, compress these narratives as far as possible, and add whatever can be gathered from the bardic and monkish traditions of these early times, which wears an aspect of probability, and which will easily connect itself with the authentic accounts of the classic writers; and with these fragments, but distinguishing them as legendary, mingle some of the undoubtedly *fictional* representations of the period of Roman dominion in Britain. We adopt this course because our readers can enter more truly into the spirit of the subsequent history, if by this means they have learned how the past ages were regarded by the bold and successful opponents of the Saxon and Norman lords of the ancient possessions of the Kymric race; and thus, too, this portion of our work, which embraces the whole of the southern part of the country, will be more closely connected with Wales, where these traditions and legends were for so long a time cherished as the genuine history of the exploits and the woes of the ancestors of the Welsh people.

In the year 55 B. C., Julius Cæsar, finding Gaul comparatively tranquil, resolved to punish the Britons for the help they had given to their Gallic brethren in the wars he had waged against them; and having inquired of the merchants who visited this island, and sent one of his trusty soldiers in a single vessel to learn, by personal observation, the nature of the coast, and the disposition of the people, set forth with about a hundred vessels on his novel and daring adventure. As soon as his purpose became known through the merchants whom he had consulted, many of the British tribes had sent messengers promising submission, whom he dismissed with many fair words and stern exhortations, sending along with them a Gallic chief, in whom he had great confidence, to aid in producing an impression on the rest of the islanders, and to prepare an easy conquest. But the exploratory vessel returned with tidings which assured him that it was only by force of arms that he would add Britain to the wide empire of Rome, and so indeed he found it; for when he reached the Kentish shores, he saw both cliffs and beach covered with warriors, who inspired far more terror in the hearts of the Roman legionaries, by their savage aspect and unaccustomed weapons, than themselves had felt at the threatened descent of the dreaded *Imperator* Cæsar. The landing was stoutly

contested ; and had it not been for the gallantry of the eagle-bearer of Cæsar's favourite legion, might not even have been attempted. But the painted and undisciplined multitude of the Britons was unable to cope with the armed and trained veterans of the invader, when once they had gained a footing on the shore ; and the story of this first attempt of Cæsar is nothing more than the record of a series of pitiless slaughters, and rude cunning displayed in pretended submissions and ambuscades. Cæsar had, however, made no provision for a lengthened campaign ; the autumnal equinox was approaching ; a tempest had grievously shattered his fleet ; therefore, after receiving hostages, and abundant promises of obedience from the chiefs, he departed, determined on repeating his invasion with greater precaution in the following year.

In the legends from the Triads, an expedition of Caswallwn, or Cassibellaunus, in aid of the Kymry of Brittany is assigned as the reason for Cæsar's invasion ; and this agrees very remarkably with what Cæsar himself tells us of his motives. Geoffrey of Monmouth and the old chroniclers are more than ordinarily audacious in their narrative of this event. Cæsar, coming in sight of Britain, makes a singular speech upon the common origin of the Britons and Romans, and, expecting that it would be sufficient to demand tribute to obtain it, despatches messengers for that purpose. Caswallwn, son of Beli, then king of Britain, sends back a letter of indignant remonstrance and refusal ; and therefore Cæsar crosses the channel to enforce his demand. But the only fruits of his invasion are an inglorious defeat, in which he loses his renowned sword, "*Crocea Mors*," and a hasty return to Gaul with a sadly shattered and dispirited armament. When two years are expired he renews his attempt, but Caswallwn has rendered the mouth of the Thames inaccessible, by a stockade of iron stakes in the bed of the river ; and with terrible loss the great conqueror once more retreats to the Gallic shores. But a quarrel arising between Caswallwn and his nephew, Avarwy, or Androgeus, Caswallwn tries to dispossess him of the territory he had assigned to him, and he, to protect himself, not only makes submission to Cæsar, but also invites him by letter, with better omens, to attempt once more the conquest of Britain. Cæsar having asked and received hostages from Avarwy, again sails for the chalky cliffs of Cantium, lands unopposed, and aided by an ambuscade of Avarwy and his men, routs Caswallwn, who takes refuge in an inaccessible hill. Blockaded here, and hopeless of relief, the British king solicits his nephew's intercession with Cæsar ; and he, after a little sulking, undertakes this thankless office, and reads Cæsar a lecture, the thankful reception of which shows that the chronicler had formed a most exalted conception of the meekness of great Cæsar. The upshot of the whole is, that "Julius and Caswallwn from this time become friends, and make presents to each other," and they, with Avarwy, go to London, and there spend the ensuing winter as became loving acquaintances. We are also assured that Avarwy, renouncing his right to the crown of Britain, afterwards accompanied Cæsar in his war against Pompey ; wherefore, on the death of Caswallwn, Teneuvian, his other nephew, became king. One or two points in which this prodigious fabrication agrees with Cæsar's own account, or with the notices of the Triads, are curious, but so palpable as not to need specific reference.

Before the next summer Cæsar received an unexpected aid in his designs upon Britain, which we can well believe were based upon something deeper in his character than a particular fancy for British pearls, however fine and golden they may have been. Imanuentius, the chief of the Trinobantes, was killed by Cassivellaunus, and his son, Mandubratius, avoided the same fate only by a speedy flight. The restoration of this young chief, and the punishment of the assassin, were most plausible grounds for returning to Britain, and for claiming the thanks of those whom he subjugated, for his intervention. He accordingly made his preparations on a most extensive scale, and in May, or the beginning of summer, (as it seems,) with about eight hundred vessels, including war-ships, transports, and private ventures, a second time steered for our shores. Terrified, Cæsar thought, by the magnitude of his fleet, the Britons suffered him to land unopposed at a part of the coast which was easy of access; but as soon as his camp was constructed the fighting began, and, as before, it was to the disadvantage of rudely-armed islanders. The Trinobantes received back their chieftain, and gratefully professing obedience to the restorer, sent him plenty of provisions. Cassivellaunus had been made commander-in-chief of all the British tribes, and against his territories Cæsar advanced; crossing the Tamesis, or Thames, which had been rendered dangerous by the fixing of sharp stakes in the fords.* Several other tribes now sent in their adhesion to Rome; and guided by some of these traitors to Britain through otherwise impassable forests and marshes, Cæsar discovered the British chief's stronghold, and stormed it. A last attempt was made by the Briton, during Cæsar's absence, in an attack on the naval camp; but it failed; and nothing was left but submission. The amount of tribute was soon settled, and hostages obtained; Cassivellaunus was straitly charged not to molest Mandubratius, nor his tribe; and with his ships (which another tempest had sorely tried) repaired, and his soldiers packed rather closely in them, as some had been sent to Gaul and had not returned, Cæsar left the land which he had thus brought into the field of history, before the equinox. He wrote to Cicero that he had gained no spoil, but had only imposed a tribute; he had also added not a little to the power of his dreaded name, and had set in motion a train of influences which in due, though distant, time would make the renown of that barbarous island so colossal as to dwarf not only his own, but that of the empire he was then ambitiously aiming to secure.

The Triads tell us, in remarkable confirmation of Cæsar's story, that Caswallwn, son of Beli, son of Mynogan, was the first sole ruler of Britain chosen by vote; and commemorate with especial and reiterated reprobation the treason of Avarwy, son of Lludd, who invited Iwl Caesar and the men of Rome into this island; and gave the fatal counsel permitting them to have place for the point of their horses' hoofs in the

* Polyænus, who lived about 150, A. D., has recorded a "stratagem" of Cæsar, by which he was enabled to effect the passage of the Tamesis. He says, that Cæsar had with him one elephant, and that, finding the Britons disposed to make a stand at the river, he filled the tower on the elephant's back with archers and slingers, and that their missiles, and the strangeness of the beast in the eyes of the savages, put them to the rout, so that he was enabled to cross over into the territories of Cassivellaunus without much difficulty. Cæsar does not say a word which would lead us to suspect that there is any ground for this story.

cove of Min-y-Glas, in the isle of Daned; and gave them that space and not more; receiving treasure of gold and silver from the Cæsarians year by year. And in consequence thereof the men of this island were compelled to pay yearly, as a tribute to the men of Rome, three thousand of silver, until the time of Owain, son of Maxen Wledig, who refused that tribute. Wherefore that man, Avarwy ab Lludd, was consigned to everlasting disgrace and disfranchisement, with his progeny, who could not be otherwise than in the condition of slaves.

We have spoken more fully of this first rencontre of uncivilized Britain with the civilization of Europe, than it will be necessary to speak of every incident in the period to which this chapter is devoted; and we hasten to the final conquest.

According to the chronicles, Teneuvan, or Tenuantius, succeeded Caswallwn; and after him Cynfelyn, "the brave sovereign," or Cunobelinus, or Cymbeline, (whose name our Shakspeare has made imperishable,) was king. Both chroniclers and classic authors intimate that the influence of the Romans did not leave Britain with Cæsar; and the coins of these two kings (for we suppose the *Tusciovanus* of the coins must be the *Teneuvan* of the chronicles) show that Roman skill and taste were now exercised in the British mints. The ridiculous and insane expedition of Caligula we need not detail; it is said that it was undertaken at the suggestion of a son of Cynfelyn's, named Adminius. At length Claudius, incited, say some, by one Bericus, a political exile from Britain; and others, by the refusal of Gwydyr to continue tributary; resolved to subjugate this island; and accordingly sent adequate forces, and experienced commanders, amongst whom were Aulus Plautius and Vespasian, who afterwards was emperor, against it; and they prospered so well, that in the year 43, A. D., Plautius pressed the emperor himself to come and add the grace of his presence to the crowning exploit of the storming of Camalodunum, which had been Cynfelyn's chief town. Claudius therefore left Rome, and made a six months' journey in the (for him) unwonted style of military conqueror; but he spent no more than sixteen days in Britain, during which time the predestined strong-hold fell beneath the Roman power; and the emperor celebrated a triumph, which he repeated on his return to Rome, where he added Britannicus to the names of one of his sons.

Geoffrey has embellished these plain facts with some of his astounding fictions. Gwydyr falls a victim to the treachery of one Hamo, a Roman; but his brother Gweyrydd, or Arviragus, hastily putting on his dress, encourages the Britons to stand their ground, who then rout Claudius and pursue him to his ships, Hamo falling beneath Gweyrydd's sword, and leaving his name to Southampton. Claudius, however, soon presses Gweyrydd, who is now king, so closely that he submits, and receives the emperor's daughter Gwenwissa, or Genuissa, in marriage. Claudius stays in Britain all one winter, and leaving in Kaer Glou (*Gloucester*) a memorial of his visit, returns to Rome. After this, according to the good Geoffrey, Gweyrydd revolts, and Vespasian is sent to subdue him, but queen Genuissa prevents any harm ensuing; so the Roman goes back, and Gweyrydd gains a European renown by the wisdom and justice of his reign; of which fame the Triads have preserved nothing but his obstinate

stedfastness of purpose, for no one could turn him from his object. Meurig, his son, succeeds him, and slays Roderic the Pict, who, coming from Scythia with a great fleet, was ravaging Albania. He, according to Geoffrey, paid the tribute to Rome with great pleasure, from his love to the Roman people; but in the *Brut Breninvedd* he is represented as granting the Romans peace, of his own free will! Coel, who showed the same amiability towards Rome, paying tribute, though he might have withhelden it, followed Meurig upon the throne; and he was succeeded by Lles, Lleirwg, or Lucius, who begged of Pope Eleutherius instruction for himself and his people in the Christian faith; and with him died out the royal line of Dyfnwal Moelmud. So fabled the old monks in their cloisters; we now turn to the sad story of Britain's history during this period.

A very singular incidental proof of the real domination of the Romans at this time is afforded by the fact, that no British king issued any coins after Cynfelyn, or Cunobelinus; and that Roman coins, most frequently minted in this country, were for a long time henceforth the currency here. And this is perfectly consistent with the story of gradually extended conquests by Ostorius Scapula, and Suetonius Paullinus, and Julius Agricola; and of desperate and unavailing efforts to preserve or to recover their wild liberty, so hopelessly ravished from them, on the part of the Britons. Indeed, amidst such a struggle, with men so rude, the few arts of peace they had required must needs have all but perished; and that it was so, the researches of our antiquaries most clearly testify. After Cynfelyn, Carausius was the next sovereign of Britain who issued coins in his own name.

The current of events bears us at last to Wales itself. As soon as a new commander was sent to the island, the Britons rose in rebellion, and poured forth a torrent of brave but barbarous warriors over the territories of the tribes that had made peace with Rome, hoping to drive out the legions before they had come to a good understanding with their new chief. It was so when Ostorius Scapula was sent. But they had underrated the military skill of their foe. And speedily the desultory horde of rebels was dispersed, excepting the Silures, the men of *Essyllwg*, whom neither soft words nor sharp swords would persuade to cease from their attacks. For they had the honour of having their own chief, Caradawg ab Bran, "the brave sovereign," or Caractacus, chosen to "the chieftainship in war over the whole isle of Britain, to resist the incursion of the Cæsarians" (as the *Triads* say); and he, the "Conventional Monarch" and "good Harrasser," who, by many a drawn fight, and many a well-won field, had gained the confidence of his followers, skilfully transferred the war from his own land, South Wales, which was less fit for such warfare as they could wage, to North Wales, where every thing was suitable to their purposes, and both mountains and torrents hostile to the Romans. The position he had chosen, and the sturdy and enthusiastic resolution with which his multitudinous army formed (if so it may be said) amid overhanging mountains, and horrid precipices, and hoarse and rapid streams, made the Romans stand aghast. But all was in vain; in vain both the "gallant retinues" of such leaders as Belyn, son of Cynfelyn, and the eloquent and burning words of their

chosen chief. "Valour," as the soldiers said, when the commander hesitated, "can storm any position." It was soon a slaughter, and not a battle. The wife, and daughter, and brothers of Caradawg were captured, or surrendered after the fight; and Cartismandua, queen of the Brigantes, with whom he sought refuge till a more hopeful day should dawn, traitorously gave him up to his enemy, who sent him in chains to "make a Roman holiday." There was in the chief of Epyllwg that profound and natural stoicism, such as we find not unfrequently amongst the warriors of the rudest tribes, in countries where climate and products alike favour hardihood of body and mind; and this was an excellence the Romans could always appreciate, but rarely found in their captives. In this mood, as though the equal of the ruler of half the known world, Caradawg spoke; and Claudius gave him liberty, both for himself, and those of his family who shared his fortunes, though not his spirit. The Triads add, that the family of Caradawg was detained for seven years at Rome; and that on their return, Bran the blessed, his father, brought to his heathen fellow countrymen, for the first time, the gospel of Christ. To Bran the Triads also ascribe a revision of the royal government of Britain; and to Coel ab Cyllin ab Caradawg, the introduction of some improvements in mills, which, probably, he had learned during his captivity. The treachery of this betrayal of the "battle-prince" was not likely to be passed over in silence by these out-spoken records: we find it introduced on every possible occasion; but it is ascribed to Aregwedd Voeddawg, daughter of Avarwy, the son of Lludd; and "enticement, plotting, and deception," are added as expletives of the extent of her guilt. The "arrant treason" of Avarwy we have already seen; it is remarkable that such a disposition should be found hereditary. The name of this traitress occasions a little difficulty: it does not at all resemble *Cartismandua*, though the second name is identical with *Boadicea*, against whom in classic story no such charge rests. Such discrepancies between such distinct sources of information are, however, of little consequence, compared with the points on which they are agreed; and attempts to reconcile them in every particular are as unnecessary as they are fruitless.

It would seem from the Annals of Tacitus, that Caradawg never returned to take the lead of his countrymen in battle again. And they, enraged at a report that the emperor had resolved to root out their very name, rose again and again upon their invaders, until, after Ostorius had been wearied out of life by them, and other commanders had in vain attempted to subdue them, Julius Frontinus, overcoming both the valour of the men and the strength of their mountain retreats, compelled them to a sullen peace. Before this happened, however, a memorable inroad had been made into North Wales by Suetonius Paullinus. He, discovering that the strong-hold of the feeling which animated the men of Epyllwg was the island of Mona, or Anglesey, determined to attack it. Arriving at the Menai Straits, he found the Britons drawn up on the opposite shores in close battle-array; whilst up and down amongst the ranks ran women, with dishevelled hair and brandished torches, like furies; and around stood the Druids, whose uplifted hands imprecated curses on the sacrilegious invaders.

After he had crossed the narrow seas, the foot in pontons, and the horse by swimming, he with difficulty urged his men to the conflict. Till stung with his reproaches, that they were frightened by women, they advanced, and mingled warriors, and Druids, and torch-bearing furies in one dreadful slaughter. The commander ordered the forests sacred to their savage superstitions to be cut down; and he would utterly have extirpated Druidism, had he not been suddenly recalled by the revolt of Boadicea. The details of this formidable attempt upon the Roman power are too well known to need repetition here; the only abiding effects of which were seen in the unrelenting ferocity of each successive general who held command in Britain, till Agricola came.

This enlightened and successful commander directed his arms in the first place against North Wales; where almost every man of a whole division of horse had recently been cut off. Penetrating to the Straits of Menai, he crossed them by swimming, which so astounded the Britons, that they hastily sought for peace; being persuaded that they could not resist a general who had displayed such stedfast determination in gaining his end. And now the conquest of Britain was really effected. A line of forts was constructed between the Frith of Clyde and that of Forth, to protect his acquisitions, which reached to the very foot of the Grampians; the abuses in the administration of the province, which had so often driven the natives to revolt, he rigorously suppressed; and by that means won over many whom his arms would never have subdued. He watched and encouraged the appearance and growth of a taste for the manners of the imperial city in the minds of the chiefs, who desired their sons to be brought up in the Roman fashion; and wished for themselves togas, and baths, and sumptuous entertainments, and elegant buildings, and a more accurate knowledge of the Latin tongue. And this, says the stern moralist who records it, the unsophisticated men mistook for civilization, when it was but a part of their slavery. It is to the period of Agricola's command that we may refer, therefore, the commencement of the forts, and towns, and villas, and especially of those wonderful roads, the relics of which fill us at this day with astonishment, which must be classed amongst the most durable tokens of the completeness of Roman sway in Britain.

In this place we can best mention the character of this government, which will not only serve to show how hopeless any rebellion on the part of the natives was, but how it happened that the rebellions of the army stationed here were so dangerous, and led so frequently to the temporary dismemberment of the empire. Over the whole extent of the subdued country, large and strong forts, or rather fortified camps, were scattered, connected with each other by those direct and indestructible roads, which, running through otherwise impassable forests, and on raised embankments, across morasses, and even over tidal estuaries, rendered the concentration of an overwhelming force, in any moment of danger, incredibly easy; beside which, in every suspected district, the camps were larger, and their position, with respect to the towns of the natives, more carefully chosen; as may be seen in the case of Caistor camp, which was placed for the evident purpose of overawing the inhabitants of the Venta, or Gwent, of the Iceni at Norwich. Along the whole line of coast forts and camps of the same kind were

established; and where the landing was easy, and the opposite coast hostile, the size and the strength, the position and the number of the forts corresponded. Burgh Castle, by Yarmouth, with its massive walls, is a good example, standing just behind what was then a low headland at the mouth of a wide tidal estuary; thus impregnable to the Britons on the land side, and affording every facility for launching and manning the fleet at the station, and cutting off an invader as soon as ever he should have become bewildered in the channels, and little expected such a welcome. The native chiefs, or kings, (as the Romans called them, not knowing any other title for a sole ruler, whether of a tribe or of an empire,) were left, for the most part, in the enjoyment of their rank, and in the administration of the internal or domestic affairs of their own people. But where war had been particularly destructive military colonies were founded, and whole armies raised in other conquered countries were transported into Britain, and planted in selected spots, both that the land, being cultivated, might pay some tribute to the imperial treasury, and that the province might be defended by men who had a stake in its well-being, and had no natural sympathy with those who might be likely to disturb its tranquillity. Wales was, however, very imperfectly occupied; and as the natives, in their isolated and inaccessible mountain retreats, could inflict but little injury at the time upon the colossal power which had enthralled the rest of the land, most probably no very strenuous efforts were made to deprive them of the uninjurious and empty semblance of independence. The repeated notice in the Roman annals of revolts, which seem to lead to nothing either for the lords or for the vassals, shows us how much opportunity there was given for such outbreaks, as well as how much oppression to provoke them.

Respecting such a rebellious rising Juvenal spoke, when he represented the catching of the enormous turbot as an augury that some king should be taken prisoner, or *Arviragus* be brought low from his war-chariot. It was to put down one of these revolts that Hadrian visited this island, where he erected his wall as a defence to the province against the indomitable Gaelic tribes of the Highlands. Lollius Urbicus, some years afterwards, renewed Agricola's fortifications, and penned up the Picts in narrower borders. Another insurrection, much later, in the time of Commodus, was put down by a rough, but skilful soldier, named Ulpus Marcellus; and in a few years' time there was another, which Helvius Pertinax suppressed at the peril of his own life. Almost all these revolts were associated with inroads from the wild tribes of Caledonia, who began now that series of harassing invasions which led at last, through the enervated condition of the Britons, and the cowardice of Gwertyern, to the settlement of the Saxons in the island.

The revolt which Pertinax suppressed may be regarded as introducing a new evil for Britain, as it also indicated a new phasis of the radical disease of the empire; since it was mainly, or at least accompanied by, a mutiny in the army. The appointment to the imperial dignity had now long been in the hands of the soldiers, for they were the only real power in the state. And it not unfrequently happened, that the legions stationed in different parts of the empire saluted their favourite commanders as emperors at the same

time ; and then only the sword remained to arbitrate between the claims of the rivals, each of whom was as justly entitled to the diadem as the other. The consciousness of this power soon produced its natural fruits. Whenever the soldiers at any station were aggrieved by the reigning emperor, or imagined themselves to be so, or were urged to it by the plots of some ambitious leader, they elevated a chief of their own choosing on their bucklers, thus proclaiming him *Augustus* ; and then, according to the circumstances of the case, secured themselves and their emperor in the possession of some provinces which could be most easily seized and defended, or marched upon Rome, or hastened to meet and extinguish the army of the ruler from whom they had revolted. The caprice of the licentious soldiery, and the fortune of war, were the only titles to the purple that most of the emperors could boast after the assassination of Caligula. Historians have, notwithstanding these facts, branded some who esteemed themselves emperors as "*Tyrants* ;" and the only signification which can rightly be attached to that word is, that they who have been thus entitled either could not make good their pretensions to the throne of the Cæsars at all, being quickly set aside by their turbulent constituency, or falling before a more successful and better sustained pretender ; or else that they acquired no more than a province, or a diocese, or a præfecture, and that not a Metropolitan one. These facts must be known, or the story of Britain as "the seed-field of tyrants" will be little understood.

As soon as the infamous sale of the empire to Didius Julianus at Rome was known in the provinces, three rivals were set up by the soldiers in different parts, one of whom, Clodius Albinus, was nominated by the armies of Britain and Gaul. Septimius Severus, who held Illyricum and Pannonia, was the most powerful, and for fear of him the senate soon despatched the unwise purchaser of the golden round. This enabled Severus to take steps for ridding himself of his other rivals ; and as Niger in Syria was the most formidable, he lulled the suspicions of Albinus by offering to share the consulship (a merely honorary office at this time) with him ; and so, with his rear secured, marched against his antagonist in the East. It occupied Severus two years to put down this rival and his adherents ; and then he turned his arms against the British pretender. Albinus collected an immense host, and advanced into Gaul ; but in February, 197, A. D., his army was utterly routed, and himself slain, by his fortunate foe near Lyons, having held the imperial title for nearly four years. Thus rose and fell the first of the "*Tyrants*" of Britain.

As soon as the signs of trouble were seen in the province, the Northern tribes renewed their incursions. The protracted efforts of the general sent by Severus were vain ; ten years, therefore, after he had obtained full possession of the crown, he came in person into Britain, attended by his sons, Caracalla and Geta ; made a brilliant but destructive campaign (for it cost him 50,000 men) in the heart of Caledonia ; and having thus taught these untamed Highlanders to know him to be their master, constructed, almost on the site of the turf-covered vallum of Hadrian, a wall of solid stone-work, well defended by towers and forts, fifteen feet in height, and about nine in breadth ; and in length, from sea to sea, about sixty-five miles. In two years this great work

was completed, and Severus retraced his steps to the South ; but though he had so recently brought them to submission, no sooner had he departed than the Gaels rose in rebellion ; and Severus, vowing extermination against their whole race, lay down to die at York, in 211, A. D., leaving his hardly-won and hardly-kept crown to his two sons, who departed with their father's ashes to Rome.

We have the more minutely described these events because Britain was in them, for the first time, the base of operations which affected the whole civilized world ;—and here for a time the narrative of the old Welsh chroniclers, not flowing as a wide and turbid stream of mingled and undistinguishable facts and legends, confines itself almost to the sober historic channel, and differs from the authentic narratives *principally* by the misconceptions of the writers. Thus they represent civil dissensions arising on the death of Lucius without a successor, as the cause of Severus' visit ; and him they make a member of the Roman senate, and sent by that venerable body to compose those troubles. They tell us that the party opposed to the Romans was headed by one Sylien, or Julian, or Fulgenius, who, beaten by Severus, makes a voyage into Scythia, and fetching back the Picts as allies, besieges York. Severus thereupon, notwithstanding the wide spread of the revolt, engages the British host, and both he and Fulgenius fall ; but York remains in the hands of the Romans, who there bring their great commander. After relating the murder of Geta by his brother, however, they proceed, by the formula "*at this time* there was in Britain," to tell the tale of the extraordinary rise and reign of Carausius, without seeming to be aware that seventy years passed before he made himself Augustus, nor that it was not Bassianus Caracalla that was emperor in his time, but Diocletian the Great, and his colleague Maximian Herculus.

For these seventy years the history of Britain is a blank. We only know that the præfecture of the Gauls yielded, to the sorrow of both the acknowledged emperors and the oppressed people, a full crop of "Tyrants." Postumus, Victorinus, Tetricus, Proculus, Bonosus, are recorded as having held the sceptre of the præfecture ; the first with some substantial glory, and the last two falling before the energy of the best of the occupants of the throne of the Cæsars—Probus. Carinus, who next ruled the Western provinces, was a legitimate prince, as far as any could be so ; but withal one whom many of the "tyrants" might well be preferred to. At length, under the sway of "the colleagues," there arose a genuine prince in Britain. This was Carausius, or Caron, as the chroniclers designated him. He was by birth a Menapian, and the Welsh claim him as their own,—for was not St. David's in ancient times Menapia?—although the classic historians would make him a mere Dutchman. His naval skill and courage had gained for him the command of the fleet stationed at Boulogne to destroy the piratical vessels of the Teutonic sea-kings, who then first appeared in these waters, and grievously harassed the coasts of both Britain and Gaul. After a while it was found that the ravages were by no means lessened, although Carausius had heaped up great wealth by the spoils which he had won ; Maximian sent secret orders, therefore, to assassinate him. Having the history of these daring rovers before us, we can account

for the failure of the efforts of Carausius to extinguish piracy in these seas, without supposing him to have been in treacherous collusion with the enemy; and knowing to whom his wealth would have gone had the orders of the emperor been carried out, we can imagine other motives in Herculus beside those of indignation against a supposed but unproved traitor: so we read with satisfaction that he escaped from the imperial doom, crossed the channel with his fleet, and having easily gained over the soldiery in Britain, proclaimed himself Augustus, in daring defiance of the overwhelming power of the established emperors.

Marcus Aurelius Valerius Carausius (thus with great pomp of names the island emperor designated himself) has left but scanty memorials of his eight years' reign. We know, however, that he defeated the attempts made by Maximian to dispossess him, and that circumstances rendered it necessary for "the colleagues" to recognise him as an equal in rank with themselves; that he added the northern coast of Gaul to his possessions; and that from the Straits of Gibraltar to the German Ocean not a vessel dared show itself without permission from him; he first claimed and won for our island the empire of the sea. The number and variety of his coins and medals are astonishing; and testify the wealth, and taste, and splendour of his reign. A favourite device was the wolf suckling the twins, by which he intimated his lofty pretensions, both in ancestry and rule; and this as borne by him,—the only authentic emperor of Britain,—was in after ages rudely copied on the coins of the Saxon Bretwaldas, who were plainly innocent of all knowledge of its purport.

His "*brothers*," Diocletian and Maximian, were, however, far from contented with the arrangement which they had been compelled to make with the Menapian adventurer; and six years after they had recognised him as their compeer, they made Constantius Chlorus Cæsar of Britain, who, by a fortunate stroke, not only carried Boulogne, (after a protracted siege,) but compelled the fleet of Carausius, lying there, to surrender. Preparations were made for invading Britain, but before they could be carried out the chief officer of Carausius, Allectus by name, had assassinated his master, and assumed his crown. In two more years, Constantius descended upon our coasts, and Allectus, hastily encountering Asclepiodotus, who led the first division of the invaders, was defeated and slain. Thus, in 296, A. D., Britain once more fell beneath the power of Rome. Ten years after his acquisition of Britain, Constantius died at York; and the army immediately proclaimed his son Constantine emperor; a choice which the whole Roman world ratified, as history testifies.

We have noticed above the anachronism by which Caron, or Carausius, is made a contemporary of Bassianus Caracalla, in the chronicles. He is represented in a very unfavourable light, yet it is said that "he did no injury to Britain;" and having engaged the Britons to make him king, he kills Bassianus, and recovers the island from the Romans. And now a most remarkable series of blunders begins, some of which have found their way into popular history, and are defended by grave historians. These chroniclers tell us that Allectus was despatched by the senate of Rome against Carausius; that he routed him in battle, killed him, and then assumed the chief power,

grievously oppressing the natives, because of their revolt from Rome; that, on this, the Britons chose Asclepiodotus, duke or earl of Cornwall, to be king, who besieged Allectus in London, and killed him when he sallied out against him. The next fact recorded is beautifully inconsistent with the statement that Asclepiodotus was a British king, and a deliverer of this land from the Romans. "In his days" the persecution of Diocletian began, and the British martyrs (of whom we shall speak in the next chapter) are duly commemorated! He reigned for ten years, say the monks; and then Coel, earl of Gloucester, rebelled against him and slew him. This Coel is the hero of our immortal nursery rhymes; and it was against him, "merry old soul" though he was, that Constantius, a Roman senator, was sent. And so said the "Briton Monuments," which Prince Arthur found in Alma's House of Temperance, the which he sat and read the live-long night in speechless amazement:—

"——Coyll——"

Who, after long debate, since Lucie's time,
Was of the Britons first crowned sovereign;—

* * * *

"Which when the Romans heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom king Coyll made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fair Helena, the fairest living wight,
Who, in all godly thews and goodly praise
Did far excel, but was most famous bright
For skill in music of all in her days,
As well in curious instruments as cunning lays."

And by this Helena was Constantius father of Constantine the Great. Most unfortunately for British glory, and the glory of fairest Helena, who seems to have imbibed her father's taste for music, if not for good cheer, *chronology* will not allow this story; but justifying Gibbon's incredulity, has prompted further research, from which it appears that St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, "inventress" of the true cross, was a Mesian innkeeper's daughter; and that her famous son was born in 272, A. D., a good twenty-four years before Constantius, the "man of mickle might," set foot in Britain.

Prompted, continue our imaginative monks, by the representations of the refugees in Britain from the tyranny of Maxentius, Constantine, after his father's death at York, undertook an expedition against Rome, accompanied by his three uncles, "old king Coel's" brothers, Llewelyn, or Llwydrod, Trahaern, and Meurig. This Trahaern was sent back to Britain by Constantine, to recover it from Eudaf, earl of Erging and Enas (two districts of Monmouthshire); and he drove the usurper out. But he, by aid of Gombert, king of Norway, having procured the death of Trahaern, came back and made himself king of Britain. The treachery of the deed seems to be overlooked for the sake of the nationality of the prince; and his reign lasted to the days of Gratian

and Valentinian; when having only a daughter, he was desirous of finding her a worthy husband, and the kingdom a worthy heir; and after much plotting and diplomatizing on the part of his nephew, Cynan Meiriadawg, for himself, and of Caradawg, earl of Cornwall, for Maximus the Great, the son of Llewelyn, who was at Rome, Caradawg carried the matter in his way, by sending his son Meurig to bring Maximus to Britain; where, by art and by bravery, in spite of Cynan, he married Helen, and obtained the sovereignty. As soon as he felt himself established here, he, accompanied by Cynan Meiriadawg, who had become his good friend, invaded Gaul, conquered Armorica, (Brittany,) and gave it to Cynan; overran Gaul and Germany, slew Gratian, and made Valentinian flee; and finally was himself killed at Rome, by the partisans of Gratian, with all the Britons, who, instead of settling in Cynan's kingdom, had followed their chief in his high adventure. Thus the chroniclers;—we resume the historical story.

The reign of Constantine the Great presents no fact that peculiarly concerns Britain; and the revolt of Magnentius, who assassinated Constans, has no further interest than the probability that the assassin was of British extraction. New and reiterated ravages by the Picts, who were now reinforced by the Scots from Ireland, and dreadful incursions by the Franks and Saxons along the eastern coast, induced Valentinian to send Theodosius, the father of the emperor of the same name, to restore order, and to regain the province, which, within three years, he effected. But the hold of the Romans on our island was evidently loosening. In the growing decrepitude of the empire, it could not but be, that Britain, with such fierce natives, and exposed to invaders far more fierce, should be amongst the first of its possessions that would fall irrecoverably from its grasp. It was not yet evident in what way it would be lost; and many blows were struck before it was finally and hopelessly abandoned. On the death of Valentinian, his son Gratian was made emperor of the præfecture of the Gauls, a man most unfit to cope with the difficulties which were daily growing thicker around him, and who little understood, until it was too late, the temper of the army, on which alone his power rested. There was at this time in Britain a soldier from Spain who had served with distinction under Theodosius, and had gained the confidence of his comrades; whilst the natives respected him both for his prowess, and for that he had married, as was said, Helena, the rich and noble daughter of Eudda of Caernarvon. Him the discontented troops hailed as Augustus; and the Britons joined in the elevation of "Maxen Wledig," in 383, A. D. Levying a mighty host, he marched against Gratian, and soon overthrew and killed him. Theodosius the Great was glad that he did not aim at more than the empire of the Gauls, and gladly recognised him as his partner. But Italy was too tempting to the fortunate general, and he soon found an excuse for entering the territories of the young Valentinian, whom his mother conveyed to the protection of the Byzantine emperor. Theodosius took the field against the British emperor; and after more than one defeat, Maxen Wledig fell into the hands of the victor, and was beheaded in 388, A. D. Thus fell the "Robber of Richborough," as Ausonius styled him; but to his expedition against Gratian British tra-

dition has appended the following story, which shows how the tale of the chroniclers arose. Say the Triads, there were three combined expeditions that went from the isle of Britain, and which, for their character and consequences, were called the three "Mighty Arrogances," and the three "Silver Hosts," and the three "Unwise Armaments." The first and second of these we have placed in the legendary history of Britain; the third was that of Elen, the armipotent, and Cynan, her brother, lord of Meiriadawg, into Brittany, where they obtained land, and dominion, and royalty, from Maxen Wledig, for supporting him against the Romans. The men who formed this expedition came from the land of Meiriadawg, of Seisyllwg, of Gwyr, and of Gorwenydd [districts of Wales]; and none of them returned, but settled in Brittany and the northern part of France, and formed a state there. And this expedition did so weaken Britain, that it gave place to the third "Mighty Oppression" of Britain, that of the Saxons, who took from the Kymry their land, and also their privileges and their crown.

Authentic history informs us that the Northern barbarians speedily discovered the defenceless state of the Britons, and renewed their terrible incursions, aided by, though not in alliance with, the Saxon marauders of the German Ocean. We learn also that Stilicho, the able general and minister of the Western empire, by the mere terror of his name, and one additional legion, in 395, A. D., freed the island from these pests, and helped to repair the wall of Severus, which was rapidly becoming useless for the protection of Romanized Britain. The presence of adversaries nearer to Rome, however, made the recall of the legion imperatively necessary; and the soldiers in the military colonies thereupon chose Marcus for their emperor, and soon murdered him;—they next elevated Gratian to the perilous post, and, after four months, removed him in the same way as they had his predecessor. A soldier by the name of Constantine was discovered in the ranks, and, for the sake of the Great Constantine, placed upon the throne in 407, A. D., who, rightly discerning the need for martial engagements for the subordination of the troops, but bent upon acquiring a wide and continental dominion, instead of securing his island possessions by destroying the power of the Picts, led his forces into Gaul, and thence into Spain, where, in four years, he was slain by one of his own officers. Before this happened, the Britons, finding themselves deserted, sent to Honorius, requesting his aid; but although it was given, it was speedily recalled for the defence of Italy; and the islanders were told in 410, A. D., that they must for the time to come protect themselves. The Roman legions had been successively withdrawn from Britain; and the attempts of one "Tyrant" after another to acquire the empire of the West, or of the world, had removed most of the stationary forces; after Honorius had thus formally given up his claims upon this country, and had placed it in a position of independence, which seemed to promise certain destruction to its people from the savages of Albania, all who could leave it departed, burying their treasures and money, which they could not carry with them, in the vague hope that some day they might return with happier auspices, and recover them. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle places this flight of the Romans in the year 418, A. D. They never did return;

and many a treasure-trove has been acquired by accident, down even to our own day, of the coins and ornaments, which the luckless Romans so unwisely left behind them when they fled. Once more, some thirty years afterwards, when the treachery of Gwrtiyn seemed conspiring with that of the Saxons, and with the renewed might of the Picts of Caledonia, to destroy utterly the remnant of people that was left, the attempt was made to obtain help from Rome, but "the groans of the Britons" addressed "to Aëtius, for the third time consul," met with no response;—the dominion of the imperial city in Britain had passed away for ever.

To this dearth of information the Triads add that Owain, son of Maxen Wledig, having been chosen king by the general votes of Britain, refused to pay the tribute to Rome, which, ever since the invasion of Julius Cæsar, had, with more or less regularity, been paid; and that, under pretence of being contented therewith, the men of Rome drew the best men of the isle of Britain, who could serve in the army, to distant countries, and they returned not back. The chronicles do not mention this Owain, but state that Gratian Muncieps had been sent by Maximus into Britain to oppose the Picts and Huns, and that he, on the death of his sovereign, made himself king, and ruled so oppressively that the people rose upon him and killed him. With this, new invasions happened, and, after a little help from Rome, they were deserted and thrown upon their own resources. Guithelin, or Cyhelin, archbishop of London, who was commissioned to announce the unwelcome message of freedom, stirred up their spirits by a noble speech; but he could not make warriors of his countrymen; and, under the pressure of extreme need, they addressed to "Agitius the groans of the Britons." This application being fruitless, Cyhelin went to Brittany and asked aid of their brethren there; and Aldwr, or Aldroen, the fourth king from Cynan, who then reigned, sent his brother Cystennyn, or Constantine, back with him to be king. Constantine, the Deliverer, reigned gloriously for twelve years, the greater part of which were spent in peace, the Picts having been so grievously discomfited at first that they did not venture to disturb him afterwards; and then he was assassinated by a Pict, who obtained access to him under pretence of business. He left three sons;—Constans, who had entered a monastery; Aurelius Ambrosius, or Emrys; and Uthyr-pen-dragon; and there was some trouble in settling the succession; but Gwrtiyn, or Gwrtheyrn, surnamed Gwrthenau, lord of Erging and Enas, persuaded the council that Constans was their only rightful king; and by securing the crown to him, he also secured for himself all the real power of the kingdom. No ecclesiastic would crown the regal monk, so Gwrtiyn performed the ceremony himself. After a while, however, he contrived to get Constans assassinated by some Pictish retainers; and as Aurelius Ambrosius and Uthyr fled into Brittany, he had no one to oppose his usurpation of the crown. The Triads ascribe to Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau the treason of killing "Constantine the Blessed," as well as that of usurping the crown, and giving the Saxons a footing in Britain; and this title bestowed on Cystennyn, as we have seen in the honour shown to the memory of Maxen Wledig, seems to indicate that the natives were as deeply engaged as the army in his revolt against the majesty of Rome. It is also remarkable, that whilst the chroniclers claim

both Maximus and Constantine for the Kymry, the Triads never speak of Maxen as one of them, and specifically entitle Cystennyn the Blessed as a "foreign king of Britain." Respecting the Romans generally, the Triads reckon them the second "Mighty Oppression" of Britain; and state that they remained in the country for more than four hundred years, until they went to their own land to repel the hostile concourse of "the Black Invasion," and never returned to the isle of Britain; and there remained of them only women and young children, who became part of the Kymry.

There can be little doubt that during the period of the decline of the Roman power in Britain, many of the tribes, who were so situated that they could assert and maintain a kind of independence, resumed the form of government that had prevailed when Cæsar first landed on our coast. Indeed we know that this was the case with the Britons of Strath-Clyde and Cumbria, where Einion Urdd, the son of Cynedda, not only kept his ground, but even added to his dominions Anglesey and North Wales, defeating and driving out the Scots, who attempted to seize these territories for themselves; and that his son, Caswallwn-law-hir, fixed his residence in Anglesey, and became the first historic prince in Wales. Both the chronicles and the Triads show by various intimations, that amongst the traditions of sole monarchs of Britain, others of kings or chieftains of districts had occurred. And perhaps it is in consequence of this that such inextricable confusion prevails even in the classic historians respecting the latter years of the Roman empire in our island; the rulers and the acts of petty principalities being mistaken for those of the island at large. Neither can we suppose, that after so long a sway as the Romans exercised in Britain, a sway which was always directed to the subjugation of the very spirits of the people to their own purposes, (broken though in this case it was by the numbers of Tyrants,) all their influence departed when the last legionary quitted these shores. There must have been numbers who yet cherished the hope of their return; and it might be that these, acting as a party, fomented the discords of the princes, each of whom would naturally aim at the supremacy; and are represented in the chronicles by the members of the council who wished to put Aurelius Ambrosius upon the throne, in opposition to advocates of a national prince, who were headed by the unhappily famous Gwrtiyn. Added to these contending parties we must remember the Church, which had by this time, as the next chapter will show, gained considerable power amongst the Britons; and the employment of Guithelin as an ambassador, and the refusal of the bishops to crown the renegade ecclesiastic, Constans, may have happened; although on the mere assertion of the chroniclers, we dare not receive them as authentic events. One element of society in Britain yet remains to be noticed,—the municipal towns. It appears that there were thirty-three of these local governments, and centres of order, scattered through the part of Britain which the Romans had possessed; and it must have been owing to them that, in a period of such confusion as that which ensued between the dissolution of the power of Rome and the establishment of the Saxon rule, any security to life or property existed at all. In these municipalities lay the germs of civilization, more than in the Church; and it was the destruction of them that threw the Britons back into a barbarism where

the sword of the warrior, and the mystery of the priest, alone could rule, when they had been forced into the fastnesses of Cornwall and Wales, of Cumbria and Strathclyde.

This then is what history has noted of the first period in the career of the Kymry, which has fallen beneath her eye, or has been deemed worthy of her pen. And such is the way in which the Kymry themselves in after ages pictured, by the help of bard and monk, these early times. Both records are essential to the understanding of our future story; and they make clear to us the deep seat of the national feeling of the race, whose forefathers had once been lords of all this isle, though they hardly maintained their hold of its extreme and barren verge: they show us also the first steps of the process by which the rude and scattered barbarians of Britain were changed into the comparatively enlightened people of the princedoms of Powys and Gwynedd. The pictures of society have in this chapter been necessarily few; and generally they have been on too large a scale to teach us much of what the Kymry actually were in these times; we can only in part supply this defect in the next chapter; but, as our history advances, and its field grows narrower, the documents on which we rely becoming more and more entirely of native origin, we shall be able to make our story one that will better exhibit in all its lights and shades the life of the people of Wales.

CHAPTER VI.

CHURCH HISTORY.—LEGENDS OF THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN.— ECCLESIASTICAL PERSONS AND EVENTS TO THE TIME OF PELAGIUS.

THE region upon which we enter now, is one in which it is far more difficult to distinguish facts from fictions than any other. Not only do all the original documents we can consult abound with legendary matter, but the gravest and most trustworthy of modern writers who have entered upon the subject, and explored it with the utmost diligence, seem to have shared the delusions of the ancient chroniclers, and to have discovered in their authorities exactly what they desired for the illustration of their favourite theories. One describes most minutely an entire and extended system of episcopal hierarchy, existing in this island before the devastations of the pagans from Denmark hurled back the country into a worse darkness than that which existed before Christianity first dawned upon it. Another discerns a developed monachism here, even before St. Anthony was known. One sees in the churches of Britain only a portion of the "Catholic

and Apostolic" Church, of which Rome was the acknowledged head; another proves that ecclesiastical freedom and independence flourished here far more vigorously than in after ages it did in France. All find exact prototypes of the modern systems to which they adhere.

Our task is not to controvert any one of these positions, nor to establish any new theory, but simply to relate a few of the most characteristic legends, and of the most characteristic facts, for the purpose of showing to what extent Christianity, as it was received and embodied before the fifth century, had become one of the elements of society in Britain; and how the Britons themselves, and others, believed that this element had been introduced here. The legends, if such they are, of the Triads, we shall give first, as being of undoubted native origin; and afterwards those of the chroniclers; giving priority to those which obtained greatest credence in this country; and placing those which were slowly, or not at all, received here, last. A selection of the events recorded by both chroniclers and Triads, with notices of the most eminent names in the ecclesiastical records of Britain, to the time of Pelagius, will complete our present design; and in subsequent chapters we shall resume this portion of our story, which is not the least interesting in the History of Wales.

There can be little doubt that the tenets of Druidism survived the suppression of the Druidical order, and throve in those remote and inaccessible districts where the influence of Rome was not immediately felt. Several notices seem obscurely to indicate this; and the continued existence of Bardism may be regarded as the proof of it; independently of which we may be sure that the vast and indestructible monuments of the proscribed religion, cromlechs, and megalithic circles, rocking-stones, barrows, and cairns, must have preserved the memory of the lore of the venerated sages and priests, although their sacred groves had been destroyed, and themselves silenced for ever. Many a local superstition also, existing to the present hour, attests the hold which the mysterious doctrines of those early teachers had upon the minds of the Britons.

Neither can there be any doubt that when Druidism had been abolished as a political institution, many, especially in the towns and districts where the sway of the Romans was most firmly established, adopted the religious rites of the conquerors; and worshipped in the temples which were reared in every large city to the gods of Italy. But as Christianity silently spread, it too found its way into this land; and by the year 200, A. D., Tertullian could boast that "in Britain spots unapproachable by the Romans had been subdued by Christ." This is the earliest unimpeachable testimony to the evangelization of our island; and though it would be easy to imagine a way by which it might have been accomplished, it will be better to tell the old tales, for they have at least as good a title to be believed as any we could invent; and they were, at various times, most devoutly believed by those whose history we relate.

Thus then say the Triads. When Caradawg was sent prisoner to Rome, there went with him his whole kindred, and amongst them his father; and they were detained at Rome as hostages for the fealty of the Prince of Essyllwg for seven years. On their

return the old man, worthily named "the Blessed," Bran, son of Llyr Llediaith, brought the faith of Christ first to the nation of the Kymry from Rome; and thence he was reckoned the first of the three "Hallowed Princes" of the isle of Britain, and his family one of its three "Holy Families." The *Bonedd y Saint*, or Genealogy of the Saints, and other authorities mention some companions of Bran in this great work,—Ilid, Cyndav or Cynfan, and Mawan, who were "men of Israel," and Arwystli Hen, a "man of Italy." These were the teachers by whom the gospel was first communicated to the Britons. In Glamorganshire is a church dedicated to the first of these men, Llan Ilid; and the name of the last—*Arwystli*, strangely coincides with that of *Aristobulus*, who, according to the Greek Menology, for the 16th of March, was one of the Seventy Disciples, and was ordained as a bishop by Paul, and sent into the country of the Britons, who were unbelieving, wild, and savage men. And there, though he was sometimes beaten, and sometimes dragged through the streets, and at others made a laughing-stock, he nevertheless preached Christ, and persuaded many to come to him and to be baptized. Whence having constituted a church, and appointed elders and deacons in it, he died.

Gildas, in his confused way, seems to intimate, that the rays of the true Sun, that is, the precepts of Christ, first lighted upon this cold and northern island about this time. His authority (if he can be said to have any) is the earliest respecting the first preaching of the gospel here; but what he says is so vague, and the period so dimly indicated, that we can only use him as an apparent corroboration of the story of the Triads.

The most widely-spread account of the introduction of Christianity amongst the Kymry, to which we now turn, is that which attributes it to Lucius, otherwise called Lles, and Lleurwg, and surnamed (because of this) Lleuver Mawr, the Great Light; whence his Latin designation, Lucius. This narrative we find not only in Geoffrey of Monmouth and the *Brut y Breninoedd*, but also in the so-called Nennius, in Bede, in Ethelwerd, in Henry of Huntingdon, and in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; and it receives some confirmation, whilst it is shorn of its peculiar glory, from the Triads. However willing we might be to receive this story, the discrepancies between the various records which contain it,—all of them, be it observed, centuries after the supposed date of Lucius,—the self-contradictions in the narrative, the plain marks of more recent invention, and the existence of a much simpler tale, render it impossible. We will, however, give the legend first, and append the genuine Kymric version of it; and it may prove no unprofitable exercise for our readers to notice how, out of such a fact as the Triads record, so great a fiction grew. What we have already observed respecting the attribution of the events of narrow districts to the whole island, will help those who may be willing to attempt, not the rationalizing of a mythical story, but the discernment between an unvarnished record of fact and a huge and gaudy invention.

In the year of our Lord's Incarnation 156, says Bede, Marcus Antoninus Verus, the fourteenth from Augustus, received the empire with his brother, Aurelius Com-

modus.* In their time, whilst Eleutherus, a holy man, presided over the Roman Church, Lucius, king of the Britons, sent a letter to him, entreating that by his command he might be made a Christian, and soon obtained his pious request. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle places the elevation of Eleutherius to the bishopric of Rome, in the year 167, A. D., and repeats what Bede has said. Nennius improves it thus;—After the birth of Christ, 167 years, king Lucius, with all the lesser kings of the British people, received baptism, in consequence of an embassy sent by the Roman emperors and pope Evaristus. We need not stay to point out the contradictions between these accounts; the following is the tale of Geoffrey and the Brut.

Coel, the son of Meurig, had one son, named Lles, or Lucius; and he sent to Eleutherius, the bishop of Rome, letters, in which he expressed his desire to be instructed in the Christian faith. Eleutherius therefore sent two most religious doctors, Dwyvan and Fagan, who preached Christ come in the flesh to Lucius, and baptized him. The people, immediately upon this, gathered themselves together from all parts, and following the king's example, were washed in the same holy laver, and made partakers of the kingdom of heaven. These things being done, and paganism being almost extinguished throughout the island, the temples which had been built in honour of many gods were dedicated to the one only God and his saints, and ordinances were made for the maintenance of religious worship. There were then in Britain eight-and-twenty or thirty flamens, and also three archflamens over them; where there were flamens, therefore, according to the apostolic command, bishops were appointed, and where archflamens, archbishops. And the three archbishops were in London, York, and Caerleon on Usk; and the province of the latter was Wales; and he had superiority over the other two. These things being done, Fagan and Dwyvan returned to Rome, to obtain the confirmation of the pope; which being granted, they, accompanied by many others, revisited Britain, and greatly strengthened the faith here. And Lucius, having richly endowed the new churches, died in this odour of sanctity, in the year of our Lord's Incarnation, 156.

To the differences between this story and the simpler ones preceding we must add, that this Lucius, or Lleurwg, is in other accounts called not the son of Coel, but of Cyllin, the father of Coel, as others again say, and that he is most usually designated St. Cyllin, although, according to the legend, he must have been a pagan. Later versions of this narrative make Lucius abdicate, and wander as a missionary, or pilgrim, through many lands, and finally receive the crown of martyrdom in Germany. Dwyvan, or Dyfan, also, is by some narratives made a Briton, and a not very remote kinsman of Lleurwg; and, yet once more, both Dwyfan and Ffagan are, in the *Bonedd y Saint*, represented as companions and fellow labourers of Bran the Blessed, on his return from Rome.

* In his Chronicle Bede represents the message of Lucius to pope Eleutherus, or Eleutherius, as taking place after the death of Commodus, the *brother*; and in the second year of the joint reign of Commodus, the *son*, with Antoninus, i. e. in 181 A. D., which is the date adopted by Mr. Hardy in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*.

Thus the chroniclers. The Triads reckon as the second of the "Hallowed Princes" of Britain, Lleurwg, the son of Coel, the son of Cyllin the Saint, called Llever Mawr, who founded the first church in Llandav, which was the first in the isle of Britain; and he first granted lands, and privilege of nation and country, with civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, to those who were dedicated to the faith of Christ; and Llandav is named first of the three archbishoprics of this island. In another Triad, London, Caerleon on Usk, and Caer Ewrawg, or York, are named the three "Supreme thrones" of the isle of Britain; but whether ecclesiastical, or royal, or judicial, is not stated. The other two archbishoprics mentioned in the former Triad, are Caer Ewrawg, York, founded, it is said, by the grace of the emperor Constantine; and Llundain, London, founded by Maxen Wledig. Afterwards, it is added, there were Caerleon on Usk, and others.

It is easy to trace in these genuine Kymric traditions both the kernel of fact, around which the legends given before have gathered, and also the hint which led to their development in the particular form in which they have reached us. And in confirmation of the belief that such saints as both the Triads and the chronicles mention existed, and that, instead of evangelizing all Britain, it was in the south-west district of Wales they laboured, we may appeal to the fact, that within the jurisdiction of Llandaff are churches dedicated to Lleurwg, Dwyvan, and Fagan; and respecting the last of them, may cite a saying proverbially attributed to him, "Where God is silent, it is not wise to speak." There are other proofs existing that the work of the Llever Mawr was not more extensive than this; thus, Bangor Iscoed, afterwards (as we shall see) a most famous monastery, is mentioned as being a religious school in the times of Lleurwg.

Our Edmund Spenser, than whom few have been better versed in ancient British legendary lore, says, by way of bringing two most incompatible legends into harmony;

"——— good Lucius,
That first received Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christ's Evangely.
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the Holy Grayle, (they say,)
And preacht the truth; but since, it greatly did decay."

And this will serve as a passage to another class of legends respecting the evangelization of Britain, of purely ecclesiastical and foreign origin; one of which certainly obtained a firm footing amongst our national traditions, and enhanced the sanctity of the "gests of the renowned Prince Arthur." The entire silence of genuine history respecting the work of most of the apostles has afforded the legend-writers an opportunity, far too tempting to be missed, of exercising their imaginations, and of converting suppositions and probabilities, nay, even possibilities, into facts for those credulous ages, when every poetical invention was accepted with unhesitating faith, as the record of real events; and nothing was unbelievable, but a story unadorned with splendid and

purposeless miracles. Thus Paul's mention of a journey into Spain which he intended to make, was converted first of all into the bare announcement that he preached the gospel in all the lands at the western extremity of Europe; and then, as Britain was undoubtedly one of those lands, into a story of his having been the first to bring the good tidings to our shores. This last form is, however, of comparatively recent date, so that we may employ it as an illustration of the growth of a legend, though we cannot introduce it amongst the stories with which we are now concerned. And this is the simplest version of the fiction which Spenser referred to; it is not older than the twelfth century: the later additions, to which Spenser also alludes,—the Holy Greal, the wondrous Thorn of Glastonbury, and others,—are so intimately connected with the legends respecting Arthur, that we shall reserve them as a sort of prelude to what it will be fitting to introduce of them in this History. The most absurd blunders made by the inventors of the fictions in which Joseph of Arimathea takes a part, such as the confusion of him with Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian, we need not more specifically mention, as they belong to literary rather than to legendary history.

St. Philip the apostle, in the course of his evangelical labours, heard tell of the sorrowfully benighted island of Britain, and longed to communicate to it his heavenly message; so choosing from amongst his followers the twelve whom he deemed most fit for so great an undertaking, in zeal, and wisdom, and courageous meekness, and holiness; and appointing as their leader Joseph of Arimathea, who, now that he knew his Lord as the one that ever liveth, joyfully offered as faithful service to him as he had done when he saw him dead; sent them forth as the first messengers of God's mercy to this land. And they, through manifold dangers, reached the island in safety, in the sixty-third year after the incarnation of the Lord. Arviragus was at that time king, and to him first of all they declared the nature of their embassy, and unfolded the message they had brought. Great marvel had the king on account of their words, and much did he admire at the simplicity and the boldness of the men; but yet could not they persuade him to receive the truth. Nevertheless, he showed favour unto them, and freely granted to them twelve hides of land in what was afterwards called the isle of Avallon; and there they lived. Now, after awhile, Joseph and his companions were reprov'd in a dream for their slothfulness, and instructed to build a church on the land which had been granted to them; and so with wattled and well-plastered walls they built a church, and dedicated it to the Virgin and to Jesus; and this was the first church in Britain.

It was not difficult, after this hint of the part taken by Philip in sending the gospel to the Britons, to represent himself as their evangelist; and this was done to the great indignation of some of the Gallican clergy, who conceived the honour of their own churches lessened thereby, and who regarded that apostle as peculiarly their own.

But these are not the only apostles who have been named amongst the first missionaries to Britain; St. James, the brother of John, the first martyr amongst the apostles;—St. Simon Zelotes, of whom, about the sixth century, it was said, that after he had preached the gospel in Africa, he came hither, and here was crucified and buried;—

and finally, St. Peter himself, have been made preachers in Britain; and the last is represented as staying long in this island, and converting many of the nameless nations here to the faith of Christ; and also as being cheered, and invited to return to Rome to the glory of martyrdom there, by a heavenly vision, after having erected many churches, and appointed bishops, priests, and deacons.

There are two females mentioned by classical writers, whom the assertors of the early conversion of this land to Christianity have claimed as their own. Any discussion of the questions involved is impossible here; we mention them, that they who are curious may know in what quarter to direct their researches. Martial, in his epigrams, mentions a British lady named Claudia Rufina, who was married to one Pudens; now in the Second Epistle of Paul to Timothy, amongst the friendly messages are sent greetings from "Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia," to his friend. It has been concluded from this similarity of names, that the British lady was a Christian; and yet further, that Christianity was preached in Britain at the date of this letter. There are difficulties in the chronology, for the epigram and the letter lie somewhat apart in time; and there have been questions respecting the authenticity of the letter, which add to the trouble of identifying the persons who bore the same names, arising from the want of some middle facts. Archdeacon Williams has satisfied himself that they are the same persons; and Ussher seems to have been of that opinion. The other circumstance is less clearly made out even than this. Tacitus says, that Aulus Plautius married a noble lady, Pomponia Græcina by name, on his return from Britain, and that she, having been accused of "foreign superstition," was examined by her husband before the assembled family, according to ancient legal custom, and declared innocent. It is not clear that the "superstition" was Christianity, and if it were, there is nothing to make us suppose that she had learnt it in Britain.

Upon the whole, there does not appear in all these legends and stories any thing more than a general confirmation of what Tertullian said; and the most credible of them all, that of Lleurwg of Llandav, relates to what happened not many years before Tertullian wrote. One other tradition preserved in the Triads, which has all the air of a fact, will confirm the view we have attempted to impress upon our readers,—that the evangelization of the Britons was very slowly effected, and by a great number of steps, now one petty district and now another submitting to the new light; until the conquests and settlement of the Saxons overthrew all of Christianity that there was in the eastern and central parts of Britain, leaving only what had retreated to the fastnesses of Cornwall, Wales, Cumberland, and Scotland. The third of the "Holy Families of the isle of Britain," is that of Brychan Brycheiniawg, who brought up his children and grandchildren in all generous learning, so as to enable them to show the faith in Christ to the nation of the Kymry, where they were without faith. This Brychan is said by other writers to have been a king's son, from Ireland; and to have established himself as a petty king, or chieftain, in the fifth century, in that part of Wales which, after him, has always been called Brecon, or Brecknockshire. He is also said to have had twenty-four sons and twenty-five daughters, several of whom

are recorded in the long list of Welsh saints, for graces of their own, independently of their holy lineage. The attribution of such an honour to a chieftain of so late a date is sufficient to show that paganism lingered long amongst the Britons; and that the establishment of Christianity was not so complete at first as the chronicles and histories tell. Other proofs of this fact will appear in the sequel.

The faith was kept here, say the writers who ascribe to Lucius its introduction into Britain, till the persecution of Diocletian, which happened under the government of Constantius Chlorus, in about the year 304, A. D. Many, with the constancy of martyrs, says Bede, died in the confession of their faith. Aaron and Julius of Carlisle, or Caerleon, or Chester, (for the authorities do not agree,) were torn limb from limb; but the martyrdom of Alban of Verulam is the most renowned. Gildas has recorded all the leading incidents of this story; and includes in his desultory narration one of the miracles, by which it was said to have been distinguished. Thus Bede has recorded the legend.

At the time that this persecution raged, Alban, being yet a pagan, sheltered in his house a cleric, who was fleeing from those who thirsted for Christian blood. The holy man, to Alban's great amazement, prayed and watched night and day; and by this fervency of devotion won his host to the true faith, who, casting away his heathen darkness, embraced Christ with all his heart. It soon reached the ears of the wicked prince that Alban had concealed one of the Christians; and soldiers were sent to seize him, but instead of giving up his guest and teacher, Alban presented himself to them, dressed in the cleric's garment, and was bound and led before the judge. Now it happened that the judge was then engaged in sacrificing to his gods, which were but devils; and he commanded Alban to clear himself of the guilt of aiding the escape of the Christian by joining him in the performance of the rite. And when he stedfastly refused, he commanded him to be beaten with rods; but neither by that was his constancy shaken, for he bore the torture patiently, or rather joyfully, for his Lord's sake; he was therefore ordered to be put to death.

But as he was led out of the town, so great a multitude of persons of both sexes, and of all ages, had gone forth to behold his death, that they could not pass over the bridge for the throng; Alban then lifting up his eyes to heaven, the river itself was divided in twain, until he had passed over. When the soldier who was to have slain him beheld this, he cast down his sword, and throwing himself at the martyr's feet, declared that he would rather share the cross with him than lay it upon him. The saint, therefore, attended by the multitude, ascended the gently sloping and flowery hill on which he was to die, and there he prayed that God would give him water, and immediately a living spring burst forth at his feet; so that all knew that the drying up of the river had also happened at the prayer of the man of God. Here then the head of the unshrinking martyr was struck off; but by a just and prodigious judgment, the soldier who dared to strike that wicked blow, was not suffered to behold his work, nor to rejoice over him whom he slew, for his own eyes fell from his head, and reached the ground together with the blessed martyr's head. Thus St. Alban perished; and with

him was beheaded that soldier whose heart the sight of the first prodigy had touched; and they both, though not regenerated by baptism, yet by their own blood were rendered worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven.

This is the substance of Bede's account, written in the beginning of the eighth century. The fully developed theory of sacramental efficacy must not be ascribed to the Britons four centuries before; yet the less adorned narrative of Gildas shows that the faith was sufficiently corrupted, such fictions as these being regarded as testimonies to the truth. We do not hear when this persecution ceased; but it is not unlikely that it was carried on, though not with such cruel zeal as at the commencement, till the edict of Milan in 313, A. D.

We now light upon a few grains of undoubted fact, and, small as they are, they are grateful after so long a wandering amidst undoubted exaggerations and fables. At the synod held at Arles in France, in the year 314, A. D., the following bishops and clerics from Britain were present: Eborius of York, Restitutus of London, and Adelfus of Colchester; with Sacerdos a presbyter, and Arminius a deacon. At the council of Sardica also, 347, A. D., there were bishops from Britain, as Athanasius has recorded. And at the synod held by Constantine at Rimini, in 360, A. D., there were three British bishops, who were so poor that they were glad to avail themselves of the public fund for lodging and subsistence; and thereby obtained the commendations of some, who thought they did well to draw from that source, rather than be a burden to those who offered them private charity.

From these bare facts we turn again to an astounding fiction—the martyrdom (as it is named) of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins, her companions, whose relics were treasured up at Cologne. Various attempts have been made to show what the facts might be from which the version of the story, found in Geoffrey of Monmouth, grew; but as we are more than doubtful respecting the advantages of this process, we shall tell Geoffrey's tale almost in his own words. It is not needful to express our entire disbelief in it.

The establishment of Conan in Brittany, with the adventurers who followed Maximus out of this island, has been mentioned in a former chapter. This Conan was passionately attached to Ursula, the beautiful daughter of Dianotus, king of Cornwall; and when the Britons had settled in their new home, Conan was desirous of obtaining wives for them, as well as one for himself, and sent to Dianotus to manage this delicate matter for him. Dianotus readily undertook the commission; and collecting together at London the daughters of the nobility to the number of eleven thousand, and of the meaner sort to the number of sixty thousand, shipped them there for Brittany. The good Geoffrey very pathetically deploras this proceeding, not however, as it seems, for any better reason than that no doubt some of them would have preferred the convent's solitary bliss to the best-appointed marriages. Whether that were the case or not, they set forth; but a dreadful storm prevented their reaching the shores where their destined spouses awaited them; and being driven to strange lands, they fell into the power of the cruel army of Guanius and Melga, the leaders of the combined force of

the Huns and the Picts, who were ravaging Germany and the coasts by command of Gratian. The terrified women resisted the lawless love of the savages, and the greater number were remorsefully murdered, the rest being made slaves. After-ages, mindful of their piety, canonized Ursula and the daughters of the nobility; but why the martyrs of the "meaner sort" were not included in the official ascription of sanctity, does not appear; unless indeed, as is quite probable, the numbers in the tale have grown under Geoffrey's hands, as we know they had increased from eleven hundred to as many thousands, before he applied his inventive genius to the narration of it.

During the fourth century, as we learn from the "querulous book" of Gildas, the Arian heresy spread widely in Britain; and at the end of the same century, probably, monasticism was introduced into this country; pilgrimages to sacred places also became frequent; so that whatever independence of the see of Rome the British clergy might boast, they were in subjection to her superstitions,—the worst slavery of all. The way in which Rome was really regarded may be perhaps seen in the case of St. Ninian, the apostle of the Scots, himself a Briton, who went to Rome and there studied for some twenty years the doctrines he afterwards taught in the Caledonian wilds.

In the beginning of the fifth century appeared that arch-heresiarch, as he has been designated, Pelagius, who appears to have been a Kymro, and his name in his own tongue *Morgan*, who troubled the Church so sorely. In the next chapter we shall see how his doctrines were received in his native country; but with himself we have no more concern, as his story belongs rather to universal than to British church history.

We have already named Brychan Brycheiniawg, who belongs to this period. A quarter of a century before him lived Cunedda Wledig, a prince of the Britons of Strath Clyde, who is placed second in the Triad of "Holy Families;" for that he first granted land and privilege to God and the saints in the isle of Britain. In these early times we also find mention made of a school or college, which at a later period acquired great renown; it was, as all such institutions were down to the Reformation, and even after it, a religious establishment, and was ascribed to Tewdws, or Theodosius, (either the emperor of that name or his father,) and, after its founder, was called Côr Tewdws, or the college of Theodosius. About the close of the period we have described it was destroyed by the Irish, but being subsequently restored, under the guidance of St. Illtyd, or Iltutus, was from him named Bangor Illtyd, and its site is now known as Llanilltyd Vawr, or Lantwit Major, in Glamorganshire.

And thus is completed our collection of the scattered notices and fictions respecting the first ages of Christianity amongst the Britons. We shall find fuller accounts of subsequent ages, from which we can gain more knowledge of the times in which the events transpired; but scanty as those are, they are sufficient to show the influential position of the clergy in Britain, during her unwillingly regained independence, and during her noble struggle against the Saxons, to which we now direct our reader's attention.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAXON CONQUEST.—THE KYMRY DISPOSSESSED OF ALL BUT THE WESTERN PARTS OF ENGLAND.

WE devote this chapter to the story of the Saxon Conquest, commencing with the first appearance of the forerunners of the sea-kings on the British shores, and ending with the establishment of the kingdom of Mercia, in the very heart of the island. This will bring the history of the Britons, properly so called, to a close, and prepare the way for the narrative of their fortunes in the narrower field of the principality. We shall endeavour to bring into prominence those portions of the tale which especially concern the Kymry, passing by with slighter mention what belongs rather to the history of England; and shall make, as before, large use of the traditions and legends of the conquered people, reserving, however, for another chapter, as is most meet, the legends relating to Arthur, by which this remarkable nation, in its very death-struggle, found the means of achieving a victory of intellect and soul, such as might amply compensate for its defeat by superior barbaric strength and numbers. But we must observe, that trustworthy materials for a complete history of this period are scarcely to be found. Gildas, (by some error) surnamed "the Wise," "a monk," as Gibbon has said, "who, in the profound ignorance of human life, has presumed to exercise the office of historian," and whose works are little more than a fierce invective upon the rulers, priests, and people of Britain, with some half-score of facts which have quite incidentally dropped from his pen, is our only contemporary writer. And the tricky spirit of legend has made it almost impossible to discern what is fact, and what fable, in every one of the numerous chronicles, from Nennius and Bede to Holinshed. Only in the latter part of this century and a half do we first obtain any light from the Bards, who were witnesses and actors in the scenes they have described. But we have the unquestioned result, for the Saxons *did* conquer the greater portion of South Britain, to help us in the conduct of our story: and with these cautions against too great faith, we proceed with our task.

With such means at command as the islanders possessed, when, in the year 410, A. D., Honorius relinquished the lordship of Britain, and announced the unwelcome declaration of British independence, they might have striven successfully against both the savage tribes of Caledonia and the fierce rovers from Denmark, could they but have laid aside their private and petty ambitions, and persevered in the war of liberation; and had they received the lesson which both the success and the overthrow of

Carausius ought to have taught them, that the safety of Britain was to be secured only by "wooden walls." For again and again, for short intervals, they drove back the barbarians to their wilds and to their ships, and seemed about to realize such freedom, through their municipalities, as in after-ages Italy, and Germany, and Spain beheld; and then the fury of intestine discord awoke; and while the chieftains strove for the empty title of supremacy, the clergy were divided by controversies of Arius and Pelagius, and the canonical time for observing Easter,—the people being left to their vices and their weakness, which of themselves would have made victory hopeless. And thus it was that the possession of Britain passed into the hands of a people who were fitted, in the course of the ages, and when the needful leaders had arisen, to develop and to use its vast capabilities, and who could thus play their proper part in the advancement and humanization of mankind.

The first notice we have of the marauding exploits of the Saxons on the coasts of the North Sea, is in the time of Carausius, and it was in opposing them that he acquired the skill, the fame, and the wealth, which enabled him to claim "brotherhood" with Diocletian the Great. As soon as his presumption had been chastised, the pirates re-appeared, and so regularly visited the eastern side of Britain, that in the later years of the dominion of Rome, all the forts, from Branodunum (Brancaster, in Norfolk) to Portus Adurni, (Aldrington, or Pevensey, in Sussex,) were placed under the special command of a high military officer, who was entitled the "Count of the Saxon Shore." On every opportunity for more extensive ravages, these redoubtable and swarming warriors penetrated inland; and, if repelled at one point, they embarked and descended upon some part where there was no expectation of such fearful visitors. And thus, through nearly a hundred and fifty years, they had made their very name a terror in Britain, when the defenceless and disheartened condition of the island invited them over in more numerous bands, and with keener appetite for slaughter and spoil.

The chronology of the events of the decisive invasion of the Saxons is involved in inextricable confusion; the distance of time when most of the accounts were written, and the different methods of computation adopted, being added to the want of information more authentic than was contained in the lays of bards and scalds. The date usually assigned to the arrival of Hengst and Horsa is 449, A. D.; but other computations would place it as early as 374, A. D. Mr. Hardy, in the introduction to the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, upon good grounds has selected 428, A. D., as the most probable date.

In this year, which was the fourth after Gwortiyern had become supreme ruler of Britain, there appeared on the Kentish coast three "Keels," as the long, open war-ships were called, commanded by two Jutish Ealdormen, by name Hengst and Horsa, invited, says Gildas, and after him most of the chroniclers, by the island monarch, to aid him in his struggle against the Picts and Scots, and Aurelius Ambrosius. Others say, that they had been exiled from their own land, and, coming hither, were taken into the service of Gwortiyern. With our knowledge of the former invasions of the

Saxons, we may conclude that neither invitation, nor exile, nor emigration, (as Geoffrey of Monmouth represents,) nor trade, (as Thierry conjectures,) were needed to bring them here. By whatever motive led, the three barks, with their stalwart crews, floated beneath the tall chalk cliffs of Albion; and the hardly-pressed king, for once not fearing their approach, engaged the eager warriors to do battle against his foes, and bestowed on them the island of Thanet, (or Ruichom, as the Britons called it,) as the pay for their military service.

The unsettled state of the country had not deprived it of all its fair appearance; and in the eyes of men from Jutland and the marshes of the Elbe, Britain, having been so long under cultivation, must have seemed fair indeed. The tidings soon reached the father-land of the Eden which their swords might win; and next year new hosts crossed over to share the good fortune of their countrymen. With them they brought, it is said, the fair Ronwen, or Rowena, by whom Hengst hoped to gain a bloodless victory. Her appearance at the royal banquet, and her fatal "*Wæs heal, hlaford Cyning!*" all our readers are familiar with; and how the infatuated monarch, repudiating his faithful spouse, wedded the Saxon beauty, and advanced Hengst and his followers in honours, till his means fell far short of the greedy demands of treacherous barbarians, who then renounced their allegiance, and, joining with the Caledonian savages, ravaged Britain from one end to the other.

This unhallowed alliance of the Kymric prince with the aliens receives no sparing condemnation in the Triads. He is the "arrant traitor" who first invited the Saxons to this country as his defenders, and gave the isle of Thanet in his cups, the drunkard that he was,—may evil befall him that gives land to aliens in this island!—and he married Alis Ronwen, the daughter of Hengst; and to the son that he had by her he gave the crown of Lloegria; wherefore is he with his progeny consigned to everlasting disgrace and slavery, for he plotted against the nations of the Kymry, and gave the fatal counsel of letting Horsa and Hengst and Ronwen return into the isle of Britain, whence they had been driven.

Before we notice this last charge of the Triads against Gwortiyern, we must turn to the brave Geoffrey and his brother chroniclers, and carry forward our story a little by their help. They represent Lindsey (in Lincolnshire) as the tract granted to Hengst for his military service; and make Hengst rather importunate with the king for some title or office of honour, that he might not be less dignified than his ancestors had been. But as Gwortiyern refuses for fear of offending his nobles, Hengst lowers his request to permission to build a fort for his own protection and that of the country; and as the king still refuses, he begs leave to build such a fort as might be enclosed by an ox-hide, which, seeming a small matter indeed, was granted at once, and he was urged to expedite the arrival of more warriors from Germany. The wily Saxon of course did as the monks had read of Queen Dido's doing; he took the largest hide he could procure, and cut it into the finest strips possible, and so enclosed a large and craggy site, which he had before selected, and there he erected his fort, which was called, from

the trick whereby it was built, *Caer-y-Garrai*, or *Thongceaster*. The arrival and conquest of *Rowena* is told in the usual way; and *Hengst* obtains the earldom of *Kent* for himself as his daughter's bridal portion.

But there were other and worse ills than this of the introduction of the Saxons by the treacherous collusion of the king; the Saxons were pagans, and so by them was the Christian faith in Britain grievously corrupted; as it also was by the Pelagian heresy, with the poison whereof the Britons had been for a long time infected. Accordingly the orthodox clergy sent over to Gaul for aid in this their sad case, from their brethren there, and *St. Germain*, whom the Britons called *Garmon*, the famous bishop of *Auxerre*, and *Lupus*, bishop of *Troyes*, called by the Britons (who translated his name into their own tongue) *Bleiddan*, were sent on this apostolic errand. The fact of their mission is attested by *Prosper*, who gives 429-30, A. D., as the date of it, as it is by churches dedicated to both the missionaries, in different parts of the principality. Its success is also recorded; but that seems somewhat doubtful, as *St. Germain's* aid was again requested, for the same purpose, seventeen years afterwards. But it was attended, say the monks, (who, if they did not believe all the marvels they related, at least expected that their readers should,) by not a few miracles, some of which concern our present purpose. It was to be expected that the demons, who always took a lively interest in whatever disturbed the peace of the church, should raise a storm in the Channel as the good men crossed; and no one will be surprised that *St. Germain* should be found sleeping in the midst of the tumult; nor that, when awakened, the sprinkling of a little holy water by his saintly hand should allay the fury of winds and waves, and bring a favourable breeze to waft them to their wished-for haven. How he restored sight to the blind daughter of a tribune, and quenched a destructive fire by prayer, and made a profitable exchange of relics of martyrs and apostles, with those who had the keeping of *St. Alban's* bones, with other minor wonders, must be read by the curious in *Bede* and *Nennius*; we are interested in greater things.

At the time of this mission, there lived in *Powys* a wicked and tyrannical king, named *Benlli*;—*Benlli Gawr*, the giant, he was more frequently called. The saint found himself one evening at the gate of this giant's city, and sent a mild and respectful message to him, hoping to carry on his good work where it was so greatly needed. But the churl sent word back, that if he stayed at the gate a twelvemonth, he should not enter the city. The saint was distressed at this, for it was becoming dark, and he knew not where to get a night's lodging; when the keeper of the gate, who had been the unwilling bearer of his lord's reply, courteously invited him to his own humble abode; and thither *St. Germain* joyfully went. Next day he took his place at the gate again, hoping for admission. Whilst occupied in prayer, a man covered with sweat hastily came out, and prostrated himself before the saint. "Dost thou believe in the Holy Trinity?" asks *St. Germain*. "I do," replied the man. Whereupon the saint baptized him, and told him that within an hour he should die; and so it happened; for *Benlli* above all things abominated want of punctuality in the men he employed, and this man coming to his work after sun-rising, was straightway beheaded.

No entrance could the saint gain ; so at night he bade his host call all his friends out of the wicked city ; and when he had so done, he told them to watch and pray, and whatever might happen to the tyrant's stronghold, by no means even to look towards it. Thus they did, and early in the night fire fell from heaven, and burned up both tyrant and stronghold, and city and people, so that not one escaped. It was thus that, in the eighth century, our Lord's command to the apostles to shake off the dust of their feet as a testimony against a city that refused to receive them, had become perverted. We have mentioned this legend, however, for the purpose of calling our readers' attention to a curious ornament of gold, somewhat resembling a corslet, which was discovered near Mold in Flintshire, under a carnedd, long known as the Bryn yr Ellyllon, or Elfin's hill, and is now in the British Museum. The bones of a large-sized skeleton were found with it ; and it seems to have been ornamented with amber beads, as well as with chasing. Dr. Owen Pughe conjectured that this was the burial-place of Benlli Gawr, whose stronghold was on Moel Benlli near it ; the mode of sepulture being such as would prevail in the fifth century.

In the year 430, A. D., the Saxons having united their army with the Picts' to make war on the Britons, and it being now the festival of Easter, when multitudes had come together to be baptized, this wonderful event befell. The pagan invaders, thinking to fall unexpectedly upon this assembly, and to inflict great evil on Britain, drew nigh ; and the Britons in their alarm implored the aid of these holy men ; wherefore St. Germain declared that he would be their leader ; and, choosing out a fitting place, in a valley encompassed by hills, he awaited the approach of the enemy. As soon as they entered the valley, the saint bade his army repeat the words he should utter as loudly as possible ; whereupon he with his priests exclaimed three times "*Alleluia!*" which being taken up by the Britons, and echoed and re-echoed by the surrounding hills, struck as much deadly terror into the barbarians' hearts, as if the skies were falling upon them ; so that they incontinently fled, and casting away their weapons, yea, their very garments, were contented to escape with bare life, the which even did not many, for multitudes perished in the river, being swallowed up in their precipitate retreat ; and the rest retired to their ships and departed. The scene of this miraculous incident is believed by those who regard it as matter of fact to be Mold in Flintshire, where there is undoubtedly at the present time, and long has been, a tract called the *Maes Garmon*, St. Germain's Plain, on which, not many years ago, a monument commemorative of the *Victoria Alleluiatica* was erected.

Bede says,—for we return to our historic gleanings,—that after the first successes of the Saxons, they returned to their own home ; and it is evident that this must have happened, because in the year 435, A. D., the Britons implored and received from Aëtius the assistance of a Roman legion against the Picts and Scots ; and this was the last time that the Roman legionaries fought in Britain. It was, however, recalled in the next year ; and in 437, A. D., Aurelius Ambrosius, whom Gildas calls Ambrosius Aurelianus, and the Britons Emrys Wledig, opposed the returning Saxons with the first success which had crowned the British arms. Of him Gildas says, that he was "mo-

dest, courteous, faithful, brave, and true, and perhaps the only one who deserved such praise; a Roman by birth, whose forefathers had worn the purple, and had fallen victims to the troubles of the times." Bede and the other chroniclers repeat this eulogy; and Henry of Huntingdon adds that there were associated in the command with him, the two sons of Gwortiyern, Guortemir and Catigern. Eight years afterwards, the Picts and Scots renewed their destructive visitations; and in the following year was sent that remarkable letter to Aëtius, entitled by themselves, "the groans of the Britons." According to both Bede and Gildas, the fruitlessness of this appeal roused them to attempt their own deliverance, and for a time they seem to have effected it. And, as indicating the state of Britain now, we may notice the second apostolic visit of St. Germain, in company with Severus, afterwards bishop of Treves, to oppose the heresy of Pelagius, which had arisen again, in the years 447-8, A. D.; and the record, more than once repeated, of famine and pestilence, and ferocious descents of the Scots of Ireland upon the western coasts.

Most of these gleanings indicate that the Saxon invasions had now for awhile ceased, but they seem soon to have been renewed; and the year 449, A. D., which has been assigned as the date of the first appearance of the band which set up the "Cantwara-rike," the kingdom of Kent, may be the year of their return to our shores never to depart. At least the Anglo-Saxon chronicle gives us after this date nothing but the notice of victory after victory. In 455, A. D., Hengst and Horsa fought against Gwortiyern at the place called Æglesthrep, and Horsa was there slain. Kit's Coty House, and a fallen cromlech, or cistvaen, in the valley below, with the name of the adjoining village, Aylesford, (*quasi*, Angles' ford,) have been regarded as the monuments of this battle. And again at Crecganford, or Crayford, in 456, or 457, A. D.; at Wippedsfleet, supposed to be Ebbsfleet, in 465, A. D.; and at some unnamed place in 473, A. D., did Hengst and his son Æsc defeat the Britons; and in the last battle, the old chronicle writer says "the Welsh fled from the Angles like fire." Four years after this "battle of spurs," the leader of a new host descended on the southern coast of Britain, Aella by name, leading the real Saxons, for the followers of Hengst were Jutes, and aided by his three warlike sons. They drove the Britons before them into the forest of the Weald, and in two great battles sorely discomfited them; once in 485, A. D., at Mear-crædsburn; and again in 491, A. D., when their stronghold in the Weald, Andreades-ceaster, as the Saxons named it, was taken by storm, and every soul in it put to the sword. These are of course far from a complete story of the bloodshed and ruin inflicted on the hapless Kymry by their terrible foes, the extent of whose arrogance, if not of whose power, may be inferred from the fact, that in the last-mentioned year, or soon afterwards, Aella assumed the title of Bretwalda, *wielder*, or supreme lord of Britain. And now we will glance at the legendary story of these times, wherein our readers will find a few traits which possess more than verisimilitude, such as that of the destruction of the churches by the Saxons, and the restoration of them by the Christian kings of the Britons.

As soon as Hengst obtained the principality of Kent, he began to invite over more

of his countrymen ; so that the British people saw, that through the infatuation of their king, who for his wife's sake loved the Saxons above all other nations, they should be utterly consumed by them. They therefore revolted from him, and with one voice chose his son Guortemir to be their king ; who, at their unanimous call, renewed the war, with the intention of driving the barbarians out of the island. Four times he inflicted on them disastrous defeats,* in the second of which, at Epsford, Catigern, his brother, and Horsa, the brother of Hengst, slew each other ; and then the Saxons sent Gwortiyern to his son to obtain permission for them to depart to Germany. But before they could receive his reply, they went on board their long galleys, and leaving their wives and children behind them, returned to their native country. Guortemir, thus happily freed from his enemies, devoted himself, at the instance of St. Germanus, to the reinstating of his subjects in their property and lands, and to the rebuilding of the churches which had been destroyed. Worse foes than the Saxons, however, had this noble and pious prince ; and his stepmother Rowena, instigated by the devil, doubtless, procured his removal by poison. At his death he distributed his treasures amongst his followers, and directed that he should be buried at the port where the Saxons used to land ; that the sight of his tomb might drive the impious pagans from the coast. But his example and his words were too soon forgotten ; he was buried at London ; and Gwortiyern the traitor was restored to the throne of Britain.

As soon as Gwortiyern found himself in possession of the royal power again, he sent to Hengst, at his wife's request, inviting him to return, with a small retinue, and secretly, for fear of his nobles. The Saxon chieftain did not require such a message ; as soon as he heard of the death of his dreaded victor, he raised an army of three hundred thousand men, (says the undaunted Geoffrey ; the *Brut Tysilio* restricts his armament to sixty sail ;) and at once bent his course to Britain. Gwortiyern resolved to encounter this host in battle ; but by Rowena's craft, it was ultimately arranged that there should be a meeting between the British king and the Saxon invaders, on the large plain near the monastery of Ambrius, upon the kalends of May, for Gwortiyern to choose those of the Saxons whose services he wished to engage. It was further agreed that both parties should go unarmed, lest any contention should arise. The treachery of Hengst, the command "*Nimed eure Seaxas*," and the massacre of almost every chief of the Britons, not without loss on the part of the assassins, are so familiar as not to require more extended mention. The exceptions were, Gwortiyern himself, who was made prisoner, and ransomed himself by giving up the whole of Lloegria to Hengst ; and one Eldol, or Eidiol, count of Gloucester, who, with a stake which he happened to find, slew seventy men, and escaped. The Triads for once outdo the chroniclers ; Eidiol Gadarn, the vigorous one, say they, slew with a billet of service-wood, in the plot of *Caer Sallawg*, six hundred and sixty men, between sun-set and dark ! They also allude to this massacre as the "*Plot of the Long Knives*," in which, through the

* It is worthy of notice, that the Saxon Chronicle records four battles between the Saxons and the Britons in these times, which we have mentioned above ; only the victory is assigned to the former, and the defeat to the Britons.

treacherous collusion of Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau, almost all the nobility of the Kymry were slain. In Wales, they did, and perhaps do still in some parts, kindle large fires on the eve of November, in memory of this "Treacherous Meeting," although the chronicles all place it six months earlier in the year.

Lloegria having been thus ceded to the Saxons, who immediately seized upon York, Lincoln, and Winchester, Gwrtiyrn betook himself to the fastnesses of Cambria, not knowing what to do. And at length in his despair he had recourse to magicians, who advised him to build a very strong tower; and he having selected Dinas Emrys, in Eryri, as the site, ordered such a tower to be built. And now appeared a strange portent. As fast as the foundation was laid it was swallowed up, to the infinite amazement of the king, and of those who were engaged upon the work. It seemed as if no refuge could be found for the dethroned monarch of the Kymry. The magicians were once more summoned to give counsel; and they bade Gwrtiyrn find a boy who never had a father, and slay him, that his blood sprinkled on the stones might convert them into a foundation which could not be ingulfed.

Whilst the royal messengers are occupied with the hopeless search for such a boy, we, who know more than the magicians, will reveal the secret cause of this prodigy. Ages before, in the time of king Lludd, three great calamities had visited Britain, the second of which was, that on the night of every May-day, in every house in Britain was heard a shriek, which filled both man and beast with indescribable terror, and rendered even the trees unproductive. The causes of these woes, and the cures of them, were revealed to the king by his brother Llefelys, who had inherited the throne of Gaul, and was learned in art-magic. This, said he, (referring to the second,) arises from a dreadful contest maintained on every May-day night, between the dragon of Britain, and that of a foreign nation which wishes to conquer her; and in her rage and terror does your dragon so shriek. And thus must it be removed. Find by measuring the exact centre of the island, there dig a pit, and in it put a vessel of the best mead, covered with a linen cloth. Watch by it, and you will hear their conflict in the air; and when they are weary with their strife, they will, in the likeness of two pigs, fall upon the linen cloth, drink the mead, and, sinking to the bottom of the vessel, fall asleep. Then fold the cloth closely round them, and bury them deep in the earth in the most secure part of the island; for whilst they are so buried, no foreign calamity can afflict Britain. Thus Llefelys counselled, and so Lludd did; placing the dragons in a stone chest, and burying them deep in Dinas Emrys, and that woe was happily abated.

After a weary search, Gwrtiyrn's messengers reached Caervyrddin, [Caermarthen,] so called, says the pseudo-Tysilio, seeking to add to the verisimilitude of his legend, from the *myrdd-ddyn*, or ten thousand men who were there. As they passed by two boys playing at ball in the street, they overheard one charge the other with never having had a father, and, making inquiry, they found it to be commonly so reputed; and therefore commanded both the boy and his mother to be sent to the king. There the lady told her story, how some spirit had surprised her, and that this boy was the fruit of their intercourse. Maygan, or Meugant, a right learned clerk, assured Gwrtiyrn out of

Apuleius of the possibility of such an occurrence ; and the offspring of the *incubus* was adjudged to die. But Gwrtiyern and his twelve magicians little knew what a mighty being they had thus strangely found. The boy asked why he was to be killed, and being told, he put to the magicians some questions respecting what lay under the place of the intended foundation, which they could not with all their skill reply to ; wherefore he himself answered,—that under the rushes which grew there, was a pool of water, and at the bottom of it a stone chest, in which were two dragons asleep ; and that it was the commotion occasioned by their fighting, whenever they awoke, which caused the foundations of the building to be swallowed up. The rushes were removed, and behold there was the pool : by the art of the unfathered boy it was drained ; and there appeared the chest, which, on being opened, disclosed two dragons, who instantly commenced a fierce contest, wherein one, which was red, after being grievously wounded and almost killed, eventually drove the other, which was white, quite out of the pool, when it disappeared. The boy then told the king that the red dragon was Britain, and the white one the Saxons ; and that, though the Britons were now so harassed and oppressed by the Saxons, they should in the end drive the invaders for ever from the country ; that he must not seek to build his tower there, and that he should fall before the sons of Constantine, Ambrosius and Uthyr, who were even then making all sail from Brittany for the recovery of their father's kingdom.

And it is in this marvellous manner that Myrddin Emrys, immortalized in ballads and romances as Merlin the Enchanter, first appears upon the stage on which he has played so conspicuous a part. It was impossible to bring into harmony all the different versions of the story, and unnecessary to relate it at full length. In Ellis's "Metrical Romances," in Nennius, and in Geoffrey, all of which are now generally accessible, our readers may find enough to gratify any amount of curiosity they may have respecting it. We must recur to this subject when we arrive at the period of the invention of this and other prophecies ascribed to Merlin, and can see the purpose for which they were composed. And we have only to add here, that one of the Triads records three "Closures and Disclosures" of the isle of Britain, the third being the concealment of the dragons in the rocks of Eryri, by Lludd, son of Beli, which was revealed by Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau, in revenge for the displeasure of the Kymry towards him, and invited the Saxons, under the semblance of auxiliaries, to fight against the Gwyddelian Ffichti [Irish, or Scottish Picts] ; and the second, the burial of the bones of Gwrtheyrn the Blessed, in the principal ports of the island, which also Gwrtheyrn revealed, out of love for Rhonwen, the daughter of Hengst. In this second "closure," our readers will see the bardic story of the burial of Guortemir ; while on Gwrtiyern's hapless head all the guilt which the chroniclers and Nennius attribute to the Britons generally is laid. Gwrtheyrn is, in another Triad, celebrated as one of the three canonized kings of Britain.

On the next day,* proceed our famous story-tellers, the two sons of Constantine

* Nennius says that Gwrtiyern built Caer-Gwrtiyern after he was forbidden to rear his tower in Eryri, and also a city called Guasmoric, or Palmecastre, which would make the return of Ambrosius by no means so soon

landed, and the Britons having assembled from all parts in great numbers, the clergy being with them, elected and anointed Ambrosius, or Emrys, king, whose first act was to march against Gwortiyern, who had fled to the castle of Goronwy, in Erging; and there the traitor met with his just reward, according to what Myrddin Emrys had foretold, for the stronghold and all that were within it perished by fire, or else was swallowed up, most miraculously; Nennius does not know which. Hengst, meanwhile, well knew that it was against himself and his followers chiefly that Emrys Wledig had come to Britain; he had moreover heard such reports of his prowess that he sorely dreaded meeting him in the field, wherefore he withdrew all his soldiers behind the Humber, with a view to fortify himself there. Thither the new monarch pursued him, his spirit being grieved and indignant at the devastations which he beheld on all sides. Hengst, ashamed of his retreat, turned, and encountered him at a place called Maisbeli, and was there utterly routed, and compelled to flee towards Caer-Conan, which was afterwards called Coningsborough. Before he reached the town, however, he turned once more upon the Britons, and in the battle that ensued, was taken prisoner by the valiant earl of Gloucester, Eldol, the same who had made such slaughter amongst the Saxons at the treacherous meeting, on the plain near Ambrus. His army was again routed, and Octa, his son, driven into York. In three days Caer-Conan was taken; and then on the exhortation of Eldad, bishop of Gloucester, a man of great wisdom and piety, Eldol, after the example of Samuel with Agag, struck off the head of the Saxon chief; but Emrys commanded him to be buried, and a great mound of earth heaped over his grave, as was the custom with the pagans. Shortly afterwards siege was laid to York; and when the city was about to be taken, Octa submitted himself, with all his followers, to the clemency of Aurelius, who made a covenant with them, and appointed them to live on the border-land, between Albania and Britain; for Eldad, the bishop, advised, that as the Gibeonites obtained mercy when they willingly gave themselves up to the Israelites, so should the Saxons in the present instance.

And now had Emrys Wledig time for the duties of peace, and convoking a great meeting of the clergy and nobility at York, he gave orders for the rebuilding of the churches which the barbarians had destroyed, and agreed to pay for the restoration of them himself. He next visited London, and endeavoured by every means to repair the cruel wounds made in the state by those ruthless invaders; for he revised the laws, and replaced those who had been dispossessed in their lands again, and would let no one wrong another; and where he could not with diligent inquiry discover those to whom any lands lawfully belonged, he distributed the same amongst his faithful and valiant soldiers; and great joy had the Britons of their king. Now when by these means he had restored peace, he went to Caer-Caradawg to behold the tombs of those

as it is represented by Geoffrey. In this *Historia Britonum* also, the flight of Gwortiyern to Wales is made the consequence of St. Germain's reproof of his incestuous life with his own daughter, and his wickedness in attempting to affiliate the offspring upon the saint. St. Germain, too, is spoken of as having remained in Britain till the death of Gwortiyern. The "lowly disciple of St. Elbotus" varies in other respects from the later chronicles, but his stories are quite as improbable as those of the archdeacon of Monmouth; and the finished fable was more suited to our purpose than the mere germ of the fiction.

whom Hengst had so treacherously caused to be slain ; and being greatly moved at the spectacle, and grieved that no suitable monument of so great a calamity should have been raised, he assembled all the masons and some of the carpenters of the kingdom, for the purpose of devising such a memorial. And when they could by no means invent a design that would answer the purpose, Tramor, archbishop of Caerleon, gave counsel that the king should send for Myrddin, the prophet of Gwrtieryn, who, if any man living could, was the one to execute his commands. Myrddin was accordingly sent for, and refusing to gratify the idle curiosity of both the king and the nobles, who desired to hear some prophecy from him concerning the monument which had been designed, he recommended that the Giants' Dance should be fetched from Killara Mountain in Ireland. Emrys was so surprised that he burst into a loud laugh, for which he was duly reprov'd by the prophet, and being informed of the wonderful virtues of the huge stones which formed this monument, was, with all his people, exceedingly desirous that it should be brought over. Uthyr Pendragon was accordingly placed at the head of fifteen thousand men ; and, accompanied by Myrddin, who was the wisest man of the age, he crossed over to Ireland, and having routed Gillamori, the king of Ireland, he proceeded to the place where the stones were. There Myrddin first invited the men to try and remove the stones themselves, and as they were unable, he, by his art alone, and without labour, (says the *Brut Tysilio*, though Geoffrey here, as if he had been a disciple of Friar Bacon, explains that he used "machines," by which he, with wonderful facility,) freely drew them down to the ships ; and thus they were transported to the mountain of Ambrius. The king made the setting up of the Giants' Dance at Caer-Caradawg a great national holiday, causing himself to be crowned anew, distributing honourable offices which were vacant to those who were worthy of them, appointing Samson to the archbishopric of York, and Dubric to that of Caerleon ; thus showing honour to Myrddin, by whose skill in setting up this everlasting memorial, the superiority of art to mere strength had been so wonderfully shown.

Such is the best account the chroniclers could give of the origin of Stonehenge ; and the same seems to be implied in one of the Triads, which enumerates amongst the "Mighty Achievements" of Britain, the building of *Gwaith Emrys*, the work of Emrys. And this is all that Kymric antiquity can tell of its most extraordinary and grandest relic. Henry of Huntingdon, in the beginning of the twelfth century, declared that no one could conceive how such vast stones had been reared there, nor what end the structure had been intended to serve. This scantiness of allusions to so great a work as Stonehenge is very remarkable.

The remainder of the legendary story of the Saxon conquest, excepting that which has grown around the name of Arthur, we will give here, although we shall a little anticipate the genuine history ; and we shall compress it even more closely than we have the foregoing portion, since it does not possess so much interest in any respect.

Whilst Emrys Wledig was thus restoring Britain to some likeness of its ancient glory, Pasgen, or Pascent, the son of Gwrtieryn, who, as Nennius reports, had been king

in Builth and Gwarthryinion, was stirring up the Saxons to new invasions. He himself led the first host, but though it was numerous, it was driven away with dire loss and disgrace by the British king. Pasgen thereupon betook himself to Gillamori, who was burning to revenge the injury he had received, when the *Choir Gawr* was carried off by Uthyr and Myrddin. Joining their forces, they landed near St. David's, and Emrys, who was sick, at Winchester, sent his brother Uthyr to oppose them; but whilst he was absent, to the great grief of Britain, a Saxon employed by the invaders, in the disguise of a physician, poisoned the king. At the very time that this foul deed was done, a star of amazing size appeared, which consisted of a single beam, ending in a ball of fire like a dragon's head, whence proceeded two other beams, one pointing towards Ireland, and the other towards France, and the former dividing itself into seven smaller rays. Myrddin explained this to be a sign of the death of Emrys, and of Uthyr's exaltation; and he, having defeated and slain Pasgen and Gillamori, returned to Winchester, and received the kingdom; and then, with great pomp and sorrow, Emrys was interred within the circle of heroes, which he had raised to the memory of the victims of the treason of Gwortiyern and Hengst. Uthyr also, because of that prophetic star, made for his army a banner in the form of the head of a dragon, and so received as a surname, Pendragon. As soon as the death of Emrys became known, Octa and his followers, being reinforced from Germany, invaded Britain, and penetrated as far as York, but Uthyr, advancing against them, completely routed them in two engagements, and took Octa and his brother prisoners; thus extending his kingdom as far as Alcluyd, and reducing this part of Britain to the same order he had maintained in the southern parts. After this Uthyr fell sick, and they that had the charge of Octa and his brother suffered them to escape; so they went to Germany, and raising an army, returned to Britain, and began to ravage the country. Leo, son of Cynvarch, called also Nathan-leod, and Lot, who had married Uthyr's daughter, could not overcome this Saxon host, because the British nobles were mutinous; wherefore Uthyr, after duly reproaching them, was carried in a litter at the head of his soldiers, to Verulam, and there, though the Saxon leaders laughed at him as a man half dead, he completely routed them, and Octa and his brother were slain. They who escaped soon renewed the war, and the brave Uthyr was killed by them, for they poisoned the waters of a well, near Verulam, of which he always drank. He too was buried within the circle of heroes, close beside Emrys Wledig; and Arthur, his son, was made king in his stead.

The chroniclers' account of this renowned prince we postpone to the next chapter; and in a subsequent part of the present one we shall collect all that seems to be authentic respecting him; we therefore, in this abstract, pass on to his successor Constantine, son of Cador, to whom, says Geoffrey, he gave up the crown, in the year from our Lord's incarnation, 542; but the *Brut Tysilio*, 552. This prince put to death the two sons of Medrawd, Arthur's traitorous nephew, taking one of them from the sanctuary of St. Amphibalus, (the cleric whom St. Alban died to preserve,) and was himself killed by Cynan, or Conan, Wledig, in the third year of his reign, and buried on

Salisbury Plain, with Emrys and Uthyr. Cynan, who bears the honourable name of Aurelius in Geoffrey, perhaps as a translation of Wledig, was but a youth, yet he seems to have been old in wickedness, for he attempted to secure his crown by other murders, and he delighted in civil war. Before the end of two years he was succeeded by Gwrthefyr, or Vortipore, who, like his predecessors, continued the struggle against the Saxons, and with as various fortune; and after him came Maelgwn Gwynedd, or Malgo, a man noted for beauty, courage, success in war, and for abominable depravity. He, say these writers, whom no improbability ever appals, first after Arthur, makes six countries tributary to his sceptre;—Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, (or Scotland, for the authorities are not agreed,) the Orkneys, Norway, and Denmark! He was carried off by the yellow pestilence, and Caredig, or Careticus, succeeded him. This king's contentious disposition brought upon Britain the ravages of Gormund, king of Africa, who was spoiling Ireland, and who was aided by the Saxons and Franks in his attacks on Britain. It was in vain that Caredig attempted to withstand them; driven out of Caer-Vyddan, he had no chance of safety but in the mountains of Wales; whilst the pagans devastated the island from sea to sea; and the Kymry betook themselves to Wales with their king, or into Cornwall; and some went by sea to Armorican Britain; and in all Lloegria the churches were again destroyed, and all that the good kings and saints of former days had striven for was lost. And here Geoffrey and his college of historians insert a diatribe borrowed from Gildas, against the Britons; and end this portion of their story with—"Thus for a long time the Britons lost the sovereignty and the crown, and the territory appertaining to them. And even in the country they retained, they were not under one, but under three kings, and so suffered from many wars. Yet neither did the Saxons obtain the sovereignty, but were also subject to three kings, who were sometimes at war with the Britons, and sometimes harassed one another."

The historic names and events which have been worked up into this story will appear as we tell what seems really to have befallen in Britain. But whatever use may have been made of authentic facts, Geoffrey's tale, as a whole, is palpably false; he never knew the real state of Britain in the times of which he wrote, but supposed it was always under a lord paramount, as it was in his own days. It is also very remarkable, that none of the chroniclers takes any notice of the invasions which subjugated the greatest part of the island to the Saxons; all their stories are woven out of the conquests of Hengst and of Cerdic; whilst the bards, whose glowing verse will help us in the remainder of this narrative, have dwelt most on the battles by which Bryneich and Deifyr were overrun by Ida and Ella. This careful avoidance by the "lettered men" of the field in which the "men of story" had displayed their splendid gifts of song, marks very distinctly the difference between them, which in a former chapter we have pointed out to our readers' notice. And now, after our long wandering in the mazes of fiction, we gladly return to the scanty record of facts.

Twenty years after Aella's landing in Britain, and above sixty years after the first appearance of Hengst on the coast of Kent, in the year 495, A. D., came two Saxon

Ealdormen, with five galleys, and, in spite of the vigorous opposition of the Britons, made good their footing on the island, at a place which they called, after the chief of the expedition, Cerdic's-shore. All the actors in the beginning of this tragedy had long been removed from the stage; death had finally settled the contests between Gwrtiyn and Ambrosius;—the Britons themselves had acquired a different spirit from that which timidly requested the help of the Jutish chiefs against the Picts; and though for so long a time the Saxons had been fixed in the island, Kent and Sussex were their only actual possessions. The new adventurers could win their way only with their swords; and had they not been reinforced once and again from the fatherland, they would have been ignominiously expelled from the land they had so insulted and wronged. Seven years after their coming, in the year 501, A. D., the Saxon chronicle records the arrival of Port, with his two sons, in two vessels, who landed, not without a contest, at the spot now known as Portsmouth, where, it is said, they slew a young Briton of high nobility. At the end of another seven years, another defeat of the Britons, in which they lost one of their kings, Natan-leod by name, is mentioned in the chronicle; and in the year 514, A. D. the *West Saxons* are said to have landed at Cerdic's-shore, in three ships, under the conduct of Stuf and Wihtgar, and to have put the Britons to flight. Not till 519, A. D., twenty-four years after their first coming, is the setting up of the kingdom of the West Saxons, by Cerdic and Cynric, chronicled; and then seemingly as the result of a fifth victory over the natives, at Cerdic's-ford, or Charford; which will show what a sturdy resistance the invaders met with in this quarter.

Nathan-leod has already been mentioned in our abstract of the chroniclers' story; but we cannot pretend to bring that account into harmony with this. The Triads and the bards have commemorated one battle as having taken place at Llongborth, in which Arthur was engaged, and where Geraint, prince of the "woodlands of Dyfnaint" was slain. Llywarch Hên, himself a petty prince of North Britain, and a bard of no mean powers, in his ode speaks as one who shared in this contest. Every circumstance and incident that could heighten the terror of one who witnessed such a deadly struggle, is selected and expressed in the most forcible language, and all is employed to give elevation to the hero of the fight, who (strange to say) is not Arthur, but Geraint ab Erbin. The personal appearance of the warrior is as highly praised, as is his courage, though not in such varied strains. "When Geraint was born, the gates of heaven were open." He had, says the bard, "a face beaming with beauty; he was the glory of Britain." "At Llongborth I heard the noisy tumult, and the rage of slaughter;

"I saw the edges of the swords striking together;
Men in terror, with blood upon their brows,
From Geraint, the great son of Erbin."

"At Llongborth was Geraint slain,
A hardy warrior from the woodlands of Dyfnaint;
Slaughtering his foes he fell."

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Arthur is spoken of as "the emperor, and director of the toil." In the Triads, Geraint is mentioned as one of the three owners of fleets in Britain; and there is recorded the name of Llecheu ab Arthur, a most wonderful naturalist, who died in the same battle. It has been supposed that the conflict which occurred when Port landed, and the young British noble was slain, is this of Llongborth; and the signification of this word would well suit such a place as Portsmouth. But there are difficulties arising from the date of the arrival of that chieftain; wherefore other writers have been fain to believe it was the battle of Caer-llion, recorded by Nennius as one of the twelve in which Arthur was engaged. This is a matter of very small moment, as it is most evident, that there must have been many more battles fought than the chronicle has recorded; and also, that any trifling skirmish in which a leader fell would be dignified by the bards with the name of a battle.

The maintenance of this long contest with Cerdic appears to be due to the heroism of Arthur, respecting whose life and exploits romantic fiction has said so much that history is almost ashamed of the little she has to tell. This we will here relate, and acknowledge his poetic fame by recording it in a separate chapter. This hero was in all probability one of the petty chieftains of the south-western part of Britain, and it appears to be certain that he acted as supreme leader in the contest maintained against the West-Saxons. Whether he fought in any other part of the island we cannot tell; for the tale of Nennius has so much of fiction mingled with what looks like fact, that any attempt to identify the localities of the twelve battles he ascribes to Arthur, is quite supererogatory. Llywarch Hên is our sufficient authority for his presence at the battle of Llongborth, and at that by the river Llawen, in which, the bard says, "Arthur did not flee." Gildas speaks of a battle at Mount Badon, in which a great slaughter of the cruel foes of the Britons was made; he also describes it as "a siege;" there is no mention of Arthur's name, but such a victory as this has been ascribed to him. The time to which he assigns it is, it is true, much too early for Arthur; but confusion in that respect is too common to make this a very serious objection. The last battle of this renowned prince was that fought at Camlan, against his nephew Medrawd, whose treachery to his uncle and to Britain is condemned with as much bitterness in the Triads as that of Gwrtiŷern is. He is one of the "arrant traitors," who, with all his posterity, is consigned to everlasting disgrace and servitude, because that, in the absence of Arthur, being intrusted with the regency, he joined himself to the Saxons, and plotted with Iddawg Corn Prydain, or Eiddilig Cor, who, by his magical arts, betrayed Arthur's plans to his enemies, and brought on the battle of Camlan, justly reckoned one of the three "frivolous battles" of Britain, for in it were a hundred thousand choice men of the Kymry slain, Arthur and Medrawd being of the number; and only three escaped, Morvran ab Tegid, because he was so ugly that men took him for a demon; Sandde Bryd Angel, because he was so beautiful as to be thought an angel; and Glewlewyd Gavaelvawr, because of his great stature and might.

But we are trespassing upon the forbidden ground of legend; and must return to

the simpler eulogies of Arthur, as one of the three "brave sovereigns" of Britain, who, save by treason, could not be overcome; one of the three "blood-stained" ones, victorious in war, whose valour made *men* wherever he went. And yet even this has a spice of legend in it; and it is not thus that Llywarch the Aged made mention of him in his song; nor did Taliesin, another bard of Arthur's times, some of whose pieces have reached our day, ever speak of him with exaggerated praise, though both could extol their favourite heroes with no faint expressions of admiration. Perhaps the bare fact respecting him may be conceived by the aid of those stories preserved in some of the Lives of the Saints, in which we have only to guard against the narrators' desire to make the glory of the subjects of their stories boundless. They tell us that once upon a time Gundlei, a prince of South Wales, had purveyed for himself a wife after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin, and was retreating before the enraged father of the damsel, when he happened with Arthur and his two friends Cai and Bedwyr. And Arthur would have carried off Gundlei's prize, with a lamentable want of knightly honour, had not his officers, who viewed the matter more calmly, persuaded him to withhold his hand, and rather to aid the fugitive in regaining his own lordship again. Another time, it was with great difficulty that the blessed St. Cadog prevailed upon him to accept the customary compensation in cattle for one of his servants, who had been killed, for he was bent upon taking a most sanguinary revenge. The Triads commemorate the unfaithfulness of his wives; and the romances represent him as bearing his domestic woes very lightly; but we should hardly expect to find him, in a plain story of facts, receiving back, on the recommendation of some of the clergy, his wife who had been carried off, not unwillingly, by Melwas, a chief of Somersetshire or of North Wales, and that too after he had begun to attack the robber's stronghold. Such reverence for the *religious* did not always characterize the British prince: once, as he beheld St. Padarn praying in his cell, he was filled with unholy desire to possess a gold-embroidered cloak which the pious man wore, and prized greatly, for it had been given him at his ordination by the patriarch of Constantinople. He told the saint his wish for the garment; but his blunt request was answered by as blunt a refusal, "the robe was too good for any but a holy clerk." Arthur went away, but he could not conquer his wish for the saint's cloak, and went back resolved to have it by any means;—when, as he came into St. Padarn's presence, suddenly the ground opened beneath his feet, and he sunk in it to the chin; nor was he released till the holy man prayed for him, after being assured that he had overcome his felonious desire. We even hear of his destroying a monastery. And, as a last picture, he is represented as rejoicing at having killed a prince of North Britain in battle, thinking himself now rid of his most powerful enemy.

These stories are illustrative of the times, as well as of the man; but they will by no means elucidate for us the prodigious extent to which the fame of Arthur has grown. This perhaps we can make sufficiently plain when we arrive at the times in which the Kymry cherished the vain hope, that he who had undoubtedly been one of their most successful warriors, would reappear to dash the insolence of the Norman conquerors.

We can here but suggest that it was to counteract this hope, which infused such desperate courage into the hearts of the Welsh, that those politic monarchs Henry II. and Edward I. contrived the discovery of Arthur's veritable remains at Glastonbury, and reburied them with great pomp; whereby some at least were assured that their hope was truly dead.

The Saxon Chronicle records the progress of the kingdom of Wessex:—in 527, A. D., there was a battle at Cerdic's-lea; and three years afterwards the Isle of Wight was wrested from the Britons. In 552, A. D., Old Sarum was won; and four years after that victory, there was a battle at Banbury. Civil dissensions diverted the stream of conquest; but in 571, A. D., a victory at Bedford won the neighbourhood of that town for the West Saxons; and in 577, A. D., Gloucester, Cirencester, and Bath were acquired. Seven years afterwards, at a great battle at Fethan-lea, Cutha was slain; but Ceawlin took many towns, and great spoil, and "wrathful he thence returned to his own." The last record within the period of which we are speaking is of the accession of Ceolwulf, who throughout his reign warred against the Welsh; and against the Picts and Scots too, whence it may be concluded that the invasions of the natives of Ireland were continued, and were not confined to the coast of Wales. We now turn to other parts of Britain.

Whilst Cerdic and Cynric were yet engaged in a dubious contest for their newly-established dominion, the inconsiderable kingdom of Essex was set up by Ercenwine; and he seems to have been the first of the Saxons who dispossessed the Britons of London. In the north, where a great number of small British principalities had existed from the time of the Romans, the chieftains appear to have acted with such unanimity that it was not till the year 547, A. D., that a firm footing was gained by the invaders. At that time, Ida, with forty vessels, bearing the chosen warriors of the Angles, landed at Flamborough Head; and in spite of the courageous resistance of the banded warriors Rhydderch, Urien, Mynyddawg, Morgant, Llywarch Hên, Aneurin, and others, became the lord of the kingdom of Bryneich, which he had assailed. And soon the "castle, huge and square," frowning on the ocean with its grim front; or else (as is more probable) some fortress of less imposing aspect, but fully as significant in the eyes of the Britons, told them that Flamddwyn, the "bearer of flame," as the bards designated Ida, could not be expelled from the land of the Kymry. They called it, in their helpless grief and indignation, "the shame of Bryneich;" and we may yet look upon it, or its successor, Bamborough castle, and think upon the woes it cost Britain. The scantiness of the information furnished us by the victors in this new invasion is made up by the productions of the bards, from whom, and from the Triads, and Nennius, we will relate some of the incidents of this conquest, although the times at which they occurred cannot be satisfactorily determined.

Thus sings Taliesin, "king of bards," respecting the battle of Argoed Llwyvain;—

"One Saturday a battle sore befell,
From sun-rise till he flamed on high. they fought.
In four divisions hastened Flamddwyn on,
Goddeu's and Rheged's warriors to oppose,

From Argoed to Arvynydd did they reach,
 But ere the day had died, they all were dead.
 Impetuously did Flamddwyn call aloud—
 'Will they give hostages? are they prepared?'
 And Owain, brandishing his spear, replied—
 'They will not give them, they are not prepared!'
 Cynan ab Coel, too, so lion-like,
 Would ne'er to mortal man give hostages.
 Then shouted Urien, lord o' the plain was he,—
 'Assembled thus, our banners on the hills
 We raise, and rush on the opposing ranks;
 Our spears 'gainst Flamddwyn and his host we raise,
 Against them we will fight unto the death!'
 So in the battle of Argoed Llwyvain,
 Upon the ground lay many a dead corpse;
 And with man's blood the ravens reddened were;
 And hastily the people spread the news.
 Till my days end, I never will forget;
 And when I meet inevitable death,
 May I not smile, if Urien I praise not!"

Another battle in Gwenystrad, "the pleasant valley," the same bard has celebrated in lines like these:—Urien with the Britons of Cattræth round him, has shown himself the sovereign of victorious conflict;

"Neither the fields, nor the woods, gave safety to the foe,
 When the shout of the Britons came
 Like a wave raging against the shore:—
 I saw the brave warriors in battle array;
 But after the morning, how mangled!
 I saw the tumult of the perishing hosts;
 The blood bursting forth, and moistening the ground.
 Gwenystrad was defended by a rampart:—
 Wearing on the earth no longer verdant,
 I saw, at the pass of the ford,
 Blood-stained men dropping their arms,
 Pale with terror!
 I admired the brave chief of Rheged;
 I saw his reddened brow,
 When he rushed on his foes at Llec-gwen-Calystan;
 Like the bird of rage was his sword on the bucklers;
 It was wielded with deadly fate."

In one of these engagements Ida is said to have fallen by Urien of Rheged's sword. The Saxon Chronicle places his death in the year 560, A. D., but does not tell us how he died. Some years afterwards, as the conqueror was blockading one of Ida's successors in Holy Island, an assassin, hired by Morgant, one of the neighbouring British chiefs, slew him. Llywarch Hên has a long elegy on the death of his hero and patron, Urien "of irresistible attack," "the mild chief who governed the country," "the head and most powerful pillar of Britain;"—

“ The fiery breath of Urien has ceased ;
 And I am woe-begone.
 There is a stir in every part of the land,
 They search for Llovan of the detested hand.”

He then laments touchingly over the desolation of the hearth, where scarcity was never felt whilst Urien and Owain lived. The Triads designate this one of the “ atrocious assassinations ” of Britain ; and there is a story that Urien ab Cynvarch, having been driven from his kingdom of Rheged by the Angles, found a refuge in Morgawwg [Glamorganshire] ; and afterwards entered the Cór Cattawg, at Lllancarvan.

But of all the battles in the north of Britain, that at Cattraeth is the most famous ; it is celebrated in the great poem of Aneurin, called after his little principality, the *Gododin*. It has been attempted to assign a different purpose to this poem, but it seems to refer to the fight at Cattraeth, mentioned in the Triads, and elsewhere ; and we may pass by the literary controversy respecting it.

Mynyddawg the courteous, king of Eiddyn, was the leader of a confederated host of North Britons against some one of the Anglian chiefs.

“ The warriors went to Cattraeth. They were famous.
 Wine and mead from golden cups had been their liquors.
 Three heroes, and three-score, and three hundred,
 With the golden collars.
 Of those who hastened after the jovial excess
 There escaped but three from the power of the swords,
 The two war-hounds, Aron and Cynon Dayarawd,
 And I, from the flowing blood,
 The reward of my sacred poetry.”

• • • • •
 “ Of the men of Dewyr and Bryneich,
 The dreadful ones !
 Of hundreds, a score perished in an hour.”

• • • • •
 “ Pale mead had been their feast, and was their poison.”

• • • • •
 The warriors went to Cattraeth, full of laughter.
 When they returned, they told their wives a tale of peace ;
 But in their garments was the smell of blood.”

The heroes of this battle are commemorated in the Triads, and other Kymric traditions ; but we cannot linger over them.

We have seen how dissension and drunkenness helped to destroy the Britons ; the Triads mention other losses brought about by means as disgraceful. At the battle of *Caer Grau*, against *Ida Glin Mawr*, the tribes of *Gwrgi* and *Peredur* deserted their lords, who perished in the fight. The battle of *Arderydd*, called “ frivolous ” because, says the Triad, “ a lark’s nest was the cause of it,” which *Rhydderch Hael*, the generous, lost ; and in which, they tell us, eighty thousand Britons fell ; is said to have been lost through the treachery of *Aeddan*, “ the arrant traitor ; ” for he went to

Rhydderch's court, and consumed all the provisions, "leaving not so much as would feed a fly;" and left neither man nor beast alive, but destroyed the whole; and gave himself and his men to the Saxons, so that they might maintain themselves by confusion and lawlessness, under their protection.

We cannot wonder that a people so divided should be subjugated. Yet how slowly the conquest was effected may appear from the facts that Deyfyr was not even attacked by the Angles till after Ida's death; and that at the end of the sixth century, there were still large tracts in the western parts of both Bryneich and Deyfyr, in which the Kymry maintained their independence. It was not till near the end of this century also, that the kingdom of East Anglia was set up; and the first eminent chieftain was Uffa, who added to the security of his dominions by constructing the great *Rech dyke*, along its western border; some traces of which, at Newmarket Heath, go by the name of the Devil's Dyke to this day. Mercia was the name of the last-established Saxon kingdom; and it was at first only an extensive military frontier, or March, between Deyfyr, or Deira, Wessex, and the Cambrian principalities. Crida, or Creoda, was the leader who reft it from the Britons, and it was made an independent kingdom by Penda, some quarter of a century afterwards. As early as the beginning of this century, numbers of the Britons had betaken themselves to Armorica; and, as the Saxons acquired more and more of their country, their numbers increased, till they formed so large an element in the population, that the country of refuge was after them called Bretagne, or Lesser Britain.

Much that relates to the history of this period, but is not particularly connected with the Saxon conquest, we must postpone to another chapter. In this we have seen how the Kymry lost the possession of the greater part of their old dominions, not now as barbarians falling before the compact and irresistible might of Rome, but as a disunited and enervated people, who had not sufficient clear-sightedness to direct their courage, and so were conquered by detached and petty bands of sea-rovers. The Triads record many triplets of reasons for their complete overthrow, "frivolous battles," "arrant treasons," assassinations, and such like; with some not so easy to be understood by us, who have lost the secret lore of the bards. Many there were who yet cherished the hope of beholding the supremacy of the Kymry restored; we shall see this wonderful faith handed down through centuries, and fixing upon now one and now another of the great national heroes, as the appointed deliverer; but there were others who understood more truly the character of the Saxon conquest; and Llywarch Hên has embodied their feelings in one of his stanzas, in which, speaking of the Britons, he says—

" Their Lord shall they praise,
Their language hold,
Their country lose,
Except wild Wallia."

CHAPTER VIII.

LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR.—THE ROUND TABLE.—JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA AND THE SAN GRAAL.—THE MYTHIC CHARACTER OF THE SAXON CONQUEST.

THE fame of Arthur is one of the most extraordinary phenomena both in history and literature. The prince of a petty district in the south-west of Britain, who unsuccessfully contended against the Saxon invaders; a chief who, if possessed of the barbaric virtue of stubborn bravery, was not less distinguished by barbaric vices; who, though celebrated by bards contemporary with him, was not the subject of their most glowing verse, and is not once named by the solitary prose writer of the times, even though he fixes the date of his own birth, by the mention of one of the battles which he fought;—Arthur, when first he appears in history, three hundred years later than his own days, is found invested with all the glories of legend, and straightway becomes the national hero, to whom are attributed a series of victories of surpassing splendour, and the empire of the half of Europe; with whose name are associated the defiant pride and the despairing hope of the people that claimed him as theirs, who refused to believe him dead, and through generation after generation of defeat and oppression, confidently awaited his return to avenge their wrongs, and to restore their lost dominion;—next, communicated by the exiles of Brittany to their Norman neighbours, his name is extolled in endless lays, as that of the ideal of Christian chivalry, surrounded with a brilliant circle of warriors, patterns of all knightly graces, and excelling even him in prowess, incorporated into a mystic fraternity, and aided by the most potent wisdom and skill in the achievement of their feats of renown;—yet again, as if to none but to him all that could stir the hearts of men in the ages of faith and honour could belong, mysterious symbols of the Christian creed, as it was held by those who had learnt in eastern lands, while they fought for the Holy Sepulchre, a lore unknown to our own colder climes, the sacred vessel from which the Lord partook of the last supper, the lance which has pierced His side as he hung upon the cross, are mingled in the story; and the marvels which far-distant India ascribed to her great Menu, are woven into the texture of the British hero's tale: for well-nigh ten centuries it thus grew in breadth and wonder, till in Spenser's allegory, like a shining mist, it lifted itself up from the earth, and, reflecting brighter hues than those of faëry-land, slowly passed away. There is not only no parallel to this, not one of the same class of inventions can be placed second to it; it stands amongst the creations of the imagination entirely alone.

In the foregoing chapter we narrated all that could at all be regarded as historical

out this glory of Britain ; we shall now tell something of his legendary greatness. But it would be impossible so to condense the records of his largest renown, as to present it in an intelligible form, within the limits which we must necessarily observe, we shall speak more fully of those legends which are manifestly of British growth, whether Cambrian or Armorican, and very briefly glance at those in which the influences of the genius and the traditions of other peoples are seen. For this purpose we shall avail ourselves of the guidance, which the ingenious essay of Mr. Schultz, "on the Influence of Welsh Traditions on the Literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia," can afford ; and we recommend that work, with the authorities it refers to, to all who wish for a wider acquaintance with this highly interesting subject.

We have before alluded to what appears to be the secret reason for this most wonderful growth of storied fame—the natural fondness with which a depressed people must regard the last and the stoutest of their royal heroes, who resisted the victorious foe ; if we add to this the fact, that Brittany was the native soil of the most daring of those inventions, in which Arthur figures as the future hope of the Kymry, we have what perfectly explains the first stage of his glory ; for what could be more in accordance with man's heart, than that for exiles from their beloved Lloegria, all the tender and passionate regrets with which they looked back upon such a one as Arthur, should acquire an intensity that would give rise, for such spirits as the Britons possessed, to the fanatical persuasion that they should yet be restored to their country, and by his instrumentality ? We shall see an incidental proof that it was in this manner that the feeling with which Arthur was regarded assumed the form under which we have to represent it, in this chapter, when we record some legends of kings who reigned after him, respecting whose reappearance the same hope was cherished. After the overthrow of the Saxon kingdom by William of Normandy, in which, as we know, the Bretons took part, the half-gratified vengeance raised the hope of Arthur's reappearance to a yet higher pitch, and ever vaster might was ascribed to the hero of the Kymric race ; and chivalry, then growing to be an institution, and the crusades, adding to the excitement, he soon was taken as the central figure in all the fables of knightly romance, which first the French and afterwards the Germans framed ; and round him, and most frequently ascribed to some one of the names which tradition and song had preserved in connexion with his, every deed by which the sacred profession of arms could be illustrated, and imaginary perfection of chivalrous excellence displayed, was grouped. In Normandy the attempt to raise up Raoul—Hrolf the Ganger—the founder of the dukedom, to a similar pitch of renown, utterly failed ; although the "lay of *Roland*," as he was miscalled, was chanted at the onset at Hastings. But in Germany, through the so-called *Chronicles of Turpin* ; or *Tilpin*, the glory of Charlemagne and his Paladins, and especially of Roland, whom the Italian poets celebrated as Orlando, long disputed the palm with Arthur and the Round Table. Italy swelled the praise of the Frankish heroes, but they borrowed many of the incidents that had been already narrated of the British knights ; and it may be the superior excellence of the poetry of this land which has produced the impression that Arthur's fame was obscured, for a

time, by that of Charlemagne. Spain affords a remarkable testimony to the firm hold which the class of stories of which we speak had upon the cultivated mind of Europe. Arthur was not celebrated there, but the first chivalric romance of Vasco Lobeira, *Amadis de Gaula*, not only has its scene laid in Wales, but most of its characters derived from that country also, as if it were the cradle of true knighthood and of the glorious profession of war. From the title of this romance we gather one of the minor causes, or probable causes, of the adoption of Arthur as the hero of fable by the French:—they did not know that *Gaula* was Wales, but took it to signify *Gaul*, their own France; and as geography was not studied with great minuteness or particularity, it is more than possible that, by a similar mistake, the knights of *Galles* (as the French still designate Wales) may have been taken for *Gaulish* knights, and their glory appropriated by the minstrels to their own country. But we have dwelt sufficiently long upon this part of the subject, which is not of such immediate interest to us as that to which we now turn.

The account given in Nennius exhibits to us a full-grown legendary character: it was easy, when such a point had been reached, to develope and add to it so as to produce the story of the *Bruts*. But we cannot confidently pronounce the whole of what we find in Nennius to be of the date assigned to that work; since the MS. variations of the text are very considerable, and we know that it was “edited” by some who lived long after the ninth century. Such as it is, however, here it is, slightly paraphrased to make it fit for modern readers.

“In those days Arthur, with the other British kings, fought against the Saxons, he being the commander in the wars, and in every battle he was the conqueror. *Arthur* translated signifies ‘dreadful bear,’ or ‘iron mace,’ wherewith the teeth of the lions are dashed to pieces; and *Mab Uther* signifies ‘dreadful son,’ for from his boyhood he was cruel. His first fight was at the mouth of the river Glem,” which some suppose to be the Glen, in Northumberland; others, the Glem, in Lincolnshire; and others again, the Glevi, in Devonshire. “The second, third, fourth, and fifth happened at another river, called the Duglas, in the region named Linuis:” but whether this was the Duglas, in the Lothians, or the Duglas, in Lancashire, or whether Linuis means Lindesey, or, we may add, the Lionnese, a district of Cornwall, much famed in Arturian romance, none can say. “The sixth battle was on the river Bassas; and the seventh in the forest of Calidon, that is, *Cat coit Celidon*,” which is by some placed in Cornwall, and by others between Penrith and Carlisle. “His eighth victory was gained at Gunnion castle, where Arthur bore upon his shoulders the image of the cross of Christ, and of the Blessed Mary, ever virgin; and the pagans fled on that day, and many fell, for sore discomfiture was upon them through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of his blessed mother. For Arthur went to Jerusalem, and there made a cross of the magnitude of the saving cross; and it was consecrated there; and for three days together he fasted, and watched, and prayed, before the cross of the Lord, that he might give him, through that symbol, victory over the pagans, which also happened; and he brought with him the image of the Blessed Mary, fragments of which are yet

kept with great veneration in Wedale. Wedale, which signifies 'the Vale of Woe,' is a country place in the province of Lodonesia, but now in the jurisdiction of the bishop of St. Andrews, of Scotland, six miles to the west of that once noble and beautiful monastery of Meilros." Gunnion is placed by different authorities in Cornwall, in Durham, and at Garianonum, or Burgh Castle, in Suffolk, near Great Yarmouth: and from this story of the image of the Virgin upon his shoulders, of which the later bards and romancists made so much, Mr. Price, in his *Hanes Cymru*, concludes that the writer was translating from some more ancient British document, for he has plainly mistaken *ysgwyd*, a shield, for *ysgwydd*, a shoulder; and the insertion of the native name of the forest in which a former fight was won, *Cat coit Celidon*, would favour his opinion. This does not make the tale a history, however, but it adds to its interest as a myth. "The ninth was fought in *Caer Legion*," Chester, or Exeter. "The tenth was on the banks of the river Ribroit, or *Trathtreuroit*," which may be the Brue, in Somerset, or the Ribble, in Lancashire. "The eleventh was on the mountain called *Agned Cathregonnon*," in Somersetshire, or at Edinburgh. "And the twelfth was at Mount Badon, in which eight (or nine) hundred and forty men fell by the sole attack of Arthur; none but he laid them low." This battle is supposed to have taken place at Bannesdown, near Bath; and the *Annales Cambriæ* assign the year 516 to it, adding, that "in it Arthur bore the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ for three days and three nights on his shoulders; and the Britons were the victors." Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote in the twelfth century, has transcribed into his history the greater part of this account of Nennius; and respecting the names of the places, which, (as we have seen,) like all legendary localities, cannot be identified, he says, "All these places are unknown in our age, which we suppose to be brought about by the providence of God, to put contempt on popular renown, and adulatory praise, and transitory fame." The other chroniclers, such as Fabyan and Grafton, who were resolute in adhering to what they took to be historic verity, have also repeated this first form of the legend, rejecting the more advanced and perfected story, which, in a compressed form, we now put before our readers, on the faith of Geoffrey, and the supposititious Tysilio.

After Uthyr's victory, which gained for him peaceful possession of all Britain, he held a solemn festival at London, at Easter, and all his nobility were present, with their wives and daughters. Amongst the rest came Gorlois, duke of Cornwall, with his wife Igera, or Eigr, who was considered the most beautiful woman of all Britain. As soon as Uthyr saw her, he fell passionately in love with her, and bestowed upon her such attention, and so many presents, that the husband, in a most justifiable rage, quitted the court, taking his wife with him, without the king's permission. As soon as Uthyr knew it, he sent messengers to him, commanding him to return; but Gorlois not only refused, but foreseeing further attempts on the part of the king, placed the fair Igera in the castle of Tintagel, which was so strong that three knights could have held it against the world, and himself entered the castle of Dimilioc, or Dimlyoc, resolved to defend himself to the last, and hoping so to prevent his wife from

falling into Uthyr's hands. As he expected, it happened, for the king marched into Cornwall, and having ravaged it by fire and sword, sat down before the castle in which Gorlois was, investing it on every side. But his passion burnt too fiercely to find any alleviation in this revenge, wherefore, at the end of the first week of the siege, he confided the state of his mind to one of his knights, Ulphin of Caer-Caradoc, who advised him to consult Myrddin as to the way in which he could gain his heart's desire. We must observe that the monkish chroniclers did not look so severely upon such felonious purposes as our common-place morality leads us to do; and the legends of Arthur are full of intrigues of such infamy, that it is only in the quaint dress of the original narrators, with all their matter-of-fact minuteness of detail, that the tales are endurable. We must therefore, without more particularity, tell that Myrddin, by his art, put upon Uthyr the appearance of Gorlois, transformed Ulphin into the likeness of Jordan of Tintagel, and himself into the likeness of Brithael, two trusty attendants of Gorlois; and that thus obtaining unquestioned entrance into the stronghold where Igera was, Uthyr accomplished his adulterous purpose. To save the credit of his hero, Geoffrey, the first author of the story, tells of an assault made on the other castle in Uthyr's absence, in which Gorlois was slain; but later romancers were not so nice, or else perceived that this did not make the king's guilt the less, and therefore represented these visits in disguise as being often repeated before the death of the duke. But as soon as Gorlois was known to be dead, Uthyr confessed his wickedness to Igera, and they were married, and lived together in great affection, and there was born unto them, beside Arthur, a daughter named Anne, who was afterwards married to Lot, the consul of Londonesia, or Llew ab Cynvarch, or Nathan-leod, whose ill success in war we have seen in the last chapter.

On the death of Uthyr Pendragon, in the way we have already related, the nobility of several provinces assembled at Silchester, or Caer-Vydau; and Duwrig, otherwise known as St. Dubricius, solemnly crowned Arthur king. For the Britons were in great straits, a new force of Saxons, with Colgrin at its head, having invaded the island, with the intention of exterminating all its inhabitants. Arthur at this time was not more than fifteen years old; a circumstance which is considerably at variance with the tale that his sister, younger than himself, had been long married to Lot; and with the appearance of her grown-up sons on the stage soon afterwards; but history itself cannot always make all its records consistent, and we must not be too exacting upon fable. Arthur was no older than has been said, and was loved by all for his courage and generosity, and the unparalleled sweetness of his temper, and innate goodness; wherefore he had little difficulty in raising an army, to march against the Saxons forthwith. As soon as Colgrin was advised of this movement of the Britons, with a great host of Scots and Picts, as well as his own forces, he advanced to the river Duglas, and there was defeated in a hard-fought battle by the new monarch, and fled to York, where he was speedily besieged. His brother Baddulph, or Baldolf, who was waiting on the coast for the arrival of Cheldric and his followers from Germany, hearing of it, hastened with six thousand men to his relief; but being met by Cadur, duke of Cornwall, at the

head of three thousand foot and three hundred horse, was routed ; yet he managed, in the disguise of a harper, to pass through the British camp, and coming up to the walls of the city, was drawn up by cords, to the great joy of Colgrin. Just at the same time Cheldric with a fleet of six hundred sail descended upon Albania ; so Arthur broke up the siege and withdrew his army to London.

Holding a council there, it was resolved to ask for succour from Hoel, king of Brittany, who was a son of another sister of Arthur, who is now first mentioned ; and he joyfully put himself at the head of fifteen thousand men, and crossed the sea to assist his uncle. The pagans were now besieging *Caer-lwyd-coed*, in the province of *Lindisia*, and at the first encounter were defeated ; they who escaped betaking themselves to the wood of *Celidon*, where they for a time successfully defended themselves against Arthur. But by making a barricade of felled trees, the British sovereign brought them to a capitulation ; and they agreed, leaving hostages, and all their gold and silver, to return to Germany. As soon, however, as they were on board their ships, they tacked about, landed at *Totness*, and ravaged and plundered the country as far as the *Severn*. The king had just entered on a campaign against the *Picts* and *Scots*, and was further distressed by the grievous sickness of Hoel at *Alcluyd* ; but he at once directed his arms against the faithless heathens ; and coming up with them as they were besieging *Bath*, prepared for instant battle. His words, and an address of the archbishop, *St. Dubricius*, filled the Britons with courageous rage ; and then he put on a coat of mail befitting his grandeur, and a golden helmet, which had the figure of a dragon on it ; he next took his shield called *Priwen*, or *Prydwen*, upon which was painted the likeness of the blessed *Mary* ; and his sword *Caliburn*, that had been made in the island of *Avallon*, and his spear, called *Ron-cymminiad* ; and having marshalled his men, he led them against the enemy. All day the fight lasted, and at sun-set the Saxons retreated to a hill, named *Caer-Vaddon* ; on which, next day, for a long while they resisted all the attacks of Arthur's troops. At length, provoked at the slow progress they were making, Arthur drew out his sword, and calling upon the name of the blessed *Virgin*, rushed upon the pagans. Dreadful was his assault ; inspired by his example his soldiers redoubled their efforts ; not one of all that Arthur smote escaped alive ; four hundred and seventy men (for *Geoffrey* has actually halved the number given by *Nennius*) were mowed down by his *Caliburn* ; *Colgrin* and *Baddulph* were amongst the thousands of the slain ; and *Cheldric*, who retreated and made a stand in the isle of *Thanet*, was killed by *Cador*, the duke of *Cornwall*, the miserable remnant surrendering at discretion.

Arthur during the last exploit had hastened to the relief of Hoel in *Alcluyd*, and had driven the *Caledonian* barbarians to *Mureif*, (which some suppose to be *Moray*, in *Scotland*.) where he was besieging them upon the islands of *Loch Lomond*. There is a marvellous episode about this lake, how it receives the waters of sixty, or three hundred and sixty (according to the *Brut Tysilio*), rivers, has in it as many islands, on which dwell the same number of eagles ; but in fifteen days the *Scots* and *Picts* yielded themselves ; an attempt by *Gillamori* of *Ireland* to aid them, only brought

upon himself a bloody defeat, and on the whole of the people an exterminating war, till the Scottish bishops, bearing the relics of their saints, recalled the conqueror to his humanity; and Arthur had time to give his nephew Hoel a field-lesson in physical geography, explaining to him the nature of some wonderful lakes and ponds in Scotland and Wales, which ebb and flow with, or exactly contrary to, the ebb and flow of the sea. From this engaging pursuit the king returned to his proper business, holding his Christmas at York, where he gave orders for the restoration of the churches, and for the reorganization of the religious bodies, and made his chaplain Pyramus, or Priam, or Eppir, (whichever his name was,) archbishop in place of Samson, who had been driven into Brittany. He next gave to Urien, son of Cynvarch, the kingdom of Rheged, or Mureif; to Augustel, or Arawn, son of Cynvarch, the kingdom of Scotland; and to Lot, or Llew, their brother, who had married his sister Anne, whose two sons were Medrawd and Gwalchmai, the earldom of Londonesia, or Lothian. And having thus set his whole kingdom in order, he espoused Gwenhwyvar, daughter of Gogyrvan Gawr, one of the fairest women of Britain, and descended from a noble Roman stock, who had been brought up by Cador of Cornwall.

In the following summer Arthur found himself in a position to retaliate upon his enemies the mischief they had done to his realm; so, fitting out a fleet, he first sailed against Ireland, and having taken Gillamori prisoner, he reduced that country to subjection. Thence he steered his course to Iceland, (says Geoffrey, but as the other Brut says it was as he returned from Ireland, most probably *Islay* is intended by *Islont*,) which he also subdued. And the fame of these exploits brought Doldav, a Scottish king, and Gwynvas, king of Orkney, to him, with voluntary offers of submission and tribute. For twelve years after these conquests, Arthur ruled Britain peacefully, surrounded by a court splendid for number, bravery, liberality, and abilities; and from every country came to him men of renown, either attracted by his praise, or invited by him. And thus he became celebrated throughout the world, and was a terror to the kings of other countries, who grievously feared lest he should attack them.

And now it entered into his mind to subdue all Europe; and first he attempted Norway, because the late king of that land had bequeathed it to his brother-in-law, Lot, or Llew, and the people had put up Riculf, or Sichelin, as king, in opposition to him. And having defeated the usurper, he also subdued Dacia, or Denmark, and made Llew ab Cynvarch king of both those countries. After this he directed his arms against Gaul, which was then governed in the name of the emperor Leo, by a Roman tribune named Follo, or Frollo, who was worsted by Arthur's invincible chivalry, and fled to Paris, being there besieged, or rather blockaded by the invaders. Seeing both the citizens and the army rapidly dying by famine, Follo proposed to Arthur to decide their quarrel by single combat, upon an island in the Seine, within sight of both armies, the victor to have the countries of both combatants. After the needful preliminaries the duel was held, in which (of course) Arthur was the conqueror, although the issue was (also of course) rendered doubtful, by the fall of Arthur with his horse, before a foul spear-thrust of Follo, and also by a dreadful wound on the forehead,

which the British king received at the outset of the sword-fight. After this acquisition, he spent nine years in completing and consolidating his conquest, subduing by himself or his nephew Hoel, Aquitaine, Poictou, and Gascony; and then at a court held at Paris, he gave Neustria, or Normandy, to Bedwyr, his cellarer; and Andegavia, or Anjou, to Cai, his sewer; and the other provinces to other great men of his train; and returned to Britain.

Arthur now determined, in thankfulness for such great successes, to solemnize the feast of Pentecost at Caerleon on Usk, because of its being a most suitable place, both from its magnificent buildings and its fine river, and because there were near it dry and level meads, encircled by fair hills, and a spacious forest for the chase. It had also two famous churches, one dedicated to Julius the martyr, which was adorned with a sacred choir of virgins; and the other to Aaron the martyr, where was maintained a convent of canons, and which was the third metropolitan church of Britain. And beside all this, there was a college of two hundred scholars, well instructed in the seven liberal sciences, by whose predictions from the stars, Arthur was often taught. Ambassadors were therefore sent into all the subject lands, and the kings and chief persons, both clerical and lay, were invited; and so great was the concourse that it was impossible to ascertain the number, or their particular places of dignity and precedence. We cannot give space to the list of names of vassal kings and lords which the chroniclers have inserted. It contains, as might be expected, some historical names; and some which have gained more than historical renown in the pages of fiction; but being of no value, it may be dispensed with. The pomp of the festival, too, must be imagined; Arthur was solemnly crowned again by the three archbishops, and St. Dubricius sang the service; and there were banquets, and processions, and bards both sacred and secular; and games for the display of knightly skill, with smiles of fair ladies, and more substantial prizes to reward the most successful; and archery, and throwing the pike, and casting of heavy stones; and hounds, and hawks, and dice: and these amusements and festivities were carried on for three days. On the fourth, honours and preferments were distributed, and vacancies in the governments of cities and castles, archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbasies, and other posts of dignity were filled up. St. Dubricius, it appears, pointed the moral of the whole show by giving up his see, and becoming a hermit; the festival having inspired him with the determination to prepare for the joys of heaven, these enjoyments, the grandest the world could bestow, being so perishable. Dewi ap Sandde (now of undying glory, as St. David) was made archbishop of Caerleon, in his room. Chilian was appointed to the see of Dole, in Brittany, with Hoel's consent, in the place of St. Samson. And the *Brut y Breninoedd*, forgetting that it had filled up the metropolitan see of York, fills it again by the appointment of Teilo. Certain episcopal sees were also in like manner intrusted to right worthy clerks. And then a new turn was given to the festival by the unlooked-for appearance of twelve venerable men, bearing olive branches, and announcing themselves as an embassy from Lucius Tiberius, the general of Rome, or procurator of the Roman commonwealth.

After due reverence, the aged men presented a letter to the king, which, with becoming insolence, rebuked Arthur for his conquests, and for not paying tribute to the Roman senate, as his ancestors had agreed to do in the days of Julius Cæsar; and threatened that if he did not appear at Rome, before the middle of August in the following year, he (Lucius Tiberius) would come to Britain to chastise him. The king, with his advisers, having read the letter, withdrew to the Tower of Heroes, to consult respecting the answer; and Cadur of Cornwall made merry remarks upon the prospect of war as they climbed the stairs. Arthur, as was right, opened the meeting with a historical speech, of which the chroniclers give an abstract; and after him Hoel and Arawn expressed their opinions, both giving their voices for war; all the rest spoke, and to the same effect, wherefore (we presume) their speeches were not reported. Each spokesman made offer of military aid; and the total force which Arthur had prospectively under his command to resist this claim of Rome, was a hundred and eighty-three thousand, two hundred men, beside foot, which could not be counted. The ambassadors were consequently informed that he would undoubtedly visit Rome, but to play the judge and not the criminal; and with an appointment of a rendezvous at the mouth of the Barba, on the calends of August, Arthur dismissed his gorgeous company to their respective homes.

Lucius Tiberius receiving this defiance, bestirred himself to gain allies; and the catalogue given is one of Geoffrey's most amusing fabrications. Here are kings of every country, except Italy, giving aid to Rome, upon request, although the dominion of the world has just been modestly claimed by Lucius; and we have amongst them, Bocchus, king of Media; Micipsa, king of Babylon; Sertorius, king of Libya; with others, showing similar poverty of invention, and incapability of making the stolen articles fit to each other; and as a crown to the whole, *Alifatima*, king of Spain! The forces these sovereigns and others brought with them amounted, says Geoffrey, to forty thousand, one hundred and sixty men; but this was too small a host for Arthur to conquer with any glory; so it was raised by the Welsh copyists and imitators, to four hundred thousand, or to four hundred thousand thousand! And notwithstanding all these most preposterously monstrous fictions, till very lately, these chronicles were looked upon as the repertories of genuine history! We must, not to inflict too great a burden on our readers, condense the remainder more closely.

Leaving his wife Gwenhwyvar, and his kingdom, in charge to Medrawd, Arthur sailed for Gaul, being greatly instructed and encouraged by a dream about a dragon conquering a bear in an aerial combat, during his voyage. Arriving at the mouth of the Barba, whilst he waited the assembling of his army, he learned that a Spanish giant had carried off Helena, Hoel's niece, to St. Michael's mount; so thither he went with Bedwyr and Cai, his two faithful companions; and in single combat slew the ravisher, fulfilling his dream. He also told his friends that he had not met with such an opponent since he slew Rhitta Gawr in Eryri, who had a fancy that it became him to wear as furs the beards of kings, and who offered to put Arthur's in the chief place in his robe, if he would cut it off himself, and send it him. Arthur, it seemed, cherished

his beard for other purposes, and declined compliance ; and then, in vindication of his refusal, slew Rhitta, and not only possessed himself of the strangely-furred mantle, but also cut off the former owner's beard, (and we hope completed the trimming of the garment with it). Great was the grief of Hoel, that his niece was dead, for Arthur was not aware of her abduction in time to save her life ; and great the joy of the whole country, which was freed from this horrid pest.

Very soon the princes with their contingents were collected, and Arthur at once marched as far as the river Gwen or Alba, where he found the army of Lucius. A message was sent to him by Gwalchmai, and others, requiring him to leave Gaul incontinently, or give battle on the next day ; and great hopes were entertained by Arthur and his knights that Gwalchmai would pick some quarrel with Lucius, and so bring on an engagement. It fell out much in accordance with this wish ; for Caius Quintilianus, nephew to Lucius, on hearing Arthur's message, replied that the Britons' tongues were sharper than their swords, which angered Gwalchmai so much, that he at once struck off his head. A running fight instantly ensued, but the Romans, as they pursued the messengers, falling into an ambush of six thousand Britons, were greatly discomfited, and Petreius Cotta, who commanded them, was taken prisoner. This incident gave the greatest satisfaction to Arthur, who praised Gwalchmai and his companions, and sent the prisoners under the guard of a strong detachment to Paris. The Romans, however, hearing of it, (for each army seems to have known as much almost of their enemies' affairs as of their own,) laid an ambuscade, for the purpose of delivering Cotta, and the other captives. Another terrible battle ensued, and had not the king of Poictou come to the assistance of the Britons, the day would have been lost. As it was, several of their bravest leaders fell ; whilst the Romans lost Evander, king of Syria, and many others, and their troops were quite dispersed. Discouraged by these reverses, Lucius resolved to march for Lengriæ, or Langres ; but Arthur having possessed himself of the valley of Suesia, by which he must pass, forced him to make a stand. After becoming speeches by the commanders the battle began ; and at the end of a long and sanguinary conflict, victory declared for the Britons, the Roman army being quite broken, and great numbers voluntarily surrendering themselves into slavery. Amongst the dead were Bedwyr and Cai ; but Lucius Tiberius himself was killed on the other side. Arthur sent the corpse of the general to the senate of Rome, warning them not to expect tribute from Britain ; and having subdued Burgundy, in the beginning of the following summer, he came to the Mynnau mountains in his march upon Rome.

Here messengers brought him the afflictive tidings that his nephew Medrawd had usurped the kingdom he was left to govern, and had married the queen Gwenhwyvar. Immediately he relinquished the design he had in hand, and appointing Hoel to the command in Gaul, himself returned to Britain. Medrawd had meanwhile formed alliances with the Saxons, Scots, and Picts ; and stoutly resisted the landing of Arthur ; but though he lost some of his best men, he put the usurper to flight ; and whilst Medrawd rallied his scattered army at Winchester, Gwenhwyvar fled to Caerleon,

when she took the veil in the nunnery attached to the church of Julius the martyr. Arthur soon overtook his perjured nephew, and once more defeated him; but he collected sufficient force to make a stand at the river Camlan, and each party feeling that the strife was internecine indeed, the battle was desperately contested. Medrawd himself fell, and with him most of the leaders who had joined him, or been engaged by him; but Arthur too in this fight ended his heroic toils, for he was so grievously wounded, that being carried to the island of Avallon to be healed, he there died, having bestowed the crown upon his kinsman Constantine, the son of Cador, duke of Cornwall; in the five hundred and forty-second year of our Lord's Incarnation. So ends the history of Arthur.

And thus, as William of Malmesbury says, do the British tales babble about one, whom true histories should tell of, rather than the deluding dreams of fiction. But before we collect a few other scattered indications of Arthur's national fame, we must notice, that in neither of these legendary narratives does Myrddin appear as the conductor of any supernatural machinery; and that there is no such agency as an enchanter is needed to superintend ever mentioned in either. This, with the absence of all allusion to the "Round Table," marks the early date of these stories. In the Triads we purpose to notice, will appear traces of subsequent invention; for in Geoffrey the description of the Pentecost kept at Caerleon does not imply any thing beyond the very rudiments of chivalry, whilst in these Triads, many things indicate the knowledge of the institution of knighthood, and the influence of such a social state as produced the *Mabinogion*, and the romances of France and Germany. It may be as well to add here, that, according to our good Geoffrey, when Gwortiyern was sitting on the bank beside the pool, whence the two dragons had issued, he pressed Myrddin to disclose to him the meaning of the contest, and that the prophet thereupon poured forth a long and most mysterious vaticination, which, at the request of his acquaintance, and especially of Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, Geoffrey inserts in his History, of which it forms the seventh book, overcoming his own reluctance to deal in marvels of that kind. Strange as it may seem, this prophecy has been dealt with as if it were a genuine prediction of the future, although its meaning is most clear. It is partly historical; and partly the expression of the strong persuasion which possessed the Kymry at the time of its composition, that some of their old heroes should appear on earth again, to restate them in their former possessions; and partly, as it seems, a political device, to facilitate certain intrigues, which will come under our notice at a later period. Myrddin himself disappears from Geoffrey's page with that event which gave to Britain the renowned Arthur. It is easy to see, that when the Arturian romance had grown so as to need supernatural agency for its proper movement, Myrddin would be introduced to carry it on; and we need not spend any time in tracing his entrance upon this field. Nor need we say any more respecting him here; for we shall in a future chapter be required to mention him when we arrive at the date of the poems ascribed to his muse.

We have before given one or two of the notices of Arthur contained in the Triads;

we must now briefly show the nature of the others, which were too plainly unhistorical to be inserted in the former chapter ; although we dare not assert that all we did tell of the hero there deserves to be received as fact. Arthur is described as one of the three "useless bards ;" perhaps because he was an amateur, or did not preserve his songs ; and he is said to have had three wives, each named Gwenhwyvar ; and a slap given to the last of them, the daughter of Gogyrvan, or else received by her, or else again, one given to Medrawd by Arthur, is made the cause of the fatal battle of Camlan. He had also, say these Triads, three mistresses ; and his court was graced by three all-fairest women,—Dywir of the golden hair ; Enid, the wife of the brave Geraint ab Erbin ; and Tegan Eurvron ; which last was the wife of Caradawg Vreichyras, and was the lady who gained the horn and the mantle, as the prize of her chastity, when no other of the dames of the court could drink from the one, or wear the other. Triad after Triad is given, each distinguishing some three of his knights by special praise ; and an *englyn* is preserved celebrating the three knights of battle of Britain, which is said to have been sung to them by the prince himself ;—

"These are my three knights of battle ;
Mael the tall, and Llyr mighty in arms,
And the pillar of the Kymry, Caradawg."

Out of this long series we will select a few names, which subsequent fictions have made so widely known, Gwalchmai ab Gwyar, the Gawain of the romancists, is one of the golden-tongued knights, and also one of the courteous three. Arawn ab Cynvarch, and Llywarch Hên, are amongst those that gave the wisest counsels ; and the latter, who is the bard of Argoed, is variously mentioned as an intelligent bard, a disinterested prince, and one of the free and discontented guests of the royal court. Medrawd, the traitor, is praised as a kingly knight. Respecting the three "continent knights," as might be expected, authorities differ ; one Triad gives the title to Cadawg ab Gwynllin, Illtyd, (better known as St. Iltutus,) and Bwrt ab Bwrt, king of Llychlyn ; whilst another replaces the two former names by those of Galath ab Llawnsloet dy Lac, the famous Galahad of the "San Graal," and Peredur ab Evrawg, the Perceval of the romances. Cadwr, earl of Cornwall, Llawnsloet dy Lac, and Owain ab Urien Rheged, are designated the three battle-knights of Arthur's court. But Trystan ab Tallwch has most frequent mention : with Cai and another, he is an "illusory knight ;" he is also one of the "hostile Ovates," whatever that title may mean ; he, as a "powerful swine-herd," kept the swine of March ab Meirchion, whilst the swine went on a message to Eyllt, to ask an interview with her, and Arthur, Marchell, Cai, and Bedwyr, could neither steal nor buy so much as one pig. This is that renowned Sir Tristram, whose fatal passion for the fair Isolt, or Isonde, which involved his uncle Marck in such domestic unhappiness, and himself in such various adventures and woes, all have read of. In other Triads he is called an "Amorous Gallant," and Eyllt Vyingwen, his mistress, an unchaste wife, as she was most surely. Arthur's sword, Caliburn, or Excalibur, is called Caled-ylwch, by these bards. In all this is

sufficient proof, that the inventions and additions of foreign men of letters and story had been brought back to the birth-place of the legendary characters; and had given them positions and qualities which in the simpler form of the fiction we do not find. But there are two other proofs in these Triads which we must not pass by without notice. Three knights of Arthur's court are named the dispensers of equity, or the just knights; and their part was, the first by civil law, the second by canon law, and the third by the law of arms, to defend all slaves, orphans, widows, &c., and all who had devoted themselves, under the protection of God and his peace. The "peace of God," and the appeal to law, both indicate the late date of the invention of this Triad. Another commemorates the three knights that guarded the Graal, Cadawg ab Gwynlliw, St. Illtud the knight, and Peredur ab Evrawg; where the mention of the Graal shows that it was not constructed till the fables connected with Arthur had reached almost their last development.

This, however, a little anticipates the course of our narrative. Before we resume it we may call to the memory of our readers the memorials of Arthur's national renown, which are found in the names of places and monuments, particularly in Wales. Arthur's Castle; Arthur's Seat; Arthur's Round Table, the name of a flat-topped hill in Denbighshire, and also of the Roman amphitheatre at Caerlleon; a cromlech near Penrice, in Glamorganshire, called Arthur's Stone; one near Harlech, and another near Newport, in Pembrokeshire, named Arthur's Quoit; a fourth, on the Berwyn, in Llandrillo, named *Bwrdd Arthur*; at Llychwr, in Glamorganshire, a large stone, called Arthur's Stone; and *Carreg carn march Arthur*, near Mold;—these are the testimonies to his popularity amongst the Kymry. Nor ought we to omit the Welsh name of the constellation Lyra, *Telyn Arthur*, Arthur's Harp. Indeed, he stands to the Cambro-Britons in nearly the same relation that Alfred the Great does to the Saxons; these have attributed to their "darling" every institution whose origin was uncertain; and those to their hero, every thing that recalled the incidents of his story, or seemed to be the work of unmatched might.

We have seen in Geoffrey's tale that Arthur was conveyed to the isle of Avallon; he, it is most probable, looked upon him as buried at Glastonbury; and he knows nothing of the reappearance of Arthur; Cadwaladr and Conan are the two appointed restorers of the lost dominion of the Kymry, in his history. But not long afterwards, as Fordun shows, the popular hope had fixed upon Arthur, and the tale went that he was buried in Avallon, with an epitaph to this effect;—

"Here lies Arthur, a king that was, a king that will be."

Such a conclusion, however, was too lame and impotent for the romance-writers, who had introduced the marvels of faëry-land into their narratives; wherefore it was said that the grave of Arthur was unknown, which was notoriously true; and the end of the ideal of Christian chivalry was told in this way. When Arthur found that he was mortally wounded, he gave his sword Caliburn to Bedwyr, and commanded him to go to a certain lake, and cast it as far as he could into the water. But Bedwyr, struck

with the beauty of the weapon, and its jewelled hilt, did not comply with his request, till he had thrice attempted to conceal his disobedience; and when he had thrown it, a hand rose up from the water and caught the sword, and brandishing it three times, disappeared with it. Bedwyr then conveyed his expiring master to the lake, and there placed him in a boat which appeared on the shore as in waiting for him; and the boat carried him away, it was said, to the realms of faëry, there to be healed, and to expect the hour of his return to the scenes of his glory. Yet more accordant with the old heroic spirit was the story which said, that under a huge hazel on Craig y Dinas, in Eryri, lay Arthur and his knights, each with his spear and shield beside him, in a circle, bound in a charmed slumber, not to be broken till the golden and the black eagles should fight; when they would arouse themselves, and rise, and avenge the wrongs of the Kymry, by driving from the island the unjust and tyrannical invaders, whose rule had lasted too long. One could almost believe that this is the original version, for the picture seems to be taken from the interior of some vast cairn, such as we know the Britons used, almost to the time when Arthur flourished. But we must rapidly notice the later developments of this glorious myth, and linger no longer amongst the dreams of British fable.

The literary relics which we possess, do not indicate very clearly the advance of Arthur's fame from the stage at which we see it in Geoffrey of Monmouth, to that in which it appears in the *Mabinogion*, the romance of Merlin, the *Morte d' Arthur*, and other romances, in which the Graal does not appear, but Arthur is represented as a powerful monarch, presiding over a splendid court of fair, but far from spotless ladies, and of warriors, in part his vassals, who are characterized as unconquerably brave in fight, sudden and quick in quarrel, ambitious beyond all reason, and animated by the most extravagant passion for adventure, and the most refined spirit of gallantry. In so many, too, in which the Round Table is introduced, the Graal has been added by subsequent editors or improvers. We cannot offer even a specimen of these romances to our readers; but must refer them to Sir Walter Scott's *Sir Tristrem*, to Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, to Ellis's *Early English Metrical Romances*, and those other well-known works, in which either condensed accounts or full copies of these tales are to be found. As lively pictures of the state of society in Britain, and on the continent, during the latter part of the twelfth, and the immediately succeeding centuries, they are replete with interest; but they do not so immediately concern us in the purpose of this work, as to make it needful to do more than thus generally describe them. And they are of the less moment to us, that it is so manifest, that the spirit which effected the change in the representation of Arthur, was not the national spirit of the Kymry. We have seen how these improvements upon the original British fiction exerted a reflex influence upon the bards of Wales, and led them to ascribe to their sovereign a more cosmopolitan and less patriotic character; but this influence seems to have proceeded rather from the romances of the Graal, than from the purely chivalric legends; and as this Graal is not unfrequently alluded to in the bardic poems and as it was ingrafted upon some other traditions which the monkish writers had

foisted into the history of the Britons, we will speak a little more particularly respecting it, than we have of the Round Table alone.

Beside Schultz, in the Essay we have above recommended to our readers' notice, Fauriel, in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, has discussed the origin of the chivalric epopee, and other scholars have given their attention to the same subject; so that the literary history of the romances of the Graal is pretty clearly made out. And the result of their researches is this,—that the romance of the Graal originated with the Knights Templar, whose enthusiastic devotion to what was deemed the highest occupation for a Christian warrior, had enabled them to receive the inspirations of the East, and to create a new myth out of the fables of vases, and precious stones, and talismans, and genii, in which the *idéal* of their order should be embodied. Hence the creation of the kingdom and the knighthood, predestined by Heaven to guard the wondrous and sacred treasure of the holy Graal. And this, not to enter upon the wasted learning of the etymological antiquaries, was the cup, or dish, out of which our Lord had partaken of the Last Supper. In about the middle of the twelfth century, the romance of the Round Table spreading, in such slow ways as literature used then, from Britany southwards, met in France the romance of the San Graal, travelling in the same manner, from Spain and Provence northwards. The former represented the *temporal* knighthood, the latter the *spiritual*; the combination of the two was inevitable, and Peredur, of the steel arms, (as Aneurin celebrates him in his *Gododin*.) rendered into Perceval, to suit the *Langue d'oui* of the Trouvères of northern France, was the hero selected for the point of union. But in process of time, in part through the changeful growth of legend itself, and in part because of the cloud under which the Templars had fallen, a new story to bring the Graal into connexion with the knights of the Round Table was required; and Joseph of Arimathea was the means of solving the problem. After this, the Graal, to bring it into more close relation to Arthur, was made to signify the Table, at which the Last Supper had been held; and so the original meaning of the myth passed quite away; as it could not but pass, when the age was ripening for the great growth of mind, witnessed by the contemporaries of Columbus and Luther.

Caxton's prose *Morte d'Arthur*, which was compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, and printed in 1485, the work which Roger Ascham so severely reprobated, and with it, the ladies who preferred the perusal of it to the reading of the Bible;—this work does not represent the last era in the progress of the romance of the Graal; nor, indeed, does it consistently represent any stage of the Arturian legend, being made up of heterogeneous materials, of different ages, and from various countries, by which it could not but happen that the first purport of the Graal itself should be totally lost sight of, and that, when it is brought into the story, it should seem perfectly unnecessary to the progress of events. We will give, from Hardyng and other authorities, a most succinct account of this phasis of our subject, and therewith dismiss it.

Joseph, a knight of Arimathea, happening to be in the house where the Last Supper had been held, found the vessel out of which the Lord had eaten; and when he ob-

tained the sacred body from Pilate for burial, he received into this vessel the blood from the five wounds. The Jews, indignant at what he had done, moved Caiaphas to put him in prison, which accordingly was done; and it was resolved that he should be left to perish with hunger. But in the night his Lord appeared to him, and comforted him by the assurance of deliverance, and restored to him the sacred *Hanap*, or vessel, which he had lost, and which was to be his means of sustenance. After forty-two years, Titus, the Roman emperor, hearing of his captivity, besieged and took Jerusalem, and delivered him; for he was, to the astonishment of all, found alive, and thought he had been in the dungeon but two days. After baptizing Titus, and others, secretly, he set out for Britain; and passing through a town called Sarraz, he converted Enelach, its king, and gave him miraculous aid against the Egyptians. At length, after various adventures, he reached Britain, crossing the sea with his companions, on his *camisia*, without oars. It happened that Vespasian was at this very time in the island, as has before been related; and when peace was made with Rome through the good offices of Queen Genuissa, Vespasian told the king the story of Joseph's imprisonment and miraculous preservation, and bespoke for him the favour of the court. How he founded the church in the island of Avallon has been told. He now made the Round Table for the brethren of the Graal, which signalized its divinity by many great wonder-works. The history is rather broken, as we are compelled to gather it from various sources. It appears that Uthyr re-established the Round Table at Winchester, to comfort the fair Igera, after the death of her husband, Gorlois. But the Graal had meanwhile become the possession of *Le Roi Pêcheur*, at whose court, every day, when the hour of repast came, it appeared in the hands of a lady who bore it round the table, when every one of the guests received on his dish whatever he desired. Afterwards, for some reason, the keeping of the Table Round was intrusted by Uthyr at his death to Leodegrant, of Scotland; and when Arthur married Guenever, that king's daughter, it was restored to Britain, and set up under the direction of Merlin, who appointed one seat at it, called *Siege Perilous*, to be used solely by the knight who should achieve the San Graal. We can only say, that beside the hardy warriors whose names all know, many kings and princes, and, chiefest of all, Pharamond, king of the Franks, were members of this noble brotherhood of arms. Several of the adventurers in the quest of the Graal were privileged by the sight of it; and it healed Sir Bors and Sir Perceval, when they were sore wounded. But its restoration was achieved by Sir Galahad, a son of Sir Launcelot du Lac, by the fair dame Elaine; we do not see that any great advantage accrued to Arthur or his knights from the possession of it. The variations in the story are innumerable; and it is likely that we have combined fragments of different and incompatible narratives in this account; but this is an outline of the romance, and it will be sufficient here.

Passing by all further notice of the influence of these fictions, and of the more marvellous additions to them, we commend the Arturian romance as a study to those of our readers who are curious respecting a question which now has very momentous bearings, from its application to the histories of the Bible; for it displays, in one of the most

interesting and complete forms, *the growth of a myth*. By development, by accretion of facts and fancies; by poets, translators, and copyists; for political intrigue, for the gratification of the imaginative faculty, the story of the resistance of the Saxon rovers by a Cornish chieftain, became the most wonderful romance the world ever saw. It grew like a crystal, appropriating out of the crude elements floating round it all that by its own laws it could turn to its own purposes; and it is not astonishing that they who saw it in its first beauty should have been utterly unable to conceive how it had arisen, or that it ever had been less than it seemed to them. Such analysis was left to our critical age; and we have presented the results of it in this chapter.

But, indeed, the whole story of the Saxon Conquest of Britain is a study for those who wish to know how to discern between myths and history. And were the principles upon which the sacred narratives have been treated applied to the materials for the tale of these times, we do not see how it would be possible to credit that which we *know*, if we can be said to know any thing that has transpired in ages remote from our own, or, in fact, even what takes place under our own eyes. The co-existence of most contradictory accounts, and the large infusion of the marvellous, nay, of the miraculous, we have sufficiently been made aware of; there must be added to it an endless succession of abatements to credibility. Thus, the dates are involved in inextricable confusion; and *when* the first successful invaders, Hengst and Horsa, came, we cannot by any means tell;—geographical and topographical probability is outraged at every turn:—the records preserved by the alleged conquerors cannot be made to tally with the notices left us by the alleged sufferers in the war, which, be it well remembered, is spread over two hundred years,—a most suspicious, and, indeed, incredible circumstance. Then, we have Rowena's story, which has just the aspect of a myth invented to explain the origin of drinking healths; and as for Hengst and Horsa, their names were taken from their banner, *a white horse*, which is still borne in the land they are said to have come from, and which every pocket of hops bears stamped upon it; whilst it seems that none of the historians can tell us *why* these brothers came on their marauding expedition here; each has a different story, and not one is satisfactory. We pass over the difficulties which arise from the earlier part of the series of mythical events being involved with Roman affairs, respecting which we have credible accounts, and which we cannot bring into accordance with the records of insular affairs. The most trustworthy historians take no notice of events which are the keys (so to speak) to the proceedings of whole generations; the writings of the British bards are most questionable, for not only have many been proved to be spurious, but there is a wide interval, during which it is pretended that the *afflatus* which inspired Aneurin, Llywarch Hên, Taliesin, and Golyddan, never breathed exalted thoughts or glowing feelings into the heart of one of the Kymry; as for the unpoetical documents, the Triads were composed, in great part, almost a thousand years later; and there is only one contemporary writer, who says almost nothing of all that makes most show in the so-called history of his times; the others wrote (if, indeed, one can say that *any one* wrote Nennius, and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle) centuries afterwards. And, respecting the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle,

this is to be observed, that the entries are most meagre, and that they vary in different copies ; that they consist of one or two well-defined classes of subjects, and do not include some of the most prominent and glaring events ; whilst in order to eke out the long space of time which is assumed as having been occupied by the Conquest, the entries of battles are made at regular intervals of five, three, &c. years, according to the exigencies of the chronicle. The mere existence of such a body of romances as those whose centre is the name of Arthur, would alone stamp as unbelievable the story of the age out of which they grew ; and as a crowning proof of the falsehood of the assertion that any such invasions, and battles, and conquests took place, or that any such heroes, as we have named above, flourished, we give the following account of Britain, during this very time, from the writings of Procopius, a learned man of the Byzantine court ; who surely would never have been led into such a strange vagary, if the facts had been as our indigenious authors have asserted :—the confusions which it is impossible to unravel, the splitting of our island into two, and peopling the sundered part with folks from the vicinity of Denmark,—in fact, the whole extract, especially when it is read with its context, proves our point. He says :—

In the Northern Ocean, about two hundred stadia from the continent, and right opposite to the mouths of the Rhine, lies the island of Brittia, between Britannia and Thule, at the hindermost extremity of Gaul, where it borders on the ocean, and to the north of Spain. Three very numerous nations possess it, the Angili, the Phrissones, and the Brittones, each having a king of its own ; and they multiply to such a degree, that every year vast numbers emigrate to the Franks, who colonize the uninhabited parts of their country with them ; and, indeed, some of the Angili have been sent by the Frankish king, even to Constantinople. Moreover, here in ancient times a long wall, cutting off a great portion of it, was built, for the soil is not alike on the two sides, the eastern side being fertile, and the air temperate, and well watered ; but the western side is so different that no one could live there half an hour ; for it abounds in vipers, and serpents, and wild beasts, and the air is so unwholesome, that none of the natives venture to cross the wall, the very beasts which cross it being killed by the pestiferous atmosphere. They say also that the souls of men departed are always conducted to this island, and in this manner. On the coasts opposite to Brittia are many villages inhabited by men engaged in fishing and agriculture, and subject, but not tributary, to the Franks. They often pass to the island for the sake of merchandise ; and the conducting of souls thither devolves on them by turn. When it is any one's turn to undertake this occupation, he retires to rest at dark, and sleeps till he is summoned ; for the conductor of the souls shakes his door, and indistinct voices call him ; and he, as if constrained, rises and goes to the shore, where he finds strange vessels waiting to be rowed over ; and entering one, he sees it sink deeper into the water, even to the gunwale, with the weight of its passengers, but them he sees not. Then rowing, he reaches the island in an hour, although in their own vessels, with their oars, they can barely reach it in a day and a night ; and being arrived, he sees by the boat rising out of the water, even to the keel, that the freight is disembarked ; yet still he sees no one, but only hears a voice calling

over the names, and dignities, and hereditary titles, of those who have crossed, wives giving the names of their husbands ; and being thus released, he immediately returns. And this the men of that district affirm takes place.

Such are some of the difficulties which beset the narrative of the Saxon Conquest ; and yet we receive, and justify our reception of it, as a record of fact. How it comes to pass that difficulties, not a tittle of the magnitude or number of these, should be held to render the historical portions of the Bible incredible, we cannot understand. And, it must be well noted, that in the face of such criticism as has been employed against the Scriptures, no history in the world, not even that of the last war, could be established as authentic.

CHAPTER IX.

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH'S LAST LEGENDS.—INDEPENDENT PRINCIPALITIES OF THE KYMRY.—STRATH-CLYDE AND CUMBRIA.—CORNWALL.—THE STORY OF WALES TO THE DEATH OF OFFA OF MERCIA.

LEST our descent from the high air-fields of fiction, which we have trodden in the last chapter, should be too precipitous,—although we shall, unhappily, have many a legendary mist to pass through before we find ourselves surrounded by none but historical characters and events,—we will here glance at what remains unnoticed of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Britonum*, adopting the same plan of treatment that we have used for the preceding parts.

After recording the final expulsion of the Britons from Lloegria, and the flight of the conquered people to Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, the chroniclers, with a view to their next national incident, notice the mission of Augustine ; and in doing so, Geoffrey states, (as a proof that the Christian religion had never failed amongst his fellow countrymen since it was first planted here,) that Augustine found in their province seven bishoprics and an archbishopric, all filled with most devout prelates, and a great number of abbeys, which served to keep the flock in good order.

It would appear from Geoffrey's account that these were all that remained of the three archbishoprics, and twenty-eight bishoprics, which had been established by Lucius, when Christianity was first effectually planted here. And it is plain that these were in Wales alone, as the *Brut Tysilio* more clearly states. We have had, however, frequent occasion to remark that the chronicles, though they profess to give the history of the *Britons*, relate the traditions of no more than a section of them ; and we shall see that those of Cornwall and Cumbria have for the most part

perished. The Welsh chronicle inserts an amusing story. Augustine, says he, made more laughers than converts by his preaching; but he went on, and, followed by a great multitude, reached at length the mountain of the saints, in his evangelical tour. Here he was greatly distressed by want of water, not for baptisms, however, but, as we suppose, he found that if laughing is dry work, being laughed at makes one arid. However, an angel appeared to him, consoled him, and bade him not be discouraged, for he should be supplied with all he wanted; a fountain at once burst forth, to the monk's great joy, who called the place *Cernel* ("a Greek word," the erudite chronicler assures us, "signifying *mystery*"); and so refreshed, he proceeded to Kent, where he converted the king and all his army. Thence he went to *Riw*, and there from laughing the people proceeded to practical jokes, for as he preached they fastened a cow's tail to his canonical dress, whereat Austin, reasonably enough enraged, prayed that every one thereafter born in that town should be born with a tail! "And," adds the *Book of Basingwerke*, right piously, "it was so!" They who are familiar with the pasquinades of the Reformation will remember that the story of the Kentish men being tailed at their birth was revived by the discomfited Papists, to cheer themselves under their defeat. At London the emissary of Pope Gregory "learned that there was an archiepiscopal church at Caerleon, which has seven bishops subject to it, with monasteries and convents, where God and the saints were worshipped." Thus writes Walter Mapes, Geoffrey's "familiar."

At Bangor (Iscoed) was then a noble church, in which it was said, that without the priors and servants, there were not less than two thousand one hundred monks, who all lived by the labour of their own hands. Its abbot was Dunawd, son of Pabo Post Prydain, who was the most learned man of his age. Him Austin enjoined to come and aid him in his work; but Dunawd (who is also called Dinooth) answered him by various arguments and authorities of Scripture, that he owed no subjection save to the archbishop of Caerleon, and that he would not preach to the people who had so perfidiously destroyed their fathers, and disinherited themselves. Ethelbert of Kent thereupon incited Ethelfrid of Northumbria, and other Saxon chiefs, to punish the disobedient Briton; and they, having assembled a vast army, advanced as far as Leageceaster, or Chester. Brochwael Ysgythrog, or Brocmail, or, yet again, Scromail, prince of Powys, or, according to the classical Geoffrey, consul of Chester, at the head of the Britons, opposed them. It happened also that there had come many British monks from various monasteries, to support the arms of the warriors with their prayers; and the most of them were from Bangor. Brochwael resisted the attack of the Saxons with stout courage, but in vain, for his army was too small; he therefore retreated to Bangor, and summoned all the Kymry to his standard. When the Pagan host entered the city, they found the religious men, and understanding wherefore they had assembled there, Ethelfrid commanded his soldiers to slay them first; and so two hundred of them were honoured with the crown of martyrdom, and entered the kingdom of heaven that same day. The *Basingwerke book* represents these martyrs as an embassy from Dunawd to the invaders, entreating him to spare their monastery; and

adds, that, unmoved by the sacredness of the place and men, when he reached Bangor, he put twelve hundred more to death. All the tales proceed to tell that Brochwael was joined by Bledrig, prince of Cornwall, Meredydd, king of South Wales, and Cadvan, king of North Wales, and that, in a battle which speedily ensued, Bledrig fell, but Ethelfrid, sorely wounded, was glad to escape with his bare life, ten thousand and sixty-six of his men being slain.

The death of Caredig has never been mentioned; he was lost sight of in the flight into Wales, and could not be introduced into the story we have just told. But as some royal appointment seemed to be called for by the troubles that had just been overcome, at a convocation of princes at Chester, Cadvan ab Iago was made king, and under his command the Northumbrian invaders were driven beyond the Humber; and a treaty was made in the customary form, when both parties had exhausted their strength, and so the victors could afford to be generous; by which Cadvan was to hold Britain south of the Humber, and Ethelfrid all to the north of it. And now the story of king Edwin of Northumbria is introduced, of which some part, at least, is historical.

Ethelfrid had banished his wife and married another; and the exile, knowing the influence of Cadvan with her faithless husband, for they had all things in common, took refuge at his court, and there gave birth to Edwin. Soon afterwards a son was born to Cadvan, who was named Cadwallawn, or Cadwalla; and the two boys were educated together, their training in martial accomplishments being completed at the court of Salomon, king of Bretagne. When Cadvan and Ethelfrid were dead these two youths succeeded them in their respective kingdoms, the chroniclers seeing no difficulties arising from the exile of Edwin's mother, and his own alien bringing up, and regarding Cadvan as lord paramount of Northumbria. In process of time, Edwin desired to be permitted to have a crown, that he might appear as a king should in his own domains, and in high solemnities; and a meeting of the counsellors of the British king was held near the river Duglas, to determine respecting the petition. When there, whilst the aged men were deliberating, Cadwallawn fell asleep with his head on the knees of his nephew, Braint ab Nevyn; and as the king slept, his nephew burst into tears, which flowed so fast that they fell on Cadwallawn's face and awaked him. Alarmed at what he saw, he anxiously demanded of Braint why he wept; and was told that it was to think that a British king should be a party to giving an independent royalty in the island to one of the perfidious race of Saxons, who had deprived him of so much of his lawful inheritance. Cadwallawn immediately resolved to refuse, and sent word to Edwin that there could be but one crown in Britain, that worn by himself in London; and that if Edwin assumed one, he would cut off his head. This, of course, provoked a war, and after several minor engagements, Cadwallawn was routed in a great battle, and fled through Albania to Ireland, while Edwin ravaged his territory. The defeated monarch as speedily as possible renewed his efforts against Edwin, but was never able even to land in Britain, for Edwin had with him a most skilful magician from Spain, named Pelidys, who, by astrology and other means, fore-

warned the king of Cadwallawn's movements, so that he met him at every point he attempted, and beat him back. Cadwallawn, in great distress, betook himself to Salomon of Bretagne, suffering much from a storm during his voyage, which drove his own ship on the island called Garnereia, and dispersed the rest. Whilst there he longed greatly for venison, having eaten nothing for three days and three nights, and being in consequence very sick. The faithful Braint resolved to gratify his uncle's desire, and after scouring the whole island in vain, not finding game of any kind, he cut a piece out of his own thigh, cooked it on a spit, and presented it to Cadwallawn as venison. The king enjoyed the strange dainty, recovered his health and his appetite; but he does not appear to have learned the real nature of the dish, and so did not become a cannibal, as king Richard is represented as being, after having feasted on a nice, tender young Saracen. At length they reached Bretagne, and Salomon received the unhappy Briton very kindly, promising him all needful assistance against the usurping pagans, in a long speech, which Geoffrey duly reports. Cadwallawn could not but make a speech in reply, and Geoffrey could not but report that too; and by way of practical exemplification of the fine Christianity they had talked, Braint was sent in disguise to Britain, to assassinate the dreaded magician by one means or another. He accordingly dressed like a vagabond, having a staff with a sharp blade at one end, reached Britain, and went to York, where Edwin kept his court, and joined the beggars who waited for alms at the palace gate. Whilst there he recognised his sister, who had been taken captive at Worcester, and was employed as a menial by Edwin's queen; and after a little scene between them, she pointed out the sorcerer, who was coming to distribute the royal bounty. Braint mixed with the crowd, thrust the sharp blade through the breast of the hapless Pelidys, and having laid him dead without any one perceiving who struck the blow, escaped to Exeter. He had hoped to carry off his sister, but Edwin shut the gates, on the murder being done, and none could get forth. Braint, assembling the Britons at Exeter, told them who he was, and what he had done, and sent a messenger to Cadwallawn with the news, inviting him to return to the island without delay. The news spread amongst the Saxons too; and Penda, king of the Mercians, with a great host, sat down before Exeter, and besieged the magicide. Cadwallawn lost no time in coming to his help; Penda was taken, his army routed, the Mercians constrained to neutrality, the British nobles summoned, Northumbria invaded, and finally, Edwin, with his son Osfrid, and the king of the Orkneys, who had joined them, defeated and slain at Heathfield.

So Cadwallawn was restored; and he revenged on the unhappy Saxons all his wrongs, committing such outrages on them, says Geoffrey, that he spared neither sex nor age, nor even, adds the *Brut Tysilio*, the unborn; for he was bent upon exterminating the race. In other battles, Osric, Edwin's successor, with his two nephews, and Aidan, king of the Scots, were killed. Oswald, who next filled the Northumbrian throne, fared no better; for Cadwallawn drove him to the wall of Severus; and being hemmed in by Penda of Mercia, at a place called Hevenfield, by setting up the cross and invoking the name of God, he by his faith gained a victory over Penda;

yet when Cadwallawn in wrath pursued him, he was conquered at a place called Burne, or Bourney, and there Penda slew him. Geoffrey handles this matter tenderly, and designates Oswald "holy;" we shall see afterwards, from Bede, why the archdeacon should be so affected by the woes of the Saxon; and it is worthy of note, for in no other place have his patriotism and his churchism come into collision.

Upon Oswald's death, his brother, Oswy Whitebrow, was made king, who, sending a large sum of money to Cadwallawn, did fealty to him as sovereign of Britain. And very soon, Oswy's nephews rebelling against him, fled to Penda, who would have aided them against their uncle, had he not feared to break the peace which Cadwallawn had settled. Thus Geoffrey; but the *Brut Breninoedd* represents Oswy as bringing the rebels to terms, and proposing to Penda to make war upon Cadwallawn. Both proceed to state, that at a court held in London on the following Whitsuntide, by Cadwallawn, the absence of Oswy was noticed, and explained by Penda to be indicative of treasonable intents. Penda also asked, and obtained, permission to make war upon Oswy, who, driven to extremity, tried in vain to buy off his relentless enemy, and then in a very unequal engagement, on the river Wynnod, gained a decisive victory, slaying Penda and thirty other chiefs. To Penda, by Cadwallawn's consent, Wulfere succeeded, who continued the war against Oswy, till at last Cadwallawn agreed to a peace. And as for the British sovereign, after a glorious reign of forty-eight or forty-two years, he expired; and the Britons embalmed his body, and placed it with wonderful art in an image of bronze, which was placed on a horse of bronze, and set up over the western gate of London, as a monument of his victories, and a terror to the Saxons. Under it was also built a church, dedicated to St. Martin, where mass was duly said for him, and others who departed in the faith.

Cadwallawn was succeeded by his son Cadwaladr, surnamed the Blessed, who reigned in peace for twelve years, and then disturbances and civil wars arose amongst the Britons; and at this very time broke out a terrible pestilence, for during the civil strife there had been a grievous famine; so that all who could flee the country did so, and Cadwaladr himself, with a miserable remnant, fled to Bretagne, where he was kindly welcomed. And now, none of the Britons being left, except a few poor remains in the woods of Wales, for the pestilence raged for eleven years, the Saxons took complete possession of the island, and multitudes from the continent came, who seized upon all the deserted tracts, from Albania to Cornwall. Cadwaladr, hearing of this, requested of Alan of Bretagne assistance to expel the Saxons; but as the force was preparing, an angel commanded the British king to desist from the enterprise, and to go to Rome to Pope Sergius, where, after penance, he should be numbered amongst the saints. The angel told him, moreover, that by his merits, the Britons should at the appointed time regain the sovereignty of Britain; but not before the bones of Cadwaladr himself should be brought from Rome, and displayed with the relics of other saints, which had been concealed on the invasion of the pagans.

Cadwaladr, hearing these things, went straight to Alan, and reported all to him; and he examining various books, such as the prophecies of the eagle at Shaftesbury,

those of Myrddin, and the poems of the Sibyl, to know whether what the angel said was true ; and finding nothing contradictory to it, admonished him to obey the heavenly voice, but at the same time advised him to send Ivor his son, or son to Alan himself, and Ynyr, or Ine, nephew to one or other of these kings, to govern the remainder of the Kymry, and preserve them in their independence. Cadwaladr then, renouncing all worldly cares, went to Rome, as he had been commanded ; and after a religious life spent there for five years, and being confirmed by Pope Sergius, was, on the twelfth of the calends of May, in the six hundred and eighty-ninth year of our Lord's Incarnation, admitted to the glories of the heavenly kingdom. Other chroniclers place the death of this last king of Britain in 688, 687, and 683, A. D., and some (not understanding the calendar) make him die on the twelfth of May. But of this event we must say more anon. As soon as Ivor and Ynyr had completed their preparations they sailed for the island ; and there for forty-nine years, according to Geoffrey, but for eight and twenty only, according to the more reasonable Tysilio, they waged an unsuccessful war against the Saxons ; and the Britons, being thus overrun with barbarism, no longer retained their ancient name, but were called Guallenses, Welsh, either from Gualo, their leader, or Guales, their queen, or from their barbarism. But the Saxons, more prudently keeping themselves united, and cultivating the ground, and building towns and castles, freed themselves from the dominion of the Britons, and bore sway in all Lloegria, under Athelstan, who first wore a crown amongst them. Whilst the Welsh, who had grievously degenerated from the ancient nobility of the Britons, never recovered the monarchy, but by wars amongst themselves, and against the Saxons, made their country a scene of perpetual misery and slaughter.

And so ends the story of Geoffrey, who leaves the rest of the fortunes of the Britons to be told by Caradawg of Llangarvan, (or Caradoc of Lancarvan,) and that of the Saxons by William of Malmesbury and Henry of Huntingdon, whom he counsels not to say any thing of the kings of the Britons, since they have not that book, written in the British tongue, which Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, brought out of Brittany, and which, being a true history, written in honour of those princes, he has thus taken care to translate. In a Welsh copy is found a sentence asserting that this Walter translated the book from Welsh into Latin, and in his old age re-translated it from the Latin into Welsh again. Thus our good Geoffrey vanishes from the scene, together with Walter Mapes, his Anacreontic familiar ;—but we must recall them when we reach their proper age, and add a few words respecting the character and materials of their prodigious "history." If we have had from them little more than legends, we may yet be thankful, for if they could not instruct, they did amuse ; and their flickering lights were so plainly meteors from the marshy flat of their monastic fancy, that we could not turn aside from the broken and doubtful path, which yet was a *path*, along which we painfully sought our way, to follow them. We could, however, better have spared some drier, and not more credible chroniclers, than our undaunted Geoffrey ; but perhaps Caradawg of Llangarvan may form a worthy substitute, if amidst the different Chroniclers of the Princes, so various in their characters, we can ascertain which is his

veritable *Brut y Tywysogion*. A few words, therefore, of merely cold criticism, on these friendly fabulists; and then we will gather together whatever fragments of fact we can discover, by which the *internal* history of the Kymry may be continued from the Roman period; and afterwards, by all available helps, proceed with the story of Wales.

It has been much disputed whether Geoffrey translated ancient British or Armorican traditions, in composing his work, or derived the materials of it from his own fancy. We are hardly in a position to decide this question satisfactorily, genuine relics of the ages before him being very rare. But the coincidence of his stories with those which have reached us by other channels, relieves him from the full burden of the authorship of these extravagant fabrications; and many things indicate continental Britain as the native soil of the chief portion of the legends which make up his "History." Much also must be attributed to his monastic education, which undoubtedly supplied him with the greater part of what wears the aspect of classical learning. Many narratives he drew from sources which may be pronounced good; and it is this mixture of fragments of accredited facts that has justified the reception of his whole work, with some not over-critical historians, as a record of actual events. But if we would understand the kind of original talent which he has displayed, we must place, side by side, Geoffrey's version with one which is capable of authentication; as for example, his story of Edwin of Northumbria and his immediate successors, with that given us by Bede. It can be seen at a glance, by what a process of mangling and perversion, and perfect effrontery of invention, he has composed his tale. When once we have found such a clue to our author's faculty, it is easy to see whence he derived the account of Constantine the Blessed, and his son Constans, who had been a monk; the Constantine who was made emperor by the army in Britain, when it had revolted against Honorius, in 407, A. D., having a son Constans, who was a monk, and was made Cæsar by his father, and who, with him, was put to death in 411, A. D.

This is, however, but a trifling distortion compared with the tale of Cadwaladr's death. Geoffrey's account seems to have been widely received amongst the later Welsh writers, and that without question; but it is a matter of marvel that such a historian as Sharon Turner should have adopted it. Nennius says, that whilst Osguid [Oswy] reigned happened a great mortality, and that Catgualart [Cadwaladr] then reigned over the Britons, having succeeded his father, and in it *he* perished. There is no ambiguity respecting which of the two kings Nennius intended by "he," for, a sentence or two afterwards, Oswy is spoken of as opposed to another king of Venedotia, [Gwynedd,] whom he calls Catgabail. The *Annales Cambrie* insert at 682, A. D., the following notice:—There was a great mortality in Britain, of which Catgualart, son of Catguolaum, [Cadwallawn,] died. But we must state, that two other MSS. represent Cadwaladr as taking refuge in Brittany from it, and not dying of it, as Geoffrey does. This, however, is not all; if the pestilence happened in Oswy's reign, it must have been in 664, A. D., whilst Bede assigns the beginning of the long pestilence to the year 678, A. D., making no mention of Cadwaladr's death. In whatever year, this is certain, that so

the last of the kings was by some, and those not the latest authorities, supposed to have died. The Triads intimate a very different kind of death. One of the three fatal palmstrokes of the isle of Britain was that which Golyddan the bard gave Cadwaladr the Blessed; neither of the others was *mortal*, though both were "fatal" enough; that inflicted by Matholwch the Irishman on Bronwen, the daughter of Llyr, broke her heart, it is said, and occasioned a war; and the second caused the battle of Camlan. We cannot, therefore, conclude positively that Cadwaladr died under the harper's blow, although we learn from another Triad that Golyddan was killed by the stroke of a battle-axe for his audacity, yet it is just probable that the writer of that Triad thought so. This is sufficient to show, that Cadwaladr's pilgrimage to Rome, and death there, was not the only account of his end amongst the Kymry; and that it was a fiction of Geoffrey's, or of the authority he followed, appears certain, from the resemblance of *Cadwaladr* to *Ceadwalla*,* king of Wessex, who did actually abdicate, and go to Rome; and who died there, according to Bede, on the 20th of April, in the year 689, A. D.—the very time assigned by Geoffrey to the death of Cadwaladr.

If further proof that the story originated so is required, we may find it in a more astounding fiction, which one at least of the chronicles of the princes ascribed to Caradawg of Llangarvan, contains at its very outset; and if we narrate it here, we may safely hold ourselves excused from taking any further notice of it. This is the tale. Ivor, who, whether the son of Cadwaladr or of Alan, had been sent to Britain with Ynyr, to protect and be head over the remnant of the Kymry, contended against Kentwyn, king of Wessex, by no means unsuccessfully, as Geoffrey declared; on the contrary, he recovered from him the whole of Cornwall and the adjacent parts, or the regions denominated by the Saxons West Wales, and Welsh Kind, and there Kentwyn proposed to treat with him, ceding to him his conquests, and giving him Ethelburga, his cousin, in marriage. During the reign of Kentwyn, and of his nephew Cadwal, [Ceadwalla, who died at Rome, we presume,] he maintained himself in his Cornish kingdom; but at the end of two years Cadwal resigned his kingdom [Wessex] to Ivor, who thus ruled over both Britons and Saxons. During his sovereignty, he built the famous abbey of Glastonbury; and at length, imitating the example of Cadwaladr, resigned his Saxon dominions to his cousin Ethelred, and the British crown to Roderic Molwynoc, [Rhodri Maelwynawg,] and went as a pilgrim to Rome, where he died. This surpasses

"All that lying Greece e'er dared in story."

And one of the entries in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle will be sufficient to explain the whole matter.

* Roger of Wendover, who lived in the reign of Henry III., and whose "Flowers of History" has been most frequently ascribed to Matthew Paris, in his work uses very liberally Geoffrey of Monmouth, as well as Bede, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and other more credible writers; and is not a little perplexed at this similarity of name in a British and a West Saxon king, especially as his authorities attributed to each a pilgrimage to Rome, and a death there on the very same day; wherefore, he concludes that they were one, and that the Saxons called him in their boasting, the son of Kinebert, and the Britons in theirs, the son of Cadwallo. This is better than some other historians of more mark than Roger have done.

“A. 688. This year *Ina* succeeded to the kingdom of the West Saxons, and held it thirty-seven years; and he built the minster at Glastonbury; and afterwards went to Rome, and there dwelt to the end of his days.”

At the year 728, his journey to Rome is named, and Ethelred, “his kinsman,” as his successor. William of Malmesbury’s tale of his abdication is worth reading, both as an example of this regal mania, (for no fewer than seven Anglo-Saxon kings did thus,) and as the full account of what has been twisted into the history of a British prince. All the other chroniclers give this incident more or less attention in their writings.

We cannot pause to point out the absurd pretences put forward in this fable on behalf of a British prince, to power over the Saxons, although it reminds us so strongly of similar pretences in Geoffrey. What has been already related of the genuine history will be sufficient to make them disbelieved; and the brief account we can give of what actually transpired during the period, over which these romancings extend, will be more than an answer to them. We must, however, delay for a little over a list of British kings, which is contained in the poem entitled *Kyvoesi Myrddin a Gwenddydd*, which is a conversation between Myrddin and his sister; and, although once ascribed to the great “Enchanter” of the Arturian epopee, is really but little, if at all, earlier in date than Geoffrey’s History. A specimen will suffice.

GWENDDYDD.

“I will ask my famous twin-brother,
Fierce in battle;
After Rhydderch, who will be?”

MYRDDIN.

“As Gwenddoleu was slain in the battle of Arderydd,
And I have come from among furze,—
Morgan the Great, the son of Sadurnin.”

• • • • •

GWENDDYDD.

“Thy head is of the colour of hoary winter:
May God relieve thy necessities!—
Who will rule after Urien?”

MYRDDIN.

“Heaven has pressed heavily upon me,
And I am ill at last;—
Maelgwn Hir will rule over Gwynedd.”

Mr. Stephens, in his “Literature of the Kymry,” observes, very truly, “this is a pleasant enough plan of teaching history,” and the wonder is that it should ever have been supposed to be any thing else. But to our point: after Arthur, and before

Cadvan, Geoffrey has recorded the names of Constantine, Aurelius Conan or Kynan Wledig, Gwrthevyr or Vortipore, Malgo or Maelgwn Gwynedd, and Caredig or Careticus. The *Kyvoesi* furnishes the following series before Cadvan ab Iago,—Rhydderch Hael, Morgan ab Sadurnin, Urien Rheged, Maelgwn Hir, Rhun ab Maelgwn, Beli ab Rhun, and Iago ab Beli. These names are either historical, or else mentioned in those repositories of national traditions, the Triads, and so we can discover, if it be of any moment to have discovered it by these means, how it has happened that the supremacy of Britain has been ascribed to the chieftains of both lists. We may also observe, that amongst those of the *Kyvoesi*, two are the names of princes of Strath-Clyde and of Cumbria; that Maelgwn appears in both lists, and that Caredig, in Geoffrey's, is wholly unknown to all Kymric history and legend. The possibility of another series of sovereigns would be enough to lessen the value of our brave romancist's work; the actual existence of one brings it down to exactly its proper place, even as a fictitious narrative. And there are other lists of kings yet, of equal antiquity with these, and quite as unhistorical.

When we spoke of the government of this island by the Romans, we observed that it was part of their policy to leave to the native chiefs a seeming power, but restricted to local affairs;—thus we find one Cogidunus mentioned by Tacitus as intrusted with the government of several cities, or tribes, he having, the historian says, proved his fidelity to Rome, and it being the established custom of the Roman people to make subject kings the instruments of their people's servitude. An inscription found at Chichester (if the proposed restoration be correct) shows how skilfully this object was sought: it records the dedication of a temple to Neptune and Minerva, by the authority of Tiberius Claudius [Co]gidubnus, *Legatus Augustalis*; which, it is supposed by the best antiquaries, was the Roman name and title of the same British chief. In the same chapter, speaking of the decline of the Roman power, we remarked that there was evidence existing, that, not only the ancient form of government had never been lost, in the regions inaccessible to the legionary soldiers; but that just as the forms imposed by the victors were disused, by the withdrawal of the army, so that same patriarchal sway of the chiefs of clans was revived. Owain, the son of Maxen Wledig, appears to have been such a ruler; Cynedda Wledig, and Einion Urdd, in the same region, Strath-Clyde, were others. And during the whole period of the Saxon invasions, and indeed quite to the time of Rhodri Mawr, we find casual mention of innumerable chiefs, lords, or kings, of independent or vassal districts, in every part of Britain which the Kymry yet occupied. This must be borne in mind, for we are as prone as the monkish chroniclers to suppose that *monarchy* is the natural form of government for a people; and to forget, that in a low state of civilization, and especially in such a state produced by foreign invasion, the *natural* form of government (to adopt a very improper term) is that which must follow the breaking up of the people into its integral parts or families; or which must testify to the absence of any such inward bond as that which unites these integral parts into one whole, a state;—which form is that we find prevailing, at the time we speak of, amongst the Britons. Gradually, but not

with even step, one and another of these clans, or their chiefs, acquired sufficient power to compel their less considerable neighbours to band with them ; and in process of time, but only after many years, would any such territorial division of the country, as that which the Welsh historians of former days have presumed to exist from the departure of the Romans, amongst the Kymry in Wales be made. And we can quote a Triad in support of this view, which ascribes to Rhodri Mawr, who lived in the tenth century, the division of Cambria into the three kingdoms of Gwynedd, Powys, and Deheubarth ; the supremacy being the right of the eldest of the three princes.

In Wales alone, at the final conquest of Lloegria by the Saxons, it has been reckoned that there were six independent princedoms ; but there must have been double that number, if the national records are to be used as authorities for any facts at all. Britain, north of the Humber, was, a century earlier, divided into many petty kingdoms, as we have seen ; and in the same way was Cornwall, which the Britons named *Cerniu*, and the Saxons, West Wales, subdivided. And it is not improbable that each of these minor kings owned some one, who happened to be able to assert his claims, as lord paramount ; the organization (if so it may be called) being most evidently military, and reminding us of the state of France in the feudal times, or, more exactly, of the government which still prevails amongst the Afghans, which is identical in principle with feudalism, only much more rude. Such a state would be the necessary consequence of the ingrafting of Roman notions upon the habits of the Kymry, or rather of the Celts, who have always affected organization by *clans*. This being the case, we can see how Arthur in Cornwall, Urien in Cumberland, and Cynddylan and others in Wales, have become so eminent, as they appear in the bardic poems and Triads, and in the monkish chronicles. And whilst we accept these intimations of the existence of such kings as supreme chieftains in war, we can dismiss without unbecoming scepticism the fancy of a continuous monarchy, whether hereditary or elective, amongst the Britons, and thus deal with our subject unembarrassed by those middle-age theories, which have so greatly darkened and perplexed it.

Before we confine our attention to Wales exclusively, it will be but just to sketch, with great brevity, the history of those other British kingdoms, which, under the names of Strath-Clyde and Cumbria, and Cornwall, we meet with in English and Scottish story. We shall be but little detained by so doing, for the annals of these kingdoms have perished, and it is only the most salient points of their foreign relations that have caught any gleam of historic light.

Strath-Clyde is an Anglicized form of *Y-Strat-Cluyd*, "the valley of the Clyde," and was not the name of the British kingdom there at first, but arose in later times, when the different domains which composed it had fallen into the hands of one sovereign. Cumbria was anciently *Rheged*, and seems to be a Latinization of *Kymry-land*, whence our *Cumberland*. They appear to have been most frequently under one head, and rarely were independent of each other. Amongst the early kings of this region we read of Rhydderch Hael, the generous, whose palace was spoiled by Aeddan the treacherous ; Cynvarch Oer, whose famous son Urien Rheged was celebrated by Lly-

warch Hên, himself a prince of Cumbria; Pabo Post Prydain, and his warrior son Dunawd, the pillar of battle, and afterwards the founder of the great monastery at Bangor Iscoed, and its first abbot; Gwenddoleu ab Ceidio, that "bull of battle," whose faithful tribe the Triads commemorate, and whose two man-eating birds, Gall, the son of Disgyveddawg, a prince of Deivyr, by a praise-worthy slaughter destroyed, whose wonderful automaton chess-board and men all have heard of, and whose bard was Merlin himself; Nudd the generous; Mordav the munificent; Gwrgi and Peredur, whose faithless tribe deserted them at the battle of Caer Grau, and the latter of whom, as "Prince of Sunshine," and hero of the San Graal, has acquired imperishable renown; Morgant, who procured Urien Rheged's death; Gwriad, the "plebeian prince," whose exploits and virtues won him a sovereignty, and who fell at Cattraeth; Llyr Lluyddawg, the chief of the horsemen; Mynyddawg Eiddin, the leader of the splendid retinue, celebrated in the *Gododin*, by Aneurin, who also was a prince;—of these, and of others like them, we read in the Triads and bards, but beyond their names, and some of their actions and qualities, we know nothing of them. The wild heroism of these warriors could not stand before the might of the "bearer of flame," whose army was replenished evermore from the teeming fatherland of the Saxon race; therefore to the lakes, and fells, and wild country, around Helvellyn and Skiddaw, and stretching from Alcluyd (*Dunbarton*, quasi *dun-breton*, the fortress of the Britons) to our present Lancashire, behind the midland ridge, they retreated; and for a time maintained the reputation of British valour, so much so, that "merry Carlisle" is the scene of many a legend of king Arthur's court, and of other traditions of the ages of freedom.

But the Britons in this quarter were not suffered to rest, any more than their brethren of Wales, and the history of this country records many immigrations of the dispossessed Cumbrians into this less exposed and wider land. Some of the most eminent Cambro-British saints were exiles from North Britain. Carlisle was wrested from them at an early period, and given to the bishop of Lindisfarne; Alcluyd was taken more than once, and was at last destroyed, by Olaf and Hingwar, in 870, A. D. Halfdene, at the head of his host, in Alfred's reign, ravaged both kingdoms with pitiless rage; and in Cumbria many Danes appear to have settled permanently. We find both crowns subject to Edward the Elder, the men of Strath-Clyde "choosing" him for lord. But they were a race that could not lightly wear such a yoke; accordingly, amongst the conquered kings at Brunnaburgh, we find the king of Cumbria, as well as Constantine of Scotland, and other Welsh princes. And it was this turbulence, and coalition with England's direst foes, that induced Edmund, "the magnificent king," to march against them. They appear to have transferred their allegiance to the Scottish sovereign, and to have been ruled by one of Scottish descent then; and sorely they rued their hostility to the English monarch. "Great prey took Edmund in Cumbreland," says Geoffrey Gaimar; and he seems to have nearly depopulated the country. Donald, or Dumh-nail, was driven out, and his sons blinded; the decisive victory happening at a spot, still marked by a cairn, called *Dumnail Raise*, between Westmoreland and Cumberland. Malcolm, a Scottish prince, received the joint-crown as Edmund's vassal, on

condition of being "faithful to his lord on land and sea." This happened about 945, A. D. The same Malcolm, or his son, took part in Edgar's splendid festival at Chester, in 973, A. D., and helped to row his royal master's barge on the Dee. In the next year, the *Brut y Tywysogion* mentions, that Dyynwallawn, king of Strath-Clyde, abdicated, and retired to Rome. Twenty-five years afterwards, Ethelred ravaged the whole country, in his war of extermination against the Danes. And beyond this we only know that the tributary sovereign was always summoned to the Witan of the Saxon kings; and that when their power was shattered at Hastings, Strath-Clyde became a part of the Scottish territory, the monarchs of which, in the twelfth century, reckoned the *Wallenses*, or Welsh, amongst their subjects, the earldom of Cumberland being long claimed by them; and that, lastly, the Kymry had become so blended with the general population, in the fourteenth century, that Edward I., during his period of power in Scotland, abolished their laws and usages, and brought them under the common jurisdiction of the English crown. The language lingered a little longer; and some traditions of the old times still exist; while in Lancashire we yet meet with a *vulgar* provincialism, which seems to be one of the last remnants of the kingdom of Rheged,—instead of surnames, the names of the progenitors are used, as with the Welsh, as, John, son of Thomas, son of Richard, son of Edward, &c., the pedigree being traced back for many generations in some cases.

The story of Cornwall is more brief. Here, as in North Britain, we find at first the names of petty kings, some of pre-eminent renown;—Cystennyn Gorneu, the Blessed; Erbyn, his son; Arthur, of whom sufficient has been said; Caradawg Vreichvras, the battle-knight of Britain, and pillar of Wales, a hero of the fight at Cattraeth, who, when the cause of the Kymry could no longer be maintained in his own land, went to Bretagne, and there devoted himself to it, whose fame as the Sir Cradock of the romances is not least amongst the knights of the Round Table, who had, what no other could boast, a wife whom not even slander dared attack, and whose battle-steed, Lluagor, "the divider of the host," has shared the glory of his master; Geraint ab Erbin, the compeer of Sir Cradock in fabulous fame; Cystennyn Goronawg, who was said to have succeeded Arthur, and was so fiercely rebuked by Gildas; Bled; and others. After the establishment of the kingdom of the West Saxons, the Britons of this region experienced their full share of the miseries of war; but they were much sooner subjugated. It is very probable, that the Armorican Kymry sent aid to these, the nearest of their oppressed brothers; and out of such a fact, the legend of Ivor may have arisen. But how different the issue of such help was from the representation of the chronicle this will tell: in 682, A. D., Kentwine, of Wessex, on some provocation, drove the Britons quite to the extremity of the promontory; though we must not suppose that he depopulated the country. Thirty years afterwards, Geraint, the third of that name in the history of West Wales, ruled in Devonshire and the neighbouring parts. He was a king of sufficient note for Adhelm of Sherborne to dedicate to him a work, which he had composed on the erroneous and heretical computation of Easter, of which we shall hear in the next chapter; and in 710, A. D., Ina of Wessex, with

his kinsman Nun, totally defeated him in battle. In 722, A. D., however, Rhodri Maelwynawg crossed the Severn, in aid of the Cornish Britons, and at Heilin inflicted a severe chastisement on Ethelheard, Ina's successor, who had invaded their country. After a long interval, in 813, A. D., we are told that Egbert of Wessex ravaged West Wales through its entire length; and ten years afterwards, that the men of Devonshire (Saxons, of course) defeated the Britons at Gafulford. In their desperation, when the Danes appeared on the coast, in 835, A. D., they joined with them in an attack on Egbert's kingdom; but Egbert's star prevailed, and at Hengestdown he routed both Britons and Danes most disastrously. Many notices of small matters indicate that the Saxon power was firmly fixed in Cornwall; yet they retained their own kings for awhile longer; thus we find in Caradawg of Llangarvan's Chronicle (as it is called) incidental mention of one Dwrngarth, who was drowned in 875, A. D. This shadow of sovereignty lasted but fifty years after the last date; for in 926, A. D., or the following year, Athelstan reduced Cerniw completely, expelling the Britons from their portion of the city of Caer Wysg, or Exeter, and fortifying it so as to render it inexpugnable by them, and penning up Hywel, and all who would not submit to be ruled by Saxon laws, behind the Tamar, having first (beyond a question) taken hostages of this last king of West Wales for his peaceable conduct. Further than this, we only know, that in Henry VIII.'s reign, the *Kymraeg* was still the language of Cornwall, and that since the beginning of the sixteenth century it has completely died out. The old traditions still live, but there are none to feel their patriotism warmed by them; and it is by guide-books for tourists, and histories alone, that they are perpetuated.

We now turn to Wales, and here begins its especial history. The first clear view of it we obtain, after the departure of the Romans, exhibits it as occupied by a scattered population, divided into many tribes, each having its own chief, or king: thus we have seen Brychan Brycheiniawg established as prince in what is now Brecknockshire; Gwortiynern, of wider fame, was originally lord only of Erging and Euas; and Pasgen, his son, became king of Builth and Gworthehirnaim. During the period of the Saxon Conquest the same state of things prevailed; but we hear more of the principalities, which afterwards occupied the whole of Cambria, the names of which are most probably of a later age. It is impossible to trace the course of any one of them with accuracy, the dates of the events and characters which are mentioned being barely ascertainable; we therefore give the most remarkable of them, almost miscellaneously, assuring our readers, that so presented they afford not at all an inapt picture of the times they belong to, and by no means vouching for the authenticity of every particular.

Near the close of the fourth century Nennius places the arrival of Cunedag, or Cunedda, with his sons from Manaw Gododin, who drove the descendants of Liethan out of South Wales, and the Scots out of the northern parts, and thus acquired all the country for themselves. The next notice we might believe to be the record of the fact on which the former tradition was built; Caswallwn-law-hir, whom we have mentioned before, the son of Einion Urdd, whose father was Cunedda, of North Britain,

having cleared North Wales of the Scots, fixed his residence in Anglesey, where his name is yet commemorated. He was the head of one of the three "banded tribes," so called because in some battle they were believed to have fastened themselves together, the more effectually to resist the charge of their enemies; and he flourished, it is said, during the fifth century. On the authority of Gildas we place Maelgwn Gwynedd next, whom the chroniclers had good reason for blaming if he deserved but half the hard words the "querulous" monk bestowed upon him. The Triads say that he was "chief elder" at Caerleon on Usk, under the good St. Dewi, which makes his badness worse; they also agree with Geoffrey that he died of the yellow pestilence, which event the *Annales Cambriæ* assigns to 547, A. D. His son, Rhun, the fair prince, the wearer of the golden torque, was one of the heroes who made *men* wherever he went. Connected with him is the tradition of "the privileges of the men of Arvon" [Caernarvon]. In former times, it states, at Arvon was slain Elidyr the courteous, a man from the North; and there came from the North, Clydno Eiddyn, Nudd the generous, Rhydderch the munificent, and others, to revenge his death, and in doing so, they burnt Arvon. So Rhun, the son of Maelgwn, raised a host, and marched to the North to take full revenge for this excessive outrage. But when they came to the river Gweryd, there was a warm dispute as to who should lead the way; and a messenger was despatched to Gwynedd to learn who had the right to that post of honour, and it was given to the men of Arvon. Therefore they went in the van, and bore themselves bravely there, as Taliesin sang,

"Behold! from the ardency of their blades,
With Rhun the reddener of armies,
The men of Arvon with their ruddy lances."

But whilst the warriors were long absent, their wives did as the Scythian wives are said by Herodotus to have done, and cheered their solitude with the society of their bond-slaves. How the wronged heroes dealt with them we are not told; but we learn that Rhun gave them, as a compensation, fourteen privileges, one of which was just enough to the sufferers,—precedence (in the division of property) of their wives;—another grants them not to drink stinted measure; free right of fishing; the post in the van; free grazing for their battle horses; a bed by the fire in the hall; and such favours are the others; which are in fact suspensions of established usages, and show, as the whole story does, what a strangely rude state of society was that of the sixth century in Wales. After some kings of less note, we are told that Cadavael the wild, who slew Iago ab Beli with an evil axe-stroke, was raised to the throne, not for his birth, but for his bravery and virtue; for he was one of the three "plebeian princes" of the isle of Britain. This was said to have happened in 603, A. D.; and in the same year, Cadvan, son of Iago, was also made king. Of him we shall speak presently.

In western Wales, about 500, A. D., ruled Gwyddno Garanhir, and his dominions stretched from Caredigion to Conwy, where he had a most profitable weir, still called, after him, *Cored Gwyddno*. But in an evil hour, Seithennyn, the drunkard, the son of

Seithyn, king of Dyved, whilst intoxicated, let the sea in upon the whole Cantrev y Gwaelawd, whereby the rich land was destroyed, and the king's palace, and sixteen fortified cities, second to none in Britain, except Caerleon; and the people with great difficulty escaped to Ardudwy, and Eryri; and Gwyddno became an outcast. The Sarn Badrig, and Sarn Cynvelyn, and other banks yet remain in Cardigan Bay, the memorials of this tremendous inundation. We are told, however, of a son of Gwyddno, Rhuvawn, whose corpse was ransomed with its own weight in gold; but whether before or after this great disaster we know not. This happened, according to the traditions, in the sixth century; and at the same period a tract at the northern entrance of the Menai Strait, was covered by the sea and lost; and the Lionnese, which once formed the extremity of Cornwall, and was the seat of a kingdom, whose sovereign appears in the legends of Arthur, sank, its mountain tops now forming the Scilly Islands. In South Wales we hear of Hyvaidd Hir, another "plebeian prince," in the fifth century; and of Vortipore, (who was perhaps the Gwrtheyyr of the chroniclers,) whom Gildas reproves with his peculiar acerbity, and misquotations of Scripture. Eastern Wales supplies us with Cadell Deyrnllwg, the very man who so courteously received St. Germain, when Benlli Gawr refused him a lodging, and who was king of Vale Royal in Powys; Cyndrwyn, and his greater son Cynddylan, whom Llywarch Hên fought beside, and over whose death at Derham, in 577, A. D., he uttered one of the most exquisitely pathetic lamentations. A few other names remain, which cannot be placed;—Rhiwallon Wallt Banadlan, who, though a wearer of the golden torque, cultivated natural science; and to such an extent it appears, that he neglected personal appearance, and was called Rhiwallon of the broom hair; Owain, son of Urien Rheged, the fair prince, and Rhiwallon his brother, whose followers banded themselves together in some battle with the Saxons; Aurelius Conan, and Cuneglas, objects of Gildas's rather indiscriminate censure; and Rhitta Gawr, the very "giant" whose fancy for other kings' beards we have heard of, but whom the Triads give a very good character to, declaring him a "beneficial harasser," inasmuch as he shaved only oppressive and lawless kings; a verdict which may perhaps suggest that Arthur had sufficient, though not good reasons for rejoicing when he had rid himself of such an uncomfortable censor. We must pass by all the rest, and proceed as rapidly as possible to the events which occupied the seventh and eighth centuries.

The invasion of Ethelfrith of Northumbria, and the massacre at Bangor, belong rather to ecclesiastical history; wherefore we remand them to the next chapter, merely remarking that Brochwael Ysgythrawg, the prince of Powys, is charged by some with a cowardly desertion of the helpless monks; and that neither the *Annales Cambriæ*, nor Bede, nor any Saxon authority, mention any repulse experienced by the Northumbrian king, though Bede does ascribe to him more conquests over the Britons than to "any other king or tribune," and applies to him Jacob's blessing upon Benjamin, since he had so signally proved himself a successful warrior. More of Cadvan than the chroniclers tell we read not; but in Llangadwaladr church may still be seen his epitaph, CATAMANUS REX, SAPIENTISSIMUS, OPINATISSIMUS, OMNIUM REGUM,

which shows that he enjoyed some renown before Geoffrey assigned to him those apocryphal victories. Ceolwulf of Wessex, we said, incessantly warred against the Welsh: a story in connexion with one of his expeditions has been handed down by the British, which is worth preserving, even if it may not be relied upon as the relation of a fact. Tewdr of Morganawg had abdicated in favour of his son Meurig, who was a worthless profligate; and in the year 610, A. D., the West Saxons with a great army poured over Gwent, driving all before them. Help from the king there was none; so the people hastened to Tintern, where their discrowned monarch led his solitary life, and implored him once more to lead them to victory. The old man hesitated; "should he then return to the world again?" He beheld the pagan host at the Wye, and he went with them, grasped his sword once more, which he had thought sheathed for ever, and at their head drove the invaders headlong across the Severn. Where the Severn and the Wye join stands Mathern; the name is contracted from *Merthyr Tewdr*; for there, a martyr to his country, the old warrior died, in the hour of his victory. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle records a terrible defeat of the Welsh, four years after this event, at Beandune, by Cynegils and Cuichelm, of Wessex, when two thousand and sixty-five Britons were slain. This is supposed to have taken place at Bampton; but whether in Oxfordshire or Devonshire is not known; though it is more probable that the Cambrians should have joined the Cornish Welsh, and the battle have happened in the latter country, than that they should have penetrated so far into Saxondom as the former.

That Edwin of Northumbria held in his youth such a close relationship to Cadwallawn of Gwynedd, as Geoffrey says, is most unlikely; for it could hardly have been left unnoticed by Bede, who has narrated his reign with some particularity. Geoffrey has made such blunders about this king, that we cannot receive any part of his story unless it is confirmed by less imaginative writers. And this is what appears to be true; that he was the son of Ella, and was expelled from Deira, when he was but three years old, by Ethelric of Bernicia, and was brought up by Redwald of East Anglia, by whom Ethelfrith, who had married Edwin's sister, and who had endeavoured to persuade him to murder Edwin, was defeated and dethroned, and Edwin made king of all Northumbria. There was up to this time a Kymric tribe, whose chieftain was named Ceretic, or Caredig, in possession of the district round about Leeds, then called Elmete; him Edwin drove out, and he seems to have died soon after. This may have been the beginning of hostilities between the two monarchs. We have a British tradition preserved in several Triads, that Edwin defeated Cadwallawn at the battle of Digoll, occasioning one of the three "discolourings of the Severn," and dispossessed him of his territories, so that he fled to Ireland, with his loyal tribe, which would not desert their ruler in his distress; and there they stayed for seven years. Perhaps the battle at the place called, after it, Bryn Edwin, in Rhos, when the tribe of Belyn of Lleyrn made a rampart of their bodies and shields, may have occurred at the same time. And connected with this invasion may also be the blockade of Cadwallawn in the island of Glanawg, or Priestholm, near Anglesey, mentioned in the *Annales*

Cambriæ, at the year 629, A. D. Be this as it may, in 633, A. D., we find Cadwallawn in rebellion against Edwin, being in alliance with Penda, the heathen king of Mercia; for Bede, who speaks thus particularly, tells us that Edwin had subjected Wales, as far as Anglesey, (in which he even planted a colony of Angles,) to his sway. Edwin met the united British and Mercian army at Heathfield, on the 12th of October in the above-named year; and with one of his sons was slain, his army being totally routed. This is the famous battle of Meigen, celebrated by the Welsh bards, and to which is referred the adoption of the leek as the national emblem: A more authentic tradition is that preserved in the fourteen privileges of the men of Powys, for their heroic bearing in this fight, which are recorded in a poem of Cynddelw, a bard of the twelfth century, the last stanza of which runs thus;—

“ Men of Powys! a people renowned;
By a skilful contest of joyful result,
Fourteen immunities strenuously upheld and respected
They gained at Meigen! ”

These privileges are of the same kind with those of the men of Arvon,—suspensions of particular laws and usages in their favour. Cadwallawn made a most merciless use of his victory, ravaging and destroying wherever he went. Osric, cousin to Edwin, who had succeeded to the kingdom of Deira, was slain in a sally, as he besieged the monarch of Gwynedd in some strong town. Eanfrid, another cousin, who had received the kingdom of Bernicia, coming to sue for peace with a retinue of but twelve soldiers, was likewise slain.

At the end of about a year of such sanguinary rule in Northumbria, Oswald, brother to Eanfrid, whose saintly character and miracles Bede greatly enlarges upon, advanced with a small but enthusiastic army; and at a place called by the Saxons Heavenfield, and by the Britons Cantscaul, and which Bede specifically names Denisesburn, (which cannot now be identified,) defeated Cadwallawn's host, and slew their king. This deliverance was wrought in 635, A. D. Thus perished the “irregular bard,” but not unmourned; Llywarch, now indeed the *aged*, sorrowed over this valiant destroyer of the Saxons; fourteen battles he fought, says the bard, and sixty skirmishes, all prosperous for Britain.

“ As the water flows from the fountain,
So will our sorrow flow the livelong day
For Cadwallawn.”

Thus the Saxon yoke, which had for a short time been removed, was once more laid upon the Welsh people. It would appear, however, that a more obstinate stand was made in South Wales, the people of which had a divided enemy to contend against. Accordingly we read of Dimetia, or Dyfed, being dreadfully ravaged, in one year; and in another, of a great slaughter in Gwent, during the time when North Wales was ruled peacefully by Cadwaladr of the golden torque, as the tributary of the Northum-

brian monarchs. There seems, however, to have been one interruption to this state of things. In 655, A. D., or the following year, Oswio of Northumbria slew in the place called by Nennius and the *Annales Cambriae*, Gaius' Plain, Penda of Mercia, and the British kings who had joined him in an attack on his kingdom. From this slaughter Cadwaladr (who is called Catgabail) alone escaped, by withdrawing with his army in the night, for which feat he gained the somewhat discreditable name of *Catguommedd*, "the man who would not fight." Bede's account of the death of Penda is quite consistent with this. This cowardice on the part of Cadwaladr the Blessed shows him to have been such a character as other traditions have represented him—a builder of churches, and endower of monasteries: whilst that saintly title is, by the Triads, bestowed on him for having given sanctuary in his dominions to all who fled from the oppression of the Saxons. Of his death we have already spoken. In the latter part of his reign, in the year 658, A. D., the men of South Wales, having invaded Wessex, encouraged by the exile of Cenwalch, met with a severe repulse, being driven by that monarch, who had recently recovered his kingdom, from Peonna to Pedrida, or from Pen to Petherton; and their courage, says Henry of Huntingdon, melted like snow before his victorious arms. And not long afterwards, the principality of "Ferreggs," or, as the Saxons called it, *Hecana*, our Herefordshire, was wrested from the Britons, and annexed to Mercia. In 665, A. D., is chronicled a second battle of Mount Badon; but of it no particulars are preserved. The death of Ecgfrid of Northumbria, in 685, A. D., is said by Bede to have restored some part of the Britons to their independence, and to have marked the commencement of the weakening of the power of the Angles. And here a break in the annals is apparent; for excepting that absurd legend of Ivor in Wessex, we have nothing recorded for nearly forty years.

In about 720, A. D., Rodri Maelwynawg comes into notice, as possessed of the *Pen-naduriaeth*, or being the most eminent of the British chiefs. His defeat of Ethelheard at Heilin, we have mentioned; two other victories, but not ascribed to him, are recorded in the same year, 722, A. D., one at Pencoed, and the other at Garthmaelawg, both in Glamorganshire. And six years after them, at Mount Carno, in Monmouthshire, was a desperately contested battle, in which it is said that Ethelbald of Mercia, who had invaded South Wales, was totally defeated. But in 743, A. D., the Mercian king, with Cuthred of Wessex, invaded Wales, and retrieved his disaster. Ten years from that time Cuthred alone invaded Wales, and slew great numbers of the Kymry; and Cynewulf, his successor, warred against them throughout his reign. Cuthred is said to have once, at least, made alliance with the Britons against Ethelbald, and to have defeated him at Hereford; but the date of that battle in the *Brut y Tywysogion*, is too late for Cuthred. Ethelbald of Mercia did not, however, confine his attacks to South Wales; Powys and Gwynedd were also visited and ravaged by him. We read in the old chronicles of but few internal movements synchronical with this fiercely urged border-warfare; but there is one which is worthy of attention; Rhodri Maelwynawg is represented as being compelled to renounce the western countries, (Cornwall, perhaps,) and to content himself with North Wales, which the sons of Bledrig,

anciently a prince of Cornwall and Devonshire, gave up to him, after having held it from the time of Cadvan. This is possibly the story of some inconsiderable lordship, which fell into the hands of the prince of Gwynedd. In 754, or 755, A. D., Rhodri died; and Cynan Tindaethwy, his son, succeeded him. His only claims to notice are his parentage, the use made of his name in the pretended chronicles of Caradawg, and a dispute with his brother, which will be noticed subsequently; for though his age was one of great events for Wales, his name hardly appears in one of them, unless to fix the time of their occurrence. The names of some other equally insignificant sovereigns in Powys, Dyved, and other parts, are preserved, but do not require any notice whatever.

From whatever cause, the Britons now more energetically attempted to recover the border-land from Mercia; and by repeated attacks they drove the Saxons from the Severn. But they little knew what a monarch swayed the Mercian sceptre, before they provoked him to put forth his power against them. During the first years of his reign he seems to have been strengthening his throne against his Saxon neighbours; and the comparative impunity of the Welsh encouraged them; in about 775, A. D., he turned his attention to them, and swept them back, again and again, into their own territories, which he devastated pitilessly. But the Britons did not easily learn submission, even to one who had the power to enforce his will; wherefore, in about 790, A. D., after seeking by other means in vain to restrain them within their own boundaries, he annexed the whole March-land, from north to south, to Mercia; and caused a vast intrenchment to be raised, reaching from the Dee to the Wye, so shutting up the Kymry in a narrower district than they ever before possessed. The remains of this work, called, after its maker's name, *Clawdd Offa*, may be seen at the present day. The territory thus seized was not depopulated of its old inhabitants, but all the power and authority was in the hands of Saxons; just as in the border country of Devonshire and Dorsetshire, which was called Welsh-Kind, from the predominance of the British, in point of numbers, in it. The seat of the princes of Powys had hitherto been at Pengwern, or Shrewsbury; but they were now compelled to remove it to Mathraval; and, beyond a doubt, the compression of the population thus effected by "Offa the terrible," helped to produce the more compact organization, which, in a following chapter, we shall trace. But not even Offa's dyke could keep down the fiery spirits of the Britons; once and again had Offa to cross it to chastise them for invading his kingdom, and in the very year of his death, 795, or 796, A. D., Caradawg, king of Gwynedd, and many other distinguished men, were killed at Rhuddlan in the vale of Clwyd, as they were engaged in one of these marauding excursions. It is said, that the plaintive and ancient Welsh tune, called *Morva Rhuddlan*, was composed as a lament on this occasion; but it may have been occasioned by another battle on the same spot, in 1063, A. D., of which we shall make mention in a future page. And thus we have reached the first term in the story of Wales, properly so called: the ecclesiastical and literary history of the same period will occupy us in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

ECCLESIASTICAL AND LITERARY HISTORY.—EMINENT SAINTS AND WRITERS.—GLIMPSES OF SOCIETY BEFORE THE NINTH CENTURY.

OUR last notice of the affairs of the Church recorded the second visit of St. Germain, to oppose the Pelagian heresy in Britain, in 447 and 448, A. D.; but in the legendary tales we have introduced, some of the persons and scenes of the period between that visit and the battle of Rhuddlan Marsh have appeared. We now resume this portion of our narrative, purposing to show, as far as possible, both by credible story and monkish legend, how Christianity fared amongst the Kymry, during the Saxon conquest, and the two centuries which followed the shutting up of the remnant of the Britons in the natural strongholds of forest and mountain in Wales. And as we cannot sever from this account all mention of British literature during those ages, we shall add a particular notice of the most distinguished writers who flourished then; and in both parts of the chapter, point out some curious but authentic glimpses, rather than pictures, of the social state in these times, which nurtured rugged strength more than refinement, and which present the characteristic features—both the winning and the repulsive—of this branch of the Celtic family in the clearest light.

We have already observed wide departures from the simplicity of the faith taught in the New Testament, and from its gentle spirit; and in the errand of the Gallic bishops we might have remarked that zeal for creeds instead of truth, which, as we know, grew and strengthened simultaneously with the growth and strength of ritual formalities in Christendom. We shall now be compelled to trace the further progress of error in all these respects; and we shall see too, though perhaps in part as the consequences of the oppressed and disheartened condition of the people generally, how morality itself wanes as spiritual light grows dim; and how surely contentions about matters of little or no moment lead to forgetfulness of those of the highest concern. And whilst we thus derive from our narrative lessons of such vast practical worth for ourselves, we shall also perceive how wondrously the rude paganism and hero-worship of the sons of the Baltic, which was instinct with life for all who glorified their chieftains as the descendants of Odin, subserved the purposes of the Almighty and Gracious Giver of the Truth, by sweeping from the greater part of this land a form of faith hopelessly corrupt and feeble, and making way for one, which, though far from pure, could nevertheless be a means of educating that hardy race for services to mankind, such as we now see intrusted to it. By carrying this thought with us, the perusal of

the pages of history to be opened in this place, barren of all human interest though they seem, and disfigured with ridiculous and lying fables, may be converted into a study by which our minds shall be enlightened, and our hearts made better ; and from this apparently most unpromising example we may learn, that all history is, as has been well said, a *Bible*, " of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible," wherein God writes, as with his own hand, marvellous wisdom for all who will humbly receive it, and rightly use it for him.

The complete story of the ecclesiastical affairs of Wales would not be compatible with the plan of this work ; neither is it necessary for presenting to its readers a faithful picture of the fortunes of the Britons. We do not undertake, therefore, either a history of the Welsh Sees, or a history of the Saints who adorned them, but confine our attention to those distinguished names, with which the affairs of different ages are identified ; and to those events, the character or the consequences of which mark them as the symbols of the times in which they occurred. It will be seen, that with the tale of St. Germain's visits to Britain, we have entered upon the broad and beaten road of Church-fable. The accounts of the first planting of the gospel here are, for the most part, sheer inventions ; and cannot be confounded with the legends related of those who afterwards made themselves eminent as champions of the faith, although the distinction is not easy to trace. There is, however, an air of simplicity, and even of probability, about the first, which has commended them to some as genuine traditions of the apostolic ages, and which the latter wholly want. If we leave out the miracles from these later legends, we obtain tolerably faithful narratives ; but by no process can any authentic facts be obtained from the others. There can be no doubt, that in the fifth century Episcopacy was the form of Church government in our island ; yet we must not, as Professor Rees, in his " Essay on the Welsh Saints," observes, suppose that therefore it was organized as we see it in the present day ; the frequent, and sudden, and causeless transfers of the sees, of which we read, would be enough to show that it was the residence of a bishop that constituted an episcopal see—if we must employ this more recent term, and not the reverse. The date of the most ancient documents which proceed on the contrary assumption, renders them inadmissible as evidence against what we have advanced. Neither can there be any doubt that, though not formally subordinate to the Roman pontiff, the churches in Wales, in the centuries of which we speak, were thoroughly indoctrinated with some of the most objectionable superstitions, which have ever been identified with the Church of Rome. One feature in these times is very remarkable, and shows that the origin of monastic institutions was not in every case the same ; the saints of greatest renown as heads of choirs, or monasteries, were really teachers ; and the brethren under them were really learners of such wisdom as they had to impart. And despite of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and his choir of virgins at Caerleon, it seems to be unquestionable that nunneries were a much later invention. Another peculiarity runs through the whole of the ecclesiastical history of the Kymry, and is very characteristic of their clannish disposition, and habit of tracing and preserving pedigrees ;—sainthood runs in certain families, for many generations, and in all

their branches; and this must have involved a more easy process of canonization amongst them than has existed in the Catholic Church, lax as it is, or some names would never have been found in the *Bonedd y Saint*. These observations will make it unnecessary to introduce some minor details into our story; others will be more appropriate in the course of narration.

Dyvirig Beneurog, St. Dubricius "the golden-headed," is the first name which occurs in this period; for he is said to have been made a bishop by St. Germain himself in that last visit to Britain. And this is the chief ground for placing him here, for the dates of the incidents of his life cannot be ascertained with more than approximate correctness. His birth affords us a strange picture of the manners prevalent then. According to his admiring biographer, king Pebiau of Erging, on his return from the chase one day, required his daughter to wash his head; and as she was busied in doing so, he perceived that she was about to become a mother. He in wrath commanded her to be drowned, but the waves bore her to the shore; he then had a large fire kindled round her, and when it had burnt out she was discovered unhurt in the midst of the ashes, with her child in her lap. Struck with this miracle he had her brought to him, and, as he looked upon the infant, it put its hands to his face; this action, and its helplessness and innocence, softened his heart, and reconciled him to his daughter. No attempt is made to palliate or explain such an occurrence with a king's daughter; it is related as a circumstance not unusual, except in the miracles. The boy was carefully educated, and distinguished himself for his application and knowledge from his earliest youth. In law, both human and divine, we are told he was a proficient. In manhood he taught, for seven years, at Henllan, or Hentland; and had two thousand scholars, all clerics. The college at Caerleon is attributed to him. The marvels attending his birth were but the presages of those which signalized his life; but these we cannot recite in full. He was guided to a place for the erection of an oratory by a white sow and nine pigs; for these unclean animals appear to have been regarded with great favour in Wales; and he filled up all the tuns and barrels of the establishment by miracle, to clear St. Samson, who was his cellarer, of the charge of having wastefully used or abused the good liquors intrusted to his keeping. He gave up his bishop's office in his old age, and retired to Bardsey, where he lived an anchorite's life till his decease.

We are told that he resigned his episcopate at a synod of the clergy held at Brevi, since called Llanddewi Brevi, against Pelagianism, which yet troubled Britain; and Gildas, who has recorded this synod, in his Life of St. Dewi, or David, says that Dewi would not attend it, till, at the suggestion of Pawl Hên, or Paulinus, Dyvirig and Deiniol were sent to entreat him to come; and Dewi was there made chief bishop of Wales. The date commonly assigned to this meeting is 519, A. D., but most probably it is that mentioned in the *Annales Cambriæ*, as "the synod of victory," at 569, A. D.; for Dyvirig was an old man when he retired to Bardsey, and he died in 612, A. D. This Paulinus was an eminent teacher in those days, and numbered St. Teilo and St. Dewi amongst his pupils. Contemporary with him and with Dyvirig, were Cattwg,

or Cadawg, Ddoeth, "the wise," and St. Illtyd, or Iltutus, "the sainted knight." The former of these is celebrated as a chaste knight, a wise counsellor, a dispenser of equity according to canon law, and a guardian of the Graal, in the Triads relating to Arthur's court; but he has a more worthy memorial than this very apocryphal praise;—about a hundred pages of the *Myvyrian Archaiology* are filled with aphorisms and proverbs attributed to him; and if, as is most likely, the greater part of them are of more recent date, the fact remains—that he had such a name for wisdom, that it was customary to attribute to him wise sayings, whose authors were unknown, just as almost all the proverbs of the Hebrew people have been ascribed to Solomon. Cattwg is also called a wise bard, in company with Taliesin and Llywarch Hên, but we are unable to judge of his excellence as a poet, none of his productions having been preserved. Illtyd was a native of Bretagne, as were many of the saints of these days, the intercourse between the two branches of the Kymry being more frequent than it was in after years, when long separation and different fortunes had produced their natural effects on both. He is commemorated in the Triads as one of the ornaments of Arthur's court, and also as one of the three benefactors of his race, inasmuch as he introduced a better method of cultivating the land than before was known. It is said, that Cattwg persuaded him to undertake the religious life, and he presided, as we have seen in a previous chapter, over the Côr Tewdws, which was afterwards called by his name. Nennius has a marvellous story of an "altar" in Loin-garth, in Gower, "suspended by the power of God," which, he says, a legend tells, was brought thither in a ship along with the dead body of some man of God, who desired to be buried near St. Illtyd's grave, and to remain unknown by name lest he should become an object of too reverent regard; for Illtyd dwelt in a cave there, the mouth of which faced the sea in those days; and having received this charge, he buried the corpse, and built a church over it, enclosing the wonderful altar, which testified by more than one astounding miracle the Divine power which sustained it. This appears to be a myth invented to explain the origin of some "rocking stone."

It would have extended this chapter too greatly to have spoken of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columcille, all of whom are claimed by, or intimately connected with, the Kymry; but we cannot be entirely silent respecting the patron saint of Glasgow, commonly known as St. Mungo. Cyndeyrn, or Kentigern, was a grandson of Urien Rheged, and was surnamed *Mwynnu*, "the amiable," by his teacher. After having been a bishop in Strath-Clyde, he was forced to take refuge in Wales, and St. Asaph's see is attributed to him; but he returned to minister to the Cumbrian Britons, and finished his labours amongst them. A passage in Asser's "Life of Alfred," now considered spurious, makes him a student at Oxford, with Gildas, and Nennius, and St. Germain himself. But we introduced this saint for the sake of a Triad, which gives us a different representation of the three "archbishoprics" of the Britons, from those we have before seen, and which may perchance preserve a tradition of the age of which we write, although abundantly overlaid with later fictions. "The three tribe-thrones of the Isle of Britain. One, Caerllion ar Wysg, where Arthur is chief of right, and

Dewi Sant ab Cunedda Wledig is chief bishop, and Maelgwn Gwynedd is chief elder ; second, Celliwig in Cernyw, [Cornwall,] where Arthur is chief of right, and Bedwini is chief bishop, and Caradawg Vreichvras is chief elder ; and third, Penrhyn Rhio-nydd, [Glasgow, or St. Andrews,] in the North, where Arthur is chief of right, and Cyndeyrn Garthwys is chief bishop, and Gwrthmwl Wledig is chief elder." St. Kentigern is said by the *Annales Cambriæ* to have died in the same year with St. Dyvrig,—612, A. D.

This Triad brings us to the notice of St. Dewi, whom we saw prevailed upon to attend the anti-Pelagian synod by St. Dyvrig. This famous man was the son of Sandde, prince of Caredigion, and descended from Cunedda Wledig. His teachers were Iltyd and Pawl Hên. With Teilo, his fellow student, and Padarn, he is said to have made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where each distinguished himself ; Dewi for performing the service best, Padarn for singing best, and Teilo as the best preacher. The most credible of the many traditions and legends respecting him is, that which ascribes to him, in company with Padarn and Teilo, the character of "blessed visitors," because they went about to both rich and poor, not for money, food, or drink, but to teach the faith of Christ. According to Gwynfardd, a poet who lived about 1200, A. D., he did not restrict himself to Wales, and he was not always well received, nor did he always "overcome evil with good." This bard says—

"He endured buffetings, yea terrible blows,
From the hands of an uncourteous woman, void of shame ;
He took vengeance, he endangered the sceptre of Devon,
And those who were not slain were burned."

The whole of the poem shows the pitch his renown had reached then ;—up to the time of his being canonized, in 1120, A. D., others disputed the pre-eminence with him ; but ever since he has been the tutelar saint of Wales, and the traditions, which elder time had associated with other national heroes, (as for example, the badge of the leek with Cadwallawn,) were transferred to him. That he obtained a place amongst the "seven champions of Christendom" is another proof of the height of his fame, and seems to associate it with the part he is alleged to have played against Pelagianism, which is not impossible. One of his sayings handed down to us is worthy of being transcribed here ;—"The best habit is rectitude." The confusion in the chronology of these accounts may be conjectured from this fact, that the death of St. Dewi is placed by some writers as early as 544, A. D., whilst in the *Annales Cambriæ* (of the authority of which the editors of the *Monumenta Historica Britannica* speak well) it stands at 601, A. D. ; and an anonymous interpolator of Florence of Worcester assigns it to 607, A. D.

St. Padarn, Patern, or Patronus, we have already met with : the gift which he brought back from Jerusalem is said by some to have been a silken cap, possessed of magical powers, and not a gilt cloak ; but it matters not which it was. He was an Armorican by birth, and after spending much time in Wales, he returned to his native country, where he died. "What a man does God will judge ;" so, according to an old

poem, he was wont to say; a tradition which accords well with that of the Triad that represents him as one of the three "blessed visitors." St. Teilo, who is also so entitled, is called the successor of Dyvrig, in the see of Llandav; but in the modern sense of that phrase it is inappropriate. He was nobly born, and well trained, for he studied under Pawl Hên, and St. Dyvrig also. Tradition has given him, as a token of that pilgrimage to the Holy City, a wonderful bell, which, untouched by men, struck the hours regularly, performed remarkable cures, detected crimes, and faults subject to ecclesiastical penance, and at last, being polluted by profane hands, lost all its properties, and became a mere common unmiraculous bell from that time forth. He is reported to have fled from Wales to Brittany, because of the ravages of the "yellow pestilence," of which we have heard before. Along with the maxims of his two companions, which we have mentioned, is the following by Teilo;—"It is not well to contend against God." At his death, they say, a warm contest amongst his disciples arose, as to the place of his burial, for he frequented three different spots so much, that each appeared to have a just claim to the honour. The strife waxed ever hotter, till one of the disputants proposed that they should all join in praying the saint himself to give some indication of his pleasure in the matter, which should determine the place of his last repose. The proposal was so wise, and so befitting, none could object; they prayed, therefore; and having ended, they looked, and lo! *three corpses*, each so exactly like the others, that *which* had been the saint's very body none could tell: rejoicingly each party bore one away; and it would have spared the world much misery and woe, if every canonized saint had been as wise as St. Teilo showed himself herein.

Amongst the contents of the *Liber Landavensis*, none are more interesting than the copies of the "conveyances" of various estates to the church by various parties, and for various reasons; because in almost every one of them occurs something that hints the condition of society at the time. The biographies and legends have an interest of their own, wholly unlike to that possessed by these genuine relics of olden times. We insert a translation of one of these "conveyances" entire, that our readers may see for themselves, all the strange facts of daily life which it implies. Our authority is the recent publication of "the Welsh MSS. Society;" and the *deed* (if so we may call it) relates, it is supposed, to land in or near Llandinabo, near Ross, in Herefordshire. The passage in *Italic* requires no comment.

"King Pebiau being penitent, with an humble heart, and mindful of his evil deeds, and changing his life for the better, gave *in exchange for the heavenly kingdom* the mansion of Junabui, with an *uncia* [about 108 acres] of land, to St. Dubricius and his successors in the church of Llandaff. The boundary of this land is, from the ford to the top of the bank, downwards above the honeysuckle-bush to the breast of the hill, direct over its ridge till it descends above the old ford, which is on the stream in the great wood, through the wood direct to the summit of Cambull, from Cambull straight to Wye. Of the clergy, the witnesses are, Arwystyl, Junabui the priest, Cynfarwy, Cymmeired, Iddnew, Aelhaiarn the priest; of the laity, Pebiau is witness, Cynvyn,

Coll, Aircon, Gwobrir, Gwodcon, Centwyd, Cynwyd. May peace be on those who keep it, and on its violators a curse. Amen."

There is additional interest attaching to this deed, if, as is most probable, the grant was made to St. Dyvrig himself, and his name was not inserted as a synonyme for the church he had founded; for the king Pebiau would be the grandfather of the saint; and this would be amongst the very earliest gifts which the church at Llandaff received.

Two of these gifts of land in St. Teilo's time arose from circumstances which deserve mention here. In the king of Dyved's hall, every night, some one of his kinsmen, or servants, or guests, was slain; and the king was much troubled thereat, and could not discover the reason; but thinking that some spell was at work which the word of such a holy man as St. Teilo might cross, he sent for him, and begged his aid. The saint had so much work on his hands at the time that he could not go, but he sent two of his scholars, and by his directions, they served out the meat and the drink to every one present, from the king to the footboy. No murder happened that night; and the deadly charm being broken, Aercol Law Hir, the king, gladly gave land to St. Teilo in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered. In another instance, a man full of wrath because his neighbour's pigs got amongst his corn, laid wait for their owner, but instead of harming him, killed Tyvei, a nephew of St. Teilo; and the grant of land to the saint and his church follows the record of this manslaughter, or murder, as if this indirect method of compensation was the established custom.

With St. Oudoceus, who is represented as the successor of St. Teilo, begins a series of acquisitions of lands, houses, and villages, under the pressure of a sentence somewhat resembling the "interdict" of the middle ages. This bishop was nephew to Teilo, and an offshoot of the royal stem of Bretagne. After his appointment to the episcopate, he was expelled under a curse by a prince named Cadwgan, with whom he had quarrelled respecting one of his clergy. But Cadwgan found it impossible to carry on this feud, and had to pay dearly for the reconciliation. As a specimen of the saint's wonders, the following may be read. He was very thirsty during one of his journeys, and saw some girls washing butter, whom he asked for drink: they returned a rude answer; so the saint took a piece of the butter, and fashioning it into the shape of a cup, out of it drank, both he and they that were with him. This cup his biographer avers was preserved at Llandaff; it had something of the appearance of gold, and was "said" to have wrought many healthful cures. Another we shall reserve till we speak of Gildas. And this is an example of the way in which large estates became the property of the church. King Meurig and Cynveddw had taken an oath before St. Oudoceus to abstain from all evil designs and attempts upon each other; nevertheless Meurig, obtaining an opportunity, killed Cynveddw. The saint, as became him, called him to account for his broken oath, but Meurig turned a deaf ear. Oudoceus, therefore, laid the crosses of the church flat on the ground, and placed the relics of the saints beside them, and there was neither baptism nor Christian communion for two

years ; and then Meurig perceived his fault, and humbly begged to be restored to the position he had lost, and gave four villages as an atonement for his manifold and aggravated faults. Such oaths, thus violated, and so atoned for, occur frequently in the *Liber Landavensis*. How the wealth of such a church grew we can see from these records. Every occasion was seized upon for a gift ; thus,—king Ithael fell from his horse one day when it stumbled, and was not hurt, so he gave a village and a church to Llandaff. We find distinct mention of pilgrimages also ; for Gwaednerth had killed his brother Meirchion, and Oudoceus excommunicated him for three years, and sent him to Dôl, in Brittany, because of its connexion with Llandaff, through Samson, its former bishop. Before the fratricide returned Oudoceus died, so Berthgwyn received him, and pronounced his absolution, and also took his gifts.

Before we leave this part of our subject, we will give a few specimens of the various aspects of society presented by these antique ecclesiastical records. Here is a clear case of the payment of the *were*, (as the Anglo-Saxons called it,) the compensation for life ;—Cynvar ab Iago killed Cadgen, and afterwards gave an *uncia* [about 108 acres] of land to his brother as the price of the homicide. The interests of the clergy and the laity were already found incompatible at times ; and the worthy fathers, who of course drew up the registers of these grants, with a peculiar earnestness invoke curses on any “crafty laical invasion,” whereby the full enjoyment and possession of the lands shall be taken from them. We hear of plunderings to such an extent by the Saxons, that a special deed of Ithael, king of Morganwg, was requisite to restore the clergy of Llandaff to their ancient possessions. In a considerable number of instances the price paid for the purchase of the land is entered ; and very curious some of these “memoranda” are. Here are twenty-four cows, a Saxon woman, a valuable sword, and a powerful horse, given for an *uncia* and a half of land ; there a village is purchased for twenty-two untamed horses. Another *uncia* and a half is bought with a very good horse, with twelve cows, a hawk of the same value, a useful dog, trained to kill birds with the hawk, worth three cows, and another horse worth three cows. A horse worth eight cows, another worth but three, a sword worth twelve cows, a horse worth ten, and another worth fourteen, were paid for the village of Breican, or Ellgnou. We find other measures of value introduced ; thus we read of an *uncia* of land given for a hawk worth twelve cows, two horses worth six cows, another worth six ounces of silver, a *scrupulum* [whatever this was] worth twelve cows, and a scarlet line. We glean from other entries, that the whole apparel of a man was worth fourteen cows, or four dogs ; that a trumpet was valued at twenty-four cows ; and a cloak for the queen at six ounces of silver.

The deeds of a host of other saints we must leave untold, eminent though Asav, and Cybi, and Gwenvrewi, and Beuno were. Nor can we pause to inquire how Deiniol could be deposed from Bangor in 584, A. D., if he were the son of Dunawd, who occupied that see in 601, A. D. We must pass on to Gildas, and his testimony respecting the state of religion in Britain. That there was a writer of this name during the sixth century, that he was a cleric, and that his writings were in some sort historical,

is certain. But beyond these few facts are endless confusions : here are Gildas Sapiens, Gildas Badonicus, Gildas Albanus, and others, each claiming to be that writer. It seems also that some have satisfied themselves that the "querulous book," which is usually accepted as the contribution of one of these Gildases to the history of Britain, is the production of a later age ; and instead of being written by a Kymro, is an attempt to support the cause of the Romanist bishops during their contest with the British clergy. Another perplexity is the supposition, (on very indisputable grounds the maintainers think,) that Gildas the historiographer was no other than Aneurin, the bard of Gododin ! Remembering, however, that the history of the Britons which passes under the name of Nennius has been ascribed to Gildas, we can understand that much may have been said respecting this writer, which is not warranted by the book we possess, *De Excidio Britannia* ; and we cannot attempt to reconcile the difficulties in the chronology by the supposition of more than one monkish historian of this name. The identification of Gildas with Aneurin we may safely pass by ; and of the assertion that the work before us is the production of an anti-British, Romanizing clerk, we must say that it does not appear to be justified by the passages on which it is founded. We therefore accept this most garrulous and ill-tempered "complaint," as the work of Gildas, a Briton, and an ecclesiastic of the sixth century ; and as we have referred to it for the proof of a few facts of history, we now appeal to it for the corroboration of the opinion that religion was not in a flourishing state, and that ecclesiastical matters were far from prosperous. Quotation is quite impossible, for the sentences flow on interminably ; they are clogged, moreover, with innumerable citations from the Scriptures and the early fathers, which, though not placed so as to give point to the invectives, impart to them a tone of severity, which does not attract either sympathy with the theme, or regard for the writer. He says that the clergy of Britain, with a few exceptions, were stained with every species of immorality, and presented a spectacle most hateful to the ecclesiastical eye. And that the subject was a fruitful one to Gildas this fact will attest ; four-fifths of his work is occupied with this *inceptio in clericum*. Critics have observed that he does not uniformly quote the common Latin version of the Bible ; and that he appears to have used Ruffinus' translation of Eusebius, St. Jerome's Epistles, and probably the Ecclesiastical History of Sulpicius Severus. The account of British affairs under the Romans contains some glaring mistakes ; and the loose and verbose declamation by which contemporary matters are referred to makes it a work of very little real value. Polydore Vergil, who edited this book, says of its author, "He lived a most unsullied life, as I conclude, for as he undertook to reprove the vices of others, he must first have set before himself the law of innocence, of continence, and of all virtues, so that he could not shamefully sin in those things for which he blamed others." A judgment which shows far more charity than knowledge or logic ; and one with which the monks, whom Gildas so rancorously attacked, would not have agreed by any means. This is one of the legends which they told by way of reprisals. The blessed St. Oudoceus was one day engaged in prayer, with much weeping, when a brother came in and said, "Come forth, father, and see what is become

of that wood which was prepared for your buildings !” And when he looked, lo ! that *good* and *just* man, the historian of the Britons, Gildas, whom some call the “Wise,” who then led an anchorite’s life in the island of Echni, was crossing the river in a boat laden with the aforesaid wood, which he had found in the forest, remote from dwellings, and with no man near it. When the blessed man saw this, he admonished Gildas to lay the wood which had been prepared for his buildings upon his land ; and humbly to beg pardon of God and men for such a shameful theft. Gildas, however, paid no regard to what the saint said, and Oudoceus, indignant thereat, seized an axe, not to strike the robber, but to manifest God’s power over his creatures, and with it struck a solid stone, and divided it into two pieces as smoothly as if it had been done by a skilful workman ; and those pieces stand unmoved on the banks of the Wye, and any one passing along the road cannot help seeing them. Thus the biographer of St. Oudoceus ; and with this pretty little piece of monastic scandal and revenge, we will turn to other matters.

In 596, A. D., Augustine was sent to preach the Christian faith to the Angles, by Pope Gregory, according to the well-known story. And having, after two years, inquired of his master what relations he should cultivate with the bishops of the Britons, he received the charge to take them beneath his paternal care, that he might instruct the ignorant, strengthen the weak, and correct the perverse. Now it happened that the Britons continued to celebrate Easter at a different day from that which had been determined to be the right one by the Roman Church. Bede makes much account of this Easter question, and Augustine evidently did so too ; and in order to put an end to this heresy, or schism, whichever it was, he summoned the British bishops to a conference with him, at a place on the borders of the Hwiccas and Wessex, afterwards called Augustine’s Oak, now quite unknown. When they came together, Augustine exhorted them to catholic unity, and showed them, that though they followed the traditions of their own nation respecting the proper time for keeping Easter, they had the traditions of all the rest of the Christian world against them ; but they were not moved. He then proposed, as a “crucial experiment,” that some infirm person should be brought, and that whichever party cured him, *their* practice about Easter should be held correct. A Saxon was produced, quite blind, and the British controversialists unwillingly attempted to justify their doctrine by miracle, and of course failed : Augustine, “compelled by real necessity,” says Bede, then tried, and, as it was to be expected, succeeded : but the Britons were not convinced, and begged to have another meeting appointed.

Before entering upon this second stage of the controversy, the Welsh ecclesiastics, seven of whom held the episcopal office, the rest being scholars from the famous monastery of Bangor, went and asked counsel of an ancient man of large experience, who then lived as an anchorite in Wales. Should they yield to Augustine’s demands ? “If he be a man of God, follow him,” was the reply. But how could that be known ? The old man referred them to a trait of character, by which one who had truly learned of Christ might be discerned,—*meekness* ; and added, that if he proved stern and

haughty, he could not be of God, nor ought they to follow his words. Still the actual difficulty was not removed; how could this be discovered? The hermit advised them to let the foreign monk reach the place of conference first, and then, if when they approached he should rise up to receive them, they should submit to him as a servant of their Lord; but should he remain seated as if he despised them, his words were to be despised. Although the sign was not an infallible one, the ancient counsellor gave good advice; and there can be little doubt respecting the truth of the story, for it is not favourable to Bede's side, and he has recorded it thus. The day came, and the Welsh scholars acted as they had been instructed; Augustine did not rise to receive them, and the Welshmen forgot that the hermit's counsel had as forcible an application to themselves as it had to Augustine, and the conference became an angry dispute. The Roman ecclesiastic insisted that they should observe Easter, and administer baptism, after the fashion of his church, and that they should (all smarting though they were with the shame of having been driven into Wales by the Saxons) join him in evangelizing the Angles. The Britons peremptorily refused:—"If now he behaves so proudly," said they, "what would not he do, if we owned him as our superior?" Bede adds, with an expression of doubt, that Augustine foretold, in a threatening manner, that since they would not accept the unity of the brethren, they should be warred upon by enemies; and because they would not preach the way of life to the Saxons, they should receive death at their hands. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle gives this alleged prophecy in a much ruder form;—"If the Welsh will not be at peace with us, they shall perish by the hands of the Saxons."

And thus, as Bede continues his tale, was the prophecy fulfilled. The warlike Anglian king, Ethelfrith of Northumbria, with a mighty army, made a grievous slaughter of the "perfidious nation," (an epithet which the Welsh, as in every such case throughout the world, have retorted on the Saxons,) at the City of Legions, or Chester. Espying a body of priests standing apart in a place of safety, Ethelfrith inquired what they were, and learning their character and errand, he ordered the first attack to be made upon them. About twelve hundred, Bede says, (but the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle limits the number to two hundred,) of those who came to pray were killed; Brochwael, deserting those whom he ought to have defended, escaped with some fifty of them. Augustine is said to have passed away from this world before this fulfilment of his menace; yet it is impossible to refrain from thinking, that there was some ground for Geoffrey's representation of this war as provoked by Ethelberht, Augustine's patron; for if it had not been a "religious war," why should those monks of Bangor have been present on the field of battle? Out of these two Saxon accounts Geoffrey must have made up his tale of the massacre at Bangor; nevertheless, whether two or twelve hundred fell at Chester, that institution never recovered from this blow; many of its members took refuge in Bardsey, and all its glory vanished. Dunawd Ffur, the son of Pabo Post Prydain, himself in former times a "pillar of battle" for Britain, was president of Bangor at the time of the conference with Augustine, but he is not named in connexion with the massacre at Chester. The *Annales Cambriae* fix

this event at 613, A. D.; but the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle places it six years earlier; and other authorities present yet wider differences.

We do not purpose to weary our readers with any more ecclesiastical legends now; and as but one event of any note in the remainder of the period we have under consideration is recorded, we shall rapidly make mention of it, and of a few other things which may help to bridge over this chasm, and then take up the other subject to which this chapter is devoted.

The name of Tysilio, the son of Brochwael, we must insert; he was a bishop at St. Asaph's, according to the most credible reports, and beside being a bard, wrote a history of the religious affairs of the Kymry, and a chronicle of the British kings. The *Brut* which goes under his name, is undoubtedly of much later origin, and is really little more than a Welsh translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth; no remains of his other writings are known. Bede does not expressly state that Paulinus baptized Edwin of Northumbria, and yet it is legitimately inferred from his notice of that occurrence: the baptism of the Northumbrians he does ascribe to him. Now Nennius represents Edwin and his subjects as baptized by *Rum Map Urbgen*, or Rhun ab Urien Rheged; and the *Annales Cambriæ* attributes Edwin's baptism to this Cumbrian prince. Could the Paulinus, of whom the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and Bede speak, be the *Paul Hên* whom we have met with as a British ecclesiastic, and both be identical with the son of Urien, whom Llywarch Hên incidentally mentions? The chronology is greatly opposed to this hypothesis; but then we have no credible chronology of these centuries yet. Whether it were so or not, here is one Briton who submitted to Augustine's claims, and therefore ought to be pointed out. In the ravages of Wales by the Saxons, particularly when the invaders retained their old Teutonic paganism, we should expect that the churches and monasteries would be singled out for destruction. Beside the notices of such plunderings and slayings which we have already seen, the *Annales Cambriæ* says that in 645, A. D., the convent of St. David was burnt by the Saxons: and the *Book of Llandaff* records the murder of Aidan, a bishop, and of many clerics with him, at Llandaff, in 720, A. D. The Paschal heresy, of which we have heard so much, was ended in North Wales, by the efforts of St. Elvod, or Elbotus, or Elbodg, who was the chief bishop in Gwynedd. The means he employed we are not informed of, but the fact is stated that he persuaded the Britons of that part to follow the fashion prescribed by Rome, in 768, A. D. This same saint was the teacher of Nennius, (if such a man ever lived,) according to both the prefaces to the "History of the Britons," called by his name. And here for the present we take leave of ecclesiastical matters.

About the middle of the sixth century, according to Nennius, flourished Talhaiarn Tataguen, "the father of poetry," Neiren, (or Aneurin, we suppose,) Taliesin, Bluchbard, and Cian, who is called Gueinthguant, "of elegant song." This is the earliest notice of the constellation of poets which appeared in that season of national downfall and ruin. It is not a complete list, Llywarch Hên and Myrddin being omitted: and during the following century there were one or two others who were scarcely less

eminent in song. We shall not speak particularly of all these writers, nor enter upon any merely curious discussions respecting any of them; and our purpose being simply to convey to our readers a tolerably distinct notion of the poetical character of these earliest bardic remains, the conventional forms adopted by them, which can be exhibited only by quotations from the original poems, we shall leave unnoticed, till we can give especial attention to these technicalities and artifices, as exhibited by the later bards. Of Gildas, the chief prose writer of this period, we have spoken; and the monastic annalists do not exhibit any style which requires remark; we therefore take up the poets, and begin with Aneurin "of the flowing muse," one of the three "chiefs in song," who is esteemed the foremost of this first group.

In addition to what we have already said of Aneurin, the traditions of his personal history relate his retirement to the college of Cattwg, when he was driven from his home in North Britain, and his death from the stroke of a battle-axe, given by Eiddyn, son of Einygan. Taliesin, in one of his poems, testifies to the reputation of the bard of Gododin.

"Aneurin! I know his name;
With his genius of flowing praise:—
And I am Taliesin,
On the banks of the lake Ceirionydd."

The poem called "Odes of the Months" is rejected by modern critics as spurious; and, beside the *Gododin*, only a few fragments are believed to be genuine. But these justify the admiration of those who place Aneurin amongst the noblest poets of the Kymry, as the extracts we have given above, and those which we now give, will attest, although a composition like this battle-piece cannot be fairly judged by detached specimens. At the commencement of the poem is a description of a young warrior, on his active but powerful charger, fully armed, with golden spurs: after having completed the picture, the poet says—

"It is not for me
To envy thee;
With thee I will deal more nobly,
I will praise thee in my song.
Alas! sooner will the bloody bier arrive,
Than the marriage feast.
Sooner will the ravens have food,
Than the dear friend of Owain
Rejoice in his family.
Perishing where he fell, under the ravens,
Lies that courser, in the valley
Where the son of Marco was slain."

The following lines occur subsequently.

"The warriors went to Gododin full of laughter,
To the fierce conflict with clashing swords;—
Short interval of joy, indeed!

The son of Boegad lamented it ; manly was his arm ;
 But they went in a mass, and their overthrow was complete.
 Both old and young ; the bold and the powerful ;
 The certain death of the conflict pierced them.
 The warriors went to Gododin, a laughing phalanx ;
 Soon the embattled host rose against them, in hateful contest.
 They slew with blades shining, without din ;
 The mighty column, alive with spears, moved on.
 They went to Cattræth ; a talkative host ;
 Pale mead had been their feast, and proved their poison.
 Three hundred with weapons were in array ;
 But what a calm succeeded to their joy !
 They went in a mass ; their overthrow was complete ;
 The certain death of the conflict pierced them through."

Describing a warrior's exploits, he says of his victims—

" Like rushes would they fall before his arm."

When he kindles with admiration of any of the characters on his stage, he exclaims—

" Son of Clydno ! of wide-spread fame, I will sing to thee
 Praise, without bound, without end ! "

And thus he mourns over the fallen :

" Miserable am I after the toil of the conflict,
 Suffering in others' pangs, the anguish of death.
 Doubly bowed down am I in sorrow, to have seen
 Our men falling on all sides,
 And to have felt anxiety and grief,
 For the valiant men of the social land ;
 For Rhuvawn, Gwgawn, Gwiawn, and Gwylyget."

The conventionalisms in form and diction do not appear in these translations, which but feebly represent the peculiarities of the original ; yet we have all the essential materials for poetry here. In other poems, which are made up of parts which may be looked at singly, we shall perceive more clearly, what a warmth of imagination, and what hues of fancy, characterized the writings of these patriotic bards.

Specimens of Taliesin's poetry we have given in another chapter, and as the mediæval legend-writers constructed for him a story scarcely inferior in marvel to that they gave to Myrddin, we will give a portion of it, with specimens of the poetry they attributed to this "king of song." The poems fictitiously ascribed to Myrddin having a historical interest, will be referred to when we reach the time of their composition. This, then, is the *Mabinogi* of Taliesin the Great. Gwyddno Garanhir, the prince whose dominions were so greatly diminished by the swallowing up of the Cantrev y Gwaelawd by the sea, had a son named Elphin, whose character was none of the best, and against whom dame Fortune seemed to cherish some pique, for let him do what

he would he did not prosper. In one of the rivers of his father's dominions was a weir, the draught of fish at which on May-day eve had usually been worth, year by year, one hundred pounds. To get rid of some of his difficulties, Elphin begged to have the produce of this weir for one May-day eve ; and as the council did not object, Gwyddno consented. At the proper hour the young man went to the weir, and not a fish was to be seen ; at which one of the weir-keepers upbraided him as the destroyer of its value, and represented this as the very climax of misfortune. As he looked on in wonder, the luckless prince espied a leathern bag hanging on one of the poles of the weir, and, pointing to it, said, "Perhaps the equivalent to the hundred pounds may be there!" But when they opened the bag, they were astonished to find a young child in it. "What a fair forehead!" exclaimed the man. "Fair-forehead [*Taliesin*] then be its name," said Elphin ; and he carried the child home with him, full of despair. As he went along the child suddenly uttered the following consolatory poem :—

" O Elphin fair ! lament no more,
 No man should e'er his lot deplore ;
 Despair no earthly good can bring.
 We see not whence our blessings spring ;
 Kynllo's prayer deem not unheard,
 God will maintain his sacred word ;
 In Gwyddno's weir was never seen
 Such good as there to-night has been.

" Fair Elphin ! dry thy tearful face,
 No evil hence can weeping chase ;
 Though deeming thou hast had no gain,
 Grief cannot ease the bosom's pain.
 Doubt not the great Jehovah's power ;
 Though frail, I own a costly dower.
 From rivers, seas, and mountains high,
 Good to the gay will God supply.

" Fair Elphin ! blest with genius gay !
 Unmanly thoughts thy bosom sway ;
 Thou shouldst dispel this pensive mood ;
 The future fear not ;—God is good.
 Though, weak and fragile, now I 'm found
 With ocean's foaming waves around,
 In retribution's hour I 'll be
 Three hundred salmons' worth to thee.

" O Elphin ! prince of talents rare,
 My capture without anger bear ;
 Though low within my net I rest,
 My tongue with rarest power is blest.
 So long as I to thee am near,
 Thou never wilt have cause to fear :—
 Bear thou the Tri-une God in mind,
 And fear no earthly foe to find."

Consolation, and good advice, and astounding wonder at once; for Elphin had lighted upon a most extraordinary being, one who had gone through a series of transmigrations surpassing fable, and who was originally little Gwion, but now at length Taliesin. He had acquired this last form thus: a female magician, or hag, named Keridwen, made Gwion the little flee for his life one day, and as he fled he turned himself into a hare, that he might more surely escape, but Keridwen transformed herself into a greyhound, and gained upon Gwion, driving him towards a river. Leaping into the stream, he assumed the form of a fish, but his antagonist swam after him as an otter, so that he was forced to take the appearance of a bird, and mount up swiftly into the air. Then Keridwen became a sparrow-hawk, and was just about to pounce upon little Gwion, when he perceived a heap of clean wheat on a threshing floor, and dropped upon it in the likeness of a single grain. And now he was foiled, for the hag took the form of a great black hen, and, scratching over the heap, singled out Gwion and swallowed him. For nine months she bore him within her, and then he was restored to light by another birth; and the unintentional mother purposed to kill him, but he was so lovely that she put him into a coracle, wrapt in a skin, and intrusted him to the mercy of the sea, which carried him to the weir of Gwyddno.

Some time afterwards Elphin was put in prison by his uncle Maelgwn Gwynedd, and Taliesin hastened to effect his release, for he boasted himself to be "primary chief bard" to his preserver. In a long poem he recited, though not consecutively, the various stages of metempsychosis which he had passed through; and then states the purpose of his journey to Maelgwn's court, which was to "loosen Elphin from the golden fetter." Eventually he succeeded; and the following poem is either the last address before Maelgwn yielded, or else it celebrates the victory his verse had gained. It is called

THE MEAD SONG.

"The sovereign Lord, in every land supreme,
Him who the heavens supports, Lord of all space,
Who made the waters, who to all doth good,
Him from whom cometh every gift, I pray,
That ne'er may Maelgwyn lack inspiring mead,
Foaming, and pure, and bright, to gladden us:—
Mead, which the toiling bee makes, but not drinks,
Mead distilled I praise; its praise is every where;—
Precious to creatures whom the earth sustains;—
For man God made it, made it for his joy;
And all enjoy it, fierce and mild alike.
The Lord made all, the mild and gentle both;
And till the judgment, will with raiment meet
Adorn, with food and drink supply. Wherefore,
The sovereign Lord, in realms of peace supreme,
I yet invoke, that Elphin may return;
He who, so princely, gave me wine, and ale,
And mead, and noble war-steeds freely gave;
Whose generous bounty still to me would give,

Who shall, if God so will, with reverence hold
 Feasts without number in the land of peace.
 Thou knight of mead ! kinsman to Elphin fair,
 Far distant be the day that ends thy liberty ! ”

Such were some of the fictions associated with the name of the “ ancient wanderer,” who knew what “ superior happiness ” was theirs who, themselves renowned, envied not the fame of others ; and who therefore chose as one of his especial themes, the praise of Urien ; whom Aneurin claimed as a participant of all his glowing thoughts and generous emotions ; and who is united with Llywarch Hên, to whose poems we now turn, in the choice of the object of his most hearty and exuberant eulogy.

In a former chapter we have spoken of the princely bard of Argoed ; and we have only to add that he was one who took refuge in Wales from the flood of Saxon invaders which spread far and wide elsewhere in Britain ; and that he lived to a great age, surviving children, and patrons, and liberty. This poet has much more of technical formality than either of the preceding ; and yet his verses are full of life, the images being all drawn freshly from nature, and the feelings expressed with true pathos and power. His poems are all long, and would be wearisome to modern readers ; we can therefore present only minute fragments, but their glitter is genuine, and his productions are wholly made up of such materials. Coleridge’s definition of poetry, the style which is “ simple, sensuous, and passionate,” is exactly realized by Llywarch Hên. In his elegy upon the death of Urien Rheged, he portrays the grief of the sister who hears that the last pillar of the house is broken, and then proceeds to embody the thought of the changed homestead in a series of pictures of real desolation ; pictures which have for us this additional recommendation, that they show us in how rude and simple a style the kings, as they were styled, lived in those days.

“ This hearth ! ah, will it not be covered with nettles ?
 Whilst its protector lived,
 More congenial to it was the tread of the needy suppliant.”

And so he proceeds, covering the place where mirth, and good cheer, and generous hospitality had been, with brambles, and green turf, dock-leaves, and mushrooms ; and peopling the deserted fireside with ants and fowls, mice and swine, in such terms as only one who had an eye to see, and a heart to feel and understand, could do. This faculty of lively and appropriate portraiture is beautifully displayed in his elegy on Cyddyfan ; he is describing the burning of the house of the prince of Powys, and the ruin spreads visibly as we read ;—

“ One tree, round which the climbing woodbine twines,
 Perhaps will escape——
 But, what God wills, be done ! ”

The poem on his old age, and on the loss of his sons, exhibits this power, and is the most sternly pathetic of his compositions. He opens it with an address to his staff,

which he contrasts with the lance he once wielded for Britain; and then he proceeds to ask of it if it be not winter, spring, summer, autumn, implying that his faculties were decaying, and that all seasons seemed alike to him in his comfortless senility.

“ My wooden staff! be thou a contented branch,
To support a sorrowing old man,—
Llywarch the garrulous.”

He next pictures old age sporting with him, and introduces the wind and the stars, and other natural objects and phenomena, to exhibit his decrepitude.

“ This leaf,—is it not blown about by the wind?
Woe to it of its fate!
It is old!—Yet in this year only was it born!”

Another of those startling pictures he presents in the assertion that, “ what he loved he hates now,” and that “ what he hated he has.” And respecting his domestic woes, for

“ Four and twenty sons he had,
Wearers of torques, leaders of armies;”

he says that neither sleep nor gladness came to him after they were slain. In reading it we forget that he who wrote it could not have been the miserable and helpless wretch he has depicted, so vividly do the images arise, and with such clearness is each drawn.

We must refer to Sharon Turner’s “ Vindication,” and to Stephens’ “ Literature of the Kymry,” for further and fuller information. What we have given will justify no mean opinion of the Britons, during the time that they so hopelessly and unavailingly strove against the North-men. And we shall find, in the season of their complete and final subjugation to the English yoke, the same display of wondrously great poetic gifts; so that it would almost seem, from all the story of the Kymry, that it was by this means, in the very hour of defeat, they were evermore to win their deathless victories.

CHAPTER XI.

AFFAIRS IN WALES FROM THE BATTLE OF RHUDDLAN MARSH TO THE DEATH OF
HOWELL THE GOOD.

FOR the period of which this chapter treats, we have to rely almost entirely upon anonymous chroniclers and annalists, and upon the recorders of traditions who lived long after the events and the persons they commemorated. Gildas, who, despite the doubts concerning his identity, testified to his individuality, and to his contemporaneity too, by his unsparing censures of both princes and priests, has long ceased to cast the gleam of his monastic taper upon our path. Bede the Venerable no longer enlightens us with his wonderfully-mingled acute observation and child-like credulity;—his historical labours have ended some sixty years ago;—“*Beda presbyter dormit.*” Nennius—whoever he was that wore the mask so entitled—in his zealous gleaning of “the ears of corn of past affairs, lest they should be trodden under foot,” has so completely neglected what was passing around him, that his only contribution is the name of Mervyn as king of some section of the Britons;—for the like bare mention of Anarawd is plainly an interpolation. Asser, whose “Annals of the Reign of Alfred the Great” is the only original narrative we possess of the life of that eminent prince, lends but the most casual illumination to our dim and dubious way. Not a solitary song from any bard, alluding even darkly to events he witnessed or took part in, has reached us. Little credible history is at any time to be gathered from the lives of saints;—and there were few saints during this century and a half, whose deeds have been recorded by admiring disciples. Even legends are so rare, that with every effort we shall scarcely prevent our narrative from becoming tame, and wanting in life. For the entries in the *Annales Cambriæ* and the *Brut y Tywysogion* are so brief as to be in many instances unintelligible; and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is taken up with the story of the ravages of the Danes; and the supremacy of the Teutonic race over the Celtic was so far firmly established, that it affords us only the slightest possible notices of the affairs of Wales. And yet there are two traditions which give a marked character to these times,—the union, and subsequent threefold division, of the principality by Rhodri Mawr; and the legislation of Hywel Dda. We shall endeavour by the help of these traditions to interpret the others, which (for the most part, however, without the authentication of the name of their author, or preserver)-scantly fill up the bare outline, of which we have spoken; and we add our caution against the reception of what we tell, as being more than a probable account of what happened; or

as exactly coinciding with the real course of events, except in the most prominent points.

The first and most noticeable public occurrence is the civil war between Hywel Vychan, a younger son of Rhodri Maelwynawg, and his brother Cynan Tindaethwy, who was prince of Gwynedd. It appears that Hywel contended for the extension of the customary division of the patrimonial estate amongst all the sons to the principedom itself; and claimed Anglesey as his lawful share. His first attempt was successful; he defeated his brother, and took possession of the island. In the variations of the MSS. it is not very clear with whom the next victory rested; but it is most likely that in the following year Hywel again defeated Cynan, and was afterwards routed and compelled to fly from Anglesey. Two years later,—either in 816, or 817, A. D., for the authorities differ, as usual,—Hywel, repeating his efforts, was completely overthrown, and driven to the Isle of Man, where a kinsman, both by blood and by marriage, reigned. In the same year, or in the following, however, the victor died; and the king of Man, Mervyn Vrych (who had married Essyllt, Cynan's daughter, and who was himself descended from kings by both parents) succeeded; and thus the Isle of Man became connected with the principality of Wales, but, as it appears, was left under the rule of Hywel, who died there eight years afterwards.

Respecting the law, which Hywel endeavoured in this manner to wrest, we must speak in another place; and we therefore reserve till then our notice of the pretensions of the Welsh antiquaries to the proprietorship of the term *gavel-kind*, in opposition to the Saxons. The existence of such a custom is clearly established, however, by this contest; and this indicates, though of course only approximately, the degree of social order which obtained amongst the Kymry at this time; whilst the possibility of such a quarrel as clearly indicates the tendency of the Britons to divide into clans and petty lordships, which is the very reverse of that exhibited amongst the Saxons during this very period; for they (in part, no doubt, as a consequence of the Danish invasions, which extinguished, or yet more enfeebled the weaker states) now displayed in Egbert, a Bretwalda who was somewhat more than a nominal lord paramount, and in Athelstane, a king who actually ruled over the whole of Britain. We have already, from numerous examples, learned that the antagonism and intestine strife, which such a state of minute division appears necessarily to entail upon a people, was the normal condition of the British Celts; and this instance is but one out of many, in these ages of depression and hopeless contests for independence, in which we see the energies of the Welsh exercised in a way by which the triumphant career of the Saxons and their own downfall were made certain. The chroniclers have mentioned other things which would have conspired with this civil, or rather fratricidal war, in casting a gloom over the minds of such a people as the Kymry, who, whatever had been the scientific lore of the Druids, and whatever was the learning cultivated in the choirs of St. David, St. Illtyd, St. Asaph's, or Bardsey, were not at all in advance of other nations, who regarded all that occurred beyond the track of their ordinary experience, or of which they could give no account, as prodigies, testifying or threat-

ening the displeasure of Heaven. Just as during the years following their loss of Lloegyr, comets, eclipses, showers of blood, earthquakes, drought, and other wonders appeared to the defeated Britons, to foreshadow, or to interpret substantial national ills; so now, none could mistake the disastrous nature of this conflict, for it was heralded by eclipses, parhelia, and murrain, by the burning of St. David's monastery, and by the death of kings and saints, Arthen and Reyn, Cadell, Owain ab Meredydd, and St. Elvod, who had persuaded them into peace with Rome. Immediately before the outbreak, Dyganwy, near Conway, was burnt by lightning; and during its continuance happened such a terrific thunderstorm, that many buildings were fired;—and, as if to set the very sinfulness of the strife in all its infamy before them, Griffri ab Cyngen was killed by the treachery of his brother Elis. Whilst perhaps the war of Hywel and Cynan itself, and all these accompanying signs, would by many be regarded as but forewarnings of more energetic displays of power on the part of the Saxons, especially since the next blow from them fell on the very region which had been the scene of that unblest contention.

It is most improbable that the border warfare ever ceased in the Welsh Marches, although no mention is made by the chroniclers of either party of any collision for twenty years after the fatal engagement at Rhuddlan. For a state of things exactly similar existed in after times along the Scottish border; and whether the kings were at peace or war, whether Scotland was independent or tributary, marauding expeditions, both by the barons, whose lordships lay near the March, and who were not used to wait the command of their sovereign in commencing a campaign; and by a race of men who were the growth of the district, and the like to whom did actually exist along the Welsh border in the days of Giraldus Cambrensis; such expeditions—"forays," as they were called—were continually made. To some such affairs very probably Matthew of Westminster, or Roger of Wendover, (whichever wrote the "Flowers of History,") refers, if he truly refers to any thing save an imagination, or a mistake, in his mention of Egbert's invasion of Wales, in the years 810, and 811, A. D. In the first year, however, of the joint reign of Mervyn and Essyllt, the Saxons made a descent upon Gwynedd, overran the lordship of Rhyvoniawg, which lay between the Clwyd and the Conway; made themselves masters of Eryri, the rugged mountain-mass of Snowdon; and in the following year penetrated into Mona, and fought a desperate battle at Llanvaes, one result of which, according to Rowland, was the giving of the name of Anglesey to the island, though others have attributed that to the colonization of it by Edwin of Northumbria, long before. "A year after that, and Cenulf of Mercia ravaged the kingdoms of Dyved." Dyganwy was burnt by the Saxons in 822, A. D.; and in the same year the kingdom of Powys fell into their possession, according to the *Annales Cambriæ*, and Caradawg of Llangarvan's *Brut*: whether Mercia (which was now losing ground in the heptarchy, and was, in fact, only a tributary to Wessex) or Wessex headed these invasions, is not said. But it was not till 828, A. D., as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle reports, (which makes no mention of what we have related,) that Egbert reduced North Wales to complete subjection. A rather apocryphal story adds,

that because the Welsh had aided the Danes, as we saw the West Welsh doing, when they were so terribly defeated at Hengest-down, Egbert took Caer Lleon, or Ddyfrdwy, or Chester, and pulled down the bronze statue enclosing the remains of Cadwallawn from London gate; and furthermore, expelled every Kymro from his dominions on pain of death if found within them six months after the issuing of the edict. The prostration for a time seems to have been complete; for we hear of no fighting till 844, A. D., when, in a battle at Ketyll, or Cyveiliog, in Montgomeryshire, Mervyn Vrych fell, and the crown of Gwynedd passed to Rhodri Mawr.

Of the princes of the other parts of Wales we have scarcely received the names; and the story has obtained a fixed place amongst the Cambrian traditions, that Rhodri, inheriting from his father, Powys, and the Isle of Man; from his mother, Gwynedd; and receiving South Wales as the inheritance of Angharad, his wife, was the first prince of all Kymru, and therefore was called Rhodri Mawr, Roderic the Great. But the *Annales Cambriæ* contain notices of various other princes during Rhodri's reign, and does not furnish a single hint that they were but viceroys. Beside this, tradition, embodied in a Triad, which we have already quoted, ascribes to him the division of Wales into the principalities of Aberfraw, Dinevwr, and Mathraval, at the very beginning of his reign; but Aberfraw was not, according to the same authorities, the royal residence of Gwynedd till late in Rhodri's reign; and not only do the notices in the *Annales* we have alluded to already, contain the names of other divisions, as Abergeleu, and Caredigion, but the codes of laws which remain present us with two kingdoms in South Wales, Dyved and Gwent, distinct in various usages, and even in linguistic peculiarities. That he was not *sole* king of Wales is quite certain; but that he left Gwynedd, Dyved, and Powys to three of his sons, as we shall see, shows that he had acquired possession of those provinces. Perhaps, instead of the blame which he has received from the last English historian of the principality, Warrington, for dividing instead of consolidating his kingdom, he ought to be praised for attempting to unite it, in such a way and by such means as alone were open to him; for all know how obstinately small states resist absorption into larger ones, and they who have handed down this tradition speak of arrangements for preserving a oneness of interest between the three kingdoms, by the appointment of arbitrations, by particular parties, at particular places, in case of disputes. And that such a union did exist, the laws of Hywel Dda attest; and the tradition of their origin shows a greater unanimity amongst the Welsh than we have seen in all their foregoing history. The mention of the tribute paid by Wales to the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, with the method of distributing its burden, which is contained in the laws, and which we shall speak of later in the present chapter, also indicates a closer union amongst the petty states of the Kymry, than we find prevailing at earlier periods. We will, however, leave this question to be settled by those who are more deeply versed in the antique lore of Wales, and proceed to sketch such events as the more credible chroniclers have recorded.

In the fourth year after Rhodri became king in Gwynedd, Ithel ab Hywel, prince of Gwent, was marching to aid Rhodri, and was set upon by the men of Brycheiniawg,

who had been bribed (it is said) by a thousand head of cattle, and slain; an act which appended the epithet "traitors," proverbially, to the people of Brecon. The fight of Finant is spoken of in the same year. And in the next year, we are told Meirig was slain by the Saxons. This Meirig was brother to Ithel; and his death is recorded in 849, A. D. The occasion of both the brothers being slain is said to have been the invasion of North Wales, which is noticed under the date 853, A. D., in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. "This year Burhred, king of the Mercians, and his *witan*, begged of king Æthelwulf that he would assist him so that he might make the North-Welsh obedient to him. He then did so; and went with an army across Mercia among the North-Welsh, and made them all obedient to him." This may be, for the uncertainty of the chronology of these annals exceeds belief; yet as Gwent was immediately at the back of Offa's dyke, and as border-strife never ceased, Meirig might have fallen in some petty fray; and as the traditions make Ithel succeed Meirig, although in the *Annales Cambriæ* he is killed in the year before his death, not much worth can be attributed to this attempt to bring the chroniclers of the rival nations into harmony.

In the following year, 850, A. D., occurs the first notice of the visits of the Danes to Wales:—"Cyngen was strangled by the Pagans;" and in 853, A. D., it is recorded that "Mona was ravaged by the black Pagans;"—for by these designations these most unwelcome visitants were known amongst the Kymry. We cannot confidently identify the Danes with any of the "invading tribes" mentioned in the Triads, the Saxons being intended by the "men of Denmark;" for the Jutes at least came from the Cimbric Chersonese hither, and it was from them that the Britons experienced all the ills that force and craft could inflict. Though not so sorely chastised as England, Kymru yet suffered enough of evil from these new pirates; the wide estuaries of the Dee and the Severn invited them, as giving them immediate access to the heart of the country; and the low shores of Anglesey and Glamorgan afforded them every facility they required for their predatory incursions. We shall hear frequent mention of their ravages, but they do not form so large a particular in the History of the Welsh as they do in that of the Anglo-Saxons. The similarity as to race and character of the Danes and the Saxons, and the infliction upon the Kymry by the former of a repetition of the kind of evils that the latter had laid on them till they were well nigh destroyed, together with the circumstance that the Saxons themselves were suffering now what they had caused the Britons to suffer in earlier times, might suggest a not uninteresting comparison between them; especially as their success in Britain, and their adventures elsewhere, have been so widely different,—the Saxons gaining all the territory they endeavoured to master, and continuing in the possession of it to the present hour; and only in these later ages, after larger infusions of other blood, North-man, and Fleming, and Frank, setting forth on a career of conquest unequalled in extent and durability;—the Danes planted here and there in the northern and eastern parts of England, by the will of the Saxon king, and enjoying thus a temporary reward for their labours, acquiring, under Canute, a transitory possession of the throne, and then merging in the general mass of English; in other lands, Neustria, Sicily, Apulia, being seized, and the

tottering Greek empire itself for a time shaken by them ; whilst Normandy alone retains any well-marked traces of their settlement ; and from none of these acquisitions have any recent hosts gone forth ; nay, the mother country of the *Vikingr* itself, which once sent forth such swarms of terrible warriors over western and northern Europe, has furnished but a small contingent to the modern sea-kings, whose object is *commerce*, not spoil ; and whose highway and battle-field are not these narrow European waters, but the ocean that girds the world.

The annals, next after this slight mention of the Danes, tell us that Cyngen of Powys, imitating other princes, laid down his crown, and retired to Rome, where he died,—murdered, it is added, by his servants. It has also been remarked, in connexion with this regal pilgrimage, that the Popes were well satisfied with such, since though they did not gain homage for the crown, which might have led to disputes, as it did in England in later centuries ; they did gain certain fees, which were valuable from the numbers that paid them, and which caused no complaints, because they were small. And the remaining records of the reign of Rhodri, excepting the death of Jonathal, prince of Abergeleu ; the siege of York, and battle of Ash-down, which belong to Anglo-Saxon story ; the siege of Alcluyd, which we have before spoken of ; with one or two notices of ecclesiastics, relate to incursions of the Danes ; or, at least, they are so interpreted by antiquaries and scholars of former times. In 871, A. D., Gwgawn, son of Meirig, or Morydd, king of Caredigion, whilst repelling an attack of the Danes, was drowned in the river Llychwr, in Gower. “ Two years after that, and the action of Bangoleu took place, and there Cynan was slain ; and the action of Menegydd in Mona.” It is said that these battles happened after the Danes were compelled by one of those oaths, which the Saxons say they never kept, to respect the English territories, and that they therefore descended on Anglesey, and were thus met and repulsed by Rhodri. The editor of the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, however, says that “ these places are unknown ;” which is a virtual disowning of the traditions that have overgrown the annalist’s brief record. Another battle in Mona is placed under the year 876, A. D., and is called “ the action on Sunday ;” and “ a year after that, and Rhodri and his brother Gwriad were killed by the Saxons.” These separate battles are represented by some as one, and it is said to have occurred during an invasion of the Saxons, who had penetrated as far as Anglesey ; although it was in Alfred’s reign,* when there was no *war* between the Saxons and the Welsh ; and, as nearly as we can calculate, it was in the very year that Alfred ventured out of his retreat at Athelney ; or in the following, when both Cirencester and Fulham were held by the heathens ; and when, had there been war, it could not well have been carried on thus actively. From Asser we learn that Hingwar and Halfdene spent the winter preceding Alfred’s

* Alfred’s relations with the Kymry may be understood by the statement of his biographer, that those of Bretagne, as well as those of Cornwall, Wales, &c., voluntarily submitted themselves to him. And how greatly the old feeling of defiance to the Saxons had been modified by residence beyond the sea, may be perceived by the fact, that the Bretons, when expatriated by the invasions of the North-men, betook themselves to Athelstan, and not to Idwal, or Hywel, for refuge ; and the prudence as well as generosity of the Saxon was displayed in his giving the fugitives effectual aid in recovering some part of their lost dominions.

great victory at Ethandun, in Dyved, and sailed from it in the spring to Devonshire, where they were met and defeated, as all histories tell. Asser seems also to imply that Rhodri was not practically subject to Alfred, and it would have been difficult for the Saxon king to have enforced obedience to his will, during the greater part of his reign, had he regarded the prince of Gwynedd as his vassal. The tribute of the king of Aberfraw to the "king of London," although said by some to have been voluntarily yielded by Rhodri, does not really appear to have been ever paid by him; we shall therefore postpone the notice of it until we arrive at the date when it most certainly was received by Athelstan. Tradition assigns to Rhodri the removal of the Royal residence of Gwynedd from Caer Segont, on the north-western slope of Snowdon, to Aberfraw in Anglesey; and he has been duly blamed for the change. Thus passed away Rhodri Mawr, who was the greatest amongst the princes of his age, if not absolutely deserving the title "Great," in comparison with the rulers of other lands and ages. His domains, so saith the story, were divided thus: Anarawd, his eldest son, became king of Aberfraw, or Gwynedd; Cadell, of Dinevwr, or Deheubarth; and Mervyn, of Mathraval, or Powys; and these three are in the Triads called the three diademed, or bandlet-wearing princes.

The first event of the new reign in the *Annales Cambriæ*, is the battle of Conway, called *Dial Rhodri*, Rhodri's revenge, in the year 880, A. D. The explanation of which by the traditions is as follows: at the very beginning of Anarawd's reign, numerous refugees from the kingdoms of Strath-Clyde and Cumbria came into Wales, and the king gave them lands and possessions between the Conway and the Dee, which they took possession of, expelling the Saxons who had seized that part of Wales. Ethered of Mercia, enraged at losing this portion of the territory he claimed, resolved to recover it; but the Britons, having removed all their transferable property, cattle and families, behind the Conway, advanced under the command of Anarawd to Cymryd, two miles from Conway, to meet the invader; and there, after a hard-fought fight, completely defeated him, the Welsh pursuing the Saxons far beyond the borders, and returning laden with rich spoils. Anarawd, mindful of his father's death, called this victory "Rhodri's avenging," and testified his gratitude for it by endowing the church at Bangor, and that at Clynnog Vawr. The North Britons were at once reinstated in those parts, which were called Tegeingl, and which, in memory of the kingdom they had lost, and from the Clwyd, which waters the district, they named *Y-strad-choyd*.

Asser, a Welshman, it must be remembered, who was introduced to king Alfred, as some suppose, in this very year, 880, A. D., has a passage relating to the affairs of Wales, which establishes the fact of Ethered's invasion, though not the story of his defeat; and which tells us something of the disorderly state of the principality, and how impossible it was for the Welsh to avoid the condition of vassalage to which we shall shortly see them reduced. He says that when Alfred first invited him to attend upon him, he asked the advice of his clerical brothers of St. David's, and that they agreed to his giving to the king the time he desired, for they hoped that by his interest they should sustain less harm and trouble from the king of Dyved, Hyveidd, or

Hemeid, who not unfrequently plundered their monastery and lands,—the unscrupulous laic!—nay, had even expelled Archbishop Novis, and Asser himself; assuming power which none but Patriarch, or Pope, should exercise; and seemingly paying little or no attention to interdicts, and such thunders as monks could roll. For at this time, and for some long time before, Alfred was acknowledged as supreme lord of Wales, which title he never lost: and thus he acquired it. The six sons of Rhodri Mawr had harassed Hyveidd as badly as he had harassed the choir at St. David's; and he and his subjects, the men of Dyved, had in consequence put themselves under the protection of Alfred, by voluntary submission to him. Hyvel ab Rhys ab Arthvael, king of Gleguising, a territory partly in Glamorgan, and partly in Monmouthshire, who in this same year retired to Rome, where he died of the heat in 885, A. D.—he, with Brochwael, and Fernvael, sons of Meirig, and kings of Gwent, had of their own accord sought Alfred, that they might enjoy his government, and be protected against their enemies, for they could no longer endure the violence and tyranny of Ethered and the Mercians. Elis ab Tewdr, king of Brycheiniawg, compelled by the sons of Rhodri, had in like manner submitted himself to Alfred; and Anarawd, and his brother, the sons of Rhodri, abandoning the friendship of the Northumbrians, from which not good, but harm had come, and coming into the presence of the king of Wessex, had eagerly asked his alliance. And Alfred received Anarawd honourably, and became his godfather, (if we read Asser aright,) and presented him with many gifts. And so he, with all his people, became subject to the king, on the same condition of obeying the king's will in all respects, and in the same way as Ethered with the Mercians; who (as we know) ruled with both the title and the power of a monarch, albeit he was subject to Alfred. And, adds Asser, not in vain did these princes gain Alfred's friendship, for power, money, and esteem from the king, were theirs who sought them; and he defended them to the full extent of his ability, even as he protected himself.

Returning from this remarkable extract to the annals, we next find the record of Hyveidd's death, in 892, A. D. St. David's has peace now, without Asser's word in royal Alfred's ear. And then an entry which confirms the account of Anarawd's submission to the Saxon king. "Two years after that, and Anarawd with the English devastated Caredigion and the vale of Tywi." This was included in Cadell's dominions; and possibly he had not submitted to Alfred, or was refractory;—the opinion that he would not pay his share of tribute is inappropriate, as we shall find reason to believe that tribute not to have been demanded yet. We do not often find so exact a coincidence between the chronicles of the Saxon and the Welsh as we have next to notice. In 890, A. D., the *Brut y Tywysogion* says "the black Normans came a second time to Castle Baldwin," or Montgomery; "to Gwynedd," other copies say. We may see by this that the remarks we made respecting the border-frays holds good of these marauding descents of the Danes. They were incessant, and only the more momentous invasions have received any decisive mention; this is not noticed by any other chronicler. But in 894, A. D., according to this same *Brut* and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, in 895, A. D., according to the *Annales Cambriæ*, happened a terrible invasion of

these North-men ; for they swept across England, and spoiled Brycheiniawg, Morganwg, Gwent, Builth, and Gwennllwg, in Wales. And this, in brief, is the tale of this event. In the year before, the Danish army, driven by a famine from Flanders and France, had appeared on the English coast ; two hundred and fifty ships landing their crews at the mouth of the Rother, and eighty others with the chieftain of the whole, Hasting, entering the Thames, and setting their warriors ashore. They constructed fortifications ; remained through the winter ; were joined by their kinsmen of Northumbria and East Anglia, although they, as well as Hasting, were under oaths of friendship with Alfred ; were beaten in several engagements, but fought their way across the island to the Severn, followed by Alfred, who “ came up with them at Buttington, on the Severn, and there beset them about, on either side, in a fastness.” The blockade was strict ; the Wélsh, who had wrongs of their own to revenge, guarded the western bank, and the Saxons the other, Alfred being in Devonshire, against the fleet ; and at last, when they had consumed numbers of their horses, and many had died of hunger, they broke out, and though they suffered great loss, they rallied in Essex, on the opposite side of the kingdom ; then leaving their wives and children in the hands of the Danes of East Anglia, they marched “ at one stretch, day and night,” until they arrived at Chester, which they seized, and also the tract called the Wirral, which lay well for securing them from another blockade, being on the wide estuary of the Dee. But as they had lost all their stores and plunder in their former struggle, they sallied forth, and in the next year ravaged North Wales, and collected another harvest of spoil ; and then, before Alfred and his army had collected themselves, set off through Northumbria, to East Anglia, where they first settled in Mersey, in Essex, and afterwards, towing their ships round by the Thames, and up the Lea, constructed a fortress about twenty miles north of London. Alfred skilfully raised a counter-entrenchment, and drained off the waters of the river ; and then, once more committing their families to the East Anglians, they marched across the kingdom, and at Cwatbridge, on the Severn, constructed fortifications. They were thus again in the neighbourhood of Wales, but in the next summer, in 897, A. D., after they had been in Britain for three years, they dispersed, “ some to East Anglia, some to Northumbria, and they who were moneyless procured themselves ships there, and went over sea to the Seine,” and so Wales was well rid of them for a time.

It was but for a time, for in 902, A. D., of the *Annales*, (from which the *Brut* now differs by being two years too soon for almost every event,) Igmond, said by tradition to be a Danish chief, made a descent on Anglesey, and in that year was fought a battle in Maes Rhos Meilon ; and next year, apparently as another casualty of the same invasion, Mervyn ab Rhodri, prince of Powys, was slain by the Pagans. (One of the chroniclers, called by the name of Caradawg of Llangarvan, says that he was killed by his own men.) Thereupon, it has been stated, Cadell seized on Powys, and added it to his patrimony of South Wales ; all the wise regulations alleged to have been made by Rhodri proving vain as soon as the last of extended rule entered the heart of one of the diademed princes. In three years more, a descent on Caredigion diverted the

tide of evil to South Wales; a battle named, after a fortress on the coast, the fight of Dineirth, ensued, in which Maelog the lame, son of Peredur, fell; and St. David's was destroyed by the invaders. About the same time, in 908, according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Chester was put into a complete state of repair, the walls being restored, and all that was requisite to make it a stronghold against both Danes and Welsh, supplied; and this was done, adds Florence of Worcester, by the command of Ethered and Ethelfleda, Alfred's daughter, "the Lady of Mercia;" of whom we shall hear more soon, in connexion with our proper subject. In the following year, the *Annales Cambriæ* place the death of Cadell, who was succeeded in his dominions, including Powys, the tradition-makers say, by Hywel, his son, who afterwards deservedly gained the epithet of *Ddu*, the good. Anarawd survived him but six years, dying in 915, A. D., according to the same authority; and leaving to his eldest son, Idwal Voel, the sovereignty of Gwynedd.

The confusions in the chronology of the next few years are too great to be easily elucidated; but, desirable as accuracy is, the misplacing of events so completely independent of each other as those we have to do with, by a year or two, is a matter of small moment. Each event does in fact but present to us one aspect of Welsh affairs; and what they were in one year they were in all years; though of course the incidents might and did vary. In the first year of Idwal's reign, Mona is said to have been ravaged by the men of Dulyn, or Dublin. This occurs in the *Brut y Tywysogion*, at 914, A. D., and is not named in the Annals. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, at 916, A. D., says that about the nineteenth of June, Ethelfleda sent her forces amongst the Welsh, and stormed Breccenan-mere, and there took the king's wife, with above thirty others. And this foray is identified by some antiquaries with the battle of Dinas Newydd, that is placed in the *Annales* at 921, A. D., four years after the notice of Ethelfleda's death: the following story being told. Huganus, the lord of West Wales, seeing that the invasions of the Danes took up all king Edward's attention, entered England, and ravaged it sorely; which, when Ethelfleda heard, she speedily avenged; for marching against him, she overthrew him at Dinas Newydd, and took his wife and many others prisoners; but Huganus himself escaped to Derby, and was well received by the Danes, who then held that town. The capture of Derby by "the Lady of the Mercians," is chronicled by the Anglo-Saxon writers in the following year; and the Welsh fabulist adds, that it was in pursuit of Huganus that she attacked it; and that he, who (though he had not been ashamed to fly before her) thought it scorn to fall alive into the hands of a woman, after performing prodigies of valour, and, amongst other things, slaying Ethelfleda's four thanes, whose death the Chronicle says "was to her a cause of sorrow," fell. This is rather a lame story, but being constructed in the way that tales to illustrate engravings in picture books are made, could not well be better. It may stand here as a specimen of the History of Wales, according to Lhuyd, Powell, Gwynne, &c., after the supposititious Caradoc, whom Geoffrey commended to our favourable regard. In the *Annales Ohtor*, or Othyr, is said to have come to Britain in the year 913, A. D.—the *Brut* says in 910, A. D. We find this invasion mentioned

in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, under the date, 918, A. D. "In this year, a great fleet came over hither from the south, from the Lidwicas, [*Llydaw*, Brittany,] and with it two eorls, Ohtor and Hroald: and they went west about till they arrived within the mouth of the Severn, and they spoiled the North-Welsh [people of Wales generally] every where by the sea-coast, where they then pleased. And in Ircingfeld [Erging] they took bishop Cameleac [of Llandav] and led him with them to their ships; and then king Edward ransomed him afterwards with forty pounds. Then, after that, the whole army landed, and would have gone once more to plunder about Ircingfeld. Then met them the men of Hereford and of Gloucester, and of the nearest burghs, and fought against them, and put them to flight, and slew eorl Hroald, and," in short, put an end to the business as they hoped; but oaths would not bind these "black Pagans;" and so they gave Edward's men the slip, and were chased, and beaten, once and again, and managed after all to get away, first to Flatholme, thence to South Wales, and at length to Ireland. In 922, A. D., the "bold virago" (as the admiring monks styled Ethelfleda) died, and Edward, who was at Stamford, marched at once to Tamworth, and by this well-planned movement obtained complete possession of Mercia, and with it of all its dependencies. Amongst these was Wales; and the kings, Howel, (our Hywel Dda,) Cledauc, (Clydawg, who was killed by his brother Meurig, in 917, or 919, A. D., five or three years before, according to the Welsh accounts,) and Ieothwel, (Idwal Voel,) and all the Welsh race sought him, says the chronicler, to be their lord. Of Edward, William of Malmesbury says that he subdued the Welsh by perpetual warfare and victory; which may show how cautiously the rhetorical flourishes of late writers, even when they are not so imaginative as Geoffrey, are to be received.

According to the men of story, at a certain time there came from Ireland Leofred, a Dane by nation, and Gruffydd ab Madog, who was brother-in-law to the prince of West Wales; and they landed at Snowdon, and overran the country as far as Chester. Then marched Edward and his sons against them, and first they re-took Chester, then after dividing their forces into three parts, for the pursuit of the invaders, Athelstane took Leofred, and Edmund and Edred slew Gruffydd; and Leofred was slain also: and the men of Caredigion took and slew Owain, son of Gruffydd; and Athelstane, entering Wales, laid a tribute upon the country, of which we will speak presently. Now it happens that the *Annales* and the *Brut y Tywysogion* speak of the death of Gruffydd, or Griffin, son of Owain, at the hands of the men of Caredigion, under date 935, or 930, A. D., and undoubtedly Athelstane did impose a tribute; but it could not have been before the death of his father, in 925, A. D., or it would have been attributed to *him*, and not to Athelstane. This is the skeleton, or frame-work, of the whole story! The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle represents Owain, king of Gwent, as submitting himself to Athelstane in the year after the accession of the latter; it might have been then that all Wales was made tributary; or it might have happened, as some have thought, in 933, A. D., after the Scots had been subdued. Whenever it was, however, the occasion appears to have been some rebellious movements in Wales, against which Athelstane directed the strength of his kingdom; and then, according to William of Malmesbury,

having actually deprived Idwal of his crown, he restored him with the remark, that "it was greater to make a king than to be one." Afterwards assembling the British princes at Hereford, he did what no English king had before attempted, says William, —after some opposition, not unreasonable on the part of the vanquished chieftains, he imposed an annual tribute of twenty pounds' weight of gold, three hundred pounds' weight of silver, five and twenty thousand head of cattle, with hunting dogs and hawks: and furthermore, all the territory between the Wye and the Severn was to be taken from the British rulers who held it, and finally annexed to Mercia. Amongst the miscellaneous Welsh laws, which the recent editor, Mr. Aneurin Owen, did not arrange under the codes of Gwynedd, Dyved, and Gwent, is one to this effect:—"Threescore and three pounds the king of Aberfraw should pay to the king of Lloegyr; then he was called the king of London, for there were many kings formerly in Lloegyr: he should pay that as investiture fee, when he might take investiture of his privilege." The same amount, with hawks, and hounds, and horses added, without any specification of numbers, is casually mentioned in the Venedotian code, as royal tribute due from the king of Aberfraw to the king of London. Other amounts are specified in other ancient records; one says two hundred head of cattle, instead of the great number William of Malmesbury gives; another *doubles* the number of beeves; and another says three hundred pounds' weight of silver, one hundred of wool, and five thousand cows. As we cannot accurately determine the date of one of these authorities, we can only suppose that under different English kings the tribute varied; and the distinction made between the kings of Lloegyr and London cannot help us to fix the first imposition of this degrading tax, since when Athelstane made the kings of the Kymry his vassals, he did so as lord of Mercia, the chief place of which was London; and at the same time he actually was the first sole monarch of all Lloegyr, or England. It appears from the Welsh laws cited above, that the kings of Deheubarth and Powys paid to the king of Aberfraw their share of the tribute in kind; four tuns of honey (each tun consisting of eight loads for two men, when carried on a pole) from Dinevwr; and as much flour from Mathraual; and that he paid the whole of what Wales was assessed at to the Saxon king's *hoard*. And thus nothing but the name of independence was left to the Kymry; and for that they must strive for the time to come; to change it into the reality if they can, and at least to preserve it as a token that they once were free, if they cannot make it more than a name. But, as we have observed how, in the very hour of their subjugation by the invaders from Germany, they gave birth to the splendid Arturian epopee, and cycle of fictions, and thus gained a victory of mind over their very conquerors; so now, at this period, when the Saxon power, at length wielded by one man, crushed all but the form of freedom amongst them, arose a king who, if not deserving, any more than our own Alfred, the praise of being an original legislator, must yet be regarded as the Justinian of Wales, and as the compiler of a body of laws, with which our Saxondom has nothing that it can compare.

Notwithstanding this recent subjection, and in spite too of the generosity of Athelstane, Idwal, either himself, or by his son Elis, was amongst the confederates whom the

battle of Brunnaburgh utterly discomfited ; and it is to the year of that defeat that some have referred the imposition of tribute on Wales. This happened in 938, A. D. Five years afterwards, Cadell ab Arthrael, prince of Morganwg, who had often fought stoutly against the Saxons, was killed by poison. The crime was laid upon the "natural enemies" of the Kymry ; and Idwal, with his son Elis, endeavouring to avenge his death, fell. So say the later chroniclers ; in the oldest, we merely find the facts of the poisoning of Cadell, and of the death of the prince of Gwynedd, with his son, by the Saxons, recorded in the same year. And as others have stated that it was the *imprisonment* of Cadell that Idwal was endeavouring to avenge, and not his poisoning, we may readily believe that tradition, like legend, has not handed down to us an exact account of what happened. Cyngen, the son of Elis, perished by poison, three years after the death of his father ; but though he was living, Hywel ab Cadell acquired the supremacy of the Britons by Idwal's death ; his brother Meirig, and his nephew Hyveidd ab Clydawg, being dead. Yet we cannot suppose him to have been *sole* king, for a few years before his death, in 945, A. D., Edmund required and received the aid of Leoline, or Llewellyn, a king of South Wales, in his expedition against the Britons of Cumbria.

Of the laws ascribed to Hywel Dda we shall speak in the next chapter ; but we may conclude this with the traditional account of their compilation. The *Annales*, and the Chronicle of the Princes, mention at the years 928, and 926, A. D., a journey of Hywel to Rome, and as this preceded the death of Idwal by several years, it has been fabled, in a fashion with which our readers must have grown familiar now, that he made *two* journeys to the eternal city, one to study the principles of Roman law, before his legislative efforts ; and a second after them, to obtain the papal sanction for his code. Now the introduction to the laws mentions but one journey ; and the fulness of the introduction to the Dimetian code, which was established in his patrimonial kingdom, compared with those of the other codes, suggests that his labours with the laws of Wales were performed whilst he was merely prince of Dyved, and that his code was introduced into the other princedoms, either when he became the chief ruler of Wales, or as the knowledge of its completeness and arrangement recommended it to the adoption of their judges and kings ; and therefore 928, or 926, A. D., marks the date of the finishing of his compilation, and not of its commencement.

Observing the Kymry perverting the laws and customs, says the preface, Hywel summoned from every *cymwd* [commote] of his kingdom, six men practised in jurisprudence, and all the clergy who had attained to the dignity of the crosier,—the archbishop of St. David's, the bishops, abbots, and priors,—to the White House upon the Tav, in Dyved. This house he had caused to be constructed of *white* rods, as a hunting lodge, and thence it was so called. There during the whole of Lent, by abstinence and prayer, they prepared themselves for their work ; and at the end of that season Hywel chose out of the assembly twelve of the wisest laics, and master Blegywryd, the most learned scholar, to arrange and to complete the laws, so as to make them the nearest possible to truth and justice, and to do nothing contrary to the law of the

church, or that of the emperor. And by the advice of these men, some old laws were retained, others were amended, and others were abolished and new ones put in their place; and it was arranged in three parts,—the daily law of the palace, the law of the country, and the administration of each. And that it might be respected, the malediction of God, as well as of themselves, and of all Kymru, was pronounced upon such as violated it, unless it was first altered by the consent of the country and lord;—and three copies were made, one to remain with his court, another for the court of Dinewwr, and a third for that at Aberfraw.

And after all had been done, Hywel, accompanied by the bishops of St. David's, Bangor, and St. Asaph, and Blegywryd, the archdeacon of Llandav, went to Rome, to Pope Anastasius, to read the law, lest any thing contrary to the law of God should be found in it; and there being nothing so found, it was confirmed; and Blegywryd wrote some Latin verses with the true monkish jingle, which defy interpretation, but show that the good archdeacon was glad that his long labour was completed.

This pilgrimage to Rome, to obtain the ratification of a code of laws, indicates the position that Rome held amongst the Kymry now, more plainly than those abdications of kings, for the sake of spending the last few years of their lives beneath the eye of the first bishop of Christendom, and to die in his city, can at all display it. The superstition of minds whose indulgences had weakened them might lead to those funereal journeys, but nothing save the recognition of a most peculiar sanctity of wisdom in the man, and sacredness in his residence, could have taken one like Hywel Dda to Rome on his errand.

This king died either in 948, or 950, A. D., and was regarded in after-times as “the chief and glory of the Britons.”

CHAPTER XII.

LEGENDS OF EARLY LEGISLATORS AMONGST THE KYMRY.—LAWS ASCRIBED TO HOWELL
THE GOOD.—SOCIAL STATE EXHIBITED BY HOWELL'S LAWS.

THE volume published under the direction of the commissioners on the public records of the kingdom, containing "the Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales," is a noble monument of the reverence for law, and the love of order and completeness, which have characterized the natives of the principality; and in some respects is far more interesting than the corresponding volume of ancient English laws. The editor, Mr. Aneurin Owen, whose patience and skill in research are manifested in every part of the work, has been careful to indicate on the title-page the uncertainty connected with the authorship and codification of these laws, respecting which other editors, commentators, and historians, have spoken with a positiveness which is not justified by the evidence; entitling them, "Laws *supposed* to be enacted by Howel the Good, modified by subsequent regulations under the native princes prior to the conquest by Edward I." It is indeed most certain that whatever part Hywel Dda took in British legislation, the codes, as we possess them, do not prominently exhibit it, except in the prefaces, all of which repeat, with more or less detail, the story of the assembly at the White House, and of the pilgrimage to Rome, which we told in the last chapter. The oldest MS. Mr. Owen places in the twelfth century; it was therefore written after Bleddyn ab Cynvyn had introduced those alterations, which (according to the same writers that ascribe these codes to Hywel) were so considerable as to make it needful to fix at the commencement of every trial, whether Hywel's or Bleddyn's laws should be appealed to in it. And not only are there in other MSS. evidences of modifications of still later date; the orderliness of the arrangement, the completeness of the codes, and the apparent authority of law, are inconsistent with the state of things, which from other sources we find to have existed in Wales in the days of Hywel, and plainly point to a long subsequent period, and discredit the commonly received tradition. In the proper places we shall speak of the princes and jurists, (if so they may be entitled,) whose labours have made the Welsh laws what we find them now; and in this place confine attention to the legends of legislators and laws amongst the Kymry anterior to Hywel and his Institutes; the general features of Hywel's legislation; and the glimpses of manners and customs, both in the court and the nation, afforded to us thereby; always excluding all that relates to bardism, which we purpose to treat of in a separate chapter.

We begin with the notices to be found in "the Triads of the Isle of Britain;" one or two of which we have adverted to in a former chapter.

Hu Gadarn is commemorated as one of the three "national pillars" of the Kymry; and as one of their "primary inventors," inasmuch as he first gave them regulations for preserving order during their march from "the summer country," to the "green island" beyond the "Hazy Sea;" and thus raised them from a mere nomade horde into a nation. Thus, in the remotest antiquity of which the myths of the Kymry tell, is found not only the germ of the organization, by clans or families, which has ever since so peculiarly distinguished them, but also the rudiment of that respect for national institutions which the conqueror of Wales found to be so strong that he complied with it in his "statute of Rhuddlan," and which the legislative union of the principality with England by the Tudors repressed, but could not destroy.

The most important Triad in connexion with this subject, is one which treats of "the three beneficent sovereigns" of Britain, Prydain, Dyvnwal Moelmud, and Hywel Dda. Prydain, son of Aedd Mawr, it says, was the first who formed a system of federalism of country and nation, and who made the regulations of country and border-country in this island. In other Triads this eponymous hero of Britain is designated a "national pillar," inasmuch as he first established government, and founded a regular monarchy here; for before him, not justice but favour determined all litigation; and the strong arm, not law, settled every question of rights. The second "beneficent sovereign," Dyvnwal Moelmud, is said to have introduced an improvement and extension of the decrees and laws, privileges and customs, of the Kymry, that right and justice might be obtained by every body in Britain, under the protection of God and his peace, and under the protection of the country and nation. He is the third "national pillar;" and is also ranked with Hu Gadarn as a "primary inventor," because he first reduced to a system the laws, &c. of the people; which system is declared by another Triad to have been monarchical, and to have been deemed an improvement upon Prydain's, which preceded it. "He was," says the code of Gwynedd, "a very honourable and wise man; and it was he who first established good laws in this island; and those laws continued in force until the time of Hywel Dda, son of Cadell." "And," adds another and more modern transcriber of Welsh laws, "he was the best legislator that ever appeared; and the best in securing privilege and protection both to native and alien, lest any one should act wrongly and unlawfully." Geoffrey of Monmouth, whom we are rejoiced to summon to our pages once more, has introduced Dyvnwal Moelmud, under the latinized form of Dunwallo Molmutius, into his story of the kings of the Britons, as we have seen in our recital of his legends. The laws of this "gracious Numa of Great Britain" were, according to Geoffrey, (whose bravery in overleaping not only all proof, but all probability, has been somewhat too rashly imitated in later times,) called the *Molmutine Laws*, and were renowned amongst the English to his own day.

In this assertion he refers to, or from it has been constructed, the tradition that Alfred the Great—whose fame as "the legislator" of the Anglo-Saxons is purely

mythic, inasmuch as both before and after him were lawgivers in England—was largely indebted to these “Molmutine Laws,” in drawing up his code. A tradition which scarcely requires formal and explicit rejection, inasmuch as the existence of any such *Molmutine* system, nay, the existence of Dyvnwal Moelmud himself, can by no means be satisfactorily established; and Alfred’s code is essentially like those of the Saxon kings who preceded him, and of the old Germanic tribes of the continent, except that he has borrowed many “dooms” from the Mosaic law. In denying that there is satisfactory testimony to the fact of Dyvnwal’s existence and legislation, we do not overlook what the code of Gwynedd, book ii. chap. 17, says of his measurement of Britain; but as the oldest MS. is of the same age as Geoffrey’s history, we do not esteem this reference sufficient. Neither have we forgotten the “Triads of motes and car-motes, and of the social and federate states,” ascribed to Dyvnwal, which, in Mr. Owen’s edition of the Welsh laws, compose book xiii.; but these are of less value than the former allusion, for of them Mr. Owen says in his preface, “their antiquity is very dubious, but in their present form and phraseology they may be attributed to the sixteenth century.” Another reference to him as having instituted certain ordeals, which Hywel Dda abolished, substituting legal proof instead, is of yet smaller weight, both for external and internal reasons. But further to put discredit on the story of Alfred’s using these supposed Molmutine laws in composing his own, we may summon another of the legislators that figure in Geoffrey’s veracious history,—Martia, (whose name is variously spelt, *Marsia* by recent writers, and *Mertia* by Spenser,) the queen of Cuhelyn, or Guithelin, son of Gwrgant “with the grim beard;” a lady “accomplished in all kinds of learning; who, amongst many other admirable productions of her wit, was author of what the Britons call the Martian [*Mertian*, in Spenser] laws. Which also, amongst other things, Alfred translated, and called it in the Saxon tongue *Merchene lage*.” Amongst the ancient laws and institutes we find no mention of this British Egeria; and marvellous it would be had any been discoverable; since we know the basis of this narrative. King Alfred, in his legislative reforms, did not wholly set aside the *dooms* of the kings who had gone before him, but appended whatever laws he retained of the earlier codes to his own; thus the laws of Ina for the kingdom of Wessex have reached us affixed to a copy of Alfred’s laws; and as the larger Anglian kingdoms were then, and long afterwards, totally distinct in legal observances, it is most probable that this copy was intended for Wessex solely, (as the editor of “the Ancient Laws and Institutes of England,” published by the Record Commission, has remarked;) and that for Mercia Offa’s *Merchene lage*, “Mercian laws,” would have been appended to Alfred’s *dooms*; for we know that Offa published *Institutes*, and that Alfred used them in his legislation; though unhappily both the original and the amendment have perished. And so out of the *Mercian* laws of Saxon Offa, Geoffrey, or those whom he represents to us, invented a British queen of juridical renown, and named her Marsia, or *Mertia*, that they might claim another portion of Alfred’s laws as belonging to the Kymry, by primitive right. We are forcibly reminded of the tales of Cadwaladr, and of Ivor; in which, events of Saxon story have been in the same

manner appropriated by these unscrupulous chroniclers. And when we see to what a remote antiquity, in this instance, these roguish monks thrust back the stolen property, the suspicion is awakened that the origin of this "Molmutine" legend might be brought to light, by a careful search amongst the materials which lay at the command of those who first narrated it; and out of which we can see they fashioned so large a portion of their *Bruts*. Without, however, attempting this now, we are satisfied that, not only may we positively refuse to receive the story of Alfred's copying from Dyvnwal Moelmud, but also postpone our reception of the "Molmutine Laws," until their existence is established by surer testimony than at present has been adduced in their favour.

With Prydain and Dyvnwal one of the Triads rank Bran, son of Llyr Llediaith, otherwise called "the Blessed," of whom we have heard so much, as one of the best systematizers of royalty in the Isle of Britain. And another Triad records "the three pillars of the commonwealth of Britain;—the *jury* of a country, the royal office, and the judicial function." Most probably by "jury" is meant an institution widely different from the one at present so called. But we cannot now tell whether it was a system of mutual responsibility, like that established in England under the designation of *frank-pledge*; or whether such as is spoken of in the following extract from "the Genealogy of the Kings of Glamorgan," found in the "Iolo MSS.;" which the learned editor regards as giving to Morgan of Glamorgan a valid claim to be considered the inventor of "trial by jury," though on what ground we are at a loss to understand, as the appointment of the Welsh prince rather resembled a judicial one, than the setting up of the jury system. Morgan Mwynvawr, son of Arthrwys ab Meurig, was a prince so renowned that he gave his name to the country he ruled, although other authorities say it was another Morgan of an earlier age; and the Triads represent him as one of Arthur's "royal knights," beside commemorating him as a "blood-stained warrior," and a "bandlet-wearing prince." "He established," says the authority we have referred to, "good and just laws and institutes for the welfare of his dominions;" but his special praise was, that he "enjoined the appointment of twelve wise, erudite, pious, and merciful men, to determine all claims; the king being their supreme counsellor. This act was called the Apostolical Law, because it is thus that Christ and his twelve apostles judge the world; consequently, so should the king and his twelve wise men judge the country in mercy and mildness; that in this manner, judgment, justice, and mercy should be administered according to the nature and equity of the claim." This prince also made an ordinance, disqualifying as a witness in every cause, civil or ecclesiastical, any one who, whether a native or an alien, should have ever conducted himself "in an impiously haughty, ferocious, and cruel manner" to any, whether Kymro or alien, friend or foe, neighbour or stranger, until a year and a day after he had publicly, "by wood, field, and mountain," abjured his wickedness, and satisfactorily manifested his penitence, by repairing the evil he had done:—an ordinance which might have been regarded rather as the production of some age immediately preceding the millennium, than of the wild age of the "renowned Prince Arthur."

The third "beneficent sovereign" of the Triad, about which we have gathered all these legends of legislation, is "Hywel Dda, son of Cadell ab Rhodri Mawr, sovereign of all Kymru, who improved the Laws of the Isle of Britain, as the events and changes which had happened to the Kymry required, lest what was good should be forgotten, and what might be made good should not obtain due consideration in the country. And the best of all lawgivers were these three," Prydain, Dyvnwal, and Hywel Dda. And thus we are brought back to our main design in this chapter. But we must repeat the caution we have already given against regarding these Triads as being necessarily the vehicles of *ancient* traditions; and point to "the peace of God," which occurs in connexion with Dyvnwal Moelmud in the Triad of the "Beneficent Sovereigns," as proof-positive of the comparatively recent period of its composition. The following extract from Mr. Owen's preface to his great work, will serve as a befitting passage from the region of undoubted fable, to that of dimly-discerned fact, respecting the laws of Wales.

"The mist of obscurity envelopes all accounts of the ancient institutions of the island of Britain. References are made to laws ordained by Dyvnwal moel mud, an ancient Regulus in the west, and some Triads are ascribed to him; but these, although they contain ordinances likely to obtain in a primitive state of society, have no warrant of authenticity. We find mention of Laws of Marsia, of an equal apocryphal origin. We know only that the British institutions resembled those of Gaul, and continued without innovation until the time when Claudius made considerable progress in the subjugation of the Britons, and introduced with the Roman arms the Roman jurisprudence. This must necessarily have exercised great influence in the amelioration of the island customs, and contributed to their assimilation with those of their continental rulers. In the southern districts the greatest impression was made, and the acceptance by Cogidubnus of the office of legate, evinces the preponderance thus acquired, which must have been strengthened by the efforts of Hadrian and Caracalla, to render the laws uniform throughout the vast extent of the Roman empire. After their departure merciless inroads and devastations must have nearly obliterated the traces of civilization; various customs were locally established, and the re-construction of legal ordinances from time to time was rendered imperative by the evils arising from strife and anarchy. Little has descended to us of the usages in early ages, but the establishment of some system of administration of laws, not widely different from those attributed to Howel Dda, is attested by concessions of privileges,—one to the men of Arvon by Run, in the sixth century,—another, in imitation of the former, to the inhabitants of Powys by Cadwallon, in the seventh; which privileges consist of exemptions from the operation of particular laws found to have been in force, and embodied in the codes subsequently regulated at the great assembly at the White House." To which codes we now invite our readers' attention.

We owe to Mr. Owen's critical perspicacity the ridding of this subject of a degree of obscurity and confusion almost incredible. The laws which he has presented to us classified under the heads of "The Venedotian Code," "The Dimetian Code," and

"The Gwentian Code," were formerly regarded merely as "various readings" of one general code; and Wotton's *Leges Walliæ* is compiled on this misconception. It is a striking confirmation of Mr. Owen's views, that the "families of MSS." (if we may be allowed the use of this phrase) which give the laws of Gwynedd, Dyved, and Gwent, respectively, also exhibit the peculiar provincialisms of those provinces. There are, however, several collections of legal enactments, beside those which are thus distinguished; these have been arranged by this accomplished editor under the title of "Anomalous, or Welsh Laws," as a continuation, or appendix, to each of the codes. They are, for the most part, of evidently later date than the other laws; some fragments belong to an earlier period, as the privileges of the men of Powys, of which we have spoken; and some, as the Triads ascribed to Dyvnwal Moelmud, cannot be assigned to any date with certainty, unless it be the very late date of the copy whence they are printed. With these, and with the curious Latin versions of the Dimetian Code, we have nothing now to do; but shall refer to them subsequently, when we speak of Edward's "Statute of Rhuddlan;" our remarks being restricted to those parts of the volume in which may most probably be found the vestiges of the legislation of "Howell the Good." And we shall not distinguish between the laws of the three petty kingdoms, the distinctions between the codes being too trifling to demand notice by us.

If we disregard the disposition of the contents of these codes into books, these laws may be divided into three classes. The first class treats of the functions, privileges, &c., &c. of the king, queen, and the officers of the court; and these are almost all contained in the first book of each code: the second treats of inheritance, contracts, debts, sureties, theft, &c., &c., being the laws of the country: and the third fixes, with great exactness, the pecuniary compensation for personal injuries, the money-value of various animals, of buildings, furniture, &c., &c.; and contains some of the most singular features in these laws, although it is impossible to believe that the valuation contained in MSS. of the twelfth century, and later, should be that of the time of Hywel Dda. This classification is not very scientific; but we are not treating of jurisprudence; having only to set before our readers the most patent features of these ancient Institutes. And as, respecting our imperial legislation at the present day, no one can boast that it possesses, in any noticeable eminence, scientific accuracy, or displays any near approach to ideal completeness, notwithstanding its interminable voluminousness; it would be quite a work of supererogation to attempt a justification of the fact, that, nearly ten centuries ago,—when, in the whole of central and western Europe, law aimed at little more than the establishment of the ruling powers without the incessant display of the sword, and the realization of certain most dimly discerned rights, such as those of women, (always, it is remarkable, amongst the first to be seen,) of landed property, &c.,—there was nothing worthy of the name of a system, or code, except by the most violent accommodation of such words to the collections of enactments now before us. We can make but a small error in the treatment of these laws as indications of the times, although we cannot certainly distinguish those of Hywel from those of Bleddyn

and others; because we do not purpose to descend to the details and "pleadings," which most betray a late date, but shall notice those laws only which disclose a state of things such as we have seen, by the help of historical and ecclesiastical incidents, prevailing about the age we are speaking of; and also, because in these social features the Welsh advanced very slowly, displaying, as we shall see when we take up the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, an extraordinary degree of barbarism in their manners at the time when literature was cultivated with singular assiduity, by some of the noblest geniuses that have adorned the annals of the principality. This co-existence of uncivilization with excellence, and appreciation of poetic and literary gifts, is not, however, a peculiarity of the Kymry; and the solution of the problem does not rest with special obligation upon us;—not any more, in fact, than does the appearance of legislators at periods in the history of nations, when the laws command least reverence from the people at large, and the spirit of obedience seems almost dead; as, according to the "Preamble," was the case when Hywel Dda summoned together his sages to the work of renovating the legal institutions of his kingdom.

"He began with the court, and appointed twenty-four servants in the court," sixteen of which were officers of the court generally, or of the king in particular, and eight were special officers of the queen. The royal suite consisted of the chief of the household and the steward, the priest of the household and the bard, the judge of the court, the page of the chamber, the silentiary, candle-bearer, and door-ward, the chief falconer, chief groom, and chief huntsman, the mediciner, butler, mead-brewer, and cook. The queen's officers were, her steward, her priest, her page of the chamber, handmaid, candle-bearer, and door-ward, her chief groom, and cook. It is plain from several of these titles that the retinue was not limited to these officers, and it is vaguely specified as consisting of twelve "guests" or bringers of the "guest-dues," his household, his "good-men," (retainers, not villeins,) his servants, minstrels, and almsmen, beside the twenty-four officers of court: and there are clerks mentioned too; but what provisions were made for their maintenance, or what their privileges were, in all cases, does not appear. Eleven officers are enumerated, and their duties and privileges stated, after the four and twenty above-named; and they are said to be in the court "by custom and usage:" they are, the groom of the rein, the foot-holder, the landmaer, (a kind of bailiff, or land-steward,) the apparitor, the porter, the watchman, the woodman, the baking-woman, the smith of the court, the chief of song or the "chaired bard," and the laundress. There are other officers also incidentally named in the laws, as the "jester;" and privileges and duties are assigned them, although they are not included amongst the recognised servants. Indistinct intimations of occupants of seats at the royal table, and followers in the monarch's train, beside all these, appear; as the "visitor," and the "wards" (sons of the tenants on the king's lands); the *Edling*,* or

* It is difficult to regard this as other than a corruption of the Saxon term *Ætheling*, rather than of Welsh derivation.

heir-apparent, is honoured with particular notice, as is due, although not included in the list of courtiers.

The duties of these various servants are all clearly defined. Thus, the chief of the household is to be the king's representative in his absence, to superintend the whole of the royal establishment, and to place the harp in the hands of the bard of the household on the three great festivals; the priest is secretary of state, and chancellor, as well as the sayer of "grace" at the king's table; the steward is chief over the servants, is to serve certain with food and liquor, and always has care of the victuals in the kitchen, and the mead in the cellar, with other duties; the page of the chamber is, beside taking care of the chamber, to make the king's bed, to carry messages for him between the hall and the chamber, to act as cupbearer, to take care of his treasure, his vessels, his horns, and his rings, "and to be punished for what he may lose;" the silentiary has to aid the steward in his duties, and to keep silence by striking the pillar above the head of the priest of the household, to look after the furniture and property in the palace, in the intervals between the services of the "maers," or bailiffs, and to collect the "tunc" (a manorial tax, still paid, it appears); the door-ward clears the way before the king, with his staff, beside acting as a superior porter; and the cook not only prepares, but tastes every dish, and serves the last at the royal table, himself; the duties of the others may be conjectured from their titles.

The payment of such various services varied greatly; but was chiefly in kind, and was apportioned with something approaching to humour. "Three times a year, at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, the twenty-four officers received their woollen garments from the king, and their linen garments from the queen." The edling had "meat and drink without measure;" and all his expenditure was defrayed from the royal coffers, but he might not give away horse or bridle, dog, sword, ring, collar, or any ornament, without the king's permission; and his horses and dogs reverted to the king on his death. The chief of the household might have three messes, and three hornfuls of the best liquor in the palace; but the priest had only one of each. The chief groom is to have a hornful of liquor from the king, another from the queen, and a third from the steward, with a mess of meal; but the chief falconer "ought only to quench his thirst whilst in the palace, lest the birds be injured by his neglect," and he "must bring his own drinking vessel" with him too. The chief of the household, in addition to perquisites of less value, received three pounds yearly from the king, and out of every pound received by the king for suits respecting land had twenty pence, and twenty-four pence from each man of the household the first year he rode on horseback. Dogs, horses, hawks, and arms, were provided for him by the king; and at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday, he had the king's own garment; his horse received two shares of provender; and the smith furnished him with four horse-shoes, and nails for putting them on, once every year. With the queen and the chief falconer, or huntsman, he shared the "king's third;" and had assigned him a double portion of spoils gained out of the kingdom. The court "mediciner" attended him for no other fees than his bloody clothes, unless his skull

were pierced, or his abdomen, or a limb broken. The priest, beside various fees, had the dress worn by the king during Lent; and "a fresh horse, *when necessary*, from the king." The chief falconer received "a hand-breadth of wax-candle from the steward, for feeding his birds and making his bed," and was excused from a payment of silver to the chief groom, because the king himself on three occasions was bound to hold his horse, or stirrup, for him. Certain matters fell to him simply as keeper of the birds, for feeding and training them; but amongst his perquisites, was a third of the "fine for violence" imposed on falconers, and the "maiden-fee" of their daughters; also the male-hawks, and nests of falcons and sparrow-hawks on the king's demesne. The judge was entitled to the cushion on which the king sat by day, for his pillow at night; the king was to give him an ivory "throw-board," and the queen and the bard, each, a gold ring, and he might neither sell nor give away these things. The page had the king's old bed-clothes; the chief groom, his old saddles and horse furniture; the chief bard, the clothes of the steward, at the three great festivals. The cook had a third of the skins of all small animals, that were brought into the kitchen with their skins on; and when he presented the last dish at the royal table, the king gave him meat and drink. To the candle-bearer belonged all broken bread, and pieces which fell over the side of the king's dish, a hand-breadth of the candle he held in his hand during the meal, the remains of the candles when the king retired, and the wax which he bit off the tops of the candles, in order to light them. The foot-holder ate out of the same dish as the king. The apparitor received from every house in which a death had taken place, the meat and butter in cut, the under stone of the hand-mill, the green flax, the lowest layer of corn, the hens, the cats, the fuel-axe, and the headland of corn uncut in the field. The porter was paid thus: a handful of every gift, such as fruit, eggs, herrings, and other small things, that went through the gate was his; and from every load of firewood he was entitled to the billet he could take off the cart as it went through, without checking the horse, or removing his hand from the gate; with other dues. "Some say that the watchman had the eyes of the animals slaughtered in the palace." And this will be sufficient to show the way in which the courtiers were rewarded for their services.

Amongst their most curious privileges was that of giving "protection," or *sanctuary*, to offenders; a provision that indicates a state in which sudden violence might punish wrong doing, instead of law. This power of affording a temporary asylum varied with the rank of the officer; that of the king is undefined; the queen might convey the offender out of the country; the edling and the chief of the household might conduct him to a place of security, or beyond the limits of the "cymwd" [*commote**] wherein he might be. The priest's safe-conduct extended to the nearest church; the "sanctuary" given by the chief huntsman was as far as ever his horn could be heard; that of the silentiary was measured by time, and continued from the first order for silence that he proclaimed in the hall to the last. Some could only protect the offender on the

* This is an Anglo-Saxon word, borrowed, not translated, by the Welsh law-makers; and deserves to be noted.

way to a more powerful asylum; but all were thus privileged; even the baking-woman and the laundress were able to afford protection, as far as they could throw, the one her peel, and the other her washing beetle. The violation of the protection granted by any one who had this power was "*saraad*" to him; that is, a fine was due to him as having sustained an injury. And when the steward had proclaimed in the hall the protection of God, and of the king and queen, and of the "*gwrddas*," and their peace, upon the court and company; if any one broke that peace he could not have protection any where, neither from any one of the officers, for he had violated the protection of them all, and of the king; nor from relics, nor from the church. It is also said that each one in granting asylum could only do so in the name of *all*. Sometimes there was a failure in the attempt to obtain sanctuary, one of the laws respecting the steward saying, "If any person shall have committed an offence in the nether divisions of the hall, and flee to the higher division, and is there seized before he has obtained protection, the steward is to have a third of the fine." And in Gwent, if the chief of the household could catch him, he had a third of the fine. From these last provisions it is very plain that the guests at the royal board were often riotous: and the story of St. Teilo's disciples breaking the evil spell which doomed a man to death every night in the king of Dyved's hall, by measuring out the liquor to each guest, receives an unexpected confirmation; whilst the means of restraining the disorder enjoined by those laws could not, we should imagine, fail to add to it.

To each officer was appointed a particular place in the hall, which was divided into two parts by screens; and there were pillars for the support of the roof, between two of which the fire was; in the upper part of the hall sat the king and nine of his officers on chairs; in the lower division were four other officers privileged to use chairs, the rest being seated on benches. The king sat next to the screen, on one side of the fire; and before him, with his back to the fire, sat the foot-holder (who held his master's feet in his lap till he fell asleep, and who was bound also to *rub* his Majesty, and to guard him against every mishap) on the floor, with the candle-bearer standing beside him; next to the king sat the "*canghellor*," (an officer of the district in which the court was, who determined suits between the king's villeins,) then the "*visitor*," next to him the *edling*,* and last, the chief falconer; the mediciner being placed at the base of the pillar to which the screen was attached, near which the king sat. Next to the other screen, the priest of the household had his place, to bless the food, and chant the "*Pater*;" and on the pillar over his head the silentary struck his wand, when the revelry became too loud. The judge of the court sat next the priest, and then the chaired bard; the smith of the court being seated on the end of the bench,

* The Gwentian Code arranges the hall somewhat differently: as a specimen of the variations, we give its "laws." "The place of the *edling* in the hall is opposite to the king, on the other side of the fire. Between him and the pillar, the judge of the court sits; and the priest of the household on the other side of him; next to him the chief of song; and after that there is no fixed place for any one in the hall." "On the three principal festivals a privileged '*boneddig*' [freeman of pure blood] sits on the right-hand side of the king; thence every one as he may will." The next law is curious;—"If the king, in displeasure, suffer any one of the household to remain below the fire-place, the chief of the household is to invite him to his company."

before the priest. The chief of the household, as the king's representative, sat at the lower end of the hall, with his left hand to the front door, and such as he chose of the household with him, the rest being placed on the other side of the door; next to him on one side was the bard of the household; and the chief groom occupied the seat next to the king's, but on the lower side of the screen; and the chief huntsman, opposite him, sat next the priest with the screen between them. The queen appears to have been attended by her officers in her own chamber, and not to have graced the hall with her presence. We must fill up the remainder of the space with servants, jester, cup-bearer, butler, steward, &c., and who feasted with the servants when the royal meal had ended, and the subordinates, to whom no certain seat was appointed; and notice over all the eye of the apparitor, who, rod in hand, stood between two pillars to take care that the house was not burned, whilst the king sat at meat. If a song was desired, the "chaired bard," or chief of song, was to begin; the first song of God, and the second of some royal person; and then the bard of the household was to sing one or more songs, on various subjects. The chief of the household might call for a song from the household bard whenever he would; and if the queen wished for music, the household bard was to go to her chamber, and sing as much as she wished, but in a low voice, so as not to disturb the guests in the hall. There was—we may add, as another feature in the scene—a certain ratio observed in the quantity of liquor of different kinds, which was regarded as "unstinted measure" of that beverage; thus, with ale the horn was filled, but it was only half filled with bragot, or common wine, and no more than a third, or a quarter, with mead. And these are some of the intimations of the order and customs observed in the hall of the palace, at the great daily meal.

We gain a little further knowledge of the court by the lodgings allotted to the various officers by law. The queen's female servant slept in the royal bed-chamber, so near to her mistress that she could hear her speak without troubling her to raise her voice; and either in the same chamber, or in a closet adjoining, slept the pages of the chamber to the king and queen. In the hall itself slept the edling, the royal issue, and the king's wards, the judge of the court, (unless he occupied a corner of the king's own chamber,) the chief of song, and the door-ward of the hall. The chief of the household, with whom were the mediciner and the household bard, and such of the household as he chose, lodged in the most central house in the town, or "trev" [a rural district]; the steward, and most of the servants, occupied the next house to the palace; and the two priests with their acolytes, if they had any, were quartered upon the chaplain—or priest of the parish, we presume. The land-maer had the buttery assigned him; the huntsman, with his followers, the kiln; the groom and his underlings slept in the king's barn; and with them went the falconer, because the birds would be injured by smoke. Others were placed in the porter's lodge; and the watchman, who might sleep all day, and not do any thing unless he were paid for it, was bound to exercise unslumbering vigilance at night, and might be beaten without compensation if caught asleep, and if not beaten was unsparingly fined. Over these lodgings the steward presided, and apportioned them to each man; and from this, and other hints,

it appears that the court was given to "progresses," which made such arrangements necessary: a remarkable indication of the manners, both of the people and the times. The rank of these different officers, as shown by the fines and compensations relating to them, we reserve for our notice of the third class of laws; and call the attention of our readers to the statutes which indicate the condition, habits, &c., &c., of the people generally.

The enactments which fall under this second division—those respecting crimes, debts, inheritance, marriage, &c.—are very numerous and precise; and we can scarcely doubt that the traces of Hywel's legislation are only here and there preserved. We shall not refer to what is palpably of later date than Hywel Dda; but very few of these records are wholly free from uncertainty on this head, and in the monuments of a rude age this is a fault of comparatively little moment; even though we may, in consequence, introduce some features of a subsequent period. We have surely not been mistaken in regarding, as especial traits of the times of which we treat, the coarseness and roughness of manners which had been handed down from earlier days, for circumstances did not favour the cultivation of the charities of life; and which continued, even after the English conquest had brought them under the influences of chivalry, so strongly to mark the character of the Kymry.

The laws of marriage may be considered the most important; we will, therefore, commence with them. Women were marriageable at the age of fourteen, or even twelve years. On the marriage a fine was paid to the lord, either by the person who had given the maiden in marriage, or by herself, if she had disposed of her own hand. Before rising on the morning after the wedding she bargained for a fee from her husband; unless claimed and settled at that time, he was not answerable for it. If the married persons agreed to separate before the end of the seventh year, the woman was to be paid back her dower, her maiden-fee, and whatever ornaments or personal possessions were hers at her marriage; unless the separation took place at her own instance, when she had only her maiden-fee, and any fine which might be due to her, as compensation for the husband's unfaithfulness to her. But if it did not happen till after seven years wanting three nights, all the personal property was to be divided into two portions, the law assigning certain things to each; and all that the law had not assigned the wife was to share, and the husband to choose which part he liked. We can only give an illustration of the legal assignments in such a case of separation. The children were divided thus:—two to the father for one to the mother, the oldest and the youngest to him, the middle one to her. The swine to the husband, the sheep to the wife; or the sheep to him, the goats to her; but if there were only one kind, they were to be shared. All the milking vessels and dishes the wife had, except one pail and one dish, which were the husband's; the drinking vessels were all his; he had the riddle, she the small sieve; the upper stone of the *quern* (or hand-mill) was his, the lower belonged to the wife. The bed-clothes were divided in the following manner:—the bolster and coverlet to the husband, and the lower bed-clothes; the upper bed-clothes to the wife; but if the husband married again, the under bed-clothes were given

up to the former wife, and a fine was charged upon the second wife if she slept upon them. The domestic implements were the wife's; such as the axe, the auger, &c., were the husband's. All the poultry and one cat were his; the other cats the woman took. The cloth not finished was divided, but the balls of yarn were allotted to the children, and divided if there were none. The wife had all the meat and all the cheese in brine; all the butter, cheese, and meat in cut; and as much of the meal as she could carry between her arms and knees from the store-room into the house. And she was not to leave the house for nine days, so that the separation might be pronounced legal, and then every penny of her property was to accompany her, a car and a yoke being allowed her to carry it away. As soon as the husband married again the separated wife was free. But if, after the separation, she should be on the point of being married to another man, and the husband who had put her away should repent, and wish to have her again, if he overtook her with but one foot in her new husband's bed, he might claim her as his own.

The laws which treat of the violation of the marriage bond, and those which relate to chastity generally, recognise a degree of laxity respecting female honour, and, yet more remarkably, an absence of feminine delicacy, such as could scarcely be paralleled amongst the most uncivilized people now. They are of such a nature, that though most characteristic, they must be passed by with this general mention; the portraiture of the age of Hywel Dda will be sufficiently correct and minute, without the more particular mention of what could only awaken disgust. The distinction between the Celtic and Teutonic races is perhaps in no case more plainly marked than in this:—the Anglo-Saxon laws on this subject (always excepting those of the *ecclesiastical* authorities) are modesty itself, notwithstanding their plain-speaking, compared with those of the Welsh legislators.

Landed property was shared equally amongst all the sons, a given quantity being allotted to each tenement upon it; or, if there were no buildings on it, the youngest son divided all the patrimony, and each of the sons chose his portion, beginning with the eldest. After the death of the brothers, their children might, if they would, divide the whole patrimony anew; and in the same way might the children's children equalize the division of the family estate; but afterwards no new distribution, or equalization, was allowed. A daughter had only half the share of her father's property which fell to the sons; but if there were no sons the daughter might, by the laws of Dyved, inherit the whole estate. A son born before the marriage of his parents did not share with those born in wedlock of the same father and mother; and a blind, deaf, dumb, or maimed man, could not inherit land. There were, moreover, restrictions on the power of making bequests of personal property; the equal division of the land amongst the sons, to the third generation, and the assignment of only a half share to a daughter, are however the most remarkable laws on the subject of inheritance. The former of these customs prevailed amongst the Saxons, and was called, as is well known, *gavel-kind*. This technical term has by some antiquaries been claimed for the Kymry; and a meaning has been assigned to it which would indicate its Welsh origin. Unhappily

for this claim, the word alleged to be its parent is not employed in relation to land so as to connect it with this custom; whilst the phrase itself, and a sufficient *etymon*, are both employed in Saxon legislation; and as the custom was not borrowed by the Teutonic invaders from the Britons, it is most superfluous to suppose that its technical appellation was so obtained.

The various kinds of suits for the recovery of landed property may be later inventions, but we can scarcely be mistaken in regarding the following picture of a court held for determining one species of suit, as belonging, in its principal features, to the times we have reached. A day having been appointed for hearing the claim of the suitor upon the land which he asserts his right to, all who were concerned, or interested in the suit, assembled themselves on the spot fixed, and the sitting was arranged according to law, thus:—the king, or his representative, took his seat “with his back to the sun, or to the weather, lest it should incommode his face;” on each side of him was placed one elder, and next to them, on either hand, two *gurdas*: before him sat, on his right hand, the judge of the *cymod*, or the judge of the court, whichever happened to be oldest; and on his left the other judge, or judges, if any others were in the field; without these were placed, on each side, one or more priests: facing the group, at the king’s right hand, stood the defendant, with his attorney (if we may use so modern a term) on his left and his pleader on his right hand; and in the same way, opposite to the group at the king’s left hand, stood the plaintiff, with his attorney on his right and his pleader on his left hand: behind these parties stood two apparitors, and a space was left vacant directly in front of the king, for the judges to pass to and fro by, dividing the two parties in the suit from one another. Hostages having been given by each party, silence was proclaimed in the field, and a fine of three cows, or nine score of silver, was imposed on any who violated it; the needful formalities were next gone through, the judge asking each party in turn, if they came to determine a question of *law*, and if the principal and his legal assistants were agreed with each other; and then the plaintiff stated his cause, establishing by satisfactory testimony the points that required it; to which the defendant pleaded in reply. The judge then gave them an opportunity of amending their pleadings, and having stated them to the court, went aside with the other judges and the priests, an apparitor accompanying them to prevent others from listening to their discussion; a fault which, if any one were so rash as to commit, was expiable only by a fine of three cows, or twice three if the king was present at the trial. On the return of the judges, the priest prayed that God would show the right, and then chanted the *Pater*; thereupon the pleadings were again recited by the judge; and interrogations, consultations, sending for witnesses, with prorogations, involving the laying the hostages fast in the king’s prison, followed; and after the hearing of the witnesses, (whose “privileges,” or social standing, and their willingness to swear upon the “relics,” appear to have had as much weight as their evidence itself in determining the matter,) the judges withdrew and consulted again; then, security being taken for the parties’ abiding by the judgment of the court, the pleadings were once more stated, and judgment given, the hostages being then released.

Connected with this subject may be mentioned the fact that sons were kept at home till their fourteenth year, and then given up by their fathers to the service of the lord. They were reckoned his wards, and were supported by him; and we shall find in Giraldus evidence that they were not always put to the most profitable work. Till their father's death they had nothing but the honour of their ancestry; but afterwards enjoyed all the privileges of "horsemen." There is much in this, however, that looks like an adaptation of the chivalric development of the feudal system, and therefore would belong to a later period.

Amongst these laws the most insisted upon are those relating to theft, fire, and murder. They are called the three "columns of law," and without a full knowledge of them no judge was considered as duly qualified. These will necessarily contain more that can represent the spirit of the old times to us than the edicts respecting pleadings, sureties, debts, and partnerships; we shall, therefore, pass over them, and, by the aid of the more evidently ancient statutes, bring this part of our sketch to a close. We can give, as before, specimens only; from which, however, the characters of people, age, and laws, may be at the same time deduced.

The owner was the legal prosecutor for theft; and by *compurgation* the accused person might be cleared. If the value of a horse had been carried off, the oaths of twelve men, half of them being "men of mark," were required in addition to that of the accused; if the value of an ox, six compurgators, with himself, would clear him; if of a sheep, four with himself would suffice; and if the owner did not prosecute, his unsupported oath in denial was a sufficient answer. Accessories could not be compurgators; and if a sufficient number could not be found, the guilty person was either sold or executed, and beside the loss of life or liberty, his property was mulcted; but many changes were afterwards made, and the number of compurgators varied and increased. The house to which a thief was finally traced, or in which stolen property was found, was confiscated; and there were nine ways of becoming accessory to theft, of which pointing out what should be stolen, helping at the theft, receiving the stolen property, and the like, appear sufficiently just; but giving provision to the knave, and travelling in his company by day or night, seem to be inserted to make up the favourite Triad of Triads, rather than from a just abhorrence of crime. The oaths of five (or of fifty!) natives would clear one accused of being accessory; and a fine of twelve cows was the legal punishment. Information against a powerful robber was invested with the sanctity of religion, both for the safety of the informant, and to secure the ends of justice; and so was the confession of an accomplice. In a similar way was arson treated. Compensation, to the full extent of the damage done in the worst cases, and as far as a third of it in others, was required of the guilty person. Both principal and accessory were liable to this charge, if not cleared by compurgation, which was admissible, as in accusations of theft. *Seeing* the fire, according to one code, made a man an accessory!

The laws respecting murder were more complicated, yet based on the same principles. It is when we perceive wilful homicide, which public opinion now resolutely

punishes by the *lex talionis*, legally expiable by a pecuniary mulct, as it is in most mediæval codes,—that the difference between society as it was, and as it is, strikes us most forcibly. For we know that those were rude and fierce times, when reverence for life, as a personal qualification, was rare; and yet the laws were mild and humane, and displayed a respect for life, which, notwithstanding recent reforms, and the advance of that spirit amongst men whereby individual violence has been minimized, the laws of our own times are far from showing. The explanation of this apparent problem lies in the fact of the extent to which homicide in revenge for various offences prevailed; and in part in that other fact, which the mere laws cannot exhibit,—the lax administration of justice. The annals of religious houses, and other sources of contemporary private history, disclose these facts to us; and if they did not, the consideration of states in the process of consolidation, such as those of Central and Southern America, in the present times, would unravel for us the seeming contradiction. We are speaking, of course, of the existence of these laws in such a condition of society alone, and not of the expediency or rightfulness of capital punishment;—a wide question, not requiring discussion here.

A double fine was inflicted on the proof, or confession, of a murder; one was the *saraad*, or usual fine for personal injury, the other the *galanas*, or “were,” as our Anglo-Saxon ancestors entitled the fine for homicide. The amount of these varied with the rank of the murdered person, as we shall soon see. The most remarkable provision respecting the punishment was this;—not only the homicide, but his kindred to the fifth remove, were mulcted; and the kindred, to the same remove, on the side of the murdered person shared the compensation. A ninth of the whole payment was made by the murderer, and went to the nearest relation of him that was killed; two-ninths were paid and received in equal shares (the women paying half what the men did) by the father, mother, brothers, and sisters; four-ninths were imposed on the kindred on the father’s side, and received by them; and the remaining two-ninths were taken from, and given to, the kindred on the mother’s side. The lord, who was bound to exact this fine, seems also to have received part of it. It is difficult to believe that this is a statute of Hywel Dda; the first apportionment of the fine must have been, one would think, less exact than this; other particulars, exceptions, &c., we omit, as not needful for our purpose, and as being, most probably, of later date. The denial of murder required the support of three hundred men of a kindred, as compurgators, according to the code of Gwynedd; and of fifty, according to those of Dyved and Gwent; or twenty-four, if it were a bondman’s death that was in question; the variation makes us doubt whether we have Hywel’s law on this point also. Three accessaries, the “bloody-tongue,” or he who pointed out the person to the murderer, the counsellor of the murder, and he who consented to it, required a hundred compurgators each; and, if guilty, were fined ninescore of silver. Twice that number, or twice that fine, was needful for the man who acted as spy in the murder, or who associated with the murderer, or accompanied him on his errand into the township where the victim was; and thrice of each, if the murdered man were detained till the coming of the murderer, or

if he were held during the deed, or even if the crime was committed without any attempt to prevent it on the part of any one present. Waylaying and open attack, which could not be done by fewer than nine men, were also the subjects of especial laws, prescribing the process of compurgation, and the punishment in case of failing to obtain it.

Every owner of land appears to have had the privilege of holding a court, the power of which was determined by his dignity: and every court in which the royal authority was represented, had one or more judges, a *maer*, a *canghellor*, an apparitor, and a priest to write pleadings, the clergy being annalists, chancellors, heralds, &c., as well as teachers and priests;—all appointed by the king. The ecclesiastical lords also might hold pleas amongst their laics. Amongst the forfeitures of a judge for a false judgment, was “the worth of his tongue.” The laws respecting witnesses are numerous, but most of them seem to be comparatively modern. Generally the testimony of one witness could establish nothing; but a lord, if not an interested party, might be witness between two of his men; an abbot between two of his monks; a father between two of his sons; and others, the ninth of whom is a thief at the gallows, certain of being hanged, against his accomplices. A wife could not be a witness either for or against her husband. A perjured witness was fined three cows, or ninescore pence, and was deemed infamous ever after, his word not being taken on any legal matter; in some cases, neither church nor relics could afford him asylum; and breach of promise and false appraisement were esteemed perjury. It is alleged, that Dyvnwal appointed for theft, murder, and treason, against a lord, the three ordeals, hot iron, hot water, and judicial combat; and that one who might overcome in the combat was held to have established his cause; and it is added, that Hywel Dda and his judges thought this not just, and set aside ordeals, substituting “proof” and compurgation instead. That Dyvnwal in the seventh century, B. C., (for that is the date assigned him by the logographers,) should have appointed ordeals, and that Hywel, in the tenth century, A. C., should have abolished them, are statements perfectly incredible, and will show how cautiously these records must be followed.

We now proceed to the third section of our rough classification of the laws of Wales, the pecuniary compensations, &c.; and the examples we shall select will not only display the nature of this very remarkable feature of early legislation, but also afford many very interesting particulars respecting the manners, social state, &c., of the Britons, in the ages of which we are treating. These are the values of some of the officers and members of the court. The *saraad* of the king, or fine due to him for violating his protection, killing a man during a royal conference, or seducing his wife, was a hundred cows for every *cantrev* [hundred] of his territory, and a white bull with red ears to each hundred cows; or for the lord of Dinevwr, as many white cows with red ears as would extend in close succession from Argoel to the palace of Dinevwr, and a bull to each score cows; also, for the king of Aberfraw, a rod of gold as tall as himself, and as thick as his little finger; for the other kings, a silver rod that would reach from the floor to their lips, as they sat, and as thick as their middle finger, with three nobs at each end; for the king of Aberfraw, moreover, a plate of gold, as broad

as his face, and as thick as the nail of a ploughman who had been at his work for seven years: for the other kings, a gold cup that would hold the king's full draught, and a golden cover, as broad as his Majesty's face, of the thickness before specified, or of the shell of a goose's egg. These *saraads* were "augmented"* for particular offences; and the "worth" of the king, or his *galanas*, [the *were* of the Anglo-Saxons,] was his *saraad* taken nine times; or for the king of Gwynedd, only three times. The *saraad* of the queen, which was incurred, amongst other things, by snatching any thing out of her hand, was a third that of the king, but without gold or silver; and her "worth" a third of the king's. The *galanas* and the *saraad* of the edling were the same as the queen's; and so too were those of the chief of the household; for both these officers must be either sons, brothers, or nephews of the king. The *saraad* of the priest was left to the decision of the synod, or fixed at twelve cows, of which he received four; but if he were intoxicated when insulted, he received no compensation. His "worth" is not clearly specified. The steward's *saraad* in Gwynedd was nine cows, and ninescore of silver; and his "worth" ninescore and nine cows, "augmented;" the other officers were rated at six cows, and sixscore of silver; and sixscore and six cows, for *saraad* and *galanas*. Some trifling differences were made at Dinevwr and Gwent. The apparitor was valued at but half this, or else received such *saraad* as the owner of the land on which he was insulted would; and so for his *galanas*. The compensation to females was, in every case, a third that of their husbands, or half that of their brothers, if they were unmarried.

The estimates in other cases are very curious: a *maer* and a *canghellor*, two local officers, were compensated for insult by nine cows, and ninescore of silver; and their "were" was ninescore and nine cows, thrice augmented; a "chief-of-kindred," an office naturally held in high honour amongst a people so proud of ancestry as the Kymry, was rated at three times that value. A *breyr* was placed on a level with the lesser officers of the court; but the injury of an *uchelwr*, or *gorda*, [the *breyr* of North Wales,] cost twice as much; and the *maer* had as costly a protection in Gwynedd. The *taeog*, or "villein," if he belonged to the king, was worth threescore and three cows, with three augmentations, and, if insulted, was compensated by three cows and threescore of silver; but if he were a *breyr's* villein, the fines were only half those amounts. An innate *boneddig* was as valuable as a king's *taeog*, or, if he had a family, a third more valuable. The king's *alltud*, or foreigner, was rated at a lower price than his "villein," his *saraad* being without the addition of the silver, and his *galanas* without augmentation; the *alltud* of a *breyr*, or *uchelwr*, was half as valuable as the king's; and a *taeog's* *alltud* half that worth. The Venedotian laws contain the following:—
"The *saraad* of a bondman twelve pence; six for a coat, and three for trousers, one for

* Mr. Owen says, "The payment for fines in certain cases underwent an augmentation: this, in some instances, was three-fold: the first augmentation was an addition to the fine of one-third of the original mulct; the second, an addition of one-third of the prior combined sum; the third, a similar augmentation of the last mulct." But the *galanas* of the king, which is said to be *three* times his *saraad* thrice augmented, is seemingly explained by various readings to be *nine* times his *saraad*.

a rope, one for a bill-hook, or axe, and one for buskins. His worth is one pound, if a native of this island; if from beyond sea, his worth is sixscore pence and a pound." And this—"If a bondman insult a freeman, let his right hand be cut off, unless the lord redeem it: the hand of a bondman is of the same worth as the king's hand." *Aillts*, or aliens, were not estimated by this scale. The marriage fine, and maiden-fee, and dower, were reckoned in a similar manner, and need not particular illustration.

In the same spirit the members of the body were appraised. Thus, the hands, the feet, the eyes, the lips, and the nose, were valued at six cows and sixscore of silver each; a finger, a toe, or a fore-tooth, was prized at one cow and onescore of silver; but the thumb, the great toe, and a double tooth, at twice as much each; the tongue was worth all the members, or fourscore and eight pounds, according to the code of Dyved: and "twenty-four pence was the worth of the blood of every kind of persons; for thirty pence was the worth of the blood of Christ; and it was unworthy to see the blood of the Son of God and the blood of men appraised of equal worth; and therefore the blood of a man was of less worth." "Whoever shall pull a person's hair, let him first compensate for the insult, and pay a penny for every finger that touches the head, and two pence for the thumb; and a legal penny for every hair pulled by the root from the head; and twenty-four pence for the front hair." And thus were all kinds of wounds and bodily injuries valued, and the medicaments employed in healing them also. We cannot be assured of the date of these laws, but they are quite in the spirit of the century of Hywel.

The following are mere "samples," and are parts of a yet more curious branch of Welsh legislation.

"*The law of a cat.* 1. Whoever shall kill a cat that guards a house and a barn of the king, or shall steal it, it is to be held with its head to the ground, and its tail up, the ground being swept, and then clean wheat is to be poured about it, until the tip of its tail is hidden: and that is its worth. If corn cannot be had, a milch sheep, with her lamb and her wool, is its value. 2. Another cat is four legal pence in value. 3. The *teithi* [qualities or properties, to be warranted] of a cat are, that it be perfect of ear, perfect of eye, perfect of teeth, perfect of tail, perfect of claw, and without marks of fire; and that it kill mice well; and that it shall not devour its kittens; and that it be not caterwauling every moon." "5. The *teithi* and the legal worth of a cat are the same. 6. A pound is the worth of a pet animal of the king. 7. The pet animal of a *breyr* is sixscore pence in value. 8. The pet animal of a *taeog* is a curtpenny in value."

"*Of the worth of sheep.*" The value of a lamb from the night it is weaned till the first day of winter, is one penny; till the end of the year, two pence; and afterwards four pence. One penny was the estimated compensation for injury to the eye, ear, horn, tail, or teat of a ewe. The ram was worth two ewes.

"*The worth of dogs.*" A well-trained herd-dog was reckoned worth the best ox: any dog an *aillt* might possess was of no more worth than a cur, namely, four pence; but a spaniel owned by a freeman was sixscore pence in value; and the king's spaniel

was appraised at a pound. The king's greyhound advanced in value from seven-pence halfpenny, before it could see, to sixscore pence, when trained for the chase; but the *uchelwr's* greyhound was estimated at only half the worth of the king's.

A stag was reckoned to be worth an ox, and a hind worth a cow; the roe and the goat, and the wild sow and the domestic sow, were equal in value. The judges of Hywel Dda, the code of Gwent says, could not fix a worth to the brock, for one year when the swine were affected with a kind of quinsy, it was as valuable as a dog; and another year, when canine madness prevailed, it was worth a sow. Whoever found a swarm of wild bees had a penny, or the wax, and the owner of the land had the swarm. The king had the worth of martens, ermines, and beavers, wherever killed, because the fur was made into royal mantles, &c. Sixscore pence was the worth of a beaver, or of its skin, in both North Wales and South; but in Gwent it was a pound. The wolf, the fox, and other mischievous animals were free for every one to kill: a provision which sufficiently indicates the existence of game laws. The statutes proceed to fix the values of trees of all kinds, of houses and parts of them, of all descriptions of furniture, clothing, domestic utensils, &c., &c., most frequently exactly, and sometimes with variations according to the rank of the owner; but in several instances, where great differences in actual worth were to be expected, the price is referred to appraisement. The mere fact of legislation on such matters is all we can insist upon now, although the catalogues of articles afford strange glimpses of the minutiae of the household life of the Kymry in these remote times.

We must omit many subjects of interest, such as the functions and prerogatives of royalty, the various fines and payments, *camhorw*, *dirwy*, "spear-penny," *ebediw*, "supper-silver," &c. And we can only point out the state of society suggested by the laws that every "landed Kymro" should maintain an armed man, and every household be furnished with a bow and twelve arrows; that the chief of the household should choose those who were "to go on a foray;" and the porter have, by right, out of the animals acquired by "pillage," and driven through the palace gates, the sow he could lift as high as his knees, by the bristles of her back; that "only once every year" the king might lead his hosts "out of his own dominions," and then "for no longer time than six weeks," though in his own country he might call them out when he would; and that as the spoil was shared, the household bard should sing "the Monarchy of Britain." The laws relating to *aillts* and *alltuds*, and especially those which provide for the possibility of a Kymraes suffering violence when sent as a "hostage" out of Wales, (allotting to the child all the privileges of its mother,) are too plain proofs of the embittered national spirit, and of the savage character of international dealings in those days. And the inferences from them are painfully sustained by the provisions of the "Ordinance respecting the *Dun-setas*," [or inhabitants of Welsh-kind,] to be found amongst the laws of the Anglo-Saxons; one of which will tell as much as all:—neither a *Wealh* might travel in England, nor an Englishman in the *Wylisc*, without the appointed man of the country; who was to receive him at the *stæth*, [staithe, station on any of the border rivers?] and bring him back to it without

guile, under penalty of the *wite*, unless cleared by his compurgators. Other Anglo-Saxon codes still further strengthen these impressions. The statute forbidding the carrying of wheat, gold, and books out of the country without special leave; and another which prohibited the seizure of books, with some other things, under a distress warrant; do not convey to us the impression that *literature* was so widely cultivated in the principality as has sometimes been represented; and may be worth referring to again. And the frequent mention of the children of priests, indicates a different state of feeling from that which then prevailed in some parts of England, although, even here, as we know, the "parsons," or secular clergy, were not *vowed* to celibacy till a comparatively late age. The absence of any such ecclesiastical laws as we find amongst the Anglo-Saxon institutes ought also to be allowed its weight in favour of the Welsh.

Here we must conclude our sketches of early legislation amongst the Kymry. We have not often troubled our readers with references to the separate codes, for there is not really any great difference between them. Our quotations, and indeed the account we have given altogether, has been fragmentary; but that was inevitable; both because of the length and multiplicity of the laws, and the impossibility of regarding them as containing more than relics of Hywel's enactments. Beside which, the codes, containing, as we possess them, the results of the labours of Welsh lawyers, antiquaries, and transcribers, down to a very recent date, are not only, as might be expected, redundant,—laws being inserted over and over again, under different heads, in place and out of place,—but remarkably defective also; many subjects, which must have come under the notice of the judges, being wholly unnoticed, or only remotely alluded to. The efforts of some acute critic are required to sift the materials, which Mr. Owen has reduced to such admirable order; that the dates of the various portions being distinguished, the student of ancient times may be able to turn to use the highly suggestive hints contained in this storehouse of by-gone manners and customs. As it is, we have in the "Statute of Rhuddlan" a limit on one hand to the period of these records; and by comparing them, so defined, with the codes of other contemporaneous peoples, we not only obtain assurance of the genuineness of the portraiture of national characteristics which they supply, but can also add to it some more life-like outlines and tints; and may too, if the great questions of the day move us, furnish ourselves, from a most unthought-of quarter, with satisfactory proof that those laws which are the groundwork of the Hebrew character in world-history, were promulgated at the time assigned to them, and were the fruit of more than human sagacity and wisdom.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM THE DEATH OF HOWELL THE GOOD TO THE CONQUEST OF THE
COUNTRY BY HAROLD THE SON OF GODWIN.

INDICATIONS appear, in the annals of the period of which we now speak, of our drawing near to the age of the chroniclers; but we still find great confusion and obscurity. The oldest records are enigmatically brief; and the fuller accounts furnished in later works do not always agree with them, as we were compelled to remark in our last historical chapter. And no contemporary writer appears, unless it be in "the Book of Llandaff;" and *there* are one or two such prodigious mistakes, that we are inclined to hope that the authors were not quite contemporary with the transactions they have registered, lest we should be driven to disbelieve them altogether. We see, too, that large spaces in the most complete chronicles have been filled up with events relating solely to England; a circumstance which, in the case of the Welsh "men of letters," assures us that they found their own annals blank indeed in these times; for they have required but the most meagre hints to adorn their pages with full and flowing narratives, evincing a genius as creative as that of the historians of the "Preadamite Sultans." Such a tale as we can construct, therefore, we will present to our readers; not supplying its manifold deficiencies as the old writers did; but endeavouring to depict the character of the evidence, whilst we narrate the progress of Welsh affairs from the death of Hywel Dda to Harold's subjugation of the principality, and the death of Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, in the last years of Anglo-Saxon rule in Britain.

No sooner was "the chief and glory of the Britons" dead, than intestine strife broke forth. In the very year of Hywel's decease, there was a battle at Carno between his children and those of Idwal, who had been king of Gwynedd before him. Nor was this contest speedily ended; for in the following year, Iago and Ieuav, the sons of Idwal, twice ravaged Dyved; and Dyrnwallawn, whom later writers have represented as a prince of Caredigion, was killed. Dyrnwal and Rhodri, sons of Hywel, died in 950, or 952, A. D.; but their brothers maintained the struggle; and next year, at Llanrwst, on the Conway, a great slaughter took place, the sons of Idwal, apparently, being victorious, for they devastated Caredigion before winter. Another son of Hywel soon afterwards died, but not till the tenth year, when Iago and Ieuav gained the upper hand, was the question settled;—in the month of March, 959, A. D., (if the *Brut y Tywysogion* may be credited in such exactness,) they were acknowledged as sovereigns of Wales; though not, we must conclude, to the exclusion of Hywel's son,

Owain of South Wales, and others,* from their hereditary territories, which they held as vassals of the kings of Gwynedd, just as those kings themselves were vassals of the English monarch. The other wars proceeded as usual. In the year of Hywel's death, his grandson, Cadwgan, was killed by the Saxons. Along with the record of the battle of Llanrwst is the mention of Hirmawr and Anarawd, sons of Gwriad, son or brother of Rhodri Mawr, being killed by the "Pagans," or Danes. And in the year when the civil war we have spoken of was ended, the sons of Abloic, an Irish king, ravaged Holyhead and parts of Caernarvonshire. The drowning of Hayarddur, son of Mervyn, or of Meirig, and the violent death of Gwgan, another son of Gwriad, are also inserted in the annals, but without any particulars.

In the year 958, A. D., as the annals say, Owain ab Hywel Dda, prince of South Wales, entered and ravaged Gower, or Gorwennydd, by both which terms some part of the kingdom of Glamorgan is intended. This invasion seems to be connected with a remarkable instance of the exercise of feudal superiority on the part of the king of England over the Welsh princes; and it will afford us an opportunity of showing what unexpected difficulties surround the discovery of the actual course of events in Wales. According to an ancient document preserved amongst the records of the see of Llandaff, which Sir Henry Spelman, either directly or indirectly, was acquainted with, for he has appealed to it in his *Concilia*; Morgan Hên enjoyed the whole of Glamorgan, or Morganwg, in peace and quietness, till Hywel Dda attempted to take from him the *cymwds* of Ystradyw and Ewyas. Which being made known to king Edgar, to whom both princes were subject, he called them, with Owain, Morgan's son, to his court; † and then in full council examined the matter in dispute, and by the just judgment of the court Hywel Dda was deprived for ever of the said districts, without power of recovery, as having acted wrongfully towards Morgan Hên. This statement is embarrassed with the difficulty that Hywel Dda died in 948, or 950, A. D., and Edgar was not made king of Mercia till 957, A. D., nor sole monarch till one or two years afterwards; so that Edgar could not have cited Hywel to his court as a vassal prince. Sir Francis Palgrave has altered Edgar into Edward, and assigned the litigation to the year 922, A. D.; but another supposition with less violence effects the needful correction, and connects this adjudication with the passage we have quoted above from Caradawg's chronicle, as it is called. The aggression upon Morganwg may

* In the *Liber Landavensis*, and other ancient sources of Welsh traditional story, during the whole period of there being kings in Wales at all, many distinct states are mentioned, as Brecknock, Cardigan, Glamorgan, Gwent, Glywysyg, Gower, &c.; the king of Gwynedd, whether by inheritance, or by virtue of conquest, being the paramount sovereign in Wales. The laws also ascribe the chief dignity to the "king of Aberfraw," and make no reference to the arrangements ascribed to Rhodri Mawr.

† The Iolo MSS. contain an account of this adjudication by Edgar, which is at variance with that we have taken from the *Liber Landavensis*. This declares the sentence to have been confirmed by the "assent and testimony of all the archbishops, bishops, and abbots, earls, and barons of all England and Wales." The former represents Edgar as *twice* interfering; first, at the instance of the bishops of Llandaff and St. David's, and as aided by them in his award; and secondly, at the instance of Blegwryd, the archdeacon of Llandaff, and as choosing twelve men from each country, Morganwg and Deheubarth, according to the law of Morgan Mwynvawr, and presiding himself, so making a court. The decision is said to have been proclaimed and recorded at the altar of St. Teilo, at Llandaff.

have been begun by Hywel, but not forcibly attempted till Owain, emulous of his father's glory, but living in different times, in the year above named made an attack upon the principedom of Glamorgan. It may be mentioned as a further probability in favour of this view, that though as far back as Alfred the Anglo-Saxon monarchs had been acknowledged as lords paramount by the Welsh kings, and Edred and Edwy had assumed amongst their titles that of "Protector of the Britons," it was not till Edgar's time that the feudal system acquired such a degree of completeness as is implied in a regular trial in full court of the conflicting claims of two vassals. And, that we may not omit any fact bearing upon the question, it seems unlikely that the mistake should lie in the name of the English king, from the circumstance that in another document registered in the *Liber Landavensis*, Morgan Hên is said to have restored certain lands to the see of Llandaff, "at the admonition of king Edgar," which does not refer to the restoration of the two *cymwods* to that diocese; but to certain property which had been impropriated in a manner that no monarch, with a Dunstan for adviser, could approve.

This Morgan Hên was a notable man in his day, were it only for the long life that was granted him. He died, as the *Brut y Tywysogion* reports, in 974, A. D., though some have extended his reign to 1001, A. D., when the death of "Mor, the son of Gwyn," is recorded. In the *Liber Landavensis* it is stated, that "in the year 983, there was an election of kings of Morganwg, that is, of Owain and Idwallawn, Cadell and Cynvyn, sons of Morgan Hên, and Rhodri and Gruffydd, sons of Elised;" wherefore it has been said that he had "resigned his sovereignty to his sons and grandsons for long years before he died." This is not the only misstatement respecting the aged king of Morganwg: one antiquary omits his father, and makes him the son of Hywel ab Rhys, instead of Owain ab Hywel ab Rhys; and another has even confounded him with Morgan Mwynvawr, who was one of Arthur's contemporaries, and, as the ballads say, a knight of his Table Round! But we must return to our annals.

Before we speak further of the dependence of Wales upon the English crown, there are several facts of its internal history to be noted. An invasion of the "Pagans" is mentioned in the year 961, A. D., of the *Brut* ascribed to Caradawg, which may be 963, A. D., of the common computation; and five years afterwards it is said that Rhodri, son of Idwal, was slain, and Aberffraw devastated; both which deeds are attributed to the Irish by later chroniclers,—how authentically we know not. In the following year, for the first time it would appear, a crime not in keeping with the habits of the Welsh was perpetrated in Gwynedd;—Iago blinded his brother and partner in royalty, Ieuav, and put him in prison, and afterwards (as some say) hanged him: other authorities, however, represent him as rescued by his son Hywel Ddrwg, when in 974, A. D., he expelled his uncle Iago, and assumed the government himself; and as dying in the year 989, A. D. Einion ab Owain, in the year following Iago's wicked deed, invaded and laid waste Gower, which showed that the feud existing between those neighbouring princes had not ceased. A more important event was the descent of Maccus, or Mactus, son of Harald, (whom the *Brut* calls Mark, and even *Madoc*!) upon Anglesey. This happened in 971, A. D., if we correct the year given by the chronicler on the supposition

of his being consistent in his error. His ravages were confined to Penmon then ; but next year the whole island was "by his great craft" subjugated, says the so-called Caradawg, who gives the credit of the conquest to Gothrit, Godfrith, or Godfrey, also called a son of Harald. This Gothrit may have been one of Maccus' captains ; for it is certain that in 973, A. D., Maccus, son of Harald, the "arch-pirate," (as Malmesbury designates him,) did homage at Chester to Edgar, as "lord of Anglesey and the Isles ;" and two years before, the very date of the attack on Penmon, his name appears as witness to a charter of Edgar's. The occupation of *Mon mam Kymry* was, however, but temporary ; as was the case with most of the settlements of the sea-kings ; we soon find the island in the possession of the native princes again ; and we hear of other devastations, some in Anglesey, inflicted by the Gothrit who seems here to have acted under Maccus of the Isles.

The relations of Edgar to Wales require further mention. "The Saxons, headed by Aluryt, [Alfred,] ravaged the kingdom of the sons of Idwal." Thus the *Brut* of the Princes has signalized the year 967, A. D. The *Annales Cambriæ* (which are now entirely valueless for dates) simply record the fact of the foray. We should naturally conclude that this was some border attack more ferocious than usual ; for we know that such warfare never ceased,—the very laws providing for its maintenance ; and we also know that Edgar was reputed to have passed a most peaceful reign, that is, he engaged in no imperial war. Out of this slight entry the old historians of the principality have constructed, with the help of a story of much later date, a whole campaign ! Setting aside Alfred, or reserving him for other uses, they tell us that Edgar had been angered, and not unjustifiably, because the tribute had not been regularly paid by the princes of Gwynedd ; wherefore he entered the country, and cruelly wasted it, the usual bravery being displayed by the Northwallians, and numbers, as is also customary, proving too powerful for valour. We are next told, that when peace was at length made, Edgar, either commuting the ancient tribute of gold and beeves, horses, hawks, and hounds, or else (in the spirit of modern utilitarianism) adding to the signs of subjection one that would profitably exercise the people of the land, and benefit themselves as well as the English,—imposed on the sons of Idwal the task of presenting to him the heads of three hundred wolves yearly ; and that in the third year all the wolves were destroyed, and the conditions of the peace could no longer be fulfilled (unless, indeed, they should *import* wolves, against which article of commerce British agriculturists might have wisely asked protection) ; so thenceforward the additional impost ceased ; though some say that the *whole* tribute was remitted, which the laws contradict ; and others argue, that as the tax had been commuted, it was most unfair to revert to the old terms, now that the new had, by no fault of the weaker party, failed.

We have shown the foundation in the annals for this wonderful tale ; we must now express our unbelief in the wolf story altogether ; for endeared though it is by early associations, until better testimony shall establish it, we are constrained to esteem it a legend, and not a fact of history. No authority nearer to the times of Edgar than William of Malmesbury is quoted for it ; neither the Saxon nor (which is far more weighty)

the Welsh laws allude to it, even in the most remote manner; and the Welsh laws, which, in their present form, as has been said in the last chapter, exhibit (generally) the circumstances, &c. of the early part of the twelfth century,—the very age of William of Malmesbury,—these laws speak of wolves in a manner which most clearly indicates that it was no uncommon thing for a shepherd to find one of his flock torn into “a hundred pieces” by one, or to raise a whole country-side in pursuit of such a ferocious assailant of his fold. This is not the only fable about Edgar’s dealings with Wales; but we may now introduce the fact, one sufficiently noteworthy for the times and the people.

In the year 973, A. D., there was gathered together at Chester all the pomp of peace and of war that the Anglian empire could boast. The young and handsome monarch, having the year before completed the penance his great chancellor and primate, Dunstan, had imposed upon him for a violation of the sanctity of the cloister, had been solemnly recrowned at Bath, and felt himself, more than ever, a king. He accordingly resolved upon a pageant which, unlike such as he might have read of in old story-books, or heard of from the masters of the harp and the rote, should be a reality. Assembling his whole naval force, which admiring chroniclers of after-times have multiplied into five thousand vessels, he sailed from London through that sea across which, for so many years, the most dreaded visitants to our shores had come; threaded his way amidst the Scottish isles, impressing upon the people of them, both native barbarians and fiercer settlers from Scandinavia, the terror of his peaceful might; and entering the broad and noble estuary of the Dee, paused in the ancient city of Chester, whither he had summoned all the great vassals of his crown. It was a goodly muster, and coming, as it did, after so many long years of exhausting warfare,—for England had been the battle-field of all the Danish contests,—it might have excited the envy of Otho the emperor himself. Most surely it was no display of boyish vanity alone; as a symbol of his own position of proud pre-eminence it was legitimate; whilst nothing could have been more wisely planned, to engage all classes of his subjects with enthusiasm in behalf of himself and his family. It happened to be, in order of time, the forerunner of the rapid decline and fall of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom in Britain; and hence the spirit of the prince has been mistaken.

Amongst Edgar’s feudal subjects were at least eight who bore royal titles. Kenneth, king of the Scots, was at their head; he did homage for part of the ancient kingdom of Bryneich, which had been granted to him on this condition some two years before, in conformity with the advice of the English *witan*. After him came Malcolm, Kenneth’s son, to whom had been in like manner granted the less ancient kingdom of Strathclyde. Maccus, “lord of the isles,” followed; and Iago, king of the Britons of Galloway, Idwal, king of Westmere, Siferth, and Hywel, kings of Wales, and Dyvnwal, king of Dyved, closed the procession. On bended knees, with hands placed between the hands of the Saxon “Basileus,” each one swore to be Edgar’s faithful and true “man,” and to aid him, and not his foes, both by land and sea; and each one, with his own hand if he was able, by the clerk’s if he was not, signed a deed of submission

to Edgar, which may yet be read by the curious. A banquet followed; and good reason have we to believe that the Britons responded to the *Wæs heal!* of the Saxons, and pledged them in return, and forgot Rowena, and Gwertyern the traitor, and thought not the

“ custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.”

But this was not all the ceremony by which the “Basileus” of Albion proclaimed his superiority over the other kings of the island. Next morning the state barge received an unwonted crew; each subject prince took an oar, whilst Edgar himself held the rudder, and from the palace along the Dee to the monastery of St. John the Baptist, followed by all the court in other barges and vessels, they “skilfully” made their way. There they all joined in the celebration of the mass; and afterwards with the same pomp returned to the palace, the monarch exclaiming to some of those about him as he entered, that his successors might reckon themselves to be kings when they could boast of such a triumph. It never was repeated; it marked an era, and could not be repeated. Two years later Edgar died;—he was not a common king, but his identification of his interests with those of Dunstan has procured for him the most extravagant adulation of the monkish chroniclers. He is “the flower and ornament” of the Saxon monarchs, and memorable in his nation as Romulus, Cyrus, Alexander, Arsaces, Charlemagne, or Arthur, in theirs, according to Florence of Worcester. With that peaceful demonstration at Chester, however, his influence on Wales seems to have ended; afterwards fashioned themselves as they could, under pressure of forces stronger, but more obscure, than his.

It would not be just to omit to mention, that the fact of Edgar's holding a court at Chester after a voyage round North Britain, and receiving the homage of the kings, is all that the earliest authorities tell us; the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle speaks of but six kings as doing honour to him, the rest of the story being derived from later sources. Geoffrey Gaimar adds that the Welsh kings bore the three swords before Edgar. The following legend is from the Iolo MSS.:—“Gwaethvoed, lord of Cibwyr and Caredigion, lived in the time of king Edgar, who summoned the Welsh princes to Chester, to row his barge on the river Dee. Gwaethvoed replied that he could not row; and that if he could he would not, unless it were to save some one's life. Edgar sent a second and more peremptory command, but the lord of Cibwyr deigned no answer, till the messenger, begging most humbly for some word to carry back to his master, he said—

‘Fear him who fears not death!’

Struck with his courage, Edgar went to him, and giving him his hand with great kindness, entreated him to become his friend and relation; and so it was.” We may remark, by way of comment, that Gwaethvoed, lord of Caredigion, lived in the eleventh century; the contemporary of Edgar is said to have been a prince of Powys. We

cannot stay to reconcile the accounts of the Welsh kings, which we find in the narratives of this transaction, with those of the other authorities; but we must show how the whole had been represented by some writers, that our readers, seeing how facts which have been misrepresented can be made out with some clearness, may justify the caution with which we follow those whose tales have hitherto been received as credible and authentic history. In telling how the sons of Idwal seized the government of North Wales at the death of Hywel Dda, these historians remark that they set aside their uncle Meirig; and when they arrive at the expulsion of Iago by Hywel ab Ieuav, they ascribe to the conqueror the blinding of the same injured man; the *Annales*, in their curt way, simply appending to the notice of Hywel's victory the mention of the fact that this Meirig was blinded, or else put to death; and the *Brut*, called after Caradawg of Llangarvan, adding as another variation, that he was "maimed." From these ancient sources we incidentally learn that Iago did not give up the kingdom he had made his own by so foul a crime without a struggle, as we shall see subsequently; but Lhuydd, Powell, Vaughan of Hengwrt, and Wynne, or some of them, have made up this account;—that Iago, being expelled by his nephew Hywel, fled to Edgar's court, and prevailed upon him to restore him to the throne of Gwynedd; and that Edgar (who, as a Saxon, was only too glad to have an excuse for a Welsh war) agreed to do so, and with his army advanced as far as Bangor, where he was met by Hywel; not, however, in battle-array, but with all peaceful honours; that Hywel agreed to share the government of Gwynedd with Iago; and Edgar, delighted with the success of his expedition, built a church to the Virgin there; and going to Chester, invited the newly-reconciled kings to do homage to him with the other kings: and all this very bald fiction is put under the proper date, 973, A. D. Nor is this all. At the year 971, A. D., in the *Brut y Tywysogion*, is a translation of an undated entry in one MS. of the *Annales Cambriæ*: "Edgar, king of the Saxons, collected a very great fleet at the City of Legions," or Chester; but by some means, in the *Brut* it is "Caerleon upon Usk." This is plainly meant to chronicle that triumph of Edgar which we have narrated; but our sagacious historians have interpreted it into an attack on Caerleon on Usk by the Saxon fleet under some "king Alfred:" and they have added, that the fleet was forced to return home! And this is the use made of the name *Aluryt*, occurring under the date 965, A. D., of the *Brut*. To complete an account of these fabrications, we may say, that "the Genealogy of the Kings of Glamorgan," in the Iolo MSS., under the head of Owain, son of Morgan Hên, tells us that Owain ab Hywel Dda sought a quarrel with him, (we have seen that this Owain *did* invade Morganwg,) but was brought to his senses by Edgar's marching an army against him, and compelling him to abide by the decision of himself and the wise men, in favour of Morgan Hên! This is the *fourth* campaign against Wales ascribed, without the shadow of a foundation, to Edgar "the Peaceful."

In the year 974, A. D., as we have said, Hywel ab Ieuav expelled his uncle Iago, and ruled in his stead; yet not without opposition or difficulty; as we see five years later, when Hywel, aided by the Saxons, is said to have devastated Celynawg, or Cyveiliog;

and Lleyn in Caernarvonshire was ravaged either by Hywel or his partisans. In the next year, 980, A. D., Iago fell into his nephew's hands, and received from him, according to recent authorities, the most generous treatment, being established as king in part of Gwynedd. Older records represent him as captured by the Danes, whose fleet that year attacked and spoiled Chester, according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Hywel became thereupon sovereign of North Wales, and so the wrongs of Ieuav were avenged. Yet he was not suffered to remain in peace; for the very next year Cystennyn Ddû, Constantine the Black, Iago's son, appeared upon the northern coast, in company with Godfrey, the son of Harald, a Danish sea-king, and Anglesey with part of Caernarvonshire were ravaged by them; but Cystennyn fell by Hywel's hand, in the fight at Hirbarth. In the beginning of that year, too, the possession of the throne was made surer to Hywel by the death of Idwal, his uncle; and the guilt of that death has been attributed to him. In South Wales matters proceeded as usual, Gower being ravaged by Owain's son, Einion, in the year 978, A. D.; and two years before, Idwal-lawn, Owain's son, who seems to have been named in the extract from the "Book of Llandaff" given above, died. Godfrey, the sea-king who had made his might so well known in the North, in the year 983, A. D., attacked Dyved, and the territory of St. David's; and a great battle was fought at Llanwenawg, on the Teivi, in Cardiganshire. In the following year the Saxons, with Aluryt as leader, once more appear on the scene; Brycheiniog, and all the territory of Einion ab Owain, is said to have suffered; whence we may conclude that he possessed an independent principality. Authorities are most contradictory respecting the part taken by Hywel at this time; some representing him as patriotically joining with Einion to repel the Saxon host; and others stating that he joined the English, and that both he and his allies suffered severely from the desperate bravery of the grandson of Hywel Dda. We cannot decide between these statements, neither being sufficiently improbable to be rejected. Einion's triumph lasted not long, however, whether gained over invaders and "natural enemies" alone, or over traitors as well; for next year, the chief men of Gwent traitorously slew him; and he is said to have been sent to them by Owain, to persuade them to desist from an attempt to make themselves independent. Hywel lived but one year longer; in 986, A. D., he was treacherously slain by the Saxons; but others say he fell in an inroad into England, which was now, by intestine strife and Danish invasions, reduced to the very verge of destruction.

With Hywel's death a new age of warfare of prince against prince, and of the Danes against all, commenced. The affairs of Gwynedd had become hopelessly involved; so many claimants to the throne existed, and their differences were incapable of being accommodated. Meirig ab Idwal Voel, brother to Iago and Ieuav, whose death or blinding we mentioned before, had left several children; one of these, Ionaval by name, was killed by Cadwallawn, son of Ieuav, Hywel's brother, soon after his death; and evidently to secure to himself the crown of Gwynedd. But his possession of this so ill-gotten power was very brief. At the end of a year, in 987, A. D., an opponent from an unexpected quarter rose up against him, Meredydd ab Owain, who defeated and slew him, and

subjugated all North Wales, "by extreme craft and cunning:" one of his brothers was killed in the same year, but whether by himself or by Meredydd does not appear. In the following year another case of blinding a probable competitor for the throne occurred; but whether it was Meredydd who so mutilated his brother Llywarch, or whether it was the deed of the invaders, who that year descended on Gwynedd, we have no means of determining. It was Godfrey, the redoubtable son of Harald, who once more visited and ravaged Anglesey. Two thousand prisoners were taken, and Meredydd at once evacuated his conquests and retired to Caredigion and Dyved. With such foes it is not "discretion" to fight and flee; and so Meredydd proved, for next year, 989, A. D., the "black host" extended its ravages along the whole western and southern coasts of Wales, from Llanbadarn to Llangarvan; and St. David's was once more plundered. At the same time, however, Meredydd was able to increase his nominal power, for Owain ab Hywel Dda died, and he was the only one able to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded; the hapless Ieuav, who had the best claim to North Wales, died too. And now an interval of respite from the "pagan" scourge was afforded, and some have held that it was purchased by the payment of a penny for each person in Meredydd's dominions, according to a strict census, to the leader of the invaders; but a more ancient account represents the payment as ransom for the prisoners taken in Anglesey by Godfrey. The name of an Irish prince, Glumaen, whose death is mentioned in the *Brut* under the date of this payment, has been regarded by some as the designation of this *Danegeld*, as if he were a *mythical* person. We are not astonished to find mortality amongst cattle, and famine amongst men, attend these savage contests. But the end was far off. In 991, A. D., Owain, son of Dyvnwal, (probably one of Edgar's homagers,) was slain; and next year Meredydd ravaged *Maes Hyeidd*, or Radnorshire; the following, and a new storm burst upon him. Gwyn, or Edwyn, or Owain, son of Einion, Meredydd's nephew, with a host of Saxons under the command of *Edeluis*, or Eclis the Great, marched across South Wales, plundering as they went, not sparing St. David's itself, and taking hostages; by which act he indicated his purpose to deprive his uncle of that part of his dominions. Meredydd must have been sorely harassed, for he is said to have hired Danish soldiers, and with them to have ravaged Glamorgan, which was then under the sway of Ithel Ddŷ, Morgan Hên's grandson; and that year his son Cadwallawn died. Later historians say that the two princes were reconciled, and the mercenaries on both sides discharged. Peace was not appointed as Meredydd's lot; no sooner were the claims of the son of Einion on South Wales by some means set aside, than the brothers of Ionaval ab Meirig, whom Cadwallawn ab Ieuav had slain, brought forward their claims to Gwynedd, apparently by a hostile inroad; the black "host" ravaged Anglesey too, on Ascension Thursday, in the same year, 994, A. D. Meredydd must have been absent, or else overcoming him, they gained a firm footing in the North; for in the following year, whilst his dominions were suffering from another famine, he was defeated at Llangwm, in the south of Denbighshire, by the sons of Meirig; his nephew Tewdwr falling in the fight. Idwal ab Meirig by this victory gained the

sovereignty of North Wales; but in the second year afterwards he was killed, some have said, on insufficient grounds, by Sweyn, who at this time began to be terrible to Britain. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle tells us of Danish incursions in South Wales; the "host" having rounded Cornwall and entered the Severn, whence they carried desolation into the lands of both English and Welsh, and departed as suddenly as they came round Penwithstart [Land's End] again. Three years later, St. David's was once more attacked by these fierce rovers, and almost depopulated; the archbishop Morgeneu perishing with the rest, of whom Giraldus relates this edifying story,—that he was the first prelate of that famous see who ate meat, (at uncanonical seasons, we hope,) and that on the night of his murder he appeared to a certain Irish bishop, showing his gaping wounds, and saying, "Because I ate meat, I am made meat." And whilst the South thus suffered, or after the "host" had departed to Normandy, the fleet of Ethelred took advantage of the unsettled state of affairs in the North, and as it returned from the expedition against the Danes in Cumberland, its forces were landed on Anglesey, and they ravaged the island; and it may well be supposed that it was not less because under Maccus and Gothrit many Danes had settled in it, than because it was an exposed part of Wales, unless Geoffrey Gaimar's unsupported assertion,—that the Welsh aided against Ethelred some near relation, (he says, his *brother*, and names him Edmund,) who had married a Kymraes,—may be received; which would account for this act of hostility. That same year Meredydd ab Owain, "the most celebrated king of the Britons," died.

Upon Idwal's death new contests for the Venedotian kingdom commenced; and Cynan ab Hywel seems to have succeeded in obtaining it, in the year after Meredydd's death. He held it but four years, being killed in 1005, A. D., according to tradition, by Aeddan ab Blegwryd, grandson of Morgan Hên of Morganwg. This prince is said by the same class of authorities, either at the advice of, or in conjunction with, Iestyn ab Gwrgant, his cousin, to have headed the Danes, who, in the year 1000, A. D., burnt St. David's and slew Morgeneu; and then to have seized Caredigion, whence, as was said, he advanced against Cynan, and slew him, taking his throne. Nothing, however, has been invented respecting his reign, save the revision of the laws and the building of churches; and we see no more of him in the old chronicles, till 1018, A. D., when the *Annales* record that, with his four sons, he fell by the hands of Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, or of Llywelyn himself, as the *Brut y Tywysogion* tells. The interval is almost barren of events for Wales itself. More recent authorities make Llywelyn ab Seisyllt, or Sitsyllt, the successor of Meredydd in South Wales, because he married Angharad, his daughter; and the older chronicles relate the ravaging of Dyved by the Danes, in 1002, A. D.; the devastation of St. David's by the Saxons under Edric, and some other leader, in 1013, A. D., (if we are right in our correction,) which might, with greater probability than the ravaging of Anglesey, be ascribed to revenge for assistance given to a rival of Ethelred, by the Welsh; and the violent death of another Owain ab Dyvnwal, some years later. Geoffrey Gaimar, whose *L'Estorie des Engles* must not be relied on too implicitly, says that the Welsh aided Edmund Ironside against Canute, and

that at the battle of Assingdune, in 1016, A. D., where the treachery of Edric Streone procured his defeat, these auxiliaries bravely rescued him, when his pretended death had nearly proved a reality.

By the death of Aeddan, Llywelyn ab Seisyllt obtained the supremacy of *Kymru oll*, all Wales; although not the actual sovereignty of every state. The third year of his reign witnessed, it is said, a rebellion by Meirig ab Arthvael, grandson of Blegwryd, and so a nephew of Aeddan; but it was crushed, and the rebel slain. The chronicles merely relate, that "three years after that, and Meirig ab Arthvael was killed;" but the interpretation is probable enough. In the year 1022, A. D., a more serious attempt was made to dethrone him. A certain Scot named Reyn, or Rhûn, set himself up as the lawful king of South Wales, pretending to be the son of Meredydd; and having caused himself to be proclaimed, was generally received by the men in the South as their lord. Llywelyn was then at the height of his prosperity and power, and the land had so long rested from war that it abounded both in people and wealth; such a pretence could not therefore be tolerated, and the men of Gwynedd gladly followed Llywelyn to the field against the false Scot. The pretender and the lawful monarch met at Abergwyli, and the battle was obstinately contested. Reyn's courage lay more in word than in deed, and he hoped, by a more than brave demeanour at the outset, to dispense with the disagreeable necessity of fighting; but neither Llywelyn nor his men were so imaginative as to be defeated in that fashion; and as the pretender's followers were not sustained by the heroism of their chief, they could not but yield to the Gwyneddians, who routed them, and wrathfully pursued their cowardly commander, "slaying his men, and devastating the country, pillaging every place, and destroying it as far as Mercia." Thus does the *Brut* of the Princes represent the revenge of the men of North Wales, on their brothers of Dyved, for adhering to a false claimant of the crown. A more complete picture of barbarism could hardly be drawn, though it is not in these early ages alone that such disproportionate and indiscriminate punishment has been inflicted; nor that they who went out to defend the right, have returned home laden with wrongfully-obtained spoil. To add to the disasters of South Wales, one Eilaf, or Eglaf, a Dane most probably, made a descent upon Dyved, and demolished St. David's; and did not leave the land he had seized till thirteen years afterwards. It was in some battle with him, apparently, that Hywel ab Seisyllt, brother to Llywelyn, and commanding for him, fell. Next year the victor died, and Rhydderch ab Iestyn obtained the throne of South Wales; whilst Gwynedd fell into the hands of Iago ab Idwal. Three other accounts attribute Llywelyn's death to violence; one pointing to Hywel and Meredydd, sons of Edwyn ab Einion, as the assassins, or conspirators; another stating that those noblemen did indeed attack Llywelyn in concert with Awlaff, [Eglaf?] and an army of Irish Scots who had invaded South Wales, but were defeated, and that Madog Mîn, the bishop of Bangor, afterwards procured his assassination; and a third representing it as occurring in a battle with the before-named Hywel and Meredydd. These three accounts, which not only contradict each other, but are quite opposed to the simple entry in the early chronicles, that he "*died*," may all be found

in one and the same work, by an eminent Welsh scholar and antiquary of the present day; and will sufficiently justify the caution we have observed in our narrative.

Rhydderch is said to have been the son of that Iestyn, who, above fifty years later, "in the time of William Rufus," was prince of Glamorgan; and this is not the only difficulty connected with this genealogy; but such difficulties meet us at every step, and can by no means be solved. The "Book of Llandaff" describes him as "king of Glamorgan, and indeed of all Wales, except the island of Anglesey, which Iago ab Idwal kept for himself." His conquests, whatever they really were, were soon wrested from him, for ten years after his accession he was "killed by the Scots;" and Hywel and Meredydd, the sons of Edwyn, who succeeded him, are said to have used these alien soldiers to effect his destruction. The brother of his predecessor Llywelyn, Cynan ab Seisyllt, was killed in 1027, A. D.; by the Saxons, it has been added, at the battle of Ystradywain, and all his sons with him. This is the only tradition of his reign; his sons, in the year after his death, attempted to gain possession of his throne, but fortune seems to have favoured the sons of Edwyn, who defeated them at Hiraethwy, or Traethwy. In the following year, however, one of them, Meredydd, was killed by the sons of Cynan,—those whom a later tradition represented as perishing with their father in battle. One of Rhydderch's sons, Caradawg, fell by the hands of the Saxons, in the same year; for it is said that Gwent was then invaded by them. Hywel ab Edwyn is charged with the treason of inviting the Saxons to this raid; and Gruffydd is said to have helped Iestyn against them. Other traditions ascribe to this Caradawg a much longer and more conspicuous life, as shall be noticed; and call the Caradawg who was slain by the Saxons, the son of Iestyn: we have followed the oldest accounts. The annals of Northumbria mention fierce inroads upon the Welsh made at this time by Eadulf, the earl of that district; which, with the native traditions we have given, show how pertinaciously the border warfare was maintained. The unsettled state of England was favourable to this. Through these confused and contradictory accounts we see the melancholy reality of the condition of the Kymry now;—nothing but foreign subjugation could save them. So long as they were in name or appearance, by the homage of the sovereigns alone, connected with a powerful state, their weakness and divisions invited continual invasions; and when invaders wasted them not, they preyed upon each other. Complete *subjugation* alone could preserve them from extermination. For awhile the destruction of the name of liberty was delayed; and in the year next after that we have reached, there appeared upon the stage one, in whom the Britons hoped to find the destined deliverer, but whose excellencies, as will be seen, were not of the stamp to save a country, could Wales have been saved.

It was in the year 1039, A. D., when the Danes, making a descent upon South Wales, carried off Meirig, the son of Hywel, that Iago ab Idwal was slain,—it is said, by Gruffydd ab Llywelyn,—who did at once take possession of the kingdom. With him the death-struggle of Cambrian freedom commenced: but the deeds of the first year of his reign will tell why it was not possible that he should succeed. He began with a victory over the Saxons at Crossford, on the Severn; and perhaps we may connect

with this battle the slaughter of Edwin, brother of Earl Leofric, Thurkill, Elfgeat, and "very many good men with them," recorded in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle at this date; although it has been stated that this happened after Hywel had been dispossessed, and was seeking to recover his principality. For in the same year the new king descended upon South Wales, depopulated Llanbadarn, and drove out Hywel ab Edwyn. The prince of Dyved was not, however, wholly conquered; in the second year after this sudden and successful attack, he appears to have attempted to regain his dominions, but was defeated by Gruffydd, at Pencadair, when his wife was amongst the spoils of the victor, who made her "his own wife." The defeated sovereign must have retained some hold upon his territories, for in the following year he is recorded to have conquered the Danes who were ravaging Dyved, at Pwll Dyvach. Gruffydd experienced a reverse of fortune at the same time, being taken prisoner by the Danes of Ireland, who had fallen upon the north of Wales. This capture is said to have been made by the men of South Wales, or by Cynan ab Iago, by other authorities, some of whom add that he was rescued by the Gwyneddians. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of other parts of Wales beside those which are illustrated by the actions of the most prominent men of the day. Thus in the year after the events we have related, 1043, A. D., Hywel ab Morgan Mawr (whom the chronicles call son of Owain, and of Edwyn too, but plainly in error) died, and his son Meirig assumed the government of Morgawg. This Meirig not long afterwards made a treaty, in the most solemn manner, with Edwyn ab Gwriad, king of Gwent, in the presence of Joseph, bishop of Llandaff, in which the contracting parties agreed to be true helpers to each other, and especially to oppose the men of Brycheiniawg;—notwithstanding which, Meirig, availing himself of an opportunity, seized Edwyn, blinded him, and put him in prison. The prelate was indignant at this disregard of the sanctions of the church, and set all his ecclesiastical engines to work, by which Meirig was compelled to penitence, and testified his sincerity by a rich gift of lands to the see. In the year 1044, A. D., Gruffydd made himself master of all Wales. Hywel had engaged a fleet from Ireland, and landed his pagan mercenaries, "meditating the devastation of Deheubarth." The son of Llywelyn marched against the invaders, and a cruel battle, with vast slaughter, happened at the mouth of the Tywi, in which Hywel ab Edwyn fell, and Gruffydd remained conqueror. Next year a new family claimed possession of South Wales,—the sons of Rhydderch, Rhys and Gruffydd; and they attempted by craft and treachery to compass their ends: howbeit, some chroniclers say that they came in hostile wise, and that Gruffydd was forced to flee, but the victors, from exhaustion of means and loss of men, could not follow up their advantage.

A short time before Gruffydd made himself king of Gwynedd, the meek Edward, called "the Confessor," had ascended the English throne, the short-lived Danish kingdom here having ended. Godwin and his sons had all power with the childish monarch; but neither Edward nor his great earls seem to have turned their attention to Wales for several years. In 1046, A. D., however, Earl Sweyn went and demanded hostages; and Gruffydd, either doubting his ability to resist the demand, or hoping to

recover them by craft or by arms, gave them; thus acknowledging fealty to the Anglo-Saxon crown. Next year the Welsh prince was called to chastise some of his own subjects for a most barbarous outrage; and his punishment was as barbarous. The men of the vale of Tywi—the “gentry,” says some modern explicator—treacherously procured the death of about sevenscore men of Gruffydd’s family. Both his relationship to them and his station called for some severity, but scarcely for such as he resorted to;—“to avenge them he devastated the vale of Tywi and Dyved,” says the old chronicle. A monarch so ready to use the sword, and so unsparingly, was not the one to bring lasting hope to a country like Wales. And now he did but enfeeble it. The following entry in the *Brut*, which we can explain by help of the Saxon chroniclers, shows how little Gruffydd understood the need of his people. “Two years after that, and all *Deheubarth lay waste.*” It was the year 1049, A. D., the very year of the deserved disgrace of Earl Sweyn, who was proclaimed “a *nothing*” for having foully murdered Earl Beorn, when thirty-six vessels sailed from Ireland, entered the Severn’s mouth, landed their crews by the Usk, and were joined by Gruffydd, with whom they straightway proceeded to plunder and burn, and to do “much harm.” Ealdred, bishop of Worcester, put himself at the head of the people of the neighbourhood to oppose them, but the Welsh who were with him sent word privately to Gruffydd, bidding him fall upon the bishop’s men at once; and he, with the Irish pirates, at dawn on the next day, unexpectedly attacked the English force, and put it to flight, killing great numbers; but the bishop escaped: this befell on the twenty-ninth of July. The *Annales* and the *Brut* both have a record, three years after the date of this event, of the destruction of a fleet coming from Ireland to South Wales; and both have various readings, which represent the fleet not as destroyed, but as destroying South Wales. In the confusion of dates we cannot tell but that this, rather than the entry we have quoted above, may refer to the descent of the thirty-six pirate vessels; it has, however, been interpreted as the failure of an invasion planned by Cyman ab Iago, who, disheartened by his want of success, no more disturbed Gruffydd’s peace.

The border warfare, with such a king as Gruffydd to urge it on, could not but increase, and become more bitter, in proportion as it became more constant. About the year 1050, A. D., the Welsh erected a castle in Herefordshire, amongst the people of Sweyn the earl, and they wrought, says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, every kind of harm and disgrace to the king’s men thereabout which they could. It was the time when Godwin and his sons were fast verging to their downfall, through opposing the *Francomania* of the weak king. This afforded them an excellent excuse for calling out the “militia” of their earldoms, and in the most constitutional manner, arming themselves against whatever might occur. So, says the old annalist, Godwin the earl, and Sweyn the earl, and Harold the earl, came together at Beverstone, and many with them, that they might lay the matter before the king and the *witan*, and by their advice punish this insult. For once the sagacious Saxon was outwitted, for we find that the Welshmen got beforehand to the king, and accused the earls; so that Edward would not suffer them to come “within his eyes’ sight, because it had been said that

they were coming to betray the king. We do not pursue the story of Godwin, which belongs to English history; and we only wish to show that the Welsh king was a source of perpetual discomfort to the Saxons. Amongst the earls upon whom Edward had bestowed the supremacy of the different districts of his kingdom was Ralph, his sister Goda's son, by her first husband, Gualthier, count of Mantes. He had received the earldom of Worcester originally, but on the disgrace of Godwin's family, his jurisdiction was increased, and seems to have included the March of South Wales. In 1052, A. D., on the very day, it was observed, that, thirteen years before, Edwin the brother of Earl Leofric was killed, Gruffydd broke forth into Ralph's earldom, and went on plundering till he had nearly reached Leominster, and then the earl encountered him with his own Normans, and such of the country-folks as he could collect; and many of both were killed before the Welshman retired. Early in next year an example was made of one of the leaders in these forays. Rhys, "the Welsh king's brother," (and therefore, very probably, Rhys ab Rhydderch, whom we last saw plotting, or fighting, against Gruffydd,) was, by Edward's command, taken and slain at a place called Bulendun, "because he had done much harm;" and, on the vigil of Epiphany, his head was taken to the king, then holding his court at Gloucester. But it was not so that the evil could be remedied; another inroad is mentioned that same year, when the Welsh slew great numbers of the English, "of the wardmen," near Westbury.

The legend of Fleance, Banquo's son, who escaped when his father was murdered by Macbeth's command, we do not relate, as it does not tend to the elucidation or illustration of any matter belonging to Wales, unless it be the coarseness which simulated licentiousness in the courts of its princes. It will be remembered, that Gruffydd ab Rhydderch, as well as his brother Rhys, endeavoured, in 1045, A. D., to obtain the sovereignty of South Wales. We have seen Rhys put to death by decree of Edward, the Saxon king: in 1055, A. D., Gruffydd was slain by the son of Llywelyn; and it has been supposed that he was repeating his attempt on his hereditary dominions, if he had not made good his footing in them. But Gruffydd was now called to take a more important part than he ever had before taken in relation to the affairs of England. Algar, or Ælfgar, the son of Earl Leofric, had received Harold's earldom, at the time of the banishment of "the king's darlings;" and when Harold had been promoted to the earldom of Wessex, on the death of his father, after their return, and reinstatement in the royal favour, he had succeeded him in East Anglia. Next after Harold he was the most important man in the realm; and that he should be the head of what may be called the "Opposition" will appear most natural. In the month of March, 1055, A. D., at a *witenagemot* held at London, Ælfgar was outlawed, "without any kind of guilt," says one copy of the Chronicle, which Florence of Worcester, and Henry of Huntingdon, and history generally, have followed, but "well-nigh without guilt;" and "because it was cast upon him that he was a traitor to the king, and to all the people of the land: and he made a confession of it before all the men who were there gathered, though the word escaped him unintentionally," other copies declare. We may not stay to discuss the politics of the Anglian court; Ælfgar's after-conduct much

more agreed with his unintentional confession of treason, than with the declaration of his innocence. Imitating the conduct of ambitious Britons, and of Harold himself when outlawed, he first went to Ireland, the storehouse of mercenaries; and returning thence with a considerable fleet, he joined Gruffydd, who had married his sister Al-githa, and had recently been engaged against the heir of Rhydderch ab Iestyn. With their combined forces they advanced into Herefordshire; and as they were encamped near the city, Earl Ralph, "with a great host," came upon them. But Ralph's gifts were not those of a soldier; "with a slight conflict,"* the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle admits, though the *Brut* calls it "a severely hard battle," Ralph and his army were defeated so utterly, that Gruffydd and his host not only pursued them with great slaughter, but entered "the fortress" with the fugitives, and committed most terrible havoc. The city was almost depopulated and destroyed; the minster was burnt, and its relics, vestments, and less sacred but more serviceable treasures carried off; some priests, who angered the victors by a vain attempt to defend their fane, were slain; and many captives of both sexes led away;—and thence, "with very great booty," adds the pseudo-Caradawg, "he returned happily and victoriously to his country." For no mention is made of Ælfgar in the *Brut*, which represents this as only a more than usually fierce invasion of Saxondom; and nothing is said of the vengeance which was taken. There was no delay, however, in executing it. A force was gathered from "well-nigh all England," and it assembled at Gloucester; Harold the earl, who was a brave and energetic soldier, was set over it; and he immediately crossed the borders, went amongst the Welsh, but the chronicle is careful to say, "not far," as if contradicting by anticipation the story of his penetrating to the defiles of Snowdon. Florence of Worcester says, that Harold encamped beyond "Straddele," [Y-strad-clwyd?] and that Gruffydd and Ælfgar thereupon fled into South Wales; in pursuit of whom Harold detached the greater part of his army, falling back upon Hereford with the remainder, and effectually fortifying that city: a tale which does not square with what had occurred so well as the simple statement of the chronicle, that he lay some while just within the Welsh border, and caused a ditch to be dug round Hereford during the time. The upshot of the contest was negotiations for peace, and a conference at Billingsley, when "peace and friendship were established between them;" and so Ælfgar was "inlawed," and restored to his former honours, and his fleet of Irish mercenaries was ordered round to Chester, to be paid and sent home. And thus the conclusion of the matter very greatly resembles the end of a party contest in our own days, now that debates in parliament, and newspapers, and registration-courts, and hustings, are substituted for the hiring of pirate fleets, and joining with rebellious vassal kings, and chasing with sharp swords any incompetent opponent, and giving up whatever city may be entered to military, or rather, to savage, licence and cupidity.

* One copy of the chronicle graphically records that, "before there was a lance thrown, the English people fled, because they were on horses; and there great slaughter was made,—about four or five hundred men; but they made none on the other side." This being "on horses" has been cited as a proof of Ralph's bad generalship; as if he had attempted to carry on mountain warfare with mounted and fully-armed knights.

Next year, 1056, A. D., we find Gruffydd joining with Meirig ab Hywel in appointing a bishop at Llandaff, which shows us that there were other kings in Wales beside him, but that he was paramount; and also that he had fairly broken with England, for in former times the "king of London's" voice was all-powerful in such elections—Canute himself being recorded as the nominator of one occupant of that see. Another transaction with a bishop, of a very different kind, gives us a strange picture of the times. Leofgar, who had been Harold's mass-priest, was appointed bishop of Hereford in February, this year, on the death of the venerable Athelstan. He was not famous for attention to clerical propriety, having worn his *kenepas* during his priesthood, until he was a bishop; and so, after his bishop-hood he forsook his chrism and rood, and ghostly weapons, and arming himself with sword and lance, took the field against Gruffydd, the restless king of Gwynedd. It was a mad adventure, and the bishop would have done better to keep to his crosier and his "*benedicite!*" It was the very height of summer, and the chronicler avers that "it is difficult to tell the distress, and the marching all, and the camping, and the travail and destruction of men, and also of horses, which all the English army endured." On the seventeenth of June, Leofgar, and his priests with him, and Ælfnoth the shire-reeve, [sheriff,] and many good men besides, were slain in an encounter with Gruffydd; the others fled away. At length Leofric the earl, and Harold the earl, and Bishop Ealdred, came to them, and contrived a peace and reconciliation; and even induced Gruffydd to swear "that he would be to king Edward a faithful and unbetraying under-king." Which conclusion was better by far than might have been hoped; and fully entitled Ealdred to be appointed successor, to the too warlike Leofgar.

Leofric, Earl Ælfgar's father, died in the following year; and Ælfgar, succeeding to his earldom of Mercia, became a much more powerful man than he was before. The English kingdom under such a sovereign as Edward, who was far fitter to be an anchorite than a king, could not but be actually ruled by such of the nobles as dared the most. Harold was the most influential of the great earls; and Ælfgar, in the year after his advancement, 1058, A. D., was once more banished. His former experience had not been thrown away; he betook himself to Gruffydd at once, and by his aid, and that of Magnus, son of Harald of Norway, who undertook a ruthless raid into England, Ælfgar by violence recovered possession of his earldom. "It is longsome to tell all how these matters went," says the chronicler; and he might well turn away from the task of narrating the signs of coming dissolution. Harold was not sufficiently powerful, and he had acted in the same manner; or the king was too irresolute, to chastise the insolence of the Mercian earl; but Gruffydd, who had so recently sworn fealty to Edward, and who would be only too ready to take advantage of any weak indulgence shown to him,—he and his people must be made to know what is the punishment of a false vassal. He lost his son Owain the year after his last inroad into England; and four years after that, in 1063, A. D., he lost kingdom and life too, and Wales was converted into an English province, nominally governed by its native chiefs. It was on Christmas-day in the last-named year that Harold, the brave and wise leader,

with a sufficient force, crossed the borders, and made straight for Rhuddlan, where Gruffydd was. But the Welsh king was aware of his coming, and being no match for him in such a fight, hastily embarked and fled. Gruffydd had sagaciously provided a fleet, but he could not extricate it from the port, where the vessels were laid up for the winter; and the Saxon earl, missing his expected prey, gave up town, and palace, and fleet to the flames, and returned to Gloucester the same day. *Morva Rhuddlan*, if not now first composed, would be sung by many a bard with a deeper strain of pathos; and singer and hearers would feel how fatal had that spot been to the glory of the Kymry.

Harold had not, however, fulfilled all his purpose respecting Gruffydd or Wales. The question of the extent to which severities in war, granting that war must be resorted to in any case, should be carried, has often been discussed, and is not likely to be answered yet, *theoretically*. The greatest military commanders, and men of most unquestionably regal spirit, who are ever *practical* men, have invariably, without debate, acted in one way,—they have, when called to encounter a people whom no treaties bind, and who, by mere instinct, regard mercifulness as inability to be severe,—they have never drawn back the sword until the power, or the disposition to turn again upon them, has been forcibly taken away. The annals of the wars of our Asiatic empire abound with proofs of the wisdom and humanity of this course; it was so Oliver Cromwell acted in Ireland, and it was the avowal of the principle, rather than the amount of actual bloodshed, that has affixed a reproach respecting it to his name with the undiscerning to this day; and thus, too, did Harold act with Gruffydd ab Llywelyn and his fiery Welsh. In the Rogation days,—the end of May,—following his attack on Rhuddlan, accompanied by his brother Tostig the earl, with a ship-force as well as a land-force, he set out on his campaign. The fleet sailed from Bristol, and almost circumnavigated Wales; and as it always co-operated with the army, we can conceive that his operations were not now on the scale of a mere foray. The details of the war which have been preserved in the oldest records are not numerous, but the narratives of later annalists may be regarded as not greatly misrepresenting it, as far as they do not contradict, but simply explain, the briefer notices of almost contemporary writers. Tostig is said to have been put in command of the horse; which part of the force was small, being intended only to cut off stragglers, and to act where rapidity of movement could command a wide extent of territory. The main body of the army he equipped in leathern armour, and armed with lighter weapons, that they might not be encumbered with unwieldy defences and swords in a warfare that required nimbleness of foot, as well as bravery of heart, for success. As he advanced, at every spot where he defeated the Welsh, he raised a cairn, and placed on it the inscription "*Here Harold conquered*;" and at length, it is said, hemmed in his desperate adversary amongst the heights and defiles of Snowdon. The people were more easily persuaded to submission than their king; hostages had been given, and tribute promised, but Gruffydd would not yield. Their allegiance at last gave way; and "this same year, during harvest, in the beginning of August, was king Gruffydd slain, by his own men,

by reason of the war that he warred with Harold the earl. He was king over all the Welsh race; and his head was taken to Harold, who presented it to the king, along with the prow of his ship, adorned with ivory." Thus writes the Saxon Chronicle. The Welsh annalist, who says not one word of Rhuddlan, nor yet of Harold's campaign, has thus recorded it: "Thus Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, the head, and shield, and defender of the Britons, fell, through the treachery of his own men: the man who had been hitherto invincible was now left in the glens of desolation, after taking immense spoils, and after innumerable victories, and countless treasures of gold, and silver, and jewels, and purple vestures." The northern kingdom was given to Gruffydd's two half-brothers, Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, who gave hostages to the king and to the earl, and swore to be faithful in all things, to be every where ready by land and by water, and to pay tribute with exactness and punctuality. Meredydd ab Owain obtained South Wales.

Geoffrey Gaimar says, that king Edward despised the Welsh when he heard they had killed their king. To him it must have appeared either an awful sacrilege, which would speedily bring destruction upon them; or else it would indicate so abject a condition that the divinity which hedged a king could not be perceived. The odium of the deed has been put upon Harold by some writers, as if any thing more than the fact that the country was being destroyed was requisite to incite some one to slay him, who seemed to think more of his own shadow of royalty than he did of his people's lives. Caradawg ab Rhydderch, or ab Gruffydd ab Rhydderch, has also a share of the guilt ascribed to him. He is said to have "hired" Harold to attack Gruffydd, and to have killed him by means of Madog Mfn, bishop of Bangor, whom we saw before charged, according to one account, with the murder of Gruffydd's father, Llywelyn. This prelate the Triads accuse of one of "the three secret treasons;" and he is said to have betrayed his sovereign for the promise of three hundred head of cattle, which Harold afterwards refused to pay; whereupon he took ship for Ireland, and was drowned during the voyage. Harold is said to have made a law that any *Wealh*, or Welshman, found on the English side of Offa's Dyke, armed with a missile weapon, should lose his right hand; but no such *doom* appears amongst the ancient laws of England; and Harold had no power to do more than enforce military law during the time of his command. Some have attributed to him also the construction of the earth-work called "Wat's Dyke," as an additional security against Welsh raids for the future. But no such security was required for many years to come; the spirit of the Kymry was humbled, and the population decimated. Without a murmur Wales accepted the change of masters, when the Norman duke overthrew the Saxon kingdom, and acquired England; and Giraldus Cambrensis attributes this seeming indifference to the terrible character of Harold's conquest.

It will not be needful to point out the errors and confusions of the later chroniclers, in their account of this period. One or two circumstances which occurred in immediate connexion with this event require to be noticed, and will close this chapter.

In the year 1065, A. D., before Lammas, Harold built a great hunting-lodge at

Portskewith, in Wales ; but when it was all ready, Caradawg ab Gruffydd, with all the force he could procure, went and slew almost all the men engaged on the building, and carried off the spoil. "We wist not who first devised this ill counsel," says the chronicler. And this happened on St. Bartholomew's mass-day. Caradawg is said to have been filled with rage at not being appointed prince of South Wales, and therefore to have done this deed of blood. That same year, Tostig, Harold's brother, a man of fierce mood, was "outlawed" by the men of his own earldom, who could not endure him any longer ; or else they were not of Harold's party, for they chose Morkar, Earl Ælfgar's son, to be their earl instead of Tostig. Morkar summoned the "militia," and marched southward to Northampton, where his brother Edwin met him at the head of the men of his own earldom, "and many Britons, who also came with him." Thither too came Harold, and him they sent to the king to obtain his sanction for their doings, which he succeeded in, for how could either Harold or Edward have refused ? A curious confirmation of this, which is interesting as a genuine trait of the times, is contained in one of the Iolo MSS., entitled "Iestyn ab Gwrgant." It states that at the time of Meredydd ab Owain's receiving the kingdom of South Wales, king Edward banished Tostig, governor of the North, from the kingdom. And the people chose Morkar to be their ruling earl, asking aid, at the same time, from Wales. Gwrgant ab Ithel and his son Iestyn, lord of Morganwg, gave them the help they desired ; and they were victorious, "and those Welsh lords returned full of wealth and honours,"—which had been cheaply enough earned, it would appear. Out of these circumstances, Tostig's jealousy of Harold inflamed by his banishment, and the attack upon the hunting-lodge at Portskewith, a most incredible story has been invented, of Tostig's unseemly conduct to his brother in the royal presence, and consequent dismissal ; and of his slaughter of Harold's servants who were preparing a great entertainment for king Edward at Hereford, and brutal practical jest with their mutilated bodies ; for which he was banished for life. It is unnecessary to give it in full ; and equally so to show that it is fictitious ; and had it not found a place in former Histories of Wales, it would not have deserved this passing allusion.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRAGMENTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL AND LITERARY HISTORY.—INTIMATIONS OF THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE KYMRY FROM THE NINTH CENTURY TO HAROLD'S CONQUESTS.

WE have already spoken of the remarkable barrenness of the two centuries and a half of which this chapter is to treat, in literary and ecclesiastical affairs; and to their great intellectual product—the laws of Hywel Dda—we have devoted a distinct chapter; there is, therefore, but little remaining which requires particular mention. Yet, that we may preserve the order we have prescribed to ourselves, and also make our picture of the Britons in the successive ages of their history as complete as our materials will enable us, we shall gather together here such notices as we can obtain of the clerics, whose writings or whose doings deserve to be commemorated; and of matters relating to the churches in Wales, which are historical rather than topographical; with certain intimations of the condition of society amongst the Kymry, furnished by the authorities we must refer to, and also by William the Norman's great "Survey," better known as *Domesday Book*.

Not only shall we find too full a confirmation of the story of wars, intestine and foreign, which has occupied this period, we shall also see that the conclusions we formed respecting the character and civilization of the Welsh during these centuries, from the study of Hywel's laws, were correct. The efforts of legislators among such a people, and in such a stage of advancement, will ever be found to have been directed to the suppression of actual evils, and not to the attainment of ideal excellence; and therefore from their laws, and especially from their mode of dealing with various crimes, we can derive a tolerably correct notion of the habits and feelings of their age. Moreover, it would be opposed to all human experience, that in a narrow country, whose borders, both by sea and land, were ravaged by fierce foes; and whose people, instead of being united under one leader, were split into several kingdoms, each of which was divided into lordships, and those again into clans, amongst whom, in consequence, war in its most savage forms was ever present; it would be contrary to reason itself, that in a land so circumstanced the arts of peace should thrive. In earlier times, the generous ardour of the patriotic struggle carried on against the Saxons lighted up in more than one breast a flame of poesy, which expressed itself by odes, worthy of a wider fame than has yet been given them; and had no contests save those with the English, and with the more dreaded Danes, harassed the Britons, many a "chief in

song" might have adorned these times of bloodshed. But in suicidal civil strife is no inspiration, and, accordingly, we meet with nothing more than the mention of the professional bard of the court, and the names of here and there one man of song, whose verses have not been suffered to live. Neither could studious leisure then compose large narratives of passing events; at the utmost a brief entry in the convent register, inserted in the space beneath the record of gifts attesting the rude sincerity of some penitent, and the rapacious and retentive grasp of the only spiritual guides he knew,—this was all that could be afforded to an invasion, or a battle; to a famine, a pestilence, a comet, or an eclipse; to the translation of a bishop, or the death of a prince. It was reserved for other and later ages to collect these scanty notices into *Annales* and *Bruts*; and by adding whatever oral tradition had preserved respecting any of them, to give them the appearance of a national history.

Thus it has happened that Bede, who lived in monastic seclusion at Wearmouth, and Gildas, whose writings were evidently not composed amidst the stirring scenes of his time, were the only contemporary historians before the centuries we speak of now; whilst, as we know, Asser's works mark a lull in the battle-whirlwind, and Nennius, as will soon be seen, was most probably the editor and translator, but not the original composer, of the *Historia Britonum*. All the other sources, historical and legendary, which we have employed, belong to a period which our narrative has not yet reached; the account of which will abundantly confirm these remarks, and at the same time explain much of the peculiar character of these monuments of the earlier ages of the British people.

It would be highly interesting to be able to trace the progress of free thought, or of servile submission to authority, in matters of religion in Wales; but we have no sufficient materials to justify the attempt to do so. It can only be generally affirmed, that during the period included in this chapter, the independence of the clergy amongst the Kymry was so far destroyed, that for whatever vestiges of it remained, they were indebted rather to the fierceness of the people's manners, and the unsettled character of the times, than to any thing resembling the spirit shown at the conference at Augustine's Oak. It is stated, but without sufficient authority, that on the death of St. Elvod, in 809, A. D., the heretical observance of Easter, which he had put down in Gwynedd, was renewed. We are not told when the Romish custom was received in South Wales; but we find the Welsh bishops in such close alliance with those of England now, that it is impossible to believe that any question so violently contested as this, should have remained unsettled. On much surer grounds we learn that the celibacy of the clergy was resisted in the principality. We know how slowly this doctrine of papal Rome was established in Europe; and how the feud between the "regular" and the "secular" clergy, arising out of the strict avoidance of marriage by the former, grew to be inveterate. It seems that in Wales both classes alike spurned the commands of the church on this head; and when, as a compromise, it was permitted to such as obtained a licence from the pope to marry, such a commotion arose that the authorities were glad to leave both parish priests and conventual professors to please themselves. The men-

tion in the laws of the children of the clergy is a sufficient proof that the injunctions were not soon repeated.

One record of a clerical commandment is remarkable. Joseph, who was bishop of Llandaff, from 1022, A. D., to 1043, or 1046, A. D., during his episcopate forbade the performance of ordinary daily labour on Sundays, and also on the holy days appointed by the church. But we have no information of the success of his more than puritanical zeal. He is also said to have enjoined upon the clergy to teach the reading of the Scriptures without fee or reward; most probably he thought the endowments of Llandaff ought to be acknowledged by something beside the service of the day; but to teach the Welsh to read the Latin Scriptures would not have done much good, and he had not the wisdom to aim at getting them translated into the Kymraeg. His predecessor, Bledri Ddoeth, was even more zealous for the instruction of the people in such learning as was then in vogue. Both prelates had, however, fallen upon evil times for such efforts; in a more peaceful age they might probably have set before themselves a higher mark, and more evidently have prospered in their labours. In the same spirit Cydivor, the abbot of Llanveithin, in the ninth century, worked; for he is celebrated as having sent six members of his college over to Ireland as missionaries, to instruct the barbarous natives, and the ruder settlers, in the Christian faith.

From these things we can learn a little of the part taken by the clergy in Wales; and the absence of ecclesiastical laws from the Welsh codes, contrasted with the large space they occupy in the English records, will more strikingly show the different position and influence of the clergy in the two countries. There can be little doubt that, although to us these ecclesiastical laws appear to indicate the very depth of servitude, and a burden which no free people could bear, they were then signs of an advance towards real freedom, inasmuch as subjection to the church was willing obedience rendered to a spiritual power, whilst loyalty to the prince was compelled submission to one who bore the sword, and that "not in vain." Could we credit the statement that Johannes Scotus Erigena taught at St. David's, we should be able to interpret some circumstances that cannot now be even noticed as tokens of the prevalence of a vastly different spirit in the clergy of Wales, from that which manifested itself in almost every other country in Europe. But, unhappily, Asser, who is said to have been his pupil, does not mention him, but speaks of another John, who was invited from Germany by Alfred; and what we shall see of the clerical spirit in the extracts we purpose to give from the "Book of Llandaff," most emphatically contradicts the story of there having been one so far before his time, as a teacher here.

Nevertheless we must allow to the Kymry the praise of having had few direct and immediate relations with the Holy See; for the assertion made by Henry of Huntingdon, that St. David received his *pallium* from the Pope, is questionable from its late date; and may be easily explained out of the legend of the visit paid to Jerusalem by that saint with Padarn and Teilo, which has been spoken of before.* With Rome,

* The journey of Hywel Dda to Rome is said to have been to prevent his laws from coming into collision with the canons of the church, as well as to obtain the papal sanction; and neither this incident, nor the pilgrimage

through the English bishops, the Welsh clergy undoubtedly had communication ; not only do we read again and again of bishops of Llandaff and St. David's consecrated by archbishops of Canterbury, but the monarchs of England both claimed and exercised the right of concurring in the appointment of these bishops, and Saxons were in this way placed in charge of the spiritualities of the British. There is no fact connected with any of these nominations of sufficient importance to make a more distinct mention needful ; this which has been said is enough to show the relations of the Welsh prelates to the English prelates and sovereigns, and to modify the view of the entire independence of Rome maintained by the former.

In the wars we have had to narrate it has already appeared how much the churches suffered ; both Danes and Saxons visited them with unsparing rage ; and not only were their treasures and relics carried off, the lives of the inmates of the monasteries were not unfrequently sacrificed. We have no such stories preserved as those which have furnished us with the most terrible pictures of the Danish ravages in England ; but those stories are as applicable to Wales as to our own country. There was also another scourge for monastic institutions and cathedrals in Wales, which, during the period we are speaking of, England was happily free from ; and it was as destructive as Saxon forays, and descents of the Pagans ;—civil war. Foreign foes could not be more pitiless in their inroads than the princes of neighbouring principalities were ; and not only were the churches and convents destroyed, and the ecclesiastics occasionally slain ; injury more nearly touching the hearts of bishops and abbots was done in the forcible seizure of the lands and houses, with which the piety of foregoing ages had enriched the church. Nay, such impropriations were not unfrequently made by the very princes who ought to have protected the churches as the ornaments and defences of their thrones, but who regarded their wealth with unwisely envious and greedy eyes, and had to learn, at no slight cost, that it was a perilous thing for sovereigns even to lay hands upon the possessions of the mystic bride of Heaven. In one instance a fanatical patriotism seems to have incited a Welsh prince to fall upon Welsh convents ; we read that Owain ab Hywel Dda, in his inroad into the Gornwenydd, destroyed the monastery of St. Illtyd, because of the Saxon students there, and also Cattwg's college in Nantgarvan. This spoliation and destruction afforded to princes who were well inclined towards the clergy, the opportunity of obtaining a cheap immortality ; we accordingly find warmest praise lavished upon those who restored estates which had been seized, and rebuilt churches that had been destroyed ; and amongst these canonized princes is Edgar the Saxon, to whom, with infinite improbability, other chroniclers ascribed four wars against the Welsh ! The secular authorities might, however, be very well excused for what they did, since the bishops themselves were animated with the spirit of aggression ; and would build churches in each other's dioceses, out of which sprang endless quarrels, the diocesans endeavouring to acquire possession of them, and the builders resisting.

of a few British kings to the Eternal City, indicates such subjection as the Saxons showed in receiving Theodore as archbishop of Canterbury on the nomination of Pope Vitalian alone.

The extracts from the *Liber Landavensis* which follow relate to the period included between the first battle of Rhuddlan Marsh and the death of Gruffydd ab Llywelyn ; and exhibit not merely the condition of the church, but in many respects that of society also. We may observe that they have been selected out of that part of the Register which records the grants of land to the see ; and that the entries appear to have been copied from the original "conveyances," the descriptions of the boundaries of the estate so frequently including reference to conspicuous but perishable objects, as that of king Pebiau to St. Duvrig, which we gave in a former page, does. The *forms* of these "conveyances" are throughout the same ; but this is not an objection to their genuineness, since neither the times nor the people, the affairs of which they chronicle, were "given to change." It would be unfair to form our opinion of the clergy of those days solely from these records ; they could do, and they did, other things beside lay hold of every opportunity of appropriating to themselves the estates of those, who, though they could easily have mastered them by brute force, were no match for their educated craft. And yet we must not suppose that this book does not give a faithful reflection of one, and that not the most exalted aspect of their characters. The sincerity of the writers cannot be doubted ; but sincerity which shows such intense concern about mere worldly things, is not of a kind to deserve much praise. Thus then says "the Book of Llandaff."

The registers of grants of land as general expressions of penitence are not very numerous ; they are most frequently the penalty for special faults. One gift is spoken of as bestowed for the souls of the giver's wife and sons. King Gruffydd is the donor of an estate, and it is said that he gave it at a time when he was sick. In such cases the threats of the clerics appear to have had as much power in producing the disposition to purchase spiritual things with "carnal things," as the penitence itself : thus one is said to have alienated his property "reflecting on the evil he had done, and that he could not otherwise be saved, and freed from the anger and curse of Bishop Joseph." It is needless to insist upon the total misconception both of guilt, and its removal, betrayed by such a statement as this ; but it must be remembered that religion had now ceased to bear any resemblance to the representations of it in the Sacred Scriptures ; it was really no more than a friendly relation to the wealthy corporation which, without even the knowledge of what was implied in the act, arrogated to itself the name and the offices of the church of Christ ; and so it will soon appear.

Thus ; Fernvael ab Ithel had given to his wife Ceingar as a dowry, or *morgen-gabe*, along with land and cattle, one named Crin, son of Morgeneu, and his heirs ; and the lady had bestowed the land "and its inhabitants, for ever," upon the see of Llandaff. Afterwards, however, one Morcunris, or (as we interpret) Morgan Rhys, "by laical force and violence" took the land from the church ; and the bishop often claimed it, and either threatened, or actually inflicted, excommunication on the robber ; wherefore, to get rid of the ban of the church, and "for his soul's sake," he at length restored it. "Whoever will keep it," adds the record, "may God keep him ; and whoever will separate it from the church of Llandaff, may he be accursed. Amen !" This excom-

munication was sometimes enforced by a local *interdict*. Once upon a time Gwallwn ab Ceidrich, excited by anger and rage, arose with uplifted head against his lord, Hywel ab Rhys, king of Glywysyg, and would take from him the land of Llanteivi; but Cerenhir, bishop of Llandaff, persuaded them to swear peace and amity with each other, on the relics. Nevertheless, Hywel, "committing both murder and perjury, treacherously killed Gwallwn." A synod of the clergy of the diocese was immediately held, and with their unanimous consent, the crosses were placed on the ground, the bells turned up, the relics taken from the altar and thrown on the ground, and the king excommunicated. And so things remained for nearly a whole year; and then, "not being able to bear it" any longer, Hywel sought for pardon, "with naked feet, and profuse shedding of tears;" and being pardoned, almsgiving and fasting being enjoined for the good of his soul, he granted certain land to Llandaff. In another case, the same machinery was employed to bring a less considerable person to his senses, after the same crimes. Generally, these conveyances are too business-like to express any disapprobation of the crimes they refer to, as crimes; the ecclesiastical aspect of the matter being the one that occupies them; but when they do, they seem to be following a form provided for the case, as when Arthrael ab Nowi, the king of Gwent's, murder of his brother is introduced; the scribe hastens over his moralities, and gets to the description of the land as speedily and gladly as possible. In dealing with another instance of murder, one of the features of the laws which we have noticed in a former chapter is brought forward; it is especially stated that the *families are reconciled*, and the land given, that the homicide may make "amends to God and man." And thus it would appear that it was not so much because the clergy of Wales differed from those of England, that there was no code of clerical fines and inflictions, in addition to the law of the country, in the former land, as because the people were less apt at submission.

This last passage reminds us of the spirit of clan and family-faction which is so strong in the Celtic race, the existence of which in the cities of Italy in the middle ages would almost lead us to claim those people as kindred to the Kymry. It appears in very virulent forms in this ecclesiastical register; and the bishops themselves were not exempt from the unholy rage; more than one example occurring of a feud between the family of a prelate and some other person, in which, of course, the cleric was able easily to win the day. In one between the family of Edwyn ab Gwriad, whose melancholy fate we have already seen, and the family of Bledri, bishop of Llandaff, an accidental altercation between the servants on both sides led to an affray, wherein the bishop, who was present, and who did his best to allay the strife, (so says the bishop's clerk,) was wounded. The ready anathema was sent forth against Edwyn, and it was backed by an interdict pronounced in full synod, although Edwyn was most evidently blameless; and by these means full satisfaction and a grant of land were obtained for the bishop's hurt. In another, in which Bishop Joseph was the principal on one side, and Rhiwallon ab Rhun on the other, a friend of the bishop was wounded by Rhiwallon with a spear in some encounter, and was not only excommunicated, but ex-

pelled the country; until agreement with the family of the wounded man was made, and the usual gift promised as a fee for pardon and absolution. Another luckless rogue in one of these quarrels vented his spleen by throwing stones at the church door, and was excommunicated for his pains, till he had made ample and costly satisfaction. A sadder picture of lawless violence is contained in the following narrative. In the year of our Lord's nativity, 955, and of the indiction 13, in the days of king Nowi ab Gwriad, in the time of harvest, a deacon named Ili ab Beli, who had been ordained only that year, was passing through the corn, and a countryman named Merchtyr ab Iddig met him and reviled him, saying, "What does such a coward as thou do with weapons?" The deacon unwisely thought that he ought to justify his wearing a sword, and in the scuffle the countryman cut off one of the deacon's fingers, and ran away. Ili called to him to come and help him to tie up his finger, and taking him when off his guard, stabbed him so that he died, and took refuge in a church. Merchtyr's friends soon heard of the murder, and gathered round the church door, resolved to break it open, if they could by no other means get at the assassin; but Blegwryd, the wise clerk, who had taken so prominent a part in the legislation of Hywel Dda, persuaded them not to set at nought the law by such violence, and to leave the deacon to the punishment which justice would appoint; so they went away. But afterwards there came six persons of king Nowi's family that way, and they, hearing of the matter, broke open the church door, and slew the deacon, sprinkling the altar and the walls with his blood. So flagrant a defilement of the consecrated building could not be punished in the ordinary way, and Nowi himself dreaded to bring the curse of the church upon his head by protecting his kinsmen. Wherefore they were imprisoned, with iron fetters, for six months, and then brought to the monastery they had insulted, that they might receive "divine judgment." Each one was sentenced to give up to the church he had so polluted, his land and all his substance, and had moreover to redeem his own life, by paying its legal value, seven pounds of silver.

We have seen how the presence of a bishop at the commission of an outrage, or the bearing of any wrong-doing in any way on a bishop, was held to enhance the guilt of the criminal; a few other instances will make this amusingly clear, and will show how completely right relations to the church were goodness, and wrong relations badness, in these times. It happened one day that two men quarrelled in the presence of Bishop Joseph, and one smote the other upon the nose, so that it bled much; whereupon Joseph ordered the smiter off to prison, nor did he come out till he had voluntarily mulcted himself of land, for forgetting himself so far before the holy man. On another occasion, Meirig ab Hywel, being angry with one of his subjects who was rich, came to Llandaff, and carried off from the church door, and in the very face of the bishop, Seisyllt, the rich man's wife, wounding some one who opposed him; a synod, with the sentence of excommunication until restitution should be made, and fasting, and penance, and land, attest penitence, and fit Meirig for absolution, followed. Nor did he suffer alone. Caradawg ab Rhiwallon, who actually carried Seisyllt away, was made to pay roundly for the honour of being agent in the violence of a king. And here we see, what is not

so clear in most of these examples, how the influence of the clergy told in favour of humanity and right. In one instance we find Brochwael ab Meirig, who was not prosperous in a disagreement he had with the bishop, compelled to pay as a fine, a plate of pure gold, equal in length and breadth to the bishop's face, beside land:—a piece of admirable arrogance, inasmuch as that penalty was one which was due to the king of Aberfraw alone, of all the princes in Wales; and to no man of lower rank, according to the law. But this falls short of the extortionate demand made on king Tewdwr of Brycheiniog. This prince, in some fit of mad humour, sent Bishop Libiau away from one of his monasteries, and appropriated to himself a banquet which was just ready for his grace. The anathema was hurled at the offender forthwith; but not satisfied with that vengeance, a provincial synod was held, and the assembled clerics, warmly entering into the bishop's aggravated feelings, adjudged to him, as compensation, five times the value of the attendants he had when his banquet was taken from him, and seven times his own value, which was equal to seven hundred marks of pure gold! King Tewdwr might well stand aghast at the price of his frolic, and, as he could not perhaps in his whole sovereignty have found so much money, compound for the payment, with penitential acknowledgments and land. Bishop Joseph of Llandaff, one Christmas-day, invited Cadwgan ab Meirig, king of Morganwg, and his family, to spend the day with him, hoping that royal wisdom added to episcopal gravity would keep the merriment of the household within proper bounds. But, contrary to all his plans and hopes, as the me-the-glin circulated freely at the upper table, so at the lower did the bragot and the beer, and the company grew more and more riotous, till Berthalis, the bishop's grandson, who was mediciner to the monastery, was killed outright. A murder, on a holy day, in a monastery, committed upon a religious man, so useful to the convent, and akin to the bishop, by a guest too, called for severe punishment; accordingly, Cadwgan and his family were cursed, and the country put under an interdict, "the door of the church being shut and guarded with thorns;" until an ample *were*, in the shape of land, had made amends for the crime. This is not a pleasant Christmas tale; the next is more befitting the season of good cheer, except in the fee which was required for the joke. Some members of king Caradawg's household, being jovially disposed, rode to Llanmocha, which was a possession of Llandaff, and there, without the permission of the "guest," not only partook of the banquet, but would not go away till the morning,—indeed, they drank until they could not go away. The careless toppers! for it was the bishop's house, and the honour due to the "guest" had not been shown, not to speak of the bad name a house so occupied all night must gain, nor of the quantity of good mead wasted. However, the king paid the penalty, and we may hope that another time they would not force into good fellowship such unwilling revellers, nor run up such a score with their potations, for another to discharge.

Two other entries in the register are very curious. It would seem impossible that princes should be prone to the indulgence of a raid, and subjects not acquire the same taste and habit; and we learn that in Wales it was even so. But it also appears that these private forays were sometimes made "not wisely, but too well," and that instead

of gain, the marauder suffered considerable loss. Thus, Llywarch ab Cadwgan made a descent upon Abergwenfrwd and carried away Eirof ab Cynor and all his stuff; and forgot that that spot was the property of Llandaff, and was an asylum. A synod was convened, and the luckless rogue was glad to submit, and make fullest restitution, with penance, and a gift of land to the insulted see. Another forayer was more audacious, and his punishment was the more signal. Rhiwallon ab Tudfwlch plundered the church at Llanmocha, and went away, "the relics following him" (unmiraculously borne by his too obedient followers, we presume); but at Fynnon Oer a great fish sprang out of the well, whereat, as well he might, his horse shied, and threw him heavily. Bruised, and with his arm broken, the temple-robber was glad by giving up his booty, together with some part of his estate, to propitiate the powers which had so strangely testified against his wickedness. Mention has before been made of king Nowi ab Gwriad: he once violated the right of sanctuary in Trelech, a mansion belonging to Llandaff; for he killed there one who had taken refuge from him, and carried away some of the valuables which were in it; and was compelled in the usual way to a becoming acknowledgment of his fault.

These passages convey to us the picture of just such a state of society as Hywel's laws did; but we should scarcely have imagined that such a code had been promulgated under the highest sanctions which the nation knew. Here, as amongst every other people, however, practical reverence for law was of slow growth; and we might draw very erroneous conclusions respecting the character of an age, if we did not remember that laws like those of Hywel are indications rather of prevalent lawlessness, than of even the dawning of orderliness and self-subjection to the government of the state. We do not call our readers' attention to all the remarkable revelations made by these extracts, respecting the actual condition of the Kymry, both laity and clergy; for the most part they are so evident as not to require it. One entry more we will give, and then pass on to *Domesday*, and its glimpses of the state of things in these days. Brochwael ab Meirig, the same prince who was mulcted of that royal fine to the bishop, had made over to Llandaff the church of St. Mary, with three *modii* of land, for his daughter, who had taken the nun's veil, that she might live in a manner becoming her birth. But she did not keep to her vow of chastity, and was therefore excluded from the sacred choir. A quarrel thereupon arose between Brochwael and the bishop, about the land; and at length, as might be expected, it was adjudged to belong to the church, although it was given to Llandaff at first for an especial purpose, which was rendered null by the seduction of the princess. We need not insist upon what is so palpably implied in an occurrence like this.

Of *Domesday Book* it is necessary to say nothing more here, than that, as it is the record of an actual survey of all the soil of England, which had become the possession of William the Norman by right of conquest,—and which the modification of the feudal system, consequent upon that circumstance, rendered needful for him as lord paramount, and owner of the whole,—it is in the highest degree trustworthy; and most especially so in such matters as those which we shall refer to, inasmuch as they are

almost all only incidentally introduced, and for the explanation of what those who compiled the work were obliged to be accurately informed about. It will be evident that the glimpses it affords disclose a different aspect of the Welsh people from that which the ecclesiastical registers we have been studying set so plainly before us. We are enabled thus to obtain a more complete knowledge of the Kymry in the first half of the eleventh century, than we have in any preceding period; and we shall be better prepared to avail ourselves of the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis, which we shall take up when next we review this branch of our subject. The extracts we give are so much the more instructive as they relate to the Welsh Marches exclusively, and of course speak of what they treat of in the spirit which could be found only on the eastern side of Offa's dyke.

All along the border we find mention made of Welsh holders of land, a fact which will justify our disbelief in the so-called law of Harold respecting Britons found beyond the old rampart. The rents they pay are all given, and beside money payments, and in place of them, we read of honey, hawks, and hounds, due to the lord for the land; just as in the *Liber Landavensis* an *uncia* of land and Caer Riou is said to bring in yearly, six tierces of ale, certain quantities of bread and flesh, and a pint and a half of honey, "according to the will of the bishop." One Welshman holds a manor, called Bishopstreu, in Shropshire, by the tenure of presenting to the king when he chanced to come that way, amongst other things, one full cup of beer, and a *rusca* of butter. These demands remind us of one of Ina's laws for Wessex, requiring from the holder of ten hides of land, a variety of comestibles, and with them, "twelve amphors of Welsh ale;" but we believe this was exacted only in the parts where the Britons formed an important element in the population.

Amongst these notices of Welsh tenants occur various other remarkable indications of the border country; thus, "Welsh hides" are spoken of as a different measure of land from the common English hide;—king Edward had in one place six hides, "one having Welsh custom," the others English; an expression still employed by agricultural tenants in the same signification;—and in Caerleon were three Welshmen with three carucates of land, "living by Welsh law." In some instances there seems to have been a joint tenancy, as was common elsewhere; and at Alretone in Shropshire, "certain labouring Welshmen" are mentioned, who pay sixteen shillings; but whether for land, or for leave to labour, does not appear. The names of a few of these tenants are given; Tewdwr appears in Shropshire; Mariadoc the king, and Gruffydd his son, in Herefordshire, and another Gruffydd; whilst in the survey of Cheshire, certain lands lying beyond the Dee are said to have been granted by king Edward to Gruffydd, which, when he forfeited them by his rebellion, were restored to the see of Chester, and the tenants who held them before the Welsh prince received them. A more singular thing is the mention of land lying *within* Wales, which was held under English or Norman lords.

There are, however, other tokens of our being on the Marches of Wales. Welsh slaves are spoken of here and there; and a more frequent entry is, "waste," or "it is

and has been waste, and pays nothing." And that we may not be left to conjecture the reason for so much unprofitable land occurring just here, of one tract in "Arcenefelde," it is said, "In the time of king Edward, Gruffydd the king and Bleddyn laid this land waste, and so the value of it is unknown." Nor is this all. In Herefordshire certain tenants were bound to accompany the vice-count into Wales, whenever he went with an army, under a fine of forty shillings; which, like some of Hywel's laws, shows us regular provision for hostile incursions and border warfare. Respecting "Arcenefelde," a district with which, under the names of Erging, and Ircingfeld, we are familiar, there occurs a curious passage, which seems to have been inserted after what we have just quoted was written, and as a partial explanation of there being no returns of its value, it being under laws of its own. We give it almost entire.

"In Ircingfeld king Edward has three churches, the priests of which are his ambassadors for Wales, and each sings two masses weekly for the soul of the king. When one of these priests dies, the king receives twenty shillings. If a Welshman shall steal man or woman, horse, ox, or cow, on conviction he shall restore what he has stolen, and make satisfaction for the theft by the payment of twenty shillings; but if it be a sheep that has been stolen, the fine shall be two shillings. If a Welshman shall slay a bondman, the master shall receive ten shillings. If a Welshman shall slay a Welshman, the relations of the slain man shall assemble, and shall spoil the property, and burn the houses, of him who has slain him, and of his relations, till about the following noon, when they shall bury the body; and the king has one third of the spoil, and they the remainder. If any man burn a house, he must find forty compurgators to clear him, and if he cannot, must pay twenty shillings to the king. All the sheep yeaned and all the honey found in Ircingfeld belonged to king Edward; the concealment of honey was, therefore, punished by a fine. They who were summoned to a shiremete, and did not go, paid two shillings, or an ox, to the king. And lastly, when the vice-count went into Wales with the army, the men of Ircingfeld must accompany him, being the *Avantwarde* going, and the *Redrewarde* returning."

From these fragmentary notices of the ecclesiastical and the social condition of the Britons, we pass to the literature of the period now under consideration. Of its poverty no doubt can be entertained. A very few names have been handed down to us, but the writings attached to them are lost. In the case of Nennius we have a book and a name, but no sufficient history of either to establish the probability that they are connected as author and work. Asser is identified with his "Life of Alfred;" but there are other and questionable associations with his name. The laws of Hywel Dda have been so altered by later princes, that, as we possess them, we cannot certainly ascribe them to the sages who are said to have met at the White House on the Tav. And of the annalists' records, too little can be assigned to this age, to permit us to appeal to them as indications of the cultivation of letters amongst the Kymry. There are two enactments, which, if not to be attributed to Hywel Dda himself, are most assuredly signs of the times we are treating of; one of which forbids the exportation of books, and the other prohibits the seizure of a book under a distress-warrant. Wales

cannot have been so well stocked with scholars that king Alfred should have so resorted to it, as the Welsh historians say, when he was engaged in his practical *Instauratio magna* of learning in England, if books were such rarities there.

Of Nennius, and his "Praise of Britain, or History of the Britons," we must now more particularly speak. The character of the work may be learned from the use we have made of it. Along with rare grains of wheat is abundance of dross and chaff; it contains the germs, and those not in their simplest state, of the most widely received legends relating to Britain and the Britons, whilst the historic facts are almost hidden by these well-grown fictions. And the variations in the MSS. are such as to have perplexed the most practised critics. Nennius himself is known only by the double prologue prefixed to this book, and by some doggrel Latin verse which is found at its close; and the only incidents of his life which can be gathered from these sources are, that he was a disciple of St. Elvod, and that by the command of his elders he compiled the work before us. It is said to have been collected from the Roman annals, the Fathers, the English and Scottish chroniclers, the monuments of the ancient inhabitants of Britain, and the traditions of aged men then living; and it does not discountenance this account of its origin. Here, however, occurs a difficulty; not to Nennius alone is the praise of the authorship of it given. Gildas is spoken of as the writer of it by William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Giraldus Cambrensis, Geoffrey Gaimar, and others; and were it assigned to him, there would be some ground for the title, most generally given to him, of "Historian of Britain," and which his *Liber Querulus* does not justify. Mark the Anchorite is named by one MS. only as the author; but from the date of that MS. his claim comes before that of Nennius, and of Gildas too, in order of time. He was a Briton by birth; and, after a long life of public ecclesiastical functions, retired to a hermitage in France, and died before 900, A. D. Another nameless writer is also spoken of. Under such circumstances it is allowable to state our own opinion of the matter; and this appears to us to be its story. Mr. Price, the last great historian of Wales, has (as we have before mentioned) detected in the account of the exploits of king Arthur an error which only a translator could make,—the confusion of *ysgwydd*, a shoulder, with *ysgwyd*, a shield; and this, with the occurrence of some genuine British words, suggests that so far as the different classes of MSS. agree, we have in this work the translation of a British work, originally written by Gildas, or some other; whilst Nennius, and Mark, and the unknown writer, altered each his copy, according to his own taste, and inserted what appeared good unto him of verse, or legend; so that we have the puzzle for textual critics which is now known as the History of Nennius.

Asser's "Life of Alfred" is a work of a very different kind; the first part of it, which relates the events which occurred between Alfred's birth and the time when his biographer entered his service, is taken almost entirely from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and is therefore an unexceptionable witness both to the date and credibility of that document, as far as it is used, and particularly as far as it refers to affairs in Wales; the remainder is more strictly biographical, but it extends no further than Alfred's

forty-fifth year, and there is only one passage which casts any light upon our subject. Asser mentions some circumstances of his own life, and especially he tells us how, and upon what a footing, he became a member of Alfred's household. He appears to have been worthy of the patronage bestowed upon him, and the ecclesiastical honours he received were, for the age, those most becoming to a clerk. We cannot discuss the difficulties connected with his personal history; it will be enough to say that some points in his life, as usually narrated, are based upon later interpolations in his work, and some upon evident misinterpretations. The "Chronicle of St. Neot's," once attributed to him, is now known to be a compilation of the twelfth century; and some other works are ascribed to him on no surer ground. The story of his communicating to his royal master copies of the ancient laws of Wales we have already dealt with.

There has been an attempt made to identify the biographer of Alfred with a poet and grammarian, who is said to have flourished during the latter part of Asser's life-time; and of whom his name, Geraint Vardd Glas, together with some aphorisms, which bear the characteristic features of a later age; are all the remains we possess. This attempt was made first by Owen, in his "Cambrian Biography," on the grounds, that *Bardd Glas* signified "Blue bard," as Asser, or azure, might also be considered to signify; and that Geraint was said to have become domestic bard to king Alfred, and Asser was, as we know, a member of Alfred's household. These do not appear very satisfactory; and when we discover that this Geraint is regarded as one of the founders of Bardism, and as having held the first *Eisteddfod*, or congress of bards; and that it is stated, that when he went to England, "many Welshmen, bards of song and of string, went with him, and Alfred appointed those who were bards of song as chairmen where Welshmen resided in England; and from that arose an improvement in learning and knowledge amongst the Saxons;"—we are disposed to reject the notion as a most vain imagination. But the differences and inconsistencies are not greater than is usual when the same event or circumstance is spoken of by writers on different sides of the Welsh borders; and it may be set down as very probable that Asser, the literary friend of our Alfred, was none other than Geraint, the Blue Bard of the Chair, brother to that Morgen Hên of Morganwg, of whom we have heard before; and author of the first grammar of the Welsh language, the only MS. of which is supposed to have perished during the Puritan wars, in Rhaglan Castle. When we reach the time for treating of Bardism, we must return to this Geraint, and speak more fully of his legendary renown.

It would be an idle task for us to endeavour to rescue from deserved oblivion the names of many, both bards and others, whose "sayings" are recorded in poems of after-times. Traditions of that kind are interesting, when we have other means of knowing the persons whose wisdom is commemorated; but apart from this knowledge they are valueless. Besides, it is not by such means that so wide a blank in the literary history of Wales can be filled up. We must sorrowfully point to the void space; and gladly welcome the renewal of gifts of song, such as we shall have to speak of when we return to this part of our history, amongst the Kymry.

CHAPTER XV.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM HAROLD'S CONQUESTS TO THE SUBJUGATION OF SOUTH WALES
BY THE NORMANS.

IN the preceding chapter we attempted to bridge over the chasm in the literary and ecclesiastical history of Wales, which extends from the end of the eighth century to the middle of the eleventh. In the present we continue our narrative of its secular history, to the overthrow of the kingdoms of Dyved, Morganwg, &c., usually comprehended under the designation of South Wales, by various Norman adventurers. This period is much more brief than any to which we have before given up a single section; but our materials are more abundant now, and we are desirous of marking by these divisions the real progress of events; we therefore do not proceed further at present. Even fewer years may be embraced by future chapters; but by the interposition of others, which will survey a larger tract of time, we shall endeavour to preserve the unity of our subject, and to make our readers familiar with the habits and customs, the writers and the religionists, that characterize the different periods of Welsh story.

Having now lost the assistance of the great work published by the commissioners of public records, the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, the first volume of which extends no farther than the Norman Conquest, we shall be constrained to rely more on writers later than the compilers of the *Annales* and the *Brut* of the princes. Soon, however, we shall have contemporary writers to appeal to; and the English and Norman chroniclers contain more frequent allusion to the affairs of Wales, as the attention of the sovereigns was directed more earnestly to those refuges of the discontented and the rebellious, the mountains of Cambria. Of one MS. of the annals we can avail ourselves, to correct or modify, as far as may be needful, the statements of the pretended Caradawg of Llangarvan. And this may suffice as preface to the new stage of our work, which here begins.

The last events we noticed were the appointment of Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, as joint kings of Gwynedd, and of Meredydd ab Owain, as king of South Wales, by Harold, in vassalage to king Edward;—and Caradawg ab Gruffydd's revenge, with the assistance given by Iestyn ab Gwrgant to Morkar, earl of Northumbria, which had been transmuted by the chroniclers into that most incredible story of Tostig's brutality at Portskewith. The date of the latest of these occurrences is 1065, A. D. Edward died; and Harold, by the nation's consent, took possession of the throne; Tostig, aided by Harald Harfager, invaded England, and was routed at Stamford Bridge; and William,

duke of Normandy, claimed the crown, and established his claim by the great victory at Hastings; and not a single word is said of aught that occurred in Wales, by any annalist. Not till the third year after "the Conquest" does any entry appear in the chronicles of the Kymry; nor is there any allusion to the new masters of Lloegria till two years afterwards. In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle we find that the border warfare recommenced in the year after William's victory; or, more probably, in that year a new impetus was given to this strife by the rising of one of the Saxon chiefs, "the Childe" Edric, son of Alfric, whom the Normans designated *Le Sauvage*, and their clerks, *Sylvaticus*; a name which they bestowed upon all who shared the life he was now compelled to lead. He, says the chronicler, and the Britons "were unsettled," and fought with the men of Hereford castle, and did much harm to them. An old enemy of the Saxons, it appears, held this fortress—Richard Fitzscrope, or as the English most perversely translated the name, Richard the son of Scrub, or Scrob, who had been included in the amnesty on the return of Earl Godwin, and the banishment of the Normans,—and the Welsh say that he had repulsed Edric in some attempt upon his stronghold, and that the *Childe* thereupon begged Bleddyn and Rhiwallon to aid him, who (taking advantage of the king's absence in Normandy) ravaged Herefordshire as far as Wyebidge, and returned loaded with booty. Florence of Worcester tells us of Edric's successful attack, and how he chased the "son of Scrob" out of his earldom, making himself master of it as far as "the bridge over the Luge."

On the return of the two kings of Gwynedd from this marauding expedition, say the later Welsh historians,—although the *Annales* know nothing of this foray, and place the occurrence we have now to speak of two years later, or in the third year after the battle of Hastings,—the sons of the too famous Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, Meredydd and Ithel, or Idwal, attempted to drive out the nominees of Harold, and to gain their father's crown. In Mechain, in Montgomeryshire, the rivals met, and victory declared for Bleddyn; for Meredydd fled, although Rhiwallon was amongst the slain. Ithel fell too, as some say. Meredydd met with a more cruel death than his brother; cold and hunger in the mountain fastnesses, to which he retreated, ended his life and his ambition together. Gwrgant and his son Iestyn, the lords of Morganwg, of whom mention has already been made, are said to have espoused the cause of Bleddyn against Meredydd, and to have aided him in the victory which secured his crown. The son of Cynvyn thus became sole prince of North Wales and Powys; and, according to the credible tradition of the ancient laws, devoted himself to the internal arrangements of his kingdom. In our chapter upon early Welsh legislation, we spoke of Bleddyn's alterations in the same way as those who have treated of the subject before have usually alluded to them; but the extent, which that mode of speaking attributes to them, might, from the testimony of the "laws" themselves, be questioned. In every part of it the *Code* is ascribed to Hywel Dda; and throughout the whole range of legislative enactments, but four emendations are expressly assigned to Bleddyn. In one, the quantity of land which should accompany each tenement in the division of an estate amongst the deceased owner's children, is said to have been increased from four *erws* in every case,

to twelve for the "uchelwr," or baron, and eight for the "aillt," or alien, whilst for the "taeog" it was still to be four. In another, a theft was to be compensated for, according to the oath of the person who had been robbed; instead of by the double fine which Hywel appointed. He also substituted death for mutilation, if any one should return a third time who was charged with theft, without the proof of the stolen property being "in his hand," and not obtaining a sufficient number of compurgators to support his own thrice-repeated denial, could not pay three pounds to the king, beside making restitution, and so was banished. The fourth instance is this:—Hywel appointed, that, in a litigation concerning land, each suitor should pay the costs he had made himself responsible for; but Bleddyn laid the whole burden (in exact contradiction to our common custom) upon the *winner* of the cause. It is added, that this was "not a law, but only a good regulation; inasmuch as there is but one law for the Kymry, that of Hywel." The next paragraph, in evident allusion to this statement, says, "if any one say there are two laws, Hywel's and Bleddyn's, and call for the employment of the one, and the judge decide by the other, he may give his pledge against the judge, as doing wrong, inasmuch as," &c. And it appears to be most probable, that the "laws" referred to are these different regulations respecting the costs of a suit, which might thus be settled *before* the trial. It is at least a very strained interpretation to make them signify all Hywel's edicts, and all Bleddyn's imagined alterations. Of the death of this prince we shall speak presently.

We have seen the Welsh aiding one Saxon chief who resisted "the Conquest," on the borders of their own country; we shall find that they shared in enterprises of more pith and moment than a raid into Herefordshire. Thus, when the dispossessed Saxons gathered together in the earldom of Northumbria, and under Edwin and Morkar resolved to make a stand for England there, the Welsh joined them in such numbers as to be noticed by Ordericus Vitalis, and other writers, who had the best means of knowing what the facts were. Nor did they desert their new allies when the conqueror crossed the Humber, but stood beside them in their unequal fight against William's mail-clad multitudes; and received not a few of those who, when Northumbria was turned into a desolate waste, fled from the land they could no longer occupy as freemen, and sheltered them in the retreats, which their great countryman, Harold, had so recently violated. Before this happened, however, Edric, whom we saw successful in his attack upon Fitzscrope, and who, having experienced a reverse at Hereford, had joined in the war in Northumbria, organized another attempt on the Welsh border. But though in the vehemence of the first onset they drove back the invaders, and obtained possession of many strongholds, both the Saxon cause and that of the Kymry were lost; and soon, not only were the acquisitions of their fiery valour wrested from them, but fresh losses atoned for the temporary disgrace of the Norman arms. Very probably, many of those who took part in the resistance of the Saxons, north of the Humber, were not natives of Wales, but Britons who had lived in those parts, and whom the Saxons called by the same name, *Wealas*. For we know that, not only was there a dense British population in the western shires of England, but numbers of the

descendants of the original possessors of the whole island were to be found even in East Anglia but a short time before the conquest. The fact that Alain Fergaunt, duke of Bretagne, was one of William's great leaders; whilst the Kymry of England were actually arrayed with the English against him and his Breton soldiers, in this North-umbrian campaign, would show how much the old hatred between the Celts and the Teutons had become a mere tradition; whilst the associations of neighbourhood had given rise to the new ties, such as could bind these opposed alliances together.

From the writers on the victorious side we learn, that Edric *Le Sauvage* was at last captured by Ralph de Mortimer, and was mulcted of all his property, for having refused to despair respecting the English cause. Offa's dyke, which was conventionally the boundary of Wales, was not respected by the soldiers of the Norman, and soon there arose in the territory of the Princes of Powys, one of those famous *donjons*, with outworks, fosse, and barbican, which showed the Britons that the new foe was more pitiless than the Saxons, who had for so many centuries left them "wild Wallia." They called the castle, after the name of the builder, *Trefaldwyn*, Baldwin's castle; but the Normans gave it a title, which the Count of Shropshire and the land adjoining, had brought from Neustria—*Montgomery*; and it has retained this designation to the present day. Ordericus Vitalis tells us how William, in spite of the murmurs and the home-sickness of his troops, achieved, in person, the reduction of Chester and of the Britons who dwelt around it; and erected a castle there; and how the Welsh harassed the Flemish baron left to guard it. The second holder of the castle and fee of Chester, Hugh *le Loup*, or Lupus, has left behind him a more renowned name. He was thoroughly a man of those times. Instead of keeping behind his battlements to await the inroads of the Welsh, he resolved to remove the field for such frays to a greater distance from Chester; and accordingly set out, and with the aid of his own great vassals D'Avranches and De Malpas, soon won the whole of the present county of Flint, which he annexed to his earldom. A castle was built at Rhuddlan, and a sanguinary conflict there added a third mournful association to the two which already marked it as a place of woe for the Kymry. We have already spoken of the pathetic air *Morva Rhuddlan*, which was composed after one of these defeats, the memory of which it still preserves. "They spilt much blood of the Welshmen," says the English clerk, who has handed down to us the tale of the deeds of these "fierce nobles," which not one of all the Cambrian annalists has mentioned. These events are placed under the date, 1070, A. D.; but they could not all have occurred in that year, and therefore it must be regarded as the time of the conqueror's acquisition of Chester, and making it the seat of the border earldom; the exact dates of the succeeding incidents being now most probably irrecoverable.

Whilst Powys and North Wales were thus fiercely assailed by the new lords of Britain, South Wales experienced its share of evil. In the year 1070, A. D., (as the elder annals, whose brevity is unintelligible in this instance, are explained by more recent chroniclers,) Caradawg ab Gruffydd, or ab Rhydderch, (for which was his father is not yet determined,) with a host of Normans whom he had invited to aid him in his

traitorous attack, came against the king of South Wales. Iestyn ab Gwrgant joined him, and in a battle on the river Remny, or Rypyn; or, as others say, near Llanvedwy, on the Elerch; Meredydd was slain, and Caradawg obtained the prize he had not now alone by treason to his country endeavoured to acquire. It is said that his reign was not long, indeed, that he died before the close of the year. The consequences of his treachery may be traced in the entries under the two years following his victory; which record the ravaging of Caredigion, and of Dyved itself, by the "Franks," whom he first led against Wales. And it was thus they who fancied they had the shadow of a claim to the throne of any of the petty principalities of the Kymry, invited and conducted the attacks of the most dangerous foes that ever threatened their country; and resorted even to murder, rather than forego the indulgence of their paltry ambition. A people which could tolerate such princes must be on the very verge of ruin;—we shall soon see how the name of independence was totally and for ever lost.

Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, the peaceful ruler of Gwynedd, fell by the hand of Rhys ab Owain, who was prompted to the foul deed by "the malignant men of Ystrad Tywy." The *Annales* place this assassination in the year 1073, A. D., and we further learn that the murderer, with Rhydderch ab Caradawg, acquired the sovereignty of South Wales; the crown of North Wales being taken by Trahaearn ab Caradawg. In the same year an avenger of Bleddyn appeared in the person of another claimant of the principality of Gwynedd—Gruffydd, the son of that Cynan ab Iago, whose failures are noticed in a former chapter. He had lived in exile with his father in Ireland, and now with a large force of mercenaries from that island descended upon Anglesey, and reduced it. Emboldened by this success he crossed the Menai, and penetrated the country unopposed, nearly as far as Harlech; and then at Bronyr Erw Trahaearn met him, and defeated him, so that he was glad to escape to Anglesey again, and wait for a more favourable season. Before the year had ended Gronwy and Llywelyn, the grandsons of Bleddyn by his son Cadwgan, had undertaken to revenge his murder upon the actual perpetrator; and Caradawg ab Gruffydd ab Rhydderch, whom another account represents as dying three years before, aided them. There was a battle near Camddwr, in which the *Annales* say the sovereigns of Dyved were victorious; and the *Brut* called by the name of Caradawg of Llangarvan, that the sons of Cadwgan conquered, but could not dispossess Rhys and Rhydderch. But in the year after, Rhydderch was slain by the treachery of Meirchion, his cousin, and Rhys ab Owain became sole king. Once more the grandsons of Bleddyn attacked him; and in 1075, A. D., at Gwanytyd, they are said to have inflicted on him another fruitless defeat; and the *Annales*, here as before, pronounce him victor. One or two years afterwards, however, Trahaearn of Gwynedd marched against him; at Pwllgwttig he was defeated, and his whole family, according to the *Annales*, shared his overthrow. Rhys himself, with his brother Hywel, fled from the field of battle, and were pursued "from place to place, fearing all things, like the stag which hath been lately chased, and mistrusteth every noise;" till, "at the end of the year," they were slain by Caradawg ab Gruffydd, at Llantwit Major, whither they had fled for refuge, to the sanctuary of St. Illtyd. Such are the

melancholy stories told by the native chroniclers of these ages. We will now return to the accounts we have received from other sources; and show how the Welsh were still engaged in the risings and rebellions against the Conqueror. For though the statement of Giraldus is true of the Kymry as a nation,—their chronicles evidencing their complete absorption in their own affairs,—some were to be found in every hopeless contest with William; just as in earlier times, in the most assured peace between Wales and England, we have seen the frays of the borderers carried on as vigorously as when a national war seemed to account for and to justify such hostilities.

The conquest of *England* does not come within the scope of this work, we therefore leave it to English historians, although the Welsh chroniclers have supplied the lack of incidents in their own country, by the introduction of some of the most remarkable events connected with the overthrow of the Saxon kingdom. They would have done good service had they told us how far their people were involved in the struggle against the Normans, which the English now maintained with the same desperate valour that the Britons, so many centuries before, had manifested in resisting the men of Germany. We are compelled to gather out of other writers the very brief and vague intimations of their share in this hopeless endeavour. Some we have already given;—from them we should have expected to find representatives from Wales in the “Camp of Refuge;” and so it was; Edwin, in his last expedition to obtain help, amongst other auxiliaries had collected some from amongst the Welsh; but how they fared after the loss of their leader we know not. A more complete story, and one with a more tragical ending, is that of the conspiracy of Ralph, the Earl of Norfolk and Suffolk, with Roger, Earl of Hereford, and Waltheof, the Saxon Earl of Huntingdon, who had been admitted to favour by William, and was one of his sworn vassals. The king had bestowed upon Ralph the hand of Emma, the daughter of his powerful baron and fast friend Fitz-Osborne, with the full consent of her brother Roger, to whom her father had intrusted her at his death. This Ralph was connected with the Kymry by one of his parents; William of Malmesbury says his father was a Breton, but that is not sufficiently close to account for the presence of Welsh guests at his bridal feast; the Anglo-Saxon chronicler’s account appears more probable, according to which his mother was a Welshwoman; he adds that his father was an Englishman of Norfolk, which would explain Earl Waltheof’s friendship. Old Malmesbury gives him a very bad character,—“alien to all that was good:” as we shall see, he was not the wisest of men, but his conspiracy does not establish such depravity of disposition as that sentence implies. It is also said that the king had forbidden the marriage to be concluded, but the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle does not hint such a cause of offence. The feast was held at Norwich, where stood Ralph’s triply-moated castle, and a numerous company, Normans, Saxons, and Britons, were present to do honour to the union. There was a luxurious banquet,—for the simplicity of the manners of the conquerors had been corrupted by the prodigal habits of the conquered people, says William of Malmesbury, who had no great opinion of the Saxons;—and it was followed by such unstinted potations, that all common sense was forgotten, and the revellers, bishops and abbots,

it is said, not excepted, "*took counsel* to depose the king," if drunken braggadocio can be so described. Ordericus Vitalis has fully reported all their after-dinner speeches, as gravely as if he had been present; perhaps he had heard what was related by the king's informant, and they are empty and grandiloquent enough to have been actually spoken. The measures proposed were instantly carried out as far as possible. Roger raised his earldom, Waltheof invited a fleet from Denmark, and Ralph appealed to the East Anglians. Some have accused Waltheof of betraying the affair to Lanfranc, and (by his advice) of sailing over to Normandy, where William was, and telling him himself of what had been done. The chronicle says, that he asked forgiveness, and offered a ransom, but that the king deceived him into the belief that his terms were accepted; but that when he returned to England he caused him to be seized and put in prison.

The attempt failed at every point. Roger with his army of Normans and Welsh was stopped at the Severn by the faithful barons and their men. Most pacific ecclesiastics played the soldier; and the Saxons themselves made common cause against Roger. The majority of the nation desired "order." Earl Ralph marched forth as far as Cambridge, but except a handful of Saxons, none joined him; nay, the country rose upon him, so that he hastily returned to Norwich, and there taking ship, escaped from the country, leaving his bonny bride to defend his castle as well as she could; which she did right bravely, obtaining terms, when compelled by famine to surrender, and departing from England with all her adherents. Roger was a close prisoner for the rest of his life, having, in a most unaccountable fit of pettishness, made a bonfire of some costly garments which William sent him along with an invitation to a court banquet;—a favour which the fettered rebel ought to have understood. The unhappy Waltheof had been married to a niece of William's in opposition to her will; she was admitted as a witness against him, so that in the following year he was beheaded. The Danish fleet came, but could only plunder York minster, and was severely shattered by a storm in escaping to Flanders, one of its commanders perishing. Lanfranc, the learned and courageous bishop, who had been left in charge of the realm during the king's absence, effectually put down the conspiracy before his return. He kept his Christmas in peace at Westminster; and there the Britons who had been at the riotous bridal-feast at Norwich were brought to justice; and some were hanged, and some blinded, and others banished; and "thus," says the chronicle, "were the traitors to William subdued."

The defeat and death of Rhys ab Owain left the throne of Dyved vacant; and Rhys ab Tewdwr, a descendant of Rhodri Mawr, claimed it. Trahaearn of North Wales, the actual conqueror of Rhys ab Owain, may have expected to obtain it for himself; but the choice of the people confirmed the claim of the son of Tewdwr, and in 1077, A. D., the last actual prince of South Wales began to reign. One or two others after him bore the title; but even that was renounced when the Norman yoke was found to be too firmly fixed to be shaken off. Not a little good was hoped for from the accession of a lineal descendant of the great Rhodri; but during his time the dominion of above

half of Wales passed for ever from the hands of the Kymry. The first event after the accession of Rhys authentically recorded, is an attack upon St. David's by the Danes. These ruthless plunderers had not ceased to visit this helpless country. In the very year that the Normans first made their inroad into Caredigion, both St. David's and Bangor were spoiled by the "black Pagans." Now, not only was the cathedral robbed of its wealth, but Abraham, the bishop, was slain. Ten or twelve years after this time it was again visited by them; and we shall find that attempts at permanent settlement in Anglesey were made by some of these rovers; just as had been made in the time of Edgar by Maccus, the Lord of the Isles.

One year after this descent of the Pagans happened the battle of Mount Carno, in which Trahaearn lost life and crown, and Gwynedd reverted to the descendant of Iago ab Idwal, its former sovereign—Gruffydd, the son of Cynan, who had now for some years been lord of Mona. The success of Rhys ab Tewdwr was one inducement which led Gruffydd to repeat the attempt in which he had been so miserably defeated before. For Trahaearn was a grandson of the lord of Morganwg, against whom Rhys had a standing feud; and he had been a competitor for the crown of Dyved; and so Gruffydd might rely upon Rhys as an ally in his attempt upon North Wales. He not only formed an alliance with Rhys, but also obtained a reinforcement of mercenaries from Ireland; whilst Trahaearn received as allies his cousins, Caradawg ab Gruffydd, and Meilyr ab Rhiwallon, both of whom were slain with him at Carno. In connexion with this event we find the first genuine poems which the literature of Wales shows after an interval of silence extending over nearly five centuries. Meilyr Brydydd, a bard then young, who was domiciled with Trahaearn, sang mournfully the fall of his patron and his cousins :—

" My God will I adore, the King of air ;
 He knows my woe, he knows how sore I grieve
 For my kind prince, of many men the lord.
 Why did they cross the stormy sea again,—
 A second time,—the sons of Erin fierce ;—
 Fiends black as night, the Gwyddel ; and the Scots,
 Men who by numbers conquer, not by strength ?
 At Carno was the fight, amongst the hills ;
 There fell my lord, Trahaearn there was slain.
 Beside him sleeps the brave Rhiwallon's son ;
 From the lost battle ne'er would he return."

In another elegy he laments the death of Caradawg ab Gruffydd, in the same engagement.

An ancient biography of Gruffydd ab Cynan represents him as signaling his conquest of Trahaearn, and accession to the throne of his forefathers, by a raid into Powys, which the Normans were beginning to occupy, and of which Cadwgan ab Bleddyn was nominal prince. And if this may be regarded as indicative of the spirit of the age, the immediate consequences showed the spirit of the new ruler. The Earls of Chester and Shrewsbury were, as the lords of the border next to Gwynedd, most

interested in disabling the Welsh of that region from hindering the execution of their schemes of conquest; and the attack upon Powys must have convinced them that their best plan would be to get possession of the person of the prince. Wales never wanted for traitors, as its whole history has proved; and one of the *uchelwors* of Edeyrnion, Meirion Goch by name, lent himself to the Normans, that they might seize Gruffydd. He was invited to meet the two barons at Rug, near the Berwyns; and as there appeared to be nothing intended beyond a conference respecting the borders, he went with a slight retinue, and was immediately seized, and hurried away in chains to Chester castle. His men, it is said, were maimed by the cutting off of the thumb from the right hand of each, and dismissed. This took place in 1079, or 1080, A. D.; and for twelve years the unhappy prince, who had scarcely, save in that luckless foray into the earldom of Shrewsbury, felt himself a sovereign, was kept in durance; whilst Hugh Vrá, Hugh the Fat, as the men of Gwynedd named the lord of Chester with unavailing satire, rode over his territories to the very straits of Menai, and levied his contributions, and established his fortifications, without any one to hinder him; and indeed, even insulted the sacred Mona by building a castle at Aberllienawg. The escape of Gruffydd from the Norman's stronghold was effected at last by the bravery and strength of another man of Edeyrnion, named Cynwrig Hir; who went to Chester with a handful of companions, under pretence of purchasing commodities not to be obtained except in such a market as was sure to be found in the neighbourhood of a baronial castle. Watching his opportunity, whilst the guards were engaged in careless jollity, he forced the captive's prison, and carried him off, fetters and all, on his shoulders, to a place of safety; and then by his comrades' aid had him away to Gwynedd. Yet not all at once dare the liberated chieftain show himself; but was compelled to hide in the wide forests, and often narrowly avoided being recaptured and taken back to his dungeon; for the soldiers of Earl Hugh had undisputed possession of the whole of his principality. Thus his biographer has written; but the *Annales* do not hint any such adventures. His release must have been effected, if this narrative represents the facts of the case, just about the time when the dominion of South Wales was lost by the Kymry; and it postponed for a period the inevitable fate of the Northern portion of the country.

Either in the same year in which Gruffydd was captured, or two years afterwards, (for that is the amount of the discrepancy between the Cambrian and the Saxon Chronicles,) the great Norman conqueror himself entered Wales. The oldest accounts on both sides are very brief: the Saxon merely records his leading an army into Wales, and setting free many hundreds of persons; the Welsh simply mentions his offering up his devotions at St. David's shrine. Out of this the writers, who have expanded the early annals into histories, have made a story of the subjugation of the country, and of William's receiving the homage of the princes. Recent authors have conjectured that he must have entered Wales a second time; so little do the old and the new tales agree. Perhaps what the Anglo-Saxon chronicler, Ordericus Vitalis, and others have said of "the land of the Britons" being under William's sway, and of his building

castles therein ; by which the deeds of his barons are plainly intended, since their conquests were made under licence from him, and the lands they won they held as tenants of the crown ;—perhaps this has aided the change of the Conqueror's peaceful progress into a hostile invasion, ending in the reduction of the Welsh princes to the condition of tributary vassals.

In the year after the accession of William Rufus, when the dispute between him and his brave but easy-tempered brother Robert was at its height, many of the great lords endeavoured, by raising the people of their lordships against the Red King, to help the cause of the Duke of Normandy. Amongst them was Roger of Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, with whom was joined the Earl of Hereford. Knowing the aptness of the Welsh for such warfare as they contemplated, they appear to have invited their assistance. But if not invited, out of their own love of marauding frays, they combined with the rebel barons, and overran all Worcestershire, in company with their retainers, plundering and burning, till they came to Worcester city. There they encountered the "worthy bishop Wulstan," to whom keeping the castle had been committed. The bold ecclesiastic was much distressed in mind, for he had but a small retinue ; nevertheless he marched out, and "through the mercy of God, and the good desert of the bishop, they slew or took prisoners five hundred men, and put all the rest to flight." It was the fortune of the Kymry in all these conflicts to be on the losing side.

According to the *Annales*, it was in this same year, 1088, A. D., that Madog, Cadwgan, and Rhyrid, the sons of Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, raised a rebellion against the prince of Deheubarth, Rhys ab Tewdwr ; though it is difficult to account for such a movement, seeing that Rhys had been opposed to them only as an ally of Gruffydd ab Cynan ; and patriotism would have prompted an attack upon *Le Loup* of Chester, rather. Perhaps it is explained, if any explanation be needed, by the fact that it was, most plainly, hopeless to attempt the overthrow of the Norman power ; and also by a statement in one of the Iolo MSS., that the principal in this contest with Rhys was Iestyn ab Gwrgant, of Morganwg, to whom the sons of Bleddyn were but auxiliaries. The result of their revolt was that Rhys hastily fled to Ireland ; and thence returning, in the same year, well supplied with men and munitions of war, at Lechryd met his opponents in battle, and completely routed them ; killing Madog and Rhyrid, whilst Cadwgan fled "quite out of the country." The *Annales* add to their very condensed account of this transaction, a few words which later writers have left unnoticed ; but which convey too clear a picture of the manners of the times for us to omit. After his victory, Rhys is said to have sold a great number of prisoners to "*the Gentiles and the Scots*." Next year, which was the year 1089, A. D., according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, because the earthquake felt throughout England is mentioned in it, a marvellous robbery of St. David's shrine is recorded. All its ornaments were carried off ; the sacred relic alone was left to the disconsolate fathers, who so emphatically declare their ignorance of the thieves, that we more than half suspect them of being accessory to the sacrilegious deed.

Iestyn ab Gwrgant, the lord of Morganwg, has often been spoken of in this and the

preceding historical chapter ; and we have had occasion to intimate the incredibility of the tales which make Rhydderch, his son, and Caradawg ab Gruffydd, his *great-grandson*, play their parts in this political hurly-burly, and die, before he himself attains to prominence in the affairs of Wales. Having had such frequent occasion to point out the chronological difficulties of our subject, this confusion will not be wondered at, and we shall not be expected to attempt its correction. There seems to have been some peculiarity in Iestyn's tenure of his lordship ; the princes of Dinevwr and Mathraval were subject to "the king of London" through the prince of Aberfraw ; but Iestyn held his lordship, and the family of Elystan Glodrydd, the "bandlet-wearing prince," held their territory between the Wye and the Severn, immediately of the English sovereign. This may explain some of Iestyn's quarrelsomeness ; for as a tenant of the crown, he thought himself better than the more powerful prince of Deheubarth. Into his personal history, however, we cannot enter now ; but must confine our attention to his famous feud with Rhys ab Tewdwr, which wrought such woe for Dimetia. He appears as the prompter of the attempt of the sons of Bleddyn against Rhys. In other affairs he was not a concealed prompter, but a principal actor ; and he seems to have carried on his strife so pertinaciously, that his subjects suffered not a little from it ; whilst the remembrance of the ills it inflicted upon Wales, might well stamp him with the character of an unjust and cruel prince, which he has received.

In about 1090, A. D., Cadivor ab Collwynn, the lord of Dimetia, died ; and his sons, Llywelyn and Einion, induced Gruffydd ab Meredydd to fight against Rhys ab Tewdwr, their lord and king. Being defeated at Llandydoch, Gruffydd was taken and put to death ; the others fled. Rhys seized their lands, and offered three hundred head of cattle, and much land, to any one who would bring him Einion ab Cadivor, alive or dead. The hunted chieftain fled to Iestyn, who was his uncle ; and he counselled him to go to the court of William Rufus, to whom he was, by military service, already known. Another account of Einion's journey to England is this ;—Iestyn agreed to give to Einion his daughter Nest in marriage, if he would obtain the aid of some Norman adventurers against Rhys ; and upon this errand he went to the court of the English monarch. Both tales may be true. This is certain, that Einion returned accompanied by Robert Fitzhamon, and twelve other knights, Turbervilles, Grenvilles, and Umfravilles, and a great host. Cedrych ab Gwaethvoed, lord of Caredigion, joined them ; and in the following year they ravaged the territories of Rhys ab Tewdwr, to Iestyn's complete content. The aged prince marched forth against the marauders, and meeting them near the Black Mountain in Brecknockshire, was defeated and slain. With him fell the kingdom of Deheubarth. On his death, say the *Annales*, Cadwgan ab Bleddyn laid Dyved waste ; for there was no lack of wreckers to plunder, and there was no one who had skill or disposition to save, this most unhappy land.

The Normans, well rewarded by their spoil, had retired to their ships,—for they came by sea to Morganwg,—when Iestyn, thinking to overreach his nephew, refused to give him his daughter, and that too in a manner which fired all the evil passions of the chieftain's soul. He hastened to the sea-shore, and found that his auxiliaries had

Just pushed their long vessels out into the deep water ; by waving his cloak, he attracted their attention, and having induced Fitz-Hamon to come ashore again, he set forth before him the ease with which Morganwg might be conquered, how desirable a territory it was, and how all his love for his country was turned to bitter hate by the insulting treatment and the injuries he had received. The baron had not a little of the spirit of the old sea-rovers, and at once agreed to undertake what the traitor suggested. An attempt at a compromise was made, but Iestyn's fiery temper rendered such a means of accommodation hopeless ; so placing the natives, whom Einion and Cedrych had under their command, in the front rank, he entered upon his new campaign. At the Great Heath, near Cardiff, Iestyn's forces were completely overthrown, and he himself forced to flee far away,—to Keynsham, it is said, where he died. The Kymry who fought on the Normans' side in this battle suffered so severely, that their leaders were unable to make any stand against the encroachments of their allies ; and in the division of the province which followed, received the most rugged and barren portions as their share of the prey. Einion gained the hand of Nest, however ; and herewith vanishes from the scene in which he has played so distinguished and so mischievous a part. The *Annales* complete the picture for us by summing up the events we have, from other sources, described at length, in the sentence,—“The Franks invaded Cardigan and Dyved, and erected castles in them.”*

Thus ended for ever this branch of the kingdom of the Kymry ; not less because of its own inward decay, than because of the strength of those who attacked it. How the fruitless struggle, in which not love of country so much as personal ambition was manifested, was continued, and how the Norman warriors with a sure step hastened on to the entire overthrow of Welsh independence, will be shown in the following chapters.

* Thierry, in his *History of the Norman Conquest*, represents Robert Fitzhamon as returning to his manors at Gloucester, and reflecting upon the terrible effect of his steel-clad knights upon the slightly-armed soldiers of Rhys ab Tewdwr ; and in consequence, as setting out on the conquest of Morganwg, without the invitation of Einion.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM THE CONQUEST OF SOUTH WALES BY THE NORMANS TO THE
SECOND INVASION OF HENRY I.

INSTEAD of having now to glean, with difficulty, in a field from which Oblivion ("wise Oblivion," it may be) has carried a full harvest, a few facts to serve as a record of the deeds of ages; we have now to select and to condense from too copious narratives, in part contemporary, the story of the protracted struggles of the Kymry, whilst the conquerors of England wound ever closer around them their deadly coils.

How much soever we may regret the extinction of the liberties of a brave people,—and none can look upon such a spectacle unmoved,—by no other process, as it appears to us, contemplating the facts after the lapse of centuries, could Wales have been preserved from being a perpetual hinderance to the great task which we now see was allotted to the Saxons under the chieftainship of the Normans. It is but too plain that the Welsh could not produce a leader capable of greater exploits than those of a captain of banditti, or of the generalship of more than a guerilla war. They, moreover, added to all the other features of barbaric character, which so many facts have shown us, that of incurable falsehood. This charge, which from before the time when "Punic faith" became a proverb, has always been made and retorted by differing races when at war, was used against the Britons as early as the days of Bede; it was repeated at intervals, as flagrant examples of the violation of oaths occurred; and at the period we have reached was exchanged with greater exasperation of feeling than had ever been expressed before. In fact, there was, as always, too much ground for the accusation on both sides; but the Welsh were never prudent in their breach of word, nor ever strong or steadfast in supporting it; like other uncivilized nations, they were not true even to their own untruth. The Normans (and the Saxons before them) had a purpose in their faithlessness, and they strenuously followed it up. Theirs was the policy which has been branded by the name of *Machiavelism*; it was wicked enough, but it was not weak; nor did it indicate either love for falsehood, or indifference to truth; and it was unquestionably victorious.

These are not specified as causes of the success of the Neustrian barons; but as reasons for our being contented that to them the supremacy, both of Saxon and Celt, in this island should be intrusted. We may, however, show why the agonies of the contest were so prolonged; for they lasted more than two centuries, exceeding by sixty years, at least, the time in which the "men of Germany" established their eight

kingdoms in Lloegria, and drove the Britons into the forests and wastes of Cornwall, Wales, and Cumbria. The consideration of all the ills of so interminable a war, both for the victors and the vanquished, will justify the humanity of the severe measures of Harold; and as we proceed with our tale, we shall often wish that some such a commander had arisen, who might have brought the contest to its destined close in a single campaign. There appear to have been two principal causes at work; one was the contempt which the Norman lords, with whom soldiership was a profession, and who were used to combat with warriors of prowess, arms, and skill, resembling their own, felt for the half-armed, undisciplined throngs, which were the best armies the Welsh princes could muster. The other was the fact that the conquest of Wales was put into the hands of private adventurers, most of whom were jealous of each other, instead of being undertaken by the force of the kingdom. These, with others aiding them, will appear in the course of this chapter, as well as in those which follow. And when we take up the history of the literature and manners of these ages, it will be seen that the patriotism, or national spirit, of the Kymry was excited by confident predictions of their restored rule, throughout the entire realm their ancestors enjoyed, put forth in the name of the great Myrddin, which promised the return of some of their ancient heroes, Cadwaladr or Arthur, to lead them on to victories and conquests, that should be followed by no defeats. It is this aspect of our subject which is the only pleasing one; wherefore we beg our readers to keep in mind the secret spring of the rebellions, treacheries, raids, and all that is as painful to relate as to listen to; which we shall duly exhibit when we reach the days of our brave and undoubting chronicler, Geoffrey of Monmouth.

The death of Rhys ab Tewdwr* is one of the most clearly-marked stages in the fall of British ascendancy in the principality. Florence of Worcester says, "From that day kings ceased to reign in Wales;" which, though not quite a correct statement, shows most clearly that a great change followed that event. More than half the territory included within Offa's dyke was now in the possession of the Normans; and it was plain, that if the native rulers would retain any authority on their ancestral soil it must be by renouncing the empty names of prince and king, and by becoming liegemen of the Conqueror, and so being numbered amongst his barons. Much is said in some works of the dignity and power of the lords of the Marches, who are represented as being kings in their own domains, in all but the facts of their doing homage to the English monarch, and their inability to pardon those guilty of treason. No ancient documents or records are referred to in proof of the representations made, and it is suggested that some legal fictions stood in the way of the grant of their high privileges by "charter." Perhaps

* Giraldus declares that Rhys perished through the treachery of his own troops. The Welsh chroniclers must have had a passion for contradictions; we have seen how many irreconcilable stories exist respecting the death of Llywelyn ab Seisyllt; here are two more to add to those already mentioned of the death of the last prince of Dinevwr. One *Brut* says that he was overtaken by Iestyn in a lonely valley some miles to the south of the Great Heath, and beheaded; another avers that he escaped to the dwelling of his brother-in-law Bleddyn ab Maenarch, in Brycheiniog; and that he fell in a battle in which Bernard de Neuf-Marché was victor. Iestyn too is said, by a different authority from that we followed in the last chapter, to have fled to Glastonbury, and thence to Bath, and finally to have retired to the monastery of Llangeny, in Montgomeryshire, where he died.

they may be explained without resorting to this hypothesis. Thus, the actual condition of a border country in those days, as many another instance beside the March of Wales shows, was war always; and as an inevitable consequence, "martial law," which by a high authority has been defined "the will of the commander," was the only law possible. If Welsh customs were observed in particular parts, if concessions were made to certain persons, or families, it was because such was the will of the lord of that country. But under the lion-kings who ruled them, even an Earl of Chester would not have been safe from the charge of misprision, if not of participation of treason, who usurped the *jus regale* of pardoning a traitor. Other parts of the story agree with this explanation; and it derives support from the contemporaneous mention of a "Warden of the Marches," who was an officer appointed by the king, to superintend the affairs of the frontier; whilst the accounts of these "Lords Marchers" are of comparatively recent origin.*

Some notices of these border-barons and their relations to Wales, which belong to this period, will show the character of their proceedings, and illustrate this phase of our history. In the preceding chapter we spoke of Robert D'Avranches as one of Hugh Lupus' great vassals. This lord, after the erection of that "shame of Gwynedd," the castle at Rhuddlan, changed his name to Robert de Rhuddlan, under which designation he holds a place in *Domesday Book*. "Rotbertus de Roelent" held of the king North Wales to farm for forty pounds; beside the land which the king gave him in fee, and beside the lands of the bishopric. In this fee are Rhos and Rhyvoniog, a certain portion of which is estimated at twelve pounds annual worth; but all the rest is wood or moor, and cannot be ploughed. Earl Roger is also said to hold one hundred, called "Arvester," which the Welsh said belonged to North Wales. The eastern limit of Gwynedd, it appears from this, had fallen back as far as the Conway, before *Domesday* was compiled. Ordericus Vitalis has recorded in his ecclesiastical history some facts respecting this Robert. For fifteen years, says the monk, he unbearably oppressed the Britons; he would pursue them through woods and marshes, and penetrated their mountain retreats, not unfrequently inflicting upon them sore defeats. Some he slew out of hand like cattle; others he imprisoned for the sake of their ransom; and others yet he gave up to slavery. Saxon though he was, this historian cannot forbear a word of reprobation against such ruthless treatment of Christians. In the year of the rebellion against William II., 1088, A. D., at a later period than the ravaging of Worcestershire by the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Welsh, and the victory of Bishop Wulstan over the rebels; whilst the lord of Rhuddlan was engaged at the siege of Rochester with the king; Gruffydd ab Cynan, who, according to his biographer, was at this very time in the dungeon of Chester castle, invaded Robert's land, and made "great slaughter and burning" about Rhuddlan itself. The tidings were soon carried to the

* The lords whose estates lay on the March were even then designated by a title equivalent to Marquess, (*Marchio*), as in the instance of Robert de Rhuddlan in Ordericus Vitalis; but he was actually a vassal of Hugh, Earl of Chester, and could not have possessed such remarkable privileges as are said to have characterized the "Lords Marchers."

irascible soldier, and as no better means of venting his rage was within reach, he uttered the most atrocious threats against the marauders; a specimen of which our author has translated into very decent monastic Latin. But it was to no purpose that he fulminated mere threats; in that same year, on the third of July, (for we have an exact writer before us,) Gruffydd with three ships came ashore, seemingly against his will, near the end of one of the spurs of the Clwydian hills; and finding no force at hand to oppose him, he dispersed his band in quest of plunder, in true pirate fashion. Whilst they were so engaged the tide went out, and their vessels lay immovable on the beach; yet they brought their prisoners, and drove down the cattle they had taken, and got them on board, and waited till the flow of the tide should float them away. Meanwhile Robert had been aroused from his noontide sleep by the unwelcome news of this descent; and as soon as he could be made to understand what had taken place, he despatched messengers in every direction to raise the country, and gather his retainers together; and then with a few servants who were at hand, not one of them being properly armed, he hastened to the top of the hill under which the Welsh had landed, to see what was to be done. From his height he could perceive the pirates (so does our authority very justly designate them) binding their captives, and making their prey sure; and he chafed and raged like a lion because he could not recover it. He endeavoured to persuade the men he had with him to rush down upon the plunderers, and attack them before they could get their ships off; but they insisted upon their scanty numbers, and the difficulties of the almost precipitous descent; and would not take part in so insane an affray. At length, fearing that the audacious Britons should escape from his very grasp, as he deemed it, accompanied by but one soldier, and armed with no more than his shield, De Rhuddlan descended to the shore. Gruffydd's men seeing how feebly he was defended, and that he came almost alone, at their leisure retaliated on him the wrongs he had inflicted on their nation ever since he had come within the Dee, at the head of his men-at-arms. They threw their spears at him, till his shield was borne down with the weight of those which pierced it, and the knight received a mortal wound. Not one man drew sword against him till he had fallen, and breathed his last: they then cut off his head, and hung it upon their mast, in token of their victory. Robert's men had by this time gathered in some strength on the hill, and they saw the hero's death; but now the tide was in, and the Welsh prince had got afloat again; so they hastily manned some other vessels, and gave chase. Gruffydd, seeing that he was pursued, had his gory trophy taken down from the mast-head, and thrown into the sea; upon which the vassals, deeming nothing else worth recovering, mournfully put about, and returned. Their lord's headless corpse they buried in the monastery of St. Walburga, at Chester. And thus died one of the first "Marquesses" of England.

We shall not pretend to reconcile this statement (which, as it rests on such good authority, may not be questioned) with the tale of Gruffydd's capture by the Earls of Chester and Shrewsbury, before related. But we may suggest that, as a raid into Powys is spoken of immediately before that imprisonment, and the dates of the Welsh narratives are scarcely ever trustworthy, the biographer of the king of Gwynedd may

have placed the events he speaks of some eight years before they really happened. We have no means of testing this supposition, but we propound it, that we may not fail to do what justice, as well as charity, requires for the story-tellers of Wales.

In the *Waverley Annals* it is observed, that these barons often crossed the borders, and entered the lands of the Britons, where they wearied out their men, and effected nothing, but waste of the money which these incessant forays cost; for the Welsh, on the alarm of their approach, retired to the mountains, or (like the Irish in the time of the civil wars of the seventeenth century) took shelter in marshes across which the horsemen dared not follow them. But it was not always that these inroads were so profitless, for Hugh of Chester, when he made Nigel, or Lenoir, constable and hereditary marshal of his earldom, gave him as part of his pay, all animals taken as booty in Wales, which were of diverse colours within the four members. And Lenoir, who affected baronial state in his manor of Halton, and rejoiced in a seneschal and constable as greatly as Earl Hugh himself, gave to this important functionary certain perquisites out of the Welsh spoils; and the best bull which was taken was the pay of the man-at-arms who bore his banner. Neither, as was too manifest from Ordericus Vitalis' account of Robert de Rhuddlan, could the Britons always escape from the swords or lances of the knights who pursued them, by fleeing to quaking bog or rocky cliff. That writer employs the most outrageous metaphors to express the ferocious warfare which these lords carried on continually against the former possessors of the soil; one of them, whose name will occur again, Robert de Belesme, "tore their very flesh away," he says, "with his iron talons." From him too we learn, that Bernard de Neuf-Marché built a castle at Brecon after the death of Rhys ab Tewdwr, which marks the time when that portion of the principality was lost to the Kymry. But we cannot spare for details which belong to a "Baronage," space which the facts of the history of these times require. A few more words will give sufficient completeness for our present purpose to the picture we have attempted to draw; and in the course of this and the succeeding chapters other particulars will be brought to light. Even under William I., the custom of granting what Thierry very fitly calls "letters of marque," for the conquest of parts of Wales, had commenced; and the adventurers who received them did homage for the lands they had not yet won, and called themselves by the names of the estates they hoped to make their own. Then, by the promise of a share of the spoil, they gathered together bands of needy men of France, and Flanders, and even of England, who, but for this licence to use the sword, would have been mere brigands; and by their arms subdued the territories allotted to them, inflicting such evils as can be but imperfectly understood, and not at all described, upon the hapless Britons, whether they resisted them or not. We might compare the steps of this conquest of Wales with the process by which the Red Men of North America have been gradually dispossessed of their forests and hunting-grounds, and driven into a "Territory," assigned to them as a favour by the commercial "captains of free companies" who have disinherited them. As soon as any one of these prospective barons gained footing in the country of the Welsh, he selected a spot for a fortification; and according to the means at hand, and

the time of quiet afforded, constructed a true castle, such as we are all familiar with from their massive and almost indestructible ruins ; or by means of a trench, and a turf vallum, crowned with a strong palisade of sharp-pointed stakes, such as Arnould, the son of Roger de Montgomery, in 1092, A. D., made at Penbroch, protected himself and his men from the retaliatory attacks of the natives. We so often hear of *castella* being raised in an incredibly short time, and being destroyed over and over again, that we are fain to believe that many of them must have been such as Giraldus Cambrensis has described the first Pembroke castle as being. Feeble as it might seem, this mere stockade and intrenchment twice proved too strong for such means as the Welsh possessed of taking fortified places. Not till 1108, A. D., did Gerald de Windesore rear at Congarth Vechan the structure since known as Pembroke castle.

Thus, by degrees, arose that chain of fortresses by which the Britons were hemmed in ; and which has seemed the work of design, instead of the result of the instinct of holding firmly what had been unjustly got, in the minds of the several lords of the Welsh Marches. We shall always find the progress of the subjugation marked by new strongholds ; just as the spread of a revolt may be traced by the ruins of those which had been the monuments of the shame of the conquered people. One more remark must be made, before we proceed. We shall find frequent mention of Welsh princes in territories which had passed into the possession of the Normans, and unless we understand their social position, our notions of the history of these times will be sadly perplexed. One of the stories of Giraldus explains the matter. Gruffydd ab Rhys, whom we shall meet with in this chapter as a captain of freebooters, was at last pardoned, and received one *cymrod*, the half of the *cantred* Caoc, and he held this as a tenant of the English king ; but this was regarded by his fellow countrymen as giving him the title of king of Deheubarth. In the same way, no doubt, Cadwgan ab Meirig held some part of Morganwg ; Caradawg held lands in Ystradyw, Gwent Uchcoed, and Gwynllwg ; and Rhydderch, in Ewas, and Gwent Iscoed ; for we find them named in the *Liber Landavensis* as vassals of William the Conqueror ; and the name of Cadwgan, at least, occurs amongst the princes of the Kymry. An exact picture of the relation of these nominal "kings" to the kings of England, may be seen in the record, given in a former chapter, of the tenure by which Gruffydd ab Llywelyn held the manor of Bishopstreu in Attiscross hundred, Cheshire, of Edward the Confessor,—the obligation to supply certain refreshments, including a full cup of beer, to the Saxon king, whenever he should pass by the hall. These tenants were numbered amongst the royal vassals ; it was the voluntary reverence of the Welsh which bestowed upon them titles of extinct dignity, which were also often given to the leaders of brigands, whom we shall hear more of in these days.

In the year 1094, A. D., whilst the Red king was engaged in Normandy, in his war with his brother Robert, there was first of all a rising in North Wales, and the castles were destroyed ; and at the end of the year the same happened in Caredigion and Dyved, where all but Pembroke and Rhydcors, which were too strong, were taken. The numbers that joined in this rising were so great, that they divided into many bands,

and by this means spread their devastations over a wide extent of country. Hugh, Earl of Shrewsbury, fell in with one of these bands, and defeated it; but the others were not disheartened; and abstained not, says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, during the whole year, from committing every outrage in their power. One of the incidents in the insurrection was the defeat in the forest of Yŷpys, of a body of Normans, who had returned, after Cadwgan ab Bleddyn's first incursion into Caredigion with reinforcements from England. Next year, William, who had returned from Normandy, first attempted a campaign in Wales. For the insurgents had increased in numbers and daring; and, headed by Gruffydd ab Cynan, and the sons of Bleddyn, had made inroads into Cheshire, Shropshire, and Herefordshire, and had burnt the towns, and slain many, carrying away much spoil. In Anglesey also the castles had been destroyed; and *Trefaldwyn*, the first badge of their new servitude, had been taken by the Welsh, and all its defenders put to the sword. The Normans had made some reprisals; Gower, Kidwely, Ystradtywy, Caredigion, and Dyved, had been ravaged by the retainers of Fitz-Hamon and his knights; but the king felt that his honour bound him to appear in person against so wide-spread a rebellion. Accordingly, in the middle of autumn, as the *Annales* say, or after Michaelmas, by the account of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, he proceeded into Wales. "He divided his forces, and his troops made their way through all parts of the country, and met at Snowdon on All Saints' day. But the Welsh ever fled before him to the mountains and moors, so that no man could get near them, and the king at length returned homeward, for he could do no more there that winter." Such an expedition was not calculated to strike terror into the hearts of a people like the Welsh; it could only augment their confidence. Two other circumstances concurred in producing the same result;—Rhydcors castle, which had resisted their efforts in the first year of the rising, was at the beginning of 1096, A. D., deserted by its garrison, on the death of William Fitz-Baldwyn, who had built it, and held it of the king;—and Payne Turberville of Coetty, one of the knights who followed Fitz-Hamon's banner, and who, by marrying a Welsh lady, had acquired a large estate, desired to be free from his obligation to his superior, and to hold directly of the king; he therefore collected a force of Kymry and others, and marching to Cardiff, beset the conqueror of Morganwg in his castle with such vigour, that he was glad to buy them off by concessions of ancient rights and customs, which he never purposed to observe. This last-mentioned event appears to be included in the record of the *Annales* that Brycheiniog, Gwen, Gower, and Gwentllwc, cast off the Norman yoke. William was in Normandy, for he had gone to take possession of the duchy, and to pay his crusading brother for it; and the nobles whom he had left in charge of this country hearing of these more audacious insurrections, sent forth numerous armies into Wales, and there they greatly oppressed many, but it was for no purpose, and with much loss of men and money. With this narrative agrees the Welsh chroniclers' story; for they say, that after the "Franks" were driven out of Gwent, they obtained help and returned; but being encountered at Celly Tarvawg, were defeated with great loss; that they then entered Brycheiniog, vowing to take a dreadful vengeance, and fortified

themselves there, but the sons of Ednerth ab Cadwgan routed them at Aberllech; and so that part of Wales was won again. Nor was this the only success achieved against the intruders in this year; Uchtryd ab Edwyn and Hywel ab Gronwy laid waste Pembroke, and returned home safely, say the *Annales*; the *Bruts* adding, that they were of North Wales, and that the sons of Cadwgan ab Bleddyn accompanied them; also that Pembroke castle stood out against their most determined attacks.

It was in this year that the multitudes who joined in the first crusade set out; and, according to William of Malmesbury, "the Welshman left his hunting," drawn by ardent love for Jerusalem, says the too charitable historian. But it is not probable that many of the Cambrian Kymry were amongst the hordes that followed Peter the Hermit, or in the armed bands of Godfrey and his fellow captains of the Cross; or some record of the fact would surely have remained. It was the deliverance of Wales from the Norman, rather than of Jerusalem from the infidel, which the Welsh most earnestly sought now.

"When the Welsh revolted from the king," the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle informs us, "they chose several leaders from amongst themselves; one of whom was named Cadwgan, and he was the most powerful of them all, and was the son of king Gruffydd's brother." We have already met with Cadwgan ab Bleddyn, and we shall repeatedly encounter him in this chapter: this record of his becoming one of the leaders of the Britons is worthy of notice therefore; and it is so much the more, since its agreement with the most credible statements in the Welsh annals confirms our general confidence in this very remarkable historic monument. The only event specially noticed in the early part of 1097, A. D., is the ravaging of the territory of St. David's by Gerald, *dapiſer* of Pembroke castle, a knight who will appear again upon our stage. After Easter, William returned from Normandy, and with a great army marched into Wales. Some Welshmen who had come over to him acted as guides, and he consequently penetrated much farther into the country, than without their help he would have been able. He had sworn, Florence of Worcester assures us, to put every male to death. This threat, together with the magnitude of the armament, seem to have filled the Kymry who had taken part in the revolt with the liveliest apprehension; and according to their pseudo-Caradawg, they universally resorted to a surer defence than human courage and the strength of armies, and humbled themselves before God, praying him to be their shield, and to fight for them. This story would be a most interesting one, were there any thing in the undoubtedly authentic documents of the age, in harmony with such lofty piety as it shows. But there is not; and other records tell us, without even a hint of this expression of faith, which reminds us of the history of the Hebrew people, that they laid wait for the English forces in defiles, in woods, and at the fords of rivers; that they cut off their provisions, and harassed them by a ceaseless skirmish, without ever coming to a pitched battle. There is some probability in this tale; for the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle adds, that Rufus remained in the country "from Midsummer till near August, to his great loss in men, and horses, and many other things;" and that as he could effect nothing, he returned to England, and forthwith caused castles to be built

on the Marches. Malmesbury says, that "frequently in Wales fortune was unfavourable to William," (some writers specify three invasions, productive of nought but loss,) and he expresses his belief that "the rugged character of the country, and bad weather, assisted the rebellion of the Welsh, but acted as impediments to his valour." Most plainly the Norman king did not succeed in these attempts to pacificate the Kymry; he found that blustering threats effected nothing in such a war.

In the spring following this futile endeavour to strike terror into the Britons, the Earls of Chester and Shrewsbury, invited, according to the Welsh account, by Owain ab Edwyn, who held land in Englefield, under Hugh *Le Loup*, and who was called by his people, king of Tegengl, advanced into North Wales. The men of Gwynedd retreated before them to the defiles and heights around Snowdon, or to Anglesey, and an urgent request was despatched to Ireland for aid. The invaders reached the Menai, and Gruffydd ab Cynan, with Cadwgan ab Bleddyn, and their forces, crossed the strait, resolved to make a stand in Mona; for there had come a sufficient number of Irish "Gentile" mercenaries to give the prince some prospect of success. The ancient *Annales* say that the "Gentiles were corrupted," and give not a hint of an invitation to the earls, still less of treachery, on the part of Owain ab Edwyn. Either by the faithlessness of the hired allies, or by the desertion of Owain and the lords whom he had persuaded to this dishonourable course, when a battle was imminent, Gruffydd was rendered incapable of coping with his enemies, and fled to Ireland, accompanied by Cadwgan. The Norman lords thereupon reduced the island, and, to make their hold upon it more sure, according to their custom, constructed fortifications, or castles, at various places. The resistance of the Britons was punished by the most revolting barbarities; but the sufferers were consoled (so later ages believed) by a most astounding miracle; for a Welsh priest, whose tongue had been torn out, and who had been otherwise horribly mutilated, was found able to speak as distinctly and loudly as ever, on the day after it was thought that his voice had been silenced for ever. Vengeance soon overtook the perpetrators of these deeds. Magnus, the son of Olaf, king of Norway, had made himself master of the Hebrides and of Man, and now, with the son of Harold, the last Saxon monarch of England, was obstinately determined to make an attempt upon this country. For this purpose he sailed from Man to Anglesey, expecting, as William of Malmesbury says, to gain that island, and make it the starting-point in his campaign. As his ships approached the shore, however, he found not friendly Britons, (for Gruffydd had once allowed him to take the timber which he required to refit his fleet, and had given him a princely welcome,) but hostile Normans, ready to receive him. In the battle which ensued neither army was victorious. On the side of the Normans, Earl Hugh of Shrewsbury fell:—Hugh *Goch*, as the Welsh called him,—“the red-headed.” His spirited horse rushed into the sea towards the tall vessel of the Norwegian prince, who stood on the prow, and with his bow dealt death into the ranks drawn up on the sands. The earl was clothed with mail, no part being exposed except his eyes, at which Magnus aimed an arrow, which penetrated to his brain. As he sprang from his saddle in the mortal throes, the sea-king shouted in exultation, *Leit Ioup*, “Let him leap;” and

his followers hurried from their vessels, and made good their landing; whilst their adversaries, shocked at the loss of their leader, slowly retired. Ordericus Vitalis says that the Welsh made presents to Magnus; and well they might, for we learn from their own chroniclers that they regarded that fatal shaft as guided by the hand of God to its mark. Anglesey was speedily evacuated; Hugh of Chester departing over the Menai Straits again, with all his army, "great and small," say the *Annales*; and Magnus, renouncing his plans of conquest, "suddenly" taking leave of those whom he had so opportunely aided. His landing is worthy of especial notice, as the last attempt made by one of his nation upon Britain.

Owain appears to have received some sort of lordship in North Wales, which Hugh Vrás still kept possession of; but the ignominious epithet *Vradwr*, "the Traitor," was attached to his name; and in 1105, "after a long sickness," the *Annales* tell us, he died. In 1099, A. D., Cadwgan ab Bleddyn returned from Ireland, and made his submission to the Normans, receiving some part of the territory which he claimed, as a vassal of William. Later in the year Gruffydd himself came back, although others say that he remained in Ireland for two years; and he began his endeavour to recover his kingdom at the same point he had first attacked in gaining it,—Anglesey.

The death of William Rufus, and the accession of Henry I., which gave to Wales a politic as well as an unscrupulous enemy, instead of one who was little more than a soldier, happened in the next year, 1100, A. D. In the year following Hugh of Chester died; the leaders of the first bands which overran the principality were now passing away. A story is told in connexion with Fitz-Hamon's death, which is in a somewhat milder mood than those we have seen. The knight was hunting near Boverton, it is said, when he fell from his horse and broke his leg. As he lay on the ground perfectly helpless, he saw a fully-armed Welshman passing that way, whom he recognised, when he came near, as one of those he had robbed of their estates, and he looked for nothing less than death. The Kymro, however, to the Norman's amazement, carefully raised him, and bore him to a cottage in the midst of the forest, where he set the broken limb, and then sent for the knight's own attendants, to nurse him till he should recover. When he was able to remove, Fitz-Hamon would fain have pressed great rewards upon the Briton, but he stedfastly refused them, and said, "Thou didst not only take away my property, but didst slay my wife, my children, and most of my kindred, and all thy wealth could not recompense me for what I have lost by thee; but I would not retaliate upon a disabled foe. Go home now in peace, and be well assured that it is not want of will, but want of power, which keeps my fellow countrymen, who never did thee any injury, from revenging themselves on those who have despoiled them." This remarkable address, we are told, made Sir Robert depart very sorrowful; and when he reached his own castle he called together his followers, and ordered restitution to be made to all who had not personally engaged in war with him, and set the country free from the bondage under which it had groaned. But from that time out, he never enjoyed health, and died at last of raving madness. Such is the story, which is not a very satisfactory one; and which omits to notice the fact that Fitz-Hamon actually

came by his death at the siege of Falaise, in 1107, A. D. : but it deserves insertion, were it only that it shows that the inventor of it was desirous of gaining credit for the Welsh, as superior in gentleness to the chivalric barons of England.

One of these barons we have seen wedded to a Kymraes ; we ought to observe that many of them endeavoured to acquire a species of claim upon the regard of the Welsh by doing so. Others, less honourable, made distinguished females their mistresses. Henry himself, whose morals were by no means so pure as some have pretended, had one or two sons by Nest, daughter of Rhys ab Tewdwr, who lived with him "as a pretended wife" in Cardiff Castle ; and who obtained wider fame, as the occasion of much evil, afterwards. Bernard de Neuf-Marche, conqueror and lord of Brycheiniog, had married another Nest, who after his death disgraced herself by an intrigue with one of his soldiers. Her son, who had succeeded to the estates, in wrath slew the paramour ; and she, to revenge herself, (as the story goes,) swore to the king that he was not Neuf-Marché's son, but another man's ; and thus, at the expense of her own reputation, she procured his ejection from the lands, which were given to Milo Fitz-Walter, who married Sybil, daughter of this same Nest, but, according to her mother's own account, illegitimate. These fragments of history, illustrative of the manners of the times, and the relations of the conquerors and the conquered in Wales, we insert, and resume the thread of our story.

In the second year of Henry, Robert de Belesme, whose treatment of the Welsh we have heard of from Ordericus Vitalis, raised a rebellion against the king. For the contest had begun between Henry and his brother Robert, who had returned from the Holy Land, respecting the Duchy of Normandy ; and there were many who thought that the latter had been hardly dealt with by both his brothers, and some took his side because they were discontented with the king. De Belesme was one of the most powerful nobles of the realm ; he was Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury, and had other great possessions, both here and abroad. Henry lost no time in advancing against his insubordinate vassal ; first attacking Arundel castle, and changing the siege into a blockade when he found the place could not readily be carried, that the revolt might not grow too strong for him in Shropshire. Robert had well fortified and provisioned his other castle at Bridgenorth ; and the Welsh, who were "inclined to evil on every occasion," (so says William of Malmesbury,) joined him. Florence of Worcester represents the rebellious lord as purchasing the assistance of the Welsh with gifts and honours ; and as conducting a species of marauding warfare against the nearest parts of England, and always retreating with his spoils into Wales. Cadwgan and Gruffydd ab Rhys were with him, according to Ordericus Vitalis ; but the *Brut y Tywysogion* does not mention the latter, and adds Iorwerth and Meredydd, the other sons of Bleddyn. When Henry discovered the strength of the rebels, he resolved upon detaching the British auxiliaries, and sending for some of them in secret, (the *Brut* says it was Iorwerth alone,) he succeeded ; by outbidding De Belesme, in persuading them to give up his cause. Those who remained faithful, finding that Iorwerth was actually co-operating with Henry, despaired of success ; the castle surrendered, the Welsh

taking refuge in their mountains; whilst Robert and his brothers Arnould and Roger were deprived of their English lands, and banished, till they should have proved their obedience to the king. After Henry had returned to London, Iorwerth, desirous of commending his newly-sworn fidelity, having captured his brother Meredydd, "put him into the king's prison;" and gave to Cadwgan, who had obtained pardon, Caredigion and part of Powys. He himself then went to receive from Henry the lands in Powys, Caredigion, and Dyved, which had been promised him. But the king, who had no fear of rebellion now, bestowed the moiety of Dyved upon a knight of his own train; and took away Ystrad Tywy, Kidweli, and Gower, and gave them to Hywel ab Gronwy, so that Iorwerth was robbed instead of rewarded. And next year worse befell him, for he was summoned by the bishop of London, whom Henry had made Warden of the Marches, to Shrewsbury, under the pretence of a consultation about the state of affairs, and was there seized and committed to prison, as a traitor.

The want of union amongst the Kymry becomes more painfully apparent as we proceed. The divisions which prevailed amongst the Normans, and which put off so long the inevitable hour of the subjugation of Cambria, were almost compensated for by the strifes between the Welsh chieftains, which were aggravated by the share which they took in the jealousies and contentions of their conquerors. Wales experienced too now more than ever the miserable lot of the vanquished, as the following instance will show. Four years after Hywel ab Gronwy had been made lord of Ystrad Tywy and the neighbourhood, he was besieged in his castle of Rhydcors by Fitz-Baldwin, who held the moiety of Dyved, and driven out of his lands, where the victor, according to the *Annales*, "made great spoil." But Hywel soon returned, and took vengeance for this unprovoked raid, destroying the crops, burning the houses, carrying off the cattle, and slaying the Normans, especially as they retreated to England; and so reducing the whole country to submission, except the castles. Henry, displeased at this, took Dyved away from the knight he had bestowed it upon, and gave it to that Gerald, whom we have seen as steward to Arnould. Next year the result of the change appeared; for the Normans hired Gwgan ab Meirig, whose wife had nursed one of Hywel's children, to betray him to them. He therefore invited the prince to a merry-making, and sent word to the castle. About break of day, whilst Hywel was sleeping, the Norman men-at-arms beset the house, and waked him by their shouting; when he sprang out of bed, he could not find his arms, (for Gwgan had removed them,) and suspecting treachery, called to his followers; but they had all fled, and instead of them came Gwgan and his party, who strangled him, and cut off his head, which was carried to Rhydcors castle. The Chronicle adds, that no judicial notice whatever was taken of this murder.

In the year in which Hywel ab Gronwy was killed, Owain the son of Cadwgan ab Bleddyn began his career of violence and bloodshed, by putting to death Meirig and Gruffydd, the sons of that Trahaearn, who had succeeded Bleddyn in Gwynedd, to the exclusion of his children. And in the next year, Meredydd, whom we saw imprisoned in a royal castle by his brother Iorwerth, broke his bonds, and escaped to his estates, which (so the Chronicle of Caradoc says) were restored to him by the king, as one

must suppose, in acknowledgment of the injustice of his captivity. About this same time, Henry sent his brother Robert, whom he had captured, to Cardiff castle, for safe keeping; an event which belongs to English history, and does not require more particular notice here.

When William of Malmesbury narrates the failure of the expeditions of Rufus against the Welsh, he places Henry's prudence in contrast with his brother's recklessness; for William seems to have relied solely upon military force, but Henry "discovered a mode of counteracting their designs, which was, by stationing the Flemings in their country, to be a barrier to them, and constantly to keep them within bounds." We have heard of men of Brabant in the "free companies," which the Norman adventurers employed in their campaigns in Wales; and it seems that some of them settled in the land they had helped to win. But others beside mercenary soldiers had come to England from the Low Countries, where repeated inundations had driven out the people of whole cities and provinces; who sought a refuge here, bringing with them skill which at the time was little understood or appreciated. In another part of his History, Malmesbury says, that England in Henry's time "contained such numbers of these Flemings, who had come over in his father's time, from national relationship to his mother, that the country seemed to be overburdened with them. Wherefore, with the twofold intent of cleansing the kingdom, and of repressing the brutal audacity of the enemy, he settled them with all their property and possessions in Ross, a Welsh province, as in a common receptacle." It was in 1108, A. D., as we learn from the *Annales*, that this industrial colony was begun in what we may designate the military frontier of the kingdom; and a few years later it was increased by the transfer of those who had settled in Northumbria thither. One chronicler says that the first detachment "disappeared;" and when we see how fiercely they were assailed by the half-savage mountaineers they were placed amongst, we shall not wonder that such should have been its fate. This cannot, however, be confidently asserted on such authority. The account which Giraldus Cambrensis gives of them in his Itinerary is highly interesting; and from it we are assured of the wisdom of Henry's proceeding, as well as of the low state of the arts of life in England, when such men should be looked upon as a pest to a country; and be ordered, like a "forlorn hope," or a "condemned regiment," to a station where there was the barest apparent possibility that their energy would enable them to overcome the difficulties and opposition which surrounded them.*

In 1109, A. D., the *Annales* record that Owain ab Cadwgan destroyed castle Kenarch, and was sent to Ireland, but returned the same year. The tale which is alluded to is sadly characteristic of the men and of the age, and must therefore be inserted. Gerald de Windesore, who had built Pembroke castle in the preceding year, was married to that Nest, who had been king Henry's mistress, and at the Christmas feast of Cadwgan

* Along the crest of the mountains in South Wales, in an old map, was marked *Via Flandrensica*; this Thierry regards as a monument of the numbers of Brabançons who were in the army of Strongbow when he went to subdue Dyved. It seems, however, more probable that it should be so named after these industrial colonies of Henry I.

ab Bleddyn, she either was present with her husband, or was praised with enthusiasm for her beauty. Owain ab Cadwgan determined to make her his own; and obtaining admission to Gerald's castle, on the ground of his relationship to his wife, he set fire to it in the night, and surrounded Gerald's chamber that he might carry Nest off in the confusion. She, fearing for her lord, persuaded him to escape from the castle by a secret way; and he was scarcely gone when Owain's men broke into the room, and after searching about in vain for Gerald, took away Nest with her children, and two others whom a mistress had borne to him. They then with much spoil, for robbery attended every violence in Wales, retreated. Nest persuaded Owain to send Gerald's children back; but she remained with her ravisher. The resolute ecclesiastic, who was Warden of the Marches, hearing of this outrage, sent for Idwal and Madog, the sons of Rhiryd, and Llywarch ab Trahaearn, with Uchtryd ab Edwyn, and promised them great rewards if they would either take or kill Cadwgan and Owain. These four, therefore, collected a force, and advanced against the proscribed princes: but Uchtryd, from patriotic feelings it appears, gave notice beforehand, and secretly, that all who desired safety should resort to him. Many attended to his warning, and were saved; others fled to Ystrad Tywy, and Meredydd ab Rhydderch protected them. But some in their terror went to Arwystli and Melienyth, where Walter, the bishop of Hereford, met them and slew them; and others to Dyved, and were cut off by Gerald. When they reached Cadwgan's castle, Uchtryd dissuaded his companions from making a night attack, which must have been successful; and set them upon an ambuscade, which was, he said, both safer and more easy. In consequence, both Cadwgan and Owain escaped; the former into Powys, and the latter to Aberystwith, and thence to Ireland. Uchtryd was of course blamed as the cause of the failure; but though they lost the rewards which the Warden had promised, they repaid themselves by plundering the whole country excepting Llanbadarn and Llandewi Brevi; and returned with their prisoners and their booty to their own places again. Cadwgan contrived to get a message delivered to the king declaring his innocency; Henry therefore permitted him to remain in Wales, but he had at first only the lands which he held in right of his wife, who was a daughter of Pigot de Saye; for Madog and Idwal had divided his possessions in Powys between them, and managed them evilly enough, being always in disagreement also. Afterwards, on the payment of a fine of one hundred pounds to the king, he received his lands in Caredigion again; but he was obliged to promise not to give shelter or succour to his graceless son.

In connexion with the restoration of Caredigion to Cadwgan, occurs the mention of a royal edict, prohibiting both Normans and Welsh from settling there, which one must suppose was in favour of the men of Flanders; but when Cadwgan received his own again, he was permitted to have his people about him. From this we perceive that the Norman conquest of Wales, like the Saxon conquest of Britain, did not dispossess the whole of the aboriginal inhabitants; and that in fact the Welsh lived in general under the new lords of Kymru just as the Britons did in "Welsh-kind," and even in the midland districts of England. This is a circumstance which re-

quires notice, as it was one of the features of the state of the country under its new masters.

Henry's treatment of Wales was not uniform. He was wise and merciful in some things; in others he was very different. Hence he could not subjugate it. Here is another instance to be added to those we have seen before, of the indulgence of mere whim. In 1110, A. D., the king bethought him of Iorwerth ab Bleddyn, who had been now seven years in prison, for no crime, nor for any apparent purpose; so he sent a messenger to him, and asked what he would pay for his freedom. The Welsh chieftain was too glad to regain his liberty at any price, and agreed to pay three hundred pounds, or cattle, or horses, to that value; upon which he was released, and permitted to have his land again. Henry gave, for some unexplained reason, ten pounds of this money to Henry, the son of Cadwgan by Pigot's daughter. The real cause of this tardy and grudging justice to Iorwerth may perhaps be discovered in what we have next to relate.

The *Annales* told us that Owain was sent to Ireland; he there found protection with Murcart, a king to whom he had carried presents when both Gruffydd and Cadwgan had been compelled to flee from Anglesey. We were also informed that before the end of the same year he returned again. From the *Brut* which has given us the larger account we have narrated, we learn that Owain lurked in the woods and mountains of Powys, for some time after his return from Ireland; for all were afraid to assist him, and none dare undertake to plead for him with the king. But a quarrel arose between Madog ab Rhiryd and the Warden of the Marches, about some English felons, who had crossed the border and taken refuge with the Welsh chief; and whom he would not give up at the bishop's demand. As this refusal was equivalent to rebellion, Madog sent for Owain, and they swore a friendship with each other, such as we have seen more than once sworn before bishops of Llandaff, and which was no more faithfully observed now than in those instances. They agreed that neither should betray the other, nor make any terms with the king, or any of his officers, without the other; and thereupon proceeded to burn and spoil the land of "such as they loved not," and to destroy all that they met with. Next year Iorwerth was restored, and the two freebooters always retired with their spoil into some part of his estates, so that it should appear that he harboured them. Iorwerth sent to request them not to occasion the forfeiture of his or Cadwgan's land, but they resorted so much the more to it; and then he gathered his men together and forcibly drove them out. They next tried to get shelter in the lordship of Uchtryd in Meirionydd, but his sons bade the people keep them out; a command which they obeyed with such good will that Owain was compelled to flee to Caredigion, and Madog to Powys. The *Annales* say that Owain and his companion burned Meirionydd. In the south Owain made hostile incursions into Dyved, and obtained so much wealth by his spoil, and the ransom of his prisoners, that he soon found himself the leader of a considerable band, with which he fell upon a town of the Flemings and burned it; and then, without regarding the king's displeasure or his father's risk, retired to Caredigion. Shortly afterwards, a bishop, named William de Brabant, was journeying through those parts, on his way to Henry's court;

so Owain and his brigands, hearing of it, laid wait for him, and slew him with his retinue. Now it happened, that at this very time Iorwerth and Cadwgan were in attendance upon the king, and whilst they were speaking with him, a Fleming came in, and told what Owain had done, adding that he received shelter and aid in Cadwgan's land. Henry at once turned to Cadwgan, who tried to put all the blame upon his son; but the king in a great rage told him, that since he could not restrain his son, he would give the land to one who could: then, having promised to see that he did not lack what became his state so long as he lived, he charged him, after twenty days not to enter Wales without special permission; but he allowed him to retire to any other part of the kingdom he pleased. Madog, as it seems, had rejoined his lawless companion; and as soon as they heard how Cadwgan had lost his lands, they made all haste to Ireland, thinking Wales no longer safe for them.

Cadwgan's land was given to a Norman earl, whose name was Gilbert Fitz-Richard, whom the English called *Strongbow*. His faithfulness to the king had been proved, the chronicler says, and therefore he had leave to go and conquer this province if he could; and he did go, with a cheerful heart, which assured him success; such as, indeed, attended him, as more than one fortress of Pembrokeshire shows. It is said that so many English adventurers embarked in this expedition, that the region they dwelt in after the country had been subdued, was called *Anglia transvalliana*.

At the end of this year, 1110, A. D., Madog ab Rhiryd, finding the manners and condition of the Irish disagreeable, (thus runs the story,) returned to Wales, and hid himself in the woods in his uncle Iorwerth's lordship; who immediately gave commandment to his tenants to treat him as an enemy. Madog upon this formed a league with Llywarch ab Trahaearn, and gathered together all the unthrifts and outlaws he could find. Soon they heard that Iorwerth was to pass the night at Caereinion, and thither they went, and in the darkness attacked the house, and set it on fire. A few of the inmates fought their way through the band of desperadoes who surrounded the place; but the most, and with them the unhappy prince himself, were driven back and perished in the burning building. We ascribe it to the chronicler's want of dramatic power, that he represents Henry now, not only as giving to Cadwgan his brother's share of Powys; but as desiring him to send for his son Owain to Ireland, that he might pardon him. It appears, however, that Madog had hoped to receive that land himself, and therefore, happening with Cadwgan at Trallwng, where he was about to build himself a castle, he fell upon him suddenly and slew him. For some unexplained reasons, this Cadwgan has received great praise from the more recent of the old writers of Welsh history. Camden calls him "a renowned Briton;" and others celebrate the order into which he brought his territories, and praise him as "having ever an eye and respect unto the king." The assassin had trusted by this deed of blood to commend himself to the bishop of London, who hated Cadwgan and Owain, and who had promised to reward him for his services against them; and he sent to remind him of his word; but Meredydd ab Bleddyn repaired to the king, and obtained Iorwerth's lands. And now Owain ventured to return from Ireland; and giving security to Henry, and promising

better things for the future, was pardoned. Madog also procured his pardon by paying a fine; only the king bade him at his own peril take heed of the kinsfolk of those he had killed; a warning which was not unnecessary. For Meredydd, making an inroad into the jurisdiction of Llywarch ab Trahaearn, two years afterwards, in 1113, A. D., learned where Madog was, from one of his followers whom he took prisoner and forced to confess. He then had him seized, and sent for Owain, who abated something from the revenge he owed for his father's murder, because of the friendship he had sworn with Madog, and instead of killing, he only blinded him, and let him go. Meredydd and Owain then shared his lands (those we suppose which the Warden had allowed him to hold; although how they could do so without reference to him is not clear) between them.

The first military expedition of Henry I. against the Welsh was undertaken in the year 1114, A. D., and the English writers say very little about it. "At Midsummer," thus the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle records the event, though Florence of Worcester places it later, "he entered Wales with an army, and the Welsh came and treated with the king, and he caused castles to be built in that country." And the old *Annales* simply mention his coming, making peace, and returning. The *Bruts* have a famous story of the representations by which Strongbow and the Earl of Chester (they do not mention any lords of the intermediate Marches) prevailed upon the king to enter upon this great raid: for it says very truly, "they who had gained part of the country wished for all." Here was Owain ab Cadwgan harbouring thieves and plunderers, greatly to Strongbow's sorrow;—and there, Gruffydd ab Cynan, (whom we are glad to have met with once more, though it is not under the happiest circumstances,) and Gronwy ab Owain, lord of Tegengl, suffered their followers to ravage the earldom of Chester, and moreover, the said Gruffydd had of late years given up paying the tribute which he was bound to send to the king, which troubled the Earl of Chester greatly. Henry's ire was effectually roused, and he swore (but it was an oath which that monarch who so lightly regarded his vows—William Rufus,—and the Normans, who tried in vain to recover Brycheiniog, had twice before taken and not kept) that he would not leave a living thing in Gwynedd and Powys. His armament was on so vast a scale that he could afford to divide it into three, putting one portion under the command of Gilbert Strongbow for the subjugation of South Wales, (about which he had made no vow!) and a second under Alexander, king of Scotland, and the Earl of Chester, to reduce North Wales; whilst he led the third himself, but without any special destination. Meredydd ab Bleddyn, alarmed at either the oath or the army, yielded himself to Henry's mercy; but Owain ab Cadwgan joined Gruffydd ab Cynan. Henry then, as sole commander, led the whole of his forces into North Wales, where he found that the Kymry had retreated to the mountains, carrying all their moveable property and cattle with them; and that he could not send any of his men into the defiles without losing them. From this point the story takes a double form: one account says that Meredydd persuaded Owain to return to his allegiance, and that Gruffydd afterwards paid a great sum of money for peace, for he had never given Henry such trouble as

Owain had, and therefore could not expect to be let off so lightly;—the other, that Alexander, wily Scot as he was, went and persuaded each of the princes that the other had already submitted to the king, contrary to the terms of their alliance, and thus entrapped both. Henry is said also to have been so charmed with Owain's gallantry, that he pressed him to serve under him in Normandy, which he did, and was rewarded with the honour of knighthood; and, what was much more satisfactory, he received his lands again at the end of the year. We have not space for an examination of this story, and it is unnecessary. In the following year we find another prince turned brigand, and can glean some fresh knowledge of the features of these times.

Gruffydd ab Rhys had been visiting his frail sister Nest, and it was rumoured that he purposed to seize South Wales. Henry, displeased at this, sent word to take him prisoner; but the command could not be obeyed, for he fled to Gruffydd ab Cynan, his father's ancient ally, (whom now we do really see once more,) who "received him joyously." But Henry summoned the prince of Gwynedd to his court, and by some valuable gifts, and the promise of "mountains of gold," induced him to send his guest, or his head, to London. With this detestable purpose in his mind he "returned home right joyfully." But he babbled of his undertaking in his cups, and Gruffydd ab Rhys heard of it, and fled for refuge to the church at Aberdaron, and the clerics would not let the sanctuary be violated. The *Annales* say that many of his family were slain, and that he with difficulty escaped. Certain it is that he got away to South Wales, where he commenced a rebellion by an attack on the Flemings. During the remainder of this year, and in the following, he stormed many castles, and gained much booty; was chosen by the people prince of Caredigion, and won the title of "the light, and honour, and prop of Deheubarth," from the admiring Britons. His repulse at Aberystwith is the only event which can be particularly described,* and that solely because the old chronicler has given us so graphic an account of it. Gruffydd's men had met with such success that they did not apprehend any reverse, nor did their leader; and none were aware that Ralph, who held the castle for Earl Fitz-Richard, had procured a reinforcement in the night. Wherefore they all went in a disorderly manner to a rising ground opposite the castle, there being a river crossed by a bridge, and a space on both sides of the river, between them and the town; and there they consulted how they should take it. Towards evening the besieged grew tired of waiting for the attack, and Ralph, sending out some men-at-arms on foot to entice the Welsh to a skirmish, placed some of his horsemen in ambush, to cut them off if they were ensnared by his device; which they were, for Gruffydd's men pressed ever closer to the bridge, fighting in a desultory manner with the Norman soldiers; when suddenly issued forth a single horseman, who made for the bridge, as though he would have passed it, but the

* The scheme for defending Caermarthen castle by commanders, who should hold it in turn for a fortnight each, the first of whom, Owain ab Caradawg, Gruffydd slew,—the flight of William de Londres, one of Fitzhamon's knights, which gave Gruffydd one castle more than he expected,—and the unfortunate act of sacrilege by which he brought defeat on himself, the taking of some cattle out of the circuit of sanctuary at Llanbadarn, so "wronging the church,"—must, with other incidents, be sought in the old chronicles.

Welsh wounded his horse with a pike, so that it fell dead with him before he could regain the ranks of the foot. They then, as if in panic, fled towards the castle, and the Welsh followed them tumultuously to the top of the hill; whereupon the horsemen in ambush sallied out, and stopped the return of the Britons to the bridge, whilst the retreating foot as suddenly renewed their attack upon them, all disordered and heated with the pursuit. They were slightly armed, and no rescue could come to them, so they were almost every one slain. Gruffydd's army, astonished at this apparition of armed horsemen, which they looked not for, and fearing their companions' fate, immediately turned back, and departed the country.

The scheme of the English king on this, as on other occasions, (according to the *Bruts*,) was to commission one of the other Welsh chieftains to prove his fidelity, by contriving the death of Gruffydd; and Owain ab Cadwgan was chosen for this work. He with Llywarch ab Trahaearn set out, and were about to join Robert Earl of Gloucester, of whom we shall speak in another place, when Owain overtook in a forest some people who were endeavouring to escape, for the whole country was alarmed at the preparations made against Gruffydd. He seized their cattle, and slew some of the men, but the rest fled; and meeting with Gerald de Windesore, who was on his way to aid Robert of Gloucester, engaged him to assist them; and he, apparently bent on revenging Owain's violation of the honour of his wife, advanced against him. Owain believed that he came as a friend, till a flight of arrows showed him his mistake; when he cheered his followers on to return the attack of the Flemings, as he called them; but before a blow could be exchanged, the turbulent son of Cadwgan had fallen, stricken through with an arrow. His followers fled, and the panic spread to all the Welsh who had come together, who speedily dispersed; and thus the expedition came to nought.

Fresh border invasions provoked Henry to attempt the reduction of the principality in person again; and in 1121, A. D., (for we must omit the notice of some feuds and murders,) in the summer-time, he entered the country with a sufficient army, and penetrated to Snowdon, according to one English account; although the *Annales* speak of invading Powys only. It will be unnecessary to give here the amplified story of the later chroniclers, which interpret the moderation displayed by him, into fear of the Britons, who, nevertheless, are described as fleeing into the woods and mountains. One fact alone deserves mention, because William of Malmesbury's narrative of it has not been correctly followed. Whilst the army was "marching cautiously and slowly upon its own ground, not in an enemy's territory, and therefore nothing less was to be expected than a hostile attack," an arrow from a distance was secretly aimed at the king, but by whom could never be known; which nothing but the strong mail of his hauberk prevented from piercing his breast. Henry himself declared, "by the death of our Lord," (which was his favourite oath,) that it was never let fly by a Welshman. "Nevertheless," adds this admirable chronicler, "he desisted not from his purpose through fear of intestine danger, until the Welsh appeased the commotion of his royal spirit, by giving the sons of their nobility as hostages, together with some money, and much of their substance." In confirmation of which we may appeal to the *Annales*,

in which it is specified, that he received ten thousand head of cattle from the nobles, before he returned. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says he obtained his own terms. However greatly the chroniclers of later times have misrepresented this event, the effect of it was, at the time, as we shall soon have occasion to remark, exactly accordant with the words of Florence of Worcester, who says that Henry "totally subdued Wales"

CHAPTER XVII.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM THE CONQUEST OF THE COUNTRY BY HENRY I. TO THE FIRST EXPEDITION OF HENRY II.

INDICATIONS of the final fall of Cambrian independence, such as we have noticed in the late historical chapters, grow in number and significance during the space of which we now speak. Internal disorder, accompanied by crimes of the most revolting character, whenever the pressure of Norman invasion was removed; hot haste in provoking future invasion, whenever the weakness or distraction of the military government of England permitted the indulgence of the insatiable taste for rapine; the swan-song of the bards, rising higher and ever higher as the inevitable day drew on;—these show us too plainly the direction in which events are tending. Nor less remarkable amongst the features of the times, for the intellectual activity of the people was now thoroughly aroused, are the Chronicles, which, handed down to us under the names of Geoffrey of Monmouth and Caradog of Llangarvan, we have so frequently referred to. Nor ought we to omit a passing mention of Bardism, which in these ages assumed a systematic form, and was, perhaps, the religion of those who now inspired the patriotism and informed the minds of the Kymry; nor of the prophetic verses, ascribed to Myrddin the Great, or to Taliesin, which held out to the ardent and impressible Welsh the hope of a complete and irreversible reinstatement in the possession of the entire isle of Britain. For this mental excitement, attending such events as those we have to describe, was most evidently the fever-flush, which told how feeble was the nation which so pertinaciously resisted the last conquerors of Lloegria. The character of the times may also be discerned, by a glance at the histories which have been compiled from the most ancient annals of Wales, for they present the same aspect, which we remarked at an earlier period as the sure sign of the want of all traces of the story, legendary or authentic, of the times,—the large insertion of the incidents of contemporaneous English history, although quite unconnected with Welsh affairs. The *Annales* also, for year after year together, record only murders and outrages, committed by the petty princes against

men of their own families, and most frequently without any assignable reason. These narratives we shall, as far as possible, condense, and endeavour to give prominence to all which shows, in a less painful and more instructive form, the current of the national fortunes.

How effective was Henry the First's conquest of Wales, the Chronicles incidentally, but surely, prove. For more than twelve years, not a single affray between the Britons and the Normans or Flemings is recorded; the warlike energies of the Kymry found a frightful exercise in intestine strife, and passions the most ignoble prompted treacherous slaughters, and deeds of cruelty and violence, still more horrible. In the year 1122, A. D., we are told that Gruffydd ab Rhys slew Gruffydd ab Sulhaearn; and Einion ab Cadwgan died, bequeathing that part of Powys and Meirionydd which he had acquired, to his brother Meredydd; but Meredydd ab Bleddyn, his uncle, seized it and kept it for himself, out of which nothing but evil could grow. During the same year, also, Henry restored Idwal ab Rhiryd to liberty, who returned to his former lands, hoping, but in vain, to have received the lordship of them again. Before its close Cadwallawn and Owain, the sons of Gruffydd ab Cynan, led a force into Meirionydd, seemingly to punish Meredydd ab Bleddyn, and they ravaged the country almost unopposed, and carried off many men and much cattle; then passing into the lands of Llywarch ab Trahaearn, who had joined Meredydd's sons against them, they spoiled them in the same way. Apparently by Meredydd's procuring, Idwal ab Rhiryd was slain next year by Gruffydd ab Meredydd; for he was nephew to the prince of Powys, who was apprehensive of fresh contests respecting the possessions he had made his own. About the same time, Cadwallawn, Gruffydd ab Cynan's son, slew his three uncles, Gronw, Rhiryd, and Meilyr, the sons of Owain ab Edwyn; and Meredydd ab Cadwgan was killed by his brother Morgan, who after a few years, repenting of so great a crime, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and died at the island of Cyprus on his way home.

Such are the evidences of the distracted state of Wales. An interval of two years, perfectly blank, follows; and then we hear that Gruffydd ab Rhys, the titular prince of Dinevwr, was dispossessed of the lands he held under Henry; for, say the later chroniclers, the Normans had falsely and invidiously accused him of disloyalty.* How he recovered them we shall soon hear. The dates of these events are very variously given by Powell's edition of Humphrey Lhuyd's "Historie of Cambria," and other more modern works; we have therefore followed the MS. of the *Annales*. This is not, however, the only difficulty which, as in the former part of our work, so greatly impeded our reception of what otherwise might have been regarded as credible history. In the

* One of the larger accounts of this transaction is the following. When Gruffydd was by the king's command attacked, for the purpose of being dispossessed, he first, as a most peaceable man might do, sent to know the meaning of the proceedings adopted against him, and not receiving any answer, prepared to defend himself. Being joined by Hywel ab Meredydd, chief of Brycheiniog, he drove the Norman and Flemish soldiers out of his territories, with the least possible bloodshed, and then despatched some of his principal nobles, under the safeguard of the Bishop of St. David's, to the English court, to learn what his offence was. He was not informed, we are told, but this embassy concluded the war. How inconsistent an invention this is, we do not need to show.

record of the next year's events, 1127, A. D., we find the parts taken by the two principal persons concerned exactly reversed. The *Annales* say that Llywelyn ab Owain was taken prisoner by his uncle Meredydd; whilst Powell's Lhuyd tells us that Llywelyn ab Owain ab Cadwgan took Meredydd ab Llywarch, and delivered him to Payne Fitz-John, (a baron whose name we shall meet with again,) who confined him in Bridgenorth castle. In the following year, the *Annales* place the death of this Meredydd ab Llywarch by the hand of Ieuav ab Owain; and it is stated that he had killed his relations, the sons of Meirig, and blinded his kinsmen, the two sons of Gruffydd, and commanded Bleddyn to blind his two brothers. The Llywelyn who, according to our old MS., had so narrow an escape from the clutches of this monster, in 1129, A. D., revenged himself by slaying Meredydd's brother Iorwerth; and then Meredydd ab Bleddyn, the Powysian prince, seized him, and barbarously mutilated him, and put out his eyes. Llywarch's other sons, in this year, killed Ieuav ab Owain, who had slain their brother Meredydd. Lhuyd says that this Ieuav had blinded his two brothers, and banished them; and that Meredydd ab Bleddyn put him to death. Madog, another son of Llywarch, (and his father with him, say the less ancient authorities,) was slain by his kinsman Meirig; and he himself, it is added, was soon afterwards killed; although the *Annales* represent him as deprived of his sight alone. In the next year after that punishment, Iorwerth ab Owain was slain; and Cadwallawn, who was heir-apparent to the throne of Gwynedd, fell by the hand of his cousin Cadwgan, whose father, Gronw, he had murdered. Later accounts state that it was Einion ab Owain, another of his uncles, who slew him at Nanheudwy. Finally, for we are anxious to bring to a close this sorrowful section of our tale, Meredydd ab Bleddyn, "who had," says the imaginary Caradog, "by hook and by crook gotten to himself all his nephews' land, and so was the greatest lord in Powys," died;—in old age, the *Brut y Tywysogion* relates, "a circumstance of rare occurrence in the family of Bleddyn ab Cynvyn." After a void interval of three years, the death of Henry I. is recorded, and a new scene opens.

It was in 1135, A. D., that the Britons heard of the removal of their dreaded conqueror; and instantly they renounced their allegiance to the English crown, and prepared for another struggle for their national freedom. Their revolt, after a servitude of so many years, without any overt act of insubordination, beyond what was of constant occurrence in the most peaceful times of feudalism, took the Normans completely by surprise; and as the advantage in every conflict, at the outset, was with the Kymry, before the end of the year the outbreak had gained too much way for the unaided power of the Lords of the Marches. Already, as we learn from Ordericus Vitalis, the visions of Myrddin were pondered with the same hope that led men to consult the Sibylline Books in the time of the Roman empire,—the hope, namely, that from them some assurance, respecting the advent of events which were desired, might be obtained. And as in that case, so in this of Wales, it required no oracle to tell the immediate future; and, on that account, they who fancied they could read in the words of the seers the promises of a brighter morrow, were the more fanatical in their belief that

such a day should come, the less the signs of the times confirmed their expectation. Beside this, which fired the Welsh with more than their wonted courage, there was no small perplexity among the Norman lords; for Stephen of Blois was thought by many to be no lawful king; and the oath of allegiance which he had sworn so eagerly to Matilda, before she was married to Geoffrey Plantagenet, and had so daringly violated by taking the throne, was remembered with terror by the men whom nothing which they could oppose sword in hand could alarm. We shall not deviate from our course to describe the contests which now arose in England; nor shall we allude to them, except where reference is necessary to make our proper narrative intelligible. It will occur to all our readers, that such a war as that between Stephen and Matilda, must needs afford to the Welsh the opportunities they most coveted of revenging their later wrongs upon those who had seemed unassailable; and the effect of this respite, in lengthening the process of subjugation, will be anticipated.

At the very beginning of the next year, 1136, A. D., the war was renewed; the first success of the Welsh is recorded by the author of the *Gesta Stephani*, who says, that the rebels, overrunning Gower, attacked above five hundred Norman soldiers, who hastily formed themselves into a solid wedge, in the hope of forcing their way through the multitudes of the insurgents, and were all cut to pieces; and that thereupon the revolt spread along the whole border,* and so serious were the raids made into the English territory, that Stephen perceived that he must do something to repress it, and did send some horse with archers against the invaders, but without putting a stop to their incursions. In April, a Norman baron of some note fell,—Richard Fitz-Gilbert, Earl of Clare. He had begged some considerable favour of Stephen, and chagrined at being refused, was making his way to his earldom in Pembroke, where his influence was considerable, with the intention of raising his standard as a partisan of the empress, or even on his own account, against the usurping Earl of Boulogne. He appears to have been a man of mark, and his hostility might have precipitated the fall of Stephen. As he journeyed through the vale of Gronwy, Brian of Wallingford, one of the “Marquesses,” with his retainers, accompanied him, and they spoke of what should be done to chastise the upstart who held the sceptre of England. At the entrance of a forest, since called Coed Dias, he courteously dismissed the Lord Marcher, as unwilling to take him too far from his castle, and proceeded along the wood-paths with his own little band. They were in the garb of peace, for Fitz-Gilbert trusted to the weight of his name with the Kymry; and before him rode a minstrel, who now by his rote, and now by merry lay, cheered and enlivened their journey. Suddenly there burst out of the thickets upon them, Morgan ab Owain (Morgan of Caerleon, as the Normans named him) and his brother Iorwerth, with a host of their followers: they were beset on all sides before any one could draw a sword, or wind a blast to recall the Lord of Wallingford and his train; and Fitz-Gilbert with almost all his company fell.

* It was characteristic, that, in this revolt, the Normans, who had been intruded into the Welsh sees, should be immediately expelled; and we incidentally learn from this fact how warily the conquest of Wales had been proceeded in.

The tidings of this slaughter were soon carried every where, and from all sides the Britons gathered together to take advantage of the death of this redoubtable knight. They divided their host into three bands, and spread themselves over Richard's lands, which, to the extent of nearly forty miles, they unsparingly ravaged, committing the most barbarous outrages; the baronial castles being attacked with especial fury. Amongst them the murdered earl's castle at Penbroch was besieged with the greatest pertinacity, and as bravely defended by the widow, who was a sister of the Earl of Chester, although the garrison was short of provisions. Her dangerous position soon became known, and chivalrous courtesy and knightly love of adventure alike prompted the effort for her relief. Milo, Earl of Gloucester, undertook the daring feat; avoiding the frequented routes, and stealing through the densest parts of the forests, and over the most solitary and dangerous mountain-passes, he fell upon the besieging multitude unexpectedly, dispersed them almost at the first attack, and bore away the brave countess in triumph. We wish the chronicler had informed us in what befitting manner the stout Earl's gallantry was rewarded.

About the same time with these events, Gruffydd ab Rhys appears to have gone to Gwynedd, to solicit the aid of the sole surviving Welsh king in his struggle to recover his country from the hands of the "Franks." Whilst he was away, his wife Gwenlliant, daughter of Gruffydd ab Cynan, espying (as she thought) a favourable opportunity for an inroad into the Norman's lands, gathered all the forces she could, and attended by her sons Morgan and Maelgwn, led them as far as Cydweli, where she was met by Maurice de Londres, the descendant of one of Fitz-Hamon's knights, and disastrously defeated, Morgan being killed, and Maelgwn, herself, and many of her followers, taken prisoners. As an example to deter others from joining the revolt, she was put to death, with most of her men; but her son seems to have recovered his liberty. The efforts of Gruffydd ab Rhys were successful; Cadwaladr and Owain Gwynedd, brothers of Gwenlliant, with a great army marched against the Normans and Flemings, and ravaged Caredigion. They took Walter of Espec's castle at Aberystwith, which was very strong and well-manned; and then being joined by Hywel ab Meredydd and Rhys ab Madog, advanced against Richard de la Mare's stronghold, which they completely destroyed, and having taken the castles of Dinerth and Caerwedros also, they returned home covered with honour, says the imaginary Caradog, which has been (with unintentional satire) paraphrased by subsequent Welsh writers, into "laden with valuable booty." Later in the same year, in October, according to the continuator of Florence of Worcester's History, the sons of Gruffydd ab Cynan, with their former allies, and Gruffydd ab Rhys, at the head of six thousand foot and two thousand horse, entered the territory, which was formerly the kingdom of Deheubarth, and subdued it wholly as far as Aberteivi, driving out the strangers, and planting the Kymry again in their old seats. Against them came Stephen, constable of Aberteivi, Robert Fitz-Martin, the sons of Gerald de Windesore, William Fitz-John, with all the force of Normans, Flemings, and English they could muster. In the second week in October a great battle was fought, in which, according to the accounts on both

sides, after a desperate struggle, accompanied by great slaughter, three thousand of the Norman army falling on the field, the Welsh were victors, and the others retreated to their fortresses, according to their custom. As they fled, the bridge over the Teivi broke down, and great numbers, both of men and horses, were drowned; whilst many who were cut off from the means of escape were taken prisoners; but Einion ab Owain was amongst the slain.* Owain and Cadwaladr overran the whole country, and obtained immense spoils,—armour, which their men stood in great need of, and horses of the genuine Flemish breed, large of bone and full of spirit; and with great triumph they retraced their steps to Gwynedd.

The *Annales*, which mention only this last battle, represent Gruffydd ab Rhys as the leader of the Britons, but they say that the “chiefs of all Cambria” were with him. Giraldus also speaks of Gruffydd as the principal; if, as is possible, the victory at Cruc Mawr be the same with this. One of the *Bruts* states, that immediately on his accession, Stephen summoned Gruffydd ab Rhys to appear at his court; and that he replied to the message by rising upon the foreigners, and expelling them from Caredigion and Dyved, slaying above three thousand of them; that he held a great feast at Ystrad Towy for forty days, to celebrate the recovery of his principality, at which, beside the good cheer, all kinds of knightly exercises and manly games, with entertainments by poets and minstrels, were enjoyed, by every Kymro who came in peace; Gruffydd ab Cynan and his sons honouring the reinstated lord of Dinevwr by their presence at the festival. It is not necessary to examine the credibility of this story; it is sufficient to have noticed its existence.

A few events, the exact dates of which we have no means of ascertaining, may be inserted here. The chronicler who carried on the History of Simeon of Durham records, that Ranulph, Earl of Chester, during this war in South Wales, attempted reprisals by an invasion of Gwynedd, but falling into an ambuscade, was barely able, with five only of his followers, to escape; all the remainder perishing. The writer of the *Gesta Stephani* brings together into one view the remainder of the war against the revolted Kymry, as far as the hero of his biography was concerned in it; and thus he says:—After the rescue of the Countess of Clare by Milo, Earl of Gloucester, Stephen sent Baldwin, the brother to Richard Fitz-Gilbert, with five hundred soldiers, to put down the revolt if he could; who, coming to the castle at Brecknock, heard that the Welsh were advancing against him, and with a cowardice most notable, held a council which determined upon retreat; and thereupon most pusillanimously withdrew from the country. Robert Fitz-Herald was next sent to suppress the rebellion, and he fortified and garrisoned a castle, and wrought much harm; but having returned to England, with a few of his men, for further force, his stronghold was taken by the Britons. Stephen then resolved to leave them to themselves, for both blood and treasure were

* The sons of Caradog ab Iestyn, who were esteemed as princes by the Kymry in Morganwg, are said to have aided materially in this great victory, by intercepting the fugitives as they fled from the battle. One of these chieftains, Cadwallawn, is mentioned by Giraldus as having slain his brother Owain, and some time during this rebellion as being slain by a stone which fell from the wall of a castle he was besieging.

wasted upon them ; and he hoped that intestine dissensions, or want of food, would effect what his soldiers had been unable to accomplish. And so indeed it soon fell out, for the Welsh, being busied in these warlike undertakings, did not plough the land to the extent which was needful, and famine appeared ; in the train of which, as a necessary consequence from so many dead bodies of those who had died of hunger remaining unburied, came pestilence, which grievously wasted them. The region in which this scourge appeared is as uncertain as the period of its occurrence ; but it seems most unlikely that hunger and disease should have pacificated an extensive tract of Wales, without any record of such an event appearing in the chronicles. Caradog's *Brut*, as it is called, does notice the withdrawing of attention from Wales, in consequence of the commotions which arose in England ; but both it and other authorities indicate that a fierce warfare, all along the Marches, was maintained whilst the rival sovereigns strove for the crown of the Conqueror. We may observe here, also, that the chronology of the *Annales*, though it fixes the death of Stephen at the correct interval after the death of Henry I., places the arrival of Matilda in England, and the eclipse of the sun, which preceded it, according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, a year too early ; and there are even greater discrepancies between it and that of the more recent chronicles at this period. We have no means of "checking" the dates of the other events of these years.

In 1137, A. D., died Gruffydd ab Rhys, greatly bewailed, and bepraised in the most extravagant terms by the chroniclers. He was treacherously murdered by his wife, says the continuator of Florence of Worcester ; a statement which may be correct, albeit that Gwenlliant was captured and beheaded by Maurice de Londres twelve months before. Near the close of this year died also Gruffydd ab Cynan, "the only defence and shield of all Wales ;" the last who bore the title of *king* ; whom Meilyr, the bard whose youthful elegy on Trahaearn ab Caradawg we have already seen, mourned in numerous verse. According to the custom of the nation, his sons divided his possessions between them ; but Owain was esteemed the prince of North Wales, and assumed the surname of Gwynedd in consequence. Ordericus Vitalis relates, that about this time the Saxons, who seized upon every opportunity of attempting to rid themselves of the hated yoke of the Normans, formed a vast plot for the destruction of the foreign lords, and the deliverance of England. They communicated, as it appears, with the Welsh and the Scots, and formed some kind of alliance with them in furtherance of their design. But, under the seal of confession, the whole scheme was revealed to the Norman bishop of Ely, (one of those who had been expelled from Wales,) who failed not to apprize his fellow countrymen of their danger. The fact of its disclosure became known to the conspirators, and numbers of them fled to Wales, hoping to stir up the Britons to fiercer hostility against their common foes ; but many perished by the hands of the executioner. Thierry regards this circumstance as having acted as an additional incitement to the Welsh rebels ; but their successes, and their impunity, sufficiently account for their perseverance in the war, without the supposition of this inducement. Before the new year, so eager was he to signalize himself by fresh

victories, Owain, with his brother Cadwaladr, had burnt the castle of Ystrad Meirig; and then, being joined by Anarawd, Cadell, and Rhys, the sons of Gruffydd ab Rhys, they destroyed the castles known by the names of Stephen and Humphrey, and burnt the town of Caermarthen, returning with all honour to their own lands. This campaign is spoken of by the continuator of Florence of Worcester, as directed against the Flemings, from whom, he says, the Welsh had suffered much, but whom they at length overcame, revenging themselves on them by the most cruel outrages. The continuance of the customary border warfare appears to be indicated by the death of one of the barons of the March, Payne Fitz-John, who had long and successfully, says the biographer of King Stephen, warred against the Welsh, but who fell in a mere skirmish, being shot through the head with an arrow: and the continuator above named assigns his death to this year.

The *Annales* state that in 1138, A. D., or in 1139, A. D., if we consider it as the year before Matilda's coming to England, Anarawd and Cadell, the sons of Gruffydd ab Rhys, and Owain and Cadwaladr, the sons of Gruffydd ab Cynan, with fifteen ships full of "Gentiles," who were, it would appear, Irish mercenaries; came to Aberteivi, and made a truce (so at least we interpret the word) until the feast of St. Martin. The "Gentiles," however, spoiled the town and church of Llandydoch, and the church of St. Dogmael; and carried off much booty to their ships. Of this occurrence we find no other mention; even Lhuyd and his commentators have left this excellent outline of a story unused. The part played by the lords of the Marches in the civil wars of these times, does not fall within the scope of this history; it is only needful to observe, that in the sieges and skirmishes which occurred along the Welsh border, the people suffered much, the country being frequently ravaged. We also hear much of the Welsh as mercenary allies in the armies raised against Stephen. Their most conspicuous service, according to Ordericus Vitalis, was at the battle of Lincoln, where, though they were "better couraged than armed," as Lhuyd's Caradog says, their numbers contributed materially to the defeat and capture of the king. Ordericus says that Mcredydd and Cadwaladr commanded them. The "Flowers of History," however, represents their deeds at Lincoln somewhat differently. In connexion with this event, we may relate the following, on the authority of the *Gesta Stephani*, which tells us the nearest approach made by Stephen to a personal attack upon Wales. When Ranulph, Earl of Chester, first conceived the traitorous purpose of seizing the king's person, he presented himself at court, and complaining of the inroads of the Welsh, as well he might, and of the uselessness of the efforts which, up to that time, had been made to check them, urged the king to lead his own forces against them, and offered to advance the money required for the war out of his own treasures. Stephen, whose chief difficulty was want of money, promised to undertake the expedition, as the earl suggested; and only received information of the proposed treachery in time, with the counsel and aid of his faithful barons, to defeat it. This Earl of Chester is one leader of Welsh mercenaries in the baronial wars; Geoffrey Talbot is also named as having Britons in his pay; and

another is Robert of Gloucester, whose relation to our story we may tell here, as his life pertains rather to England than to Wales. We have mentioned, in a former chapter, that Henry I. before he was king took Nest, daughter of Rhys ab Tewdwr, who afterwards was married to Gerald de Windesore, and was carried off by Owain ab Cadwgan, as his "pretended wife;" the issue of that connexion was this Robert, who was promoted by his father to the earldom of Gloucester. At one time, (for the distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children, so much insisted upon now, was often disregarded then,) Robert was heir-apparent to the English throne, and Henry asked Robert Fitz-Hamon, the conqueror of Morganwg, to give him his daughter Mabil in marriage. According to the old Chronicles, Fitz-Hamon consented, but the young lady refused to be so bestowed, and having been long pressed to state her reason, said that it was because the young earl had but *one* name. Henry, amused with the answer and desirous of securing so advantageous a connexion for his son, gave him as a second, or *sur*-name, Fitz-Roy, or the model of that of the young lady herself, Fitz-Hamon. Robert Fitz-Roy, better known as the Earl of Gloucester, appears very conspicuously in the story of these times, and owns no small part of his renown to the grateful dedication prefixed to his histories, by William of Malmesbury, whom he encouraged in the composition of those works. He died not many years after the period we have reached in our narrative.

Either in the same year with the battle of Lincoln, 1141, A. D., or in the preceding, the *Annales* and Chronicles record the murder of Cynwrig ab Owain by Hywel, or Madog ab Meredydd. Meredydd ab Hywel is said, too, to have been slain by the sons of Bleddyn ab Gwyn; and Madog ab Idnerth, "a man of great estimation in Wales," to have died. Hywel ab Meredydd, according to the *Annales*, was killed by Rhys ab Hywel; but the Chronicles represent both as slain by the Flemings. Another Hywel ab Meredydd, descended from Bleddyn, was at the same time slain by his own men; and Hywel and Cadwgan, the sons of Madog ab Idnerth, slew each other. In 1142, A. D., we read of another of those domestic feuds, which occurred whenever any respite from foreign war afforded the chiefs sufficient leisure to fall out amongst themselves. At the time we speak of, a quarrel arose between Anarawd ab Gruffydd ab Rhys, and Cadwaladr ab Gruffydd ab Cynan, his father-in-law; very speedily from words they came to blows, and Anarawd, "the hope and stay of Dinevwr," was killed. Owain Gwynedd took so great a displeasure at his brother, on account of this fatal affray, that with his son Hywel he gathered an army against him, and ravaged his lands, and destroyed his castle at Aberystwith. Cadwaladr, being no match single-handed for the prince of Gwynedd, fled to Ireland, and hired a fleet manned with Irish and Scottish mercenaries under Othyr, the son of Othyr, the son of Torkil, and other chiefs, for two thousand marks. Owain, who had made all needful preparations against the invasion, was reconciled to his brother before any hostile encounter took place. The Irish, fearing that they should lose their pay, laid hold of Cadwaladr, and refused to liberate him till their demands had been satisfied. He therefore gave up to them two thousand prisoners, the *Annales* state, but the Chronicles, two thousand head of cattle,

with all the prisoners and booty they had taken, and so obtained his freedom. The implied compact was, however, basely violated; for as soon as he was released, he fell upon the Irish with his brother Owain's men, recovered all the cattle and spoils, slew great numbers, and sent away the remainder burning with shame and indignation at their losses, and at the affront put upon them. The Chronicles mention the successes of Hugh de Mortimer, *Hugo de mortuo mari*, at this time; and tell how he fortified Cymaran Castle, and won Melienyth, whilst some other lord fortified Clun Castle and Eluel was subjugated; and how he took Rhys ab Hywel and others, in a skirmish, and imprisoned them all; and two years afterwards put out the eyes of Rhys, whom he still kept in his hold. Before that, he had slain Meredydd ab Madog ab Idnerth; and had procured the murder of Meirig ab Madog ab Rhiryd, through the treachery of his followers.

But whilst the first of these reverses was proceeding, the two sons of Owain Gwynedd, Hywel and Cynan, in 1144, A. D., marched against the Normans and Flemings of Care-digion, and inflicted upon them a severe defeat at Aberteivi, which had already become memorable to them as the scene of one of their most disastrous routs. This time, apparently, the leaders deviated from their usual plan, for they garrisoned the town, when they returned to Gwynedd with their booty. In this very year we read that Gilbert, Earl of Clare, came to Dyved, and built the castle at Caermarthen, and that called by the name of the sons of Uchtryd. Two years afterwards, Cadell, who was now regarded as the prince of South Wales, with his brothers Meredydd and Rhys, and Hywel ab Owain, attacked Dyved. They got possession of Dinevwr castle, which Gilbert had newly built; the Norman garrison at Caermarthen capitulated, and were allowed to depart with their lives alone; and after a victory over the Normans and Flemings, they also gained Llanstephan castle. The entire absence of military skill on the part of the Welsh must have been apparent to our readers. Fighting they were proficient in, after a rude fashion truly, but with plenty of courage and not without success. Strategy they had scarcely an instinct of, for as soon as they had laden themselves with plunder they returned home, never considering that the permanent occupation of the country they had overrun would serve their cause more effectually than ages of forays. The Normans, on the contrary, erected castles, and thus secured the lands they had won by the shock of their cavalry charge upon the unarmed multitude of the Britons. We saw Hywel providing for the retention of Aberteivi; we now find Meredydd ab Gruffydd left in possession of Llanstephan castle. For we are told that as soon as Cadell and his auxiliaries withdrew, the Normans and Flemings came together again, with the intention of recovering the castle they could not save. Meredydd however foiled all their efforts, he could not sally out and drive away the besiegers, but he bade his impetuous soldiers wait until the scaling ladders were crowded with assailants, when he overturned them with stout levers, hurling down upon the heads of their comrades below those who had most bravely pressed forward to the assault. Not a man could set foot on the summit of his walls, and the combined armies retired with great loss and shame. Whilst these things were proceeding in South Wales,

Owain, in North Wales, laid siege to the castle at Mold, but it was bravely defended, and his men were beginning to lose heart. It so happened also, that Rhun, Owain's favourite son, died, which caused him such intense affliction, that he refused to join in any of his accustomed pursuits or amusements. He was at length persuaded to go to the siege of Mold castle, where his presence inspired his men with such vigour and courage that the place was taken. Owain, delighted with his success, forthwith ceased from his grief and "returned to his wonted pastimes;" which greatly comforted his people, we may hope.

Next year the castle of Gwys was besieged by Cadell, Meredydd, and Rhys, sons of Gruffydd ab Rhys, but they could not take it. They sent therefore and invited the assistance of Hywel ab Owain, whose military fame was very great amongst the Welsh. He attended to their invitation, and went and examined the fort, for he felt that he had to preserve his reputation, as well as to aid the princes against their common enemy; and seeing that by no assault could it be carried, he directed the construction of engines to cast huge stones into the castle, hoping by such arguments to persuade the garrison to surrender. He had not overrated their cogency; for when they beheld from their battlements the preparations which were being made, of their own accord they yielded: a circumstance which brought to Hywel no small accession of renown. Such events as these show how completely the royal power had ceased in England; and the barons, who were its ministrators for Wales, became a set of robbers, each one fearing and envying the other, and in consequence too weak to attempt any thing for the preservation of their last conquests. Not that the Kymry had been able to regain their lost territory; they were too much disunited among themselves for that; but that here and there they had swept away the Normans and their liege-men the Flemings; and that the nobles who had lost their castles and lands were unable to recover them. Had the Welsh combined heartily, even now, they might have done much to restore the name and fame of the Kymry to their traditional glory; but whilst Europe was beginning to resound with the story of their legendary heroes, and their powers and achievements, they themselves were doing the work of their foes, and hastening their own downfall.

In the same year as that in which the castle of Gwys was taken, 1146, A. D., strife arose between Hywel and Cynan, the sons of Owain Gwynedd, and their uncle Cadwaladr; and they led all the forces they could collect into Meirionydd. That they might the more easily gain possession of it, and find it the more valuable a prey, they proclaimed that all who yielded themselves should suffer no harm, and in consequence great numbers of the people who had fled, returned and submitted themselves to the sons of Owain, who soon subjugated the whole country. The castle of Cynvael had been intrusted to the keeping of Mervyn, abbot of Ty Gwyn; and when Hywel and Cynan came before it, he would not listen either to their threats or their promises, but replied that he held the place for Cadwaladr. He was not strong enough to resist the attack, however; and the invaders gained the castle; but he escaped during the storming of the walls. Three years later, Cadwaladr, who had hoped to protect himself by building a castle at Llanrystyd, was taken by his nephew Hywel, (for Cynan

had been imprisoned by his father for some unknown offence,) who seized the whole of his lands and possessions. At the same time that Cadwaladr attempted to fortify himself against this attack, Owain Gwynedd erected a fortress in Yale; and Madog ab Meredydd built Oswestry castle, at the end of the year. Nor was it only thus that the Welsh princes showed that they had apparently become independent again: this prince of Powys bestowed his share of Cyveiliog upon his nephews, Owain (whose name we shall meet with as a bard of no mean excellence) and Meirig, the sons of Gruffydd; and Cadwaladr gave to his son Cadwgan part of Caredigion. Cadell ab Gruffydd was meanwhile endeavouring to clear Deheubarth of invaders, both Norman and Welsh. Having strengthened the castle at Caermarthen, he marched into the territory of Cydweli, and returned with abundant spoils; then, with his brothers Meredydd and Rhys, he entered Caredigion, and subdued some part of it; and in the following year, 1150, or 1153, A. D., (for our authorities differ,) they completed the conquest of that territory, with the exception of Llanvihangel in Pengwern, and fortified anew Ystrad Meirig, to protect their acquisitions. Caredigion was before in the possession of Hywel ab Owain, and this was another example of the disunion of the Welsh princes. The reason for the absence of any efforts, on the part of Hywel, to maintain his possessions against the attack, may be found in the fact, that during the first campaign, when Cadell and his brother overran Caredigion as far as Is Aeron, a feud had arisen between Owain Gwynedd and Ranulph, Earl of Chester; which was carried to such a height, that Ranulph hired soldiers from all parts of England, and being joined by Madog ab Meredydd, prince of Powys, who desired to be free from his nominal subjection to the prince of Aberfraw, prepared to invade Gwynedd. Owain advanced to Consyllt, when he met the allies, and though they were much more numerous, and better armed, he defeated them with most wonderful slaughter, say the various *Bruts*, and that uncontradicted, inasmuch as we find no other mention of this war. Cadell seems not to have won the hearts of his new subjects, or else he afflicted some of them with extortion; for the men of Denbigh y Pyscot, now called Tenby, set upon him when he was hunting one day, drove away the few attendants who were near him, and so sorely wounded the prince that he barely escaped with his life. Cadell's brothers suspected some of their neighbours of having hired these assassins, and setting out at once into Gwyr, they ravaged it, and took and razed the castle of Aberllychwr; then returning to Dinevwr, they added to its fortifications, in preparation for further attacks. Two years afterwards, they took Penwedic castle from Hywel ab Owain; and soon afterwards, marching upon Tenby by night, they scaled the walls of the castle before Fitzgerald the governor had so much as heard of their approach. This last exploit the chroniclers particularly inform us they undertook to revenge Cadell's wounds. Before returning home, the brothers divided their forces, and Rhys spoiled Ystrad Congen and Cyveiliog, whilst Meredydd took Aberavon castle. In the year after Stephen's death, Meredydd ab Gruffydd ab Rhys, lord of Caredigion and Stratywy, died,—poisoned, say the *Annales*; and in the year next following, Cadell ab Gruffydd set out as a pilgrim to Rome: he does at that point vanish from history; and the Lord Rhys, who was also

called the king of South Wales, takes his place. The chroniclers do not ascribe Meredydd's death to poison, and they place it before the accession of Henry II.: we have followed the *Annales*.

In the year intervening between the two acts of the revenge of Meredydd and Rhys, Owain Gwynedd perpetrated one of those horrible crimes which have made not a few parts of the story of Wales so revolting; he blinded and mutilated Cunedda his nephew, the son of Cadwallawn, who murdered his three uncles. Cadwaladr, at the same time, escaped from Hywel's stronghold, and made a descent upon Anglesey; but being driven out of that island by Owain, he fled to England, and put himself under the protection of the friends of his wife, who was a daughter of Gilbert, Earl of Clare. One enigmatically brief record, which occurs with those we have quoted, shows that the hatred of the Welsh against the Normans was not yet allayed; Llewelyn ab Madog slew Stephen Fitz-Baldwin; but who the parties to this tragedy were appears not.

In December, 1154, A. D., Stephen died, and Henry II., a sagacious and brave prince, with consent of all parties, ascended the throne. In the course of the next year he showed the Welsh, that the policy which the first Norman monarch of his name had pursued, which had so humbled them as to make them unable, for more than twelve years, to kindle the flames of war on the Marches, would be his; for having to appoint a place of residence for the Brabancons, who had fought in the armies of Stephen, with a view to signify his displeasure against them, and yet not deprive England of all services which they could render, he sent them to those parts of the borders of Wales, which had been occupied by their fellow countrymen, and where now but few remained, spared by the sword after so many years of war. Meanwhile civil contests ceased not. Owain Gwynedd, either aiming at the sole sovereignty of the Kymry, or desirous of revenging the attacks of the sons of Gruffydd ab Rhys upon his possessions in Cardigan, prepared an expedition against the Lord Rhys; who advanced to meet him as far as Aberteivi, and there, since no enemy appeared, strengthened the town and built a castle, and returned. Madog ab Meredydd of Powys, who had adopted the English cause, also built for himself a castle at Caereinion; and a promise of future troubles was given by the escape of his nephew Meirig from a long imprisonment.

And now the time was come for putting an end to the insurrection. Incited to invade Wales both by Cadwaladr, who had long resided in England, and by Madog ab Meredydd of Powys, and being, moreover, resolved to reduce that refractory province to order, Henry collected a great army and marched into Flintshire, pitching his camp at Saltney. Owain, not deficient in courage, went to meet him, and encamped near Basingwerk. He would, however, by no means come out into the open country, where the mailed soldiers of the king would necessarily have had the advantage, but kept close in the forests and defiles, hoping to harass and weary out the invaders by constant incursions, and cutting off their supplies. Henry at length sent forward a detachment to provoke the Welsh prince to leave his camp, which being suddenly set upon in the forest called Coed Eulo; or, as the English writers more particularly tell us, in the narrow and difficult pass of Coleshill, amidst thickets and marshy ground;

by Davydd and Cynan, Owain's sons, was almost entirely cut to pieces, and the expedition had thus nearly come to a disastrous end, at the very beginning of the campaign. The English soldiers, finding themselves assailed on all sides with loud outcries, where no enemy was expected, were seized with uncontrollable terror, and fled. Eustace Fitz-John and Robert de Courcy were amongst the slain, and a rumour arose that Henry himself had fallen. As those who escaped the slaughter met the remainder of the host, they spread the alarm; and Henry of Essex, hereditary standard-bearer of England, believing that all was lost, cast away the royal banner, and joining in the cry, "King Henry is killed!" fled.* The king, uncovering his face, to show himself alive, succeeded, after a time, in rallying his forces, and leading them back to the fight; and the Welsh were checked in their headlong pursuit, and speedily forced to retire to their woods again. Owain then withdrew to a spot since called Cil Owain, "Owain's Retreat;" whilst Henry moved forward to Rhuddlan, which he began to strengthen as a base for further operations. Owain then retired to Bryn y Pin, and his men skirmished daily with those of the English king, but no general engagement ensued. Henry now ordered the fleet, which had assembled at Chester, to effect a diversion, by a descent on Anglesey; and it was conducted to Abermenai by Madog ab Meredydd, who thus actively shared the enterprise for the subjugation of his country. The mariners landed and ravaged the neighbourhood, but as they were returning to their vessels, the islanders suddenly fell upon them, and slew almost every one; which so alarmed the rest, that instead of carrying on the predatory warfare they were sent out for, they made the best of their way back to Chester. The *Annales* say that some at least of the ships were destroyed also, and arms and horses lost. A bard of the times, Gwalchmai ab Meilyr, addressed to Owain Gwynedd a very spirited ode on this victory of Tal y Moelvre, which has been thus translated by Mr. I. H. Parry.

ODE TO OWAIN GWYNEDD.

The generous chief I sing of Rhodri's line,
 With princely gifts endow'd, whose hand
 Hath often curb'd the border land,
 Owain, great heir of Britain's throne;
 Whom fair ambition marks her own,
 Who ne'er to yield to man was known;
 Nor heaps he stores at Avarice's shrine.

* In the Chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond, from which Mr. Carlyle, in his "Past and Present," has constructed so wonderful a picture of English life at the beginning of the thirteenth century, we meet with this luckless knight again. Earl Robert de Montfort, a kinsman of his, in parliament charged Henry of Essex with treason and cowardice, and challenged him to do battle for his reputation. On an island in the Thames near Reading the duel took place, in the presence of the king and an immense concourse of people. Whilst the Earl of Montfort was thundering his blows on the accused standard-bearer; Essex, somewhat failing, discerned, as he thought, on the verge of the horizon, the glorious king and martyr, St. Edmund, whose convent he had defrauded, and Sir Gilbert de Cereville, whom he had unjustly imprisoned till he died; and rendered desperate by the vision, fought so wildly, that he was soon stricken down and left for dead. The monks of Reading besought the king's leave to bury him, but finding him not quite dead, they nursed him till his recovery, when he assumed the tonsure, and endeavoured, by his penitence, to interpose a sabbath of purification between the long week of his past dissolute life and the eternity he had so nearly entered unprepared. He told his own story to Jocelin.

Three mighty legions o'er the sea-flood came,
 Three fleets intent on sudden fray ;
 One from Erin's verdant coast,*
 One with Lochlin's armed host,*
 Long burdens of the billowy way ;
 The third, from far, bore them of Norman name,
 To fruitless labour doom'd, and barren fame.

'Gainst Mona's gallant lord, where, lo ! he stands,
 His warlike sons ranged at his side,
 Rushes the dark tumultuous tide,
 Th' insulting tempest of the hostile bands :
 Boldly he turns the furious storm,
 Before him wild Confusion flies,
 While Havoc rears her hideous form,
 And prostrate Rank expiring lies ;
 Conflict upon conflict growing,
 Gore on gore in torrents flowing,
 Shrieks answering shrieks, and slaughter raving,
 And high o'er Moelvre's front a thousand banners waving.

Now thickens still the frantic war,
 The flashing death-strokes gleam afar,
 Spear rings on spear, fight urges flight,
 And drowning victims plunge to night ;
 Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
 Backward Menai rolls his flood ;
 The mailed warriors on the shore,
 With carnage strew'd, and dyed with gore,
 In awful anguish drag their mangled limbs along,
 And high the slaughter'd throng
 Is heap'd, the king's red chiefs before.

Lloegria's onset thus, Lloegria's flight,
 The struggle doom'd her power to tame,
 Shall, with her routed sons, unite
 To raise great Owain's sword to fame ;
 Whilst sevenscore tongues of his exploits shall tell,
 And all their high renown through future ages swell.

But in spite of this defeat of the navy, thus glowingly celebrated, and although Henry seems not to have left Rhuddlan, it was evident to Owain that he could not successfully resist the united forces of England ; about the feast of John the Baptist, therefore, he submitted to Henry, doing homage, and giving hostages ; whilst Henry, having fortified Basingwerk as well as Rhuddlan, and established a house of the Order of Templars hard by, returned home. In the next year he received the submission of all the princes of South Wales, except the Lord Rhys ab Gruffydd ; and thus this formidable revolt was apparently brought to a close.

It is worthy of notice, that the imminent danger of Gwynedd, during Henry's in-

* These invasions have been mentioned in the foregoing part of the present chapter.

vasion, was not sufficient wholly to suppress the taste for marauding attacks upon each other amongst the Welsh chieftains; for the chroniclers relate that Iorwerth Goch ab Meredydd, at that very time, took and burned the castle which Owain had built a few years before in the territory of Yale. How little to be trusted was this pacification of Cambria, we shall see in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM THE FIRST EXPEDITION OF HENRY II. TO HIS DEATH.

WE have been compelled to employ the invasions and the deaths of the English sovereigns as the landmarks of our story, because by those events, rather than by the movements and succession of its native princes, the course of affairs in Wales was determined. The secondary importance of the character of these *reguli* (as the Norman chroniclers designate those whom the Welsh called "kings") to that of the contemporaneous monarchs of Lloegria, must have been evident to our readers; and especially since the overthrow of the Saxon power. Their most marked influence upon the fate of their country was this,—the more patriotic (according to the common meaning of that much abused word) they were, the more surely they hurried Wales onward to its destruction; whilst the less anxious they were for nominal independence, and the more they affected the favour of the rulers of the Saxons, the more peaceful Wales was, and the less galling was the English yoke.

Except as a member of such a "state-system" (as the Germans have called the international relations of modern Europe) as makes a small state placed beside a large one an effectual check to the ambition of the latter, by affording to those who hold the "balance of power" an ever ready excuse for interfering with it; a state like Wales can never stand its ground against such a power as that wielded by the Norman and Plantagenet kings of England. Nor is it—harsh though the judgment may seem—nor is it desirable. For not only is the temper formed by the hopeless resistance of superior might, in the last degree unfavourable to the cultivation of the higher forms of national virtue, but civilization also must of necessity proceed with a slow and uneven pace, and every advance be effected at a vastly enhanced cost. Whilst we sympathize with the displays of the generous passion for freedom, and gladly record them; we cannot overlook those baleful manifestations of fierce fanaticism, which are so numerous as to give a peculiar character to the times, nor can we refuse to receive the conclusion to which they point. We do not wonder that the natives of the prin-

ciality, for whom the times when, in name if not in reality, the sceptre of Cambria was in the hands of Britons, have been invested with all the glowing hues of romance, should look back upon those days, even now, with the fondest regret. But although it has shared the progress of England in civilization so long, there is too much in the present condition of Wales to confirm the representations we have given of these earlier ages, and to establish the moral we have deduced from them. And this lesson, we trust, will be accepted by our readers as the summary and key to the series of events we are now engaged in narrating.

The period included in this chapter is distinguished from those immediately preceding it, by one or two remarkable features. In spite of Henry's want of success in his military expeditions against Wales; and although the revolts of the Welsh, owing to the embroilment of affairs which the rebellion of Becket occasioned, assumed (for the first, if not for the only time) a place in the politics of Europe; Henry was unquestionably the lord-paramount of the princes of Kymru;—and at his death it was evident that a great step had been taken towards effecting the subjugation of the country. The chiefs were, indeed, as turbulent and as treacherous as ever, but a beginning was made in the employment of influences, which had never before been brought to bear upon them. Nor can any one doubt that the rude state-craft, shown in the introduction of the prince of Gwynedd to Louis VII.; in the marriage of Davydd to Henry's sister; and in the discovery of Arthur's tomb at Glastonbury; were preferable to the exterminating warfare, which alone had been employed up to this time as a means of reducing the Welsh to obedience. Both methods provoked the exercise of cunning; but there was a great advance made in civilization, when that of the diplomatist was called forth, instead of that of the savage. In the absence of other promises respecting the future, this may not be passed by unnoticed.

The English annalists were, during these years, so much occupied with the contest between the monarch and his rebellious favourite, Thomas à Becket, that they took very little notice of the events in Welsh history; and when it is recollected that they were all clerics, and therefore had vital interests at stake in that affair, it will not cause astonishment. We are therefore compelled to look to the *Bruts* much more than is satisfactory to us. We have, however, in Giraldus, and in some of the letters of the period, a counterpoise to too confiding reliance upon sources whose worth we cannot esteem so highly, as those who have gone before us in this path have done. It is a noticeable circumstance, that in the MS. *Annales*, and in the *Chronicles* too, the last ten years of this section are almost void of interest; the most prominent occurrences in England being inserted, to preserve the pages from being almost entirely blank. And now we take up our narrative with the apparently voluntary submission of all the Welsh princes, excepting the Lord Rhys, to Henry II., in the year 1158, A. D.

At the beginning of this year, in South Wales, Morgan ab Owain, a descendant of Iestyn of Morganwg, was slain by the followers of Ivor ab Meirig; and his brother Iorwerth obtained the lordship of Caerleon upon Usk, and the lands of their father Owain. Several of Morgan's friends fell in this slaughter, and amongst them Gwrgant

ab Rhys, who was esteemed the most famous bard of his time. It was after this that Henry made peace with all the Cambrian princes except Rhys; who, thus left alone, did not despair, although, as a matter of precaution, he commanded his men to remove all their cattle and goods into the wild regions about the Tywy, and thence carried on his war with the king. Henry, desirous of pacificating the whole province, sent to him, bidding him come at once to his court, lest he should have the whole force of England and Wales brought against him; and Rhys thought it best to comply with the summons, and made his submission to the Plantagenet, who promised him the Cantrev Mawr as his lordship. Sovereignty had apparently ceased to be the dream of the leaders in Deheubarth, and the descendant of Rhodri the Great returned to his home satisfied that he should now have a territory which would be defensible from its compactness, and afford him perhaps the means of enriching himself at the expense of his neighbours. Henry seems to have suspected the Briton, for instead of keeping his word, he gave him several petty and detached manors, useless, except for the occupations of peace; which he received with the best grace he could. This enforced calm was, however, soon broken; and, according to the Welsh accounts, by two Norman barons, and with the connivance of the king. "Roger, Earl of Clare, strengthened his castles throughout Caredigion," says the *Annales*; which is improved into the tale that Walter Clifford and this Earl of Clare, hearing how the Lord Rhys's land lay, resolved to relieve him of some parts of it. The latter is said to have begged of Henry permission to hold what he could win, just as was often both asked and granted at the commencement of the Norman inroads. It is added, of course, that the king consented; and so Roger entered Caredigion with his army, and fortified the castles Ystrad Meirig, Humphrey, Dyvy, Dinerth, and Llanrhystyd; whilst Clifford, who was governor of Llanymddyvri, made a raid into Rhys's domains, and slew many men and carried off much booty. Upon this, the Welsh prince, with most unusual and inexplicable punctiliousness, addressed a complaint to Henry, and formally requested redress. But Henry returned him nothing but promises of seeing that no harm was done to him; wherefore Rhys, finding his forbearance useless, resolved to compel what he could not obtain through the king. Aided by Einion ab Anarawd, his nephew, he took and destroyed all the castles of Caredigion, according to the *Annales*; though Lhuyd says that he stormed Llanymddyvri, whilst Einion made castle Humphrey surrender, gaining, to his great joy, store of arms, and numbers of horses fit for war; and that they then ravaged and subdued all Caredigion.

By one of those inventions for which the Welsh chroniclers are famous, a new glory is obtained for the lord of the Cantrev Mawr. It is said, that Henry now entered South Wales with his army, marching along the sea-coast of Glamorganshire; and that seeing he could effect nothing, he suffered Rhys to hold what he had seized, and taking hostages for the preservation of the peace, returned;—a story, plainly taken from what did actually happen a few years later; and which is inconsistent with the distinct statement of Giraldus, and the facts of the genuine history of the time. Without any such interruption to his partisan warfare, Rhys proceeded in the following year to besiege

Caervyrddin castle, and there received a check which obliged him to give up his raids for a time. The annalist merely states that he was "put to flight," but the *Bruts* contain a circumstantial account of the affair. The Earl of Bristow, Rainold, Henry's natural son, hearing of this last attempt of the dispossessed lord of Dinevwr, assembled the greatest force he could muster, under the Earl of Clare; Cadwaladr, Owain Gwynedd's brother, who had, it appears, been restored to his possessions; Hywel and Cynan, Owain's sons; and two other earls, whose names have not been preserved; and marched upon the besieged place. Rhys was no match for such an army, and therefore hastily gave up his investment of Caervyrddin, and betook himself to the mountains Cevn Rester, whilst the Norman earls and their allies encamped at Dynwyl-hir, where they built a castle; and soon, hearing no more of Rhys, departed.

Next year, 1160, A. D., Madog ab Meredydd, the prince of Powys, died. The chroniclers, whose hearts warm, in spite of themselves, at the mention of every eminent Kymro, forget his taking the part of the English against his countrymen, and eulogize him as one who "feared God and gave to the poor." We, seeing how he is praised, may perhaps conclude that he was wiser than his generation, and perceived that it was only by complete submission to England that the Welsh people could be preserved from annihilation; and that his *Anglicism* was only enlightened patriotism. Gwalchmai, a bard who lived in his days, has celebrated his name in this ode, which we transcribe from the Cambro-Briton.

THE PRAISE OF MADOG.

A prince I sing, whose teeming boards contain
 Rich horns of gold,—who lives the foeman's bane;
 In skill supremely bright,
 His people's shield and might,
 The age's proud delight,
 With steel of furious flame!
 Yes, Britain owns thy sway,
 Friend of the bardic lay,
 And blended e'er be they—
 Thy country and thy fame!
 To farthest climes are known
 Thy worth, thy high renown;
 Thy might, as Arthur's grown,
 With Medrawd's skill array'd!
 Madog, of mind so fair,
 Meredydd's splendid heir;
 Let cowards, with despair,
 Bow to thy matchless blade!

Sooner thy foes a sandless shore may see,
 Than from thy chastening arm and vengeance flee
 Nor rival e'er may claim
 To match thy generous fame,
 'Mongst those of Christian name,
 With faith and fortune bless'd.

Such may not now be seen,
 Nor haply e'er hath been,
 Nor in Time's round, I ween,
 Shall one be so caress'd ;
 Till Cynan come, in fairest virtue bright,
 And great Cadwaladr, of every tribe the might !

This poem affords the first instance we have met with (for we have only alluded to the prophecies of Myrddin) of the expectation of the return of Cadwaladr the Blessed, and Cynan from Brittany ; and of the growing fame of Prince Arthur ; matters which we can only briefly mention in this place, reserving the fuller discussion of them for a future page. We may also say, that the metre of this translation is the same as in the original ; and that it is a fair specimen of a professional production, though it lacks the fire and inspiration of genuine poetry. Madog was succeeded in the largest part of Powys by Owain Cyveiliog, his nephew ; his sons also we shall meet with in the course of our story. The *Annales* append to the record of his death, that of the murder of " Llywelyn his son ;" but the chroniclers do not narrate the event, and no son of that name is ascribed to him by them. A poet whose name was Llywarch, but of whom no more is known, has, however, sung the praises of this Llywelyn in such stanzas as these :—

" Does no one ask—are men so unconcern'd ?—
 Ere they draw forth their swords,
 Who is you mail-clad youth ? who,
 The warrior proud before us ?

" A noble prince, a man of mind is he,
 Him let none seek to lead,
 Courageous, strong, of battle
 Fond—Llywelyn, Gwynedd's foe.

" A valiant prince is he, and far renown'd
 For prowess in the fight,
 Kingly and brave the chieftain,
 Madog ab Meredydd's son."

Elsewhere he is named " the only hope of the men of Powys." And we have thus sufficient grounds for charging the *Bruts* with error in this omission. They have, however, inserted under this year, the capture of Cadwallwn ab Madog ab Idnerth, by his brother Einion Glyd ; who gave him up to Owain Cyveiliog. He was then sent to England and imprisoned at Winchester ; but soon escaped, and came back to Wales.

In the following year, another great discrepancy between our MS. *Annales*, the *Brut y Tywysogion*, occurs. The former states that Rhys ab Gruffydd took the castles of Walwern and Llanyddyvri by violence ; but the chroniclers, who also make the date 1162, instead of 1161, A. D., tell us that Hywel ab Ieuav ab Cadwgan ab Elystan Glodrydd, a chieftain of the region between the Wye and the Severn, took and razed

the castle of Walwern in Cyveiliog; whereat Owain Gwynedd was so sorely displeased that "nothing could make him merry" till he had collected his men and made a foray into Arwystli, and fetched home great spoils. The worthy Lhuyd has, in mistake, ascribed to the prince of North Wales the wrath and the revenge which pertained to Owain of Powys, as appears from what follows. The people came together to their lord, Hywel, after Owain was gone, and with them he followed the prey to the Severn's side; and watching his opportunity, fell upon the marauders, seized what they had carried off, slew most of them, and drove the remainder to the shelter of the woods and rocks. Owain, or Hywel, is said (in conclusion) to have built up his castle again. This confusion of names and persons affords as faithful a picture of the times as the purposeless outrage itself. The first record of the next year is an appendix to it; Owain Cyveiliog, with Owain ab Madog ab Meredydd, his cousin, and some other leader, took the castle of Carreghova, which belonged to Gruffydd Maelor, another son of Madog ab Meredydd; and no hint is afforded of even a pretext for their attack.*

Later in this year, which was either 1162, or 1163, A. D., Henry made his second bootless expedition into Wales. It seems that, although we have heard nothing of any particular exploits, the Lord Rhys had not ceased, ever since his retreat from Caerfyrddin, to harass and annoy the king's liege subjects,—a species of defiance which no king could tolerate. At his earliest leisure, therefore, Henry marched against Rhys, keeping close to the coast through Morganwg and Gwyr, and penetrating, without meeting any force in arms, to Caerfyrddin and Pencadair, whither the Welsh freebooter, alarmed at the preparations made for subduing him, also came,† and did homage again for the Cantrev Mawr, and gave hostages to insure his pacific behaviour. He did now receive the coveted lordship, and the land of Dinevwr with it, according to the chronicle, and enjoyed it; whilst Henry led back his army to England through Maelienydd and Elvel. Many supposed that, because he had not marked his course with destruction and blood, he had not prospered; but he had weakened the power of Rhys, and had taken another step towards the final subjugation of the land. Those who had been disappointed in seeing him in arms in Wales, after their confident prophecies out of Myrddin's doggerel verse, that he should never return from Normandy, were compelled to turn to some less easily foiled predictions for maintaining their credit as seers, and for keeping up the spirit of both princes and people at the point of resistance to the Norman power; and those they found in the reassurance that Cadwaladr should appear once more, or, as it was now growing to be asserted—that Arthur should come back, and with his mailed hand, and famous sword Caliburn, foil the insolent attempts of the Saxons and their new king. But homicide ceased not, whether the people hoped or

* Owain Cyveiliog's noble poem, "The Hirlas Horn," which will be noticed in another place, seems to have been composed after this foray; although by some critics it is regarded as a memorial of the fruitless invasion of Henry in 1165, A. D., related in a subsequent part of this chapter.

† Giraldus says, that at Pencadair Rhys was, by stratagem rather than force, compelled to surrender; and was carried away into England, and not released for some time, (during which a Welsh cleric cleverly deceived an Armorican soldier, whom Henry sent to explore the country, which led the king to think less of conquering it,) and then, fettered by oaths and hostages. This account may be the correct one; but it is so contrary to the common story, that we put it in a note, rather than in the text.

feared respecting England. The chroniclers say the Earl of Gloucester procured the first of the following murders, but without proof; the second may have been by an Englishman. After Henry's departure, Einion ab Anarawd was slain by Walter ab Llywarch, (or Llywarch,) one of his own men; and Cadwgan ab Meredydd by Walter, son of Richard; and thus ended this year.

About Midsummer, Becket had been consecrated archbishop of Canterbury, and very soon the news spread that a new and most unlooked-for enemy had arisen against the king. The narrative of this conflict between the secular and the spiritual authorities, which is one of the most instructive passages in the history of these times, both in its political and in its ecclesiastical and religious aspects, does not form part of our task. But we must refer to some points of it for the illustration and explanation of the movements which come under our notice; and we may observe, that there are evident traces of the interest felt in the cause of the archbishop by the clergy of Wales, in the frequent notices of him in the Chronicles; although the worthy monks either did not know, or have not cared to record, the hopes which all the Welsh, both clergy and laity, entertained respecting the issue of the struggle.

The chroniclers would have us believe, that Rhys ab Gruffydd settled down on his great Cantrev, in the spirit of a prudent householder and wise lord; and that he soon found himself, notwithstanding his economy, in sadly straitened circumstances, so that he could not keep up the state which became his birth and position. There is no mention of any request for larger revenues, or more profitable manors, preferred to King Henry; nor does the plan which Rhys adopted for increasing his income occasion the good monk, whoever he was, who has handed down the story, any suspicions respecting the probity of his gallant chief. In these days, now that the spirit of chivalry has departed, nothing strikes us so forcibly as the easy, unconscious manner, in which these deeds of mere brigandage are related, as we estimate the character of an era. Lord Rhys cast his eyes on the broad lands of his neighbour, that Earl of Clare who, a few years before, was represented as playing the marauder at Rhys's cost. He did not look merely, but suddenly entering them with his followers, he took Abergheiddol castle, and razed it, and thence went against another, and then against another, of those strongholds of the intruders, and soon had reduced the whole of Caredigion beneath his sway. Then turning upon the industrial colony of Flemings, who appear to have been left in peace lately, he made many inroads into their lands and got him great spoils; and, doubtless with all his heart, his bard sang "the monarchy of Britain," as they shared them. It was not only the contagion of this example which infected the other Cambrian princes; they had learned what a feud was beginning between Henry and the man whom he had made his equal in England, and who now, as the primate of the land, claimed to be his superior; and they resolved to try again what force could effect, towards recovering their lost possessions in Britain. Never had such unanimity been seen in Wales: the enthusiastic hope of seeing some one of those heroes, to whom legend and song had given more than mortal might, undertake their cause, and conduct them and inspire them for the complete and final overthrow of the insulting

invaders of their birthright, expressed itself by a most unwonted forgetfulness of all the little jealousies, which customarily armed one prince against another, and by a hearty resolution to meet and prove the force of the dreaded Normans. Thus had Geoffrey of Monmouth represented Myrddin as prophesying: "Cadwaladr shall call upon Cynan, and take Albania into alliance. Then shall there be a slaughter of foreigners; then shall the rivers run with blood. Then shall break forth the fountains of Armorica, and they shall be crowned with the diadem of Brutus. Cambria shall be filled with joy, and the oaks of Cornwall shall flourish. The island shall be called by the name of Brutus, and the name given it by foreigners shall be abolished. From Cynan shall proceed a warlike boar, that shall exercise the sharpness of his tusks within the Gallic woods. For he shall cut down all the larger oaks, and shall be a defence to the smaller." What could be more distinct? What words could breathe with a more assured hope? And had not one and another of his predictions been verified, not amongst the Britons alone, but even amongst their enemies? Who could refrain from believing that the period was at hand, which Tysilio and others, as well as Geoffrey, said that Myrddin the Great had pointed out to their venerated Arthur, as the time when the dominion of Britain, lost by Cadwaladr, should be regained? Nay, had they not long poems in their hands, containing the very words of the mighty bard; which said,—

" Yet shall my prophetic song announce the coming again
Of Medrawd, and of Arthur, leader of hosts;
Again shall they rush to the battle of Camlan,
And only seven escape from the two days' conflict.
Let Gwenhwyvar remember her crimes
When Cadwaladr takes possession of his throne again,
And the religious hero leads his armies! "—

how then could they fail, instructed by their disappointments, to recognise the signs of the times? . And so, every chief prepared for the battle.*

A revolt in Wales always showed itself by the outburst of a fiercer border warfare. Accordingly, with the opening of the proper season in the next year, Davydd ab Owain made an inroad into Flintshire, which he ravaged from one side to the other, carrying off both people and cattle to Dyffryn Clwyd, which lay around Ruthyn. This was done in spite of the royal fortress at Rhuddlan, and awakened no little concern in England; especially as along the whole line of the marches similar attacks, of greater or less impetuosity, were made. And some degree of hesitation or uncertainty appeared in Henry's counsels, which were ascribed by those who hoped that Becket would triumph, to his fear lest, if he entered in earnest upon a war with Wales, the French and the Flemings should be able to take him at a disadvantage; and by those who sided with the king, to his desire to avoid compliance with the requisitions of the arch-

* In a subsequent chapter we shall speak more fully of the origin and progress of this belief, which is connected with a remarkable passage in the literary history of the principality. It was about this period that this fanatical expectation reached its height: and how deeply rooted it was, the fact of its existence in comparatively recent times, if not in our own day, will show.

bishop and the pope, respecting his famous "Constitutions of Clarendon," by appearing to be otherwise engaged. Becket himself, writing to Alexander, who was acknowledged in England as pope, says, after describing his personal difficulties, "Do you, my lord, provide about the Welsh, and Owain, who calls himself their prince, because my lord the king has been very greatly troubled and indignant about this." From which we might almost conclude that the archbishop had been in communication with Owain, who is so coldly mentioned here, although he had, as was rendered painfully certain afterwards, exposed the hostages he had given to Henry to the greatest peril, by joining in this revolt, the genuine inspiration of which Becket could not perceive.*

The king's first step was to hasten to the scene of the most alarming inroad, that he might be able, from actual knowledge of the facts, to determine what course to take. After a stay at Rhuddlan of three days only, he returned, and instantly despatched messengers throughout his dominions, in France as well as in Britain, to raise the greatest force they could for effecting the immediate overthrow of the confederated princes. He also engaged mercenary bands from Flanders, and from Brittany, the Kymry of the latter country having quite lost the feeling of kindred for the Welsh. As soon as his preparations were complete, he collected his army round Croes Oswalt, or Oswald's Tre, [Oswestry,] "minding," says the chronicler, with almost Homeric repetition of a favourite phrase, "utterly to destroy all that had life in the land." On the other side, the Kymry mustered at Corwen in Edeyrnion, Owain and his brother Cadwaladr with the men of Gwynedd, the Lord Rhys at the head of those of South Wales, those of Powys under Owain Cyveiliog, Iorwerth Goch, and the sons of Madog ab Meredydd; and the famous archers of Gwent, and of the territory between the Wye and the Severn, with the sons of Madog ab Idnerth as their leaders, were there, all strong for the defence of their country. Giraldus says that the English monarch, instead of placing reliance on prudent and well-informed chieftains, was advised by people who lived far from the marches, and were ignorant of the manners and customs of the natives. His delay at Croes Oswalt seems to have been intended to weary out the patience of the Welsh, but it failed; wherefore he advanced to the river Ceiriog, causing the woods to be cleared before the army, that there might be no possibility of ambuscades, such as he had experienced at Coleshill. At the bridge a smart skirmish occurred, begun by the Welsh, without orders from their chiefs, in which many lives were lost, and Henry was saved only by the devotion of Hubert de St. Clare, who received the missile aimed at the king in his own bosom, and dropped dead at his feet; but the numbers of the English bore every thing down before them, the passage was won, and the army encamped on the Berwyn mountain. In keeping the open country, in which his heavily-armed soldiers could make their superiority felt, Henry had done well; but, like all the commanders of those days, he had made no provision for his communications with England. He lay there in the midst of a hostile country, and

* Becket excommunicated Owain, but the chroniclers do not tell us when;—we might suppose that it was after the expulsion of the bishops, and if so, this reference to him would have some relation to that circumstance;—we shall allude to this fact again.

nothing could be obtained for the support of the men and horses, but what the foraging parties could bring in; and they, like the convoys of provisions, were cut off by the swarms of light-armed Britons, who filled all the woods and defiles around him. To add to his misfortune, the rain began to fall in heavy, continuous showers, "so that the king's men could scarcely keep their feet upon the slippery hills." It was in vain to expect to subdue Wales so, and nothing remained possible but a speedy and a disgraceful retreat. As they withdrew, the Welsh harassed them, and a great number, both of knights and men-at-arms, fell. It was a most disastrous business, albeit that some of the English historians, finding the bare mention of an expedition into Wales, and concluding that it must have been prosperous, have handed down their imaginations of the issue, in such sounding words as, "he mightily constrained them," and, "forced them to make peace." Gervase of Dover thus sums it up, "he did little or no good there, and returned;" and this was the most favourable account which one who knew the real state of the affair could give.

Henry was full of indignation at this failure, and he showed it by a deed of cruelty which bespeaks the madman as plainly as his rage when Becket had gained a temporary advantage over him. He had received hostages from all the princes of the confederacy, and they were (under certain conditions) placed at his mercy by the revolt. Henry neglected to observe the conditions, and ordered twenty-two of them to be barbarously mutilated and blinded;—amongst them were Rhys and Cadwallwn, sons of Owain Gwynedd, and Meredydd ab Rhys ab Gruffydd. Later writers speak of other victims of this outrageous cruelty, but without proofs. He then, according to the chroniclers, assembled his ships at Chester, and hired others from Ireland, for the purpose of invading Wales by sea; and went and superintended the preparations himself. But soon he changed his mind, and sent the vessels away again, being compelled to attend to the more pressing contest with the spiritual power.

Of the interest which the Welsh felt in this struggle, mention has already been made; and the possibility of Becket's partisans having aided in exciting this rebellion, has been shown. We have now to see one of the results of this entanglement of Cambrian broils with those larger movements. Before the events we have just related, as it appears, a cleric, strange in garb, and yet more so in language, presented himself on a certain day before Louis VII. of France, and with due obeisance delivered to him a letter, written in most clerkly Latin, with no lack of complimentary humility. The monarch was not a little perplexed at finding himself addressed by a potentate of uncouth name, and claiming to be sovereign of a country of which he had not so much as heard before. None of his court could enlighten him; and suspicions arose respecting the bearer; who was, however, treated as it was thought a priest should be by a king, that he might be as speedily as possible dismissed. This was the letter:

"To Louis, the most glorious king of the Franks, Owain, king of Wales, sends health and most devoted obedience. For a long time now have I most earnestly desired to be known to your Highness, and to possess your sweet friendship; ever since, by the truthful relation of many, I heard of the magnificence of your valour, and the

large excellence of your dignity and nobility. Hitherto, distance and deficiency of means of communication have hindered me from obtaining these favours, but now, both by letters and messages, I will diligently strive to obtain them. I therefore place myself and all that I have, if any thing I have can be of service to you, at your disposal; and with most urgent prayers, I beg you to think me, although to this time I have been unknown to your manifold wisdom, worthy to rank amongst your faithful and devoted friends. What shall appear good to you concerning my petition, delay not to signify to me by the bearer of these presents. May they who wish you a long and happy reign, prosper. Farewell!"

What could Owain desire with Louis? The letter was too vague in its professions by far. In the end, the subject was dismissed from the royal mind, and the messenger sent back without an answer. The chancellor, Hugh de Soissons, however, spoke a word to the bearer of the fruitless petition, which is amusingly illustrative of the sameness of "the official mind" in all ages. After Henry's unsuccessful invasion, the barbaric clerk returned to the French court; and first he handed to the chancellor a letter from "his most devoted friend, Owain, king of Wales," who offered "to his most beloved friend, Hugo, *Cancellarius*, becoming and voluntary friendship, with truth;" and then thanking him for the letter which he had sent by his messenger Moses, suggesting that all communications to Louis should be sent through him, that they might have his suffrages to aid them in obtaining what they requested, begged this assistance now. And we may hope that Moses was presented in due form by the appeased official, and obtained a gracious hearing; Louis having learned from his chancellor where *Wallia* was, and who this prince whose amanuensis did not spell his name twice in the same way. Thus ran this second missive, the flattery and exaggerations of which show, that both Owain and his secretary had all too easily acquired the tone of the court, unless some other letters passed between the prince of the Kymry and the French king, which have been lost,—a supposition not consistent with some parts of the letter.

"To the most excellent Louis, by the grace of God king of the Franks, Owain, prince of all Wales, his man, and faithful friend, sends devoted service with health. Since, most serene king, the relation of all men holds you up conspicuously as one in whom all can and ought to confide; your clemency, which I have experienced, and your pity for the conquered, and gentleness towards all who trust in you, have made me choose you alone for my counsellor, to whom in my straits I address my complaint. For though I have often sent to you by letter concerning my anxiety, not the letters only have you kindly received and treated with clemency, but the bearers also. By them you have (thanks to God and to you!) consulted for me as a pious king should for one who trusts in him. Since, therefore, I am now surrounded on all sides by difficulties, I am unwilling to forget that you are a merciful adviser. For the war, which the king of England has been long, (as you know,) by the severity of his tyranny preparing, during this last summer, although no evil on my part occasioned it, he has raised against me. But (thanks to God and to you!) more of his men fell in the battle than

fell on my side, and he has wickedly and wrongfully, not offering them first to me, on condition of keeping the peace, maimed my hostages. All things, however, are disposed not according to the purposes of men, but according to the will of God; who now, not perhaps because of our merits, but through the intercession of the saints to whom the humble have addressed their prayer, has caused the return of the army to England; yet without either peace or truce being made with us. Angered at the unprosperous event of the war, he has also commanded the departure of the foreigners, whom he had collected for our harm. I therefore earnestly beg your clemency to say by the bearer of these presents, if you wish to make war upon him, that by annoying him under your direction, I might both serve you, and revenge myself. If you do not purpose such a war, tell me by the bearer, what aid you will bestow on me; for I have no means of evading his designs, except by your counsel and assistance. I beg to commend Guiardus, priest of my household, and your kinsman, to your attention, that you may for the love of God and of us provide for him what he needs. For I sent him into your presence with my letters once before, and it has been told me that you did not believe them to be mine. But I call God to witness that these are mine, in which, from the bottom of my heart, I have commended him to you. I also beg it of your clemency most earnestly, that as you have begun to render the prelates of the church, that is, the apostolical father and the archbishop of Canterbury, more peaceful towards me, so you would not cease to exercise your influence with them in my behalf. Farewell."

What assistance or counsel Louis afforded to his voluntary vassal, we are not informed; and we know that Owain died before the sentence of excommunication which Becket had pronounced against him was reversed. Some kind of friendly relation must, however, have been maintained, for ambassadors from both Owain and Rhys are mentioned as being present at the conference between Henry and Louis at Montmirail, a few years later, when the archbishop made his submission to the English king. We now return the chroniclers' tale.

In the same year with this unsuccessful invasion, and perhaps encouraged by an omen recorded in the *Annales*, (which take especial note of matters in South Wales,) the river Teivi running blood for two days together, Rhys attacked the castle at Aberteivi, took it by treachery, and razed it to the ground; but he suffered the people to depart, and permitted each one to take with him half his property, a most unusual act of grace in such warfare. Cilgarran castle he is said to have destroyed too, and to have returned, laden with spoils, and leading his cousin, Robert Fitz-Stephen, governor at Aberteivi, prisoner. The next year, 1165, or 1166, A. D., Henry made arrangements for guarding the marches more effectually; and the Flemings of Rhos returned the invasion of the Lord of Dinevwr, ravaging Iscoed and Caredigion, slaying many, and getting much booty, but, though they attempted it over and over again, and were aided by a Norman force, they failed to recover Cilgarran. In North Wales, Owain broke through the English king's defences, and took and destroyed Basingwerk castle. The application of Dermot, the Irish king, for aid against his neighbours, is assigned to this

year by these un-chronological authorities ; but the conquest of Ireland was not yet attempted, nor were any of the Welsh lords yet implicated in this war.

Another intestine strife commenced now. Owain Cyveiliog, with his cousin Owain Vychan, or ab Madog, attacked their neighbour Iorwerth Goch, and being successful, divided his lands between them ; the former taking Mochnant above Rhaiadr, and the latter Mochnant below Rhaiadr. But next year, Owain Gwynedd, with his brother Cadwaladr, and the Lord Rhys, totally dispossessed Owain Cyveiliog, and made him take refuge in England ; they then gave Caer Einion to Owain Vychan, to hold as a vassal of the Prince of Gwynedd, and Rhys took Walwern for himself. The poet-prince of Powys, however, lingered not long in England, but returned with a force of Normans, and took and burned Caer Einion, thus effectually depriving his cousin of his acquisition. This event is so differently related in the *Annales*, that by no means can the two stories be harmonized. The entire incident is assigned to 1166, A. D., and thus it is recorded : "Owain ab Gruffydd ab Cynan with Rhys ab Gruffydd ab Rhys built Caer Einion, having driven out Iorwerth Goch and Owain Cyveiliog with their men, even into England. In their return they took the castle of Walwern." These contradictions are the more vexatious, that no sufficient advantage can be gained by explaining them ; the only fact worth knowing, and it does not depend upon the point so very differently told, is, that, in spite of the recent and unanimous confederation of the Welsh princes, with the removal of the immediate occasion of it, the old spirit of disunion and jealousy appeared again ; and this, a hundred instances had already assured us was the national character in Wales. In continuation of this feud, apparently, the *Annales* state that, in the year after the attack of Owain and Rhys upon Owain Cyveiliog, 1167, A. D., Rhys, with all his army, built the castle of Abeinion, and afterwards was put to flight in Brycheiniog ; he however returned with a great army to the scene of his repulse, and ravaged with fire and sword great part of the land, and destroyed Builth castle ; but afterwards having made peace with the justiciary of the English king, he returned home as a conqueror. The Chronicles, as collected by Lhuyd, do not mention these forays ; but in 1171, A. D., they tell us that Rhys led his army against Owain Cyveiliog, "for as often as Owain could oppose the Lord Rhys, he would do so ;" and having taken hostages for the future good behaviour of the Prince of Powys, returned. And thus ends this dispute. Owain Cyveiliog appears to have been on very friendly terms with Henry II. ; and that may have been the reason for the continuation of this hostility on the part of Rhys, who was ever restless under the English yoke. Owain will be casually named again in this chapter, but when we speak of the literature of the period, he will receive more particular notice.

According to the Chronicles, in the year 1167, A. D., Owain, Cadwaladr, and Rhys together besieged Rhuddlan castle for two months, and utterly destroyed it, when it fell into their hands ; the castle of Prestatyn shared the same fate ; and thus all Tegengl was recovered to North Wales. The inactivity of the king under these insults is sufficiently accounted for by the engrossing nature of the contest with Becket, which he was now carrying on with fair prospects of success. We shall find that he was able,

notwithstanding these reverses, to make these apparent victors obey his summons, and adorn his court upon great occasions ; and this was more than arms had always effected. In 1168, A. D., Cynan ab Owain slew Urogeney, abbot of Llwythlawr, and his nephew ; and then, or in the following year, Meirig of Builth was murdered by Meredydd his cousin ; and Einion Glyd was wounded by the sons of Llywarch of Dyvnwal, Meilyr and Ivor. Such are the scanty annals of these two years, as far as they relate to purely Welsh affairs. We have inserted them as they stand in the original documents, because they thus present a livelier picture of incurable lawlessness, than when woven into a more connected tale. The commonness of these deeds of blood had made them matters of no moment for the writers who chronicled the bare names of those concerned. In this year, 1168, A. D., both the annalists, and Lhuyd, (the differences between whom defy solution,) state that Rhys's prisoner, Robert Fitz-Stephen, was released at Dermot's request, and went as one of a band of adventurers for the conquest of Ireland. And a little later, perhaps in 1169, Richard Strongbow, Earl of Strigul, conducted an army of Welshmen to the aid of the distressed king of Leinster ; for which, as he had not obtained his liege-lord's permission, he lost all his lands in England. But for the narrative of this series of events, we must refer our readers to English or Irish history ; in the fulfilment of our task we catch a glimpse of the invaders as they go and return, and note the fact of their being so engaged, but beyond this have now no concern in the affairs of Erin.

Owain Gwynedd, esteemed one of the greatest of the princes of the Kymry, "fortunate and victorious in all his affairs," died in this year, 1169, A. D., according to all the Welsh authorities, except the *Annales*, which place the event two years later. This difference may, perhaps, be explained by the fact that Davydd, who is reckoned his successor, did not obtain possession of the throne till the year 1171, A. D. But it ought to be observed that Trivet has a record which implies that Owain was alive in July, 1171, A. D., confirming the date of the *Annales*. In the absence of sufficient evidence to determine which of the two is the true time of his decease, we must proceed to state, after the chroniclers, that Owain's eldest son, Iorwerth, was deemed unfit to succeed him, because of an injury done to his nose, which gained him the surname of Drwyn-dwn ; and that Hywel, whose brilliant reputation as a soldier we have learned, and whose fame as a poet will come before us in our notice of the literature of these ages, although he was not a legitimate son, gained the crown, Iorwerth receiving the cantrevs of Nanconwy and Ardudwy as his lordship. It is further stated, that in less than two years, on his return from Ireland, whither he had gone to receive possession of his mother's property, he found Davydd, the legitimate son of Owain by another wife, asserting in arms his right to the throne ; and that in a battle which ensued, Hywel was entirely defeated ; and slain, according to some accounts, though others say that he returned to Ireland and died there ; but it is agreed that Davydd ab Owain thereupon became prince of Gwynedd.

The following is the translation of Gwalchmai's ode to Owain Gwynedd in the Cambro-Briton ; and there are other tributes to his name.

THE PRAISE OF OWAIN.

Gruffydd's noble son I sing,
 Cynan's heir, high-gifted king :
 Owain his glorious name,
 Of bold and manful fame ;
 Who in him aught might blame,
 Save his warm, impetuous ire,
 Warlike rage, and soul of fire ?

There upon the battle-plain,
 Lion-like, with gory hand,
 Where insulting terrors reign,
 Foremost signal see him stand ;
 While on the carnage-cover'd field
 His vanquish'd foes a bulwark yield
 To trembling fear, far as yon billowy strand.

Two conflicts, fraught with sore dismay,
 He fought, he gain'd, in one sole day ;
 Maesgarnedd's field of might,
 Astyrwedd's bloody fight,
 Where valour shone so bright,
 And fiercest struggles mark'd the doubtful fray ;
 Where slaughter'd heaps on heaps were seen to rise,
 And prowling wolves contended for each gory prize.

Next a field of glorious fame,
 Where the furious torrent came,
 War's all-wasteful shower descending,
 Prostrate arms together blending,
 Like the whelming waves, that ride
 O'er some found'ring vessel's side :
 There, Lloegria, fought thy warriors ;—there, to thee
 Came ruin and disgrace ;—to Owain victory !

In July, 1171, A. D., according to Nicholas Trivet, Rhys, prince of the Welsh, along with his uncle Owain, made peace with the English king. Now it was when Henry passed through South Wales, on his way to Ireland this year, that Rhys met him near the border, and submitted to him once more, and was confirmed in the possession of the territories he then enjoyed. The lord of Dinevwr promised Henry three hundred horses and four hundred head of cattle, and gave him fourteen hostages. At Penbroch Rhys received a more formal grant of Caredigion, Stratywy, Arwystli, and Elvel ; and at the beginning of October (thus particular is Caradog's continuator) he came from Aberteivi, which he had recently rebuilt, to Penbroch, and there next day presented to the king, personally, eighty-six of the horses he had brought, of which Henry accepted thirty-six, and with expressions of gratitude sent the others back. The same day the English king went and made offerings at St. David's, and dined with the bishop ; conferring also with Strongbow, who had come from Ireland to see him,

and then returned to Penbroch at night. Some days afterwards, being at the famous White House on the Tav, Henry gave up to Rhys his son Hywel, who was one of the hostages, remitted the tribute for the present, and the delivery of the other pledges also; and then departed upon his voyage. On the way to Dyved, the king had deprived Iorwerth ab Owain ab Caradawg of the lordship of Caerleon upon Usk, and kept it himself; at which Iorwerth was so angry, that, as soon as Henry left, collecting what men he could, with his sons Owain and Hywel, and his nephew Morgan ab Seisyllt, he ravaged the whole country round, and took and destroyed all Caerleon, except the castle. On the monarch's return from Ireland, in Passion-week of the following year, 1172, A. D., he again made offerings at St. David's, and passed over the Llechlavar, or "talking stone," in entering the church, and proved that he was not the king, of whom Myrddin was said to have prophesied that he should die there. At Talacharn, Rhys met him again with due reverence; for he had completely renounced his hostility against the English king now; and Henry soon afterwards appointed him his chief justiciary for South Wales, an office which he honourably filled. As he passed from Cardiff, he sent for Iorwerth and his sons, whose attack upon Caerleon he had taken no notice of before; and gave a command respecting the safe-conduct of them and their friends; for he was desirous of concluding a peace with them, that so all Wales might have the rest it so much needed, from the toil and destruction of war. Iorwerth therefore set out to meet Henry, and bade his son Owain join him on the road, but as he passed by the new castle on the Usk, the Earl of Bristow's men, who either did not know of the safe-conduct, or did not regard it, sallied out and slew him, for he was unarmed and had few attendants. Some of those who escaped soon bore tidings of this foul deed to Iorwerth, who had not yet come where Henry was; and he immediately turned back, and ever afterwards refused to believe the word of any Englishman. Before long he had collected a sufficient force to enable him to make reprisals for the injury he had received, and he overran the country and wasted it, as far as the gates of Hereford and Gloucester.

Towards the end of this year, a bold attempt was made by a small band to rid Gwent of the presence and tyranny of Ranulph Poer, whom the Welsh looked upon and detested, as the instrument of the English king for the performance of cruelties in which he dared not appear personally. Seisyllt ab Dyvnwal, and Ieuan ab Seisyllt ab Rhiryd, undertook to surprise the castle at Abergewni. The constant watch and ward needful in these border castles, the half-friendly relations of the garrisons with the Kymry, who were always on the look-out for an opportunity of vengeance, are well pictured. One day when the baron was absent from his hold, Seisyllt, in friendly conversation with the constable of the castle, pointed to a part where the wall was lowest, and said, as if in jest, "We shall come in there to-night." Nothing more passed at the time; but that night, or rather at day-break on the following morning, when the constable and his men-at-arms, having kept guard through the darkness, thought all danger was over, and retired to rest, Seisyllt and his followers obtained an entrance to the castle at that very spot, took the constable, his wife, and most of the soldiers prisoners, but few

escaping, and then set fire to the place. At the pacification of South Wales, in 1175, A. D., which will be mentioned soon, the successful chief gave up the castle; and Henry put it into the keeping of William de Breos,* who, in the spirit of the first invaders, resolved to acquire by treachery the whole of Gwent. He accordingly invited Seisyllt ab Ddynwal, and Gruffydd his son, with the other notabilities of the region, to his castle; in the course of the entertainment he proposed to them that they should bind themselves by oath not to carry a knife, nor any other weapon, when journeying; and on their prompt and indignant refusal, had them all assassinated by his soldiers, as contumacious traitors; he then attacked Seisyllt's dwelling, murdered another of his sons before his mother's face, and carried her off to his fortress. This was done to please Henry, some said; but others, and De Breos amongst them, declared it was to revenge the death of his uncle, who had been killed by some of those present, on the preceding Easter Sunday. This is certain, that no very strict inquiry was made respecting it; and the principal actor retained all his honours. As for Ranulph Poer, the royal vice-count of Gloucester, in 1182, A. D., as he was superintending the erection of a castle in Monmouthshire, he was suddenly attacked and slain, and with him nine of the chief men of Hereford, who attempted to defend him. Another exploit may be narrated here, as its proper place in the history cannot be ascertained. William, the son and successor of Robert Earl of Gloucester, enforced the feudal laws with too great severity for the liking of the Kymry, who were used to their own laws, and those not too strictly administered. A chieftain called Ivor Bach, or "the Little," the son of Cedivor, coming unexpectedly upon Cardiff castle, scaled the walls in the night, well manned and guarded though they were, and carried off the earl, his countess, and their son to the woods, where he kept them until a befitting ransom was paid for them. Caradog, or some other of the chroniclers, who represents Robert as the booty, instead of his son, and so places the incident at about 1110, A. D., makes Ivor the Little a patriot, rather than a brigand; and the terms upon which he released his prisoners, the restoration of the laws of Hywel Dda, under the oath of the king!

The unhappy dissensions between the Plantagenet monarch and his sons are known to all readers of history. In 1174, A. D., they broke out into war, and the younger Henry, whom his father had not long before caused to be crowned, to secure to him the undisputed possession of the kingdom at his own death, was aided in his unnatural rebellion by the French king. The Lord Rhys proved a faithful vassal now, and sent a goodly multitude of light-armed men, used to fight in woods and on mountains, to assist his English lord. The French were then besieging Rouen, so Henry sent these auxiliaries across the Seine, and intrusted to them the task of cutting off their supplies of provisions, a species of military operation in which Henry too well knew their skill. They were so successful that the siege was raised, and Louis made proposals of peace.

* This De Breos used to speak of the terrible skill of the archers of Gwent, which he had experienced. One of his horsemen received a shaft in his side, through his armour, which also pierced that at his back, went through his saddle, and mortally wounded his horse; and another, being nailed to his saddle by an arrow through one hip, wheeled his horse in his agony, and was transfixed by a second through the other side.

Henry himself has left on record his satisfaction with their performances, in a letter addressed to the prince and the patriarchs of Antioch ; in which he says, that, " one Thursday, on the feast of St. Giles, the Welsh, of whom a great number had followed the king into Normandy, entered the territories of the king of France, and burnt Daneville, the castle of Simon Daneth, and several towns, slaying many men, and carrying off much booty." The chroniclers say that Davydd also supplied soldiers for Henry's wars ; and we meet with British soldiers in the war which Richard, aided by Philippe Augustus, waged against his father in the last year of his reign. Of the defeat of Henry's forces, at a river near Mans, it is said, " many Welshmen fell in the battle," and these were most probably in the vanquished army.

Whilst Rhys was thus aiding the English monarch in Normandy, Iorwerth ab Owain seized the opportunity of renewing his raids. Attacking Caerleon, he speedily made himself master of the town, and gained the castle in exchange for his prisoners ; his son Hywel having meanwhile reduced all Gwent Iscoed, with the exception of a single castle. In North Wales, Davydd ab Owain, feeling that his hold upon the throne was insecure so long as any of his brothers or cousins, who might dispute the possession of it with him, were living, made war on Maelgwn his brother, who had the lordship of Anglesey, and drove him out, adding the island to his own domains ; and in the same way he treated the rest, expelling them all, and taking their lands to himself. Maelgwn fell into his hands as he was returning from Ireland, where he had at first sought shelter, and was imprisoned. His brother Cynan died about this time ; Cadwaladr his uncle had died the year before. Madog, another brother, had gone out with a fleet of ten ships, it is said, and had never returned ; of whom we must say more in another place. Next year Davydd grew more bold, for Henry, seeing how all this tyranny served his ends, gave him Emma, his natural sister, in marriage ; and then when his brother Rhodri begged of him his share in his father's kingdom, he put him in prison. In 1175, A. D., as the chroniclers report, Hywel ab Iorwerth, having taken his uncle Owain Pencarn prisoner, without his father's knowledge, most cruelly blinded and maimed him ; but in less than a week a great force of Normans and English came before Caerleon, and took both town and castle, in spite of every exertion that Iorwerth and Hywel could make. Rhys had been besieging some place which is named in the English Chronicles Stutsbury, or Tutbury ; and it is conjectured that he did so under the commands of Henry. In 1175, or 1176, A. D.,—for there is no more exact agreement between the annalists of Wales and England,—Rhys, by some master-stroke of policy, on the feast of St. Paul and St. Peter, or June the 29th, took with him to Henry's court at Gloucester, all the *reguli* of South Wales, to do homage to the king, and receive his pardon, if they had been in rebellion against him. There were Cadwallwn ab Madog of Maeliennydd, Einion Glyd of Elvel, Einion ab Rhys of Gwarthrynion, Morgan ab Caradog ab Iestyn of Morganwg, Gruffydd ab Ivor ab Meirig of Senghenydd, Seisyllt ab Dyvnwal (who was assassinated by De Breos before the end of the year) of Higher Gwent, and Iorwerth ab Owain of Caerleon. These all were received into the king's peace, and Iorwerth had the lordship of Caerleon restored to

him. One royal exhortation, uttered upon the occasion, is recorded:—he bade them understand, that if any Welshman made war upon any of them, or against the king's land, they were all bound by their homage to side with him, or with the one attacked, and that he should expect this of them. The whole affair "pleased the king wonderfully," say the chroniclers, and the princes returned to their homes again with no less joy.

Next year a grand council was held at Oxford, and amongst the other vassals of the crown present, were Rhys ab Gruffydd, *regulus* of South Wales, Davydd ab Owain, *regulus* of North Wales, Cadwallwn of Maelienydd, Owain Cyveiliog, Gruffydd Maelor of Bromfield, Madog his son, and many others of the Welsh nobility, who there renewed their oaths of homage to Henry, swearing on bended knees fidelity to him against all men, and to preserve inviolate his peace and that of his kingdom. At this council the king made further grants, to Rhys, of land in Meirionydd, as it is understood; and to Davydd, of Ellesmere. After this it must have been, but probably in the same year, Rhodri ab Owain escaped from his brother Davydd's prison, to Anglesey; where the people, who were much oppressed by Davydd's tyranny, welcomed him as their lord; and soon he obtained not only all the island, but all the territories of Gwynedd within the Conway; for Davydd fled beyond that river, being unable to maintain his ground against him. In the following year, Lord Rhys held a high festival at Aberteivi; every kind of luxury and delight was provided for his guests; and there were contests in poetry and song, which gave exceeding much pleasure. Shortly afterwards, Einion Glyd and Morgan ab Meredydd were slain by the Normans of the marches. The peace of the country was disturbed in the next year, 1179, A. D.; for Rhys had built himself a castle at the falls of the Wye, and called it Rhaiadrgwy; and the sons of Cynan ab Owain Gwynedd made war upon him. It happened also that one Cadwallwn, who is described as a most confirmed marauder, and border-soldier, of South Wales; whose identity with any otherwise known Cadwallwn cannot be determined, although we may unhesitatingly refuse to receive the story of his being a brother of Owain Gwynedd, and a holy man of Bardsey; as well as the tale of the assassins being the royal officers, who were affecting to conduct him in safety to his patrimony, (Lhuyd's "Historie of Cambria," which affirms these things, notwithstanding,) this Cadwallwn, then, having been brought before the king for some deed more befitting a moss-trooper than a prince, promised to be a good subject for the future, and received his "duchy" again; but returning to his lands, on "the tenth of the kalends of October," (or the 22nd of September, for we are following Diceto here,) fell into an ambuscade and was killed. The king regarded this as an intolerable affront, for the man had been just pardoned by himself, wherefore he caused a rigorous inquisition to be made; and having discovered the perpetrators, he deprived them of all their property, gibbeted some, and outlawed those who had escaped to the woods.

It was about this time, that, to allay, if possible for ever, the excitement in the minds of the Kymry, respecting the reappearance of their great hero, and the deliverance he should work out for them, the discovery of the tomb of Arthur at Avallon was con-

trived. Near a hundred years before this, in Rhos had been found the sepulchre of Walwen,* (or Gawain, which also was a corruption of Gwalchmai,) Arthur's nephew. It was on the sea-coast, and measured fourteen feet in length, for the stature of those glories of fable, like their renown, was colossal. William of Malmesbury, in mentioning this "disclosure," observes,—“the sepulchre of Arthur is no where to be seen, whence ancient ballads fable that he is still to come.” Many years afterwards, the bones of a gigantic skeleton were washed ashore, which rendered the general hope of a miraculous restoration of the empire of the Britons more intense. The legends respecting Arthur's decease were most contradictory; the national faith reposed in those which spoke of it as a charmed slumber, to be broken at the fore-ordained time; but those which told of a secret tomb in the isle of Avallon might be made so strong as to expel the other from every mind. We must return to this subject, and therefore do not now enter into the details of the story, which has reached us in several different forms; it is enough for our present purpose to say, that a search was made in Glastonbury abbey, and that the remains of the British hero were found, with Queen Gwenhwyvar's, known by the “fair and yellow hair,” which was untouched by time, and those of a warrior, whom they conjectured to be Medrawd, his faithless nephew. How the belief in impossibilities grew desperate, and rejected this demonstration of the hopelessness of the cause of the Kymry, we shall see as we proceed in our history; but it is unreasonable to doubt, that this not very profound device was amongst the influences which produced the interval of comparative quiet that ensued.

We mentioned the assassination of De Poer in a former page: this took place, it would appear, in 1184, A. D., for the Chronicles say that the king was “sore incensed” at that outrage, and took it “very grievously;” and assembled a mighty army at Worcester, where the Lord Rhys met him, and renewed his oaths, promising hostages; and that the hostages would not go, but that the affair, nevertheless, ended there. And Hoveden assigns this expedition to that year, and says that the Welsh had devastated the king's land, and killed his men, and that Rhys promised his son and his nephews as pledges. At this time we learn from other sources, Hywel ab Ieuav, Lord of Arwystli, died; the mention of whose title indicates the fact that Rhys had vassals under him, for Arwystli was given to him by Henry, as he passed through South Wales on his way to Ireland. Two years later Cadwaladr ab Rhys was slain privily, and buried in Ty Gwyn, the “White House” of Hywel Dda; and in 1187, A. D., Owain Vychan ab Madog ab Meredydd was killed by night in the castle of Carreghova by Gwenwynwyn and Cadwallwn, sons of Owain Cyveiliog; and Llywelyn ab Cadwallwn ab Gruffydd ab Cynan, the length of whose designation compensates for the brevity of his history, was taken and blinded by his brother. In the following year, as we learn from Brompton, the Lord Rhys was conducted by the Earl of Moreton, the king's brother, to Oxford; but the king would not see him, wherefore he went back to Dinevwr in great indignation, and renounced his allegiance, although he did nothing openly against the

* By an unfortunate attempt at etymology, Gwalchmai, under the pseudonym of Walwen, is represented as having reigned “in that part of Britain which is to this day called Walworth!”

peace he had sworn to keep, until Henry's death; unless the attack of his son Maelgwn, on Tenby, may be regarded as prompted by him. Or, if this be improbable from what occurred in the next year, when he put that son in prison, we may, perhaps, assign to this time what Giraldus has told us of his capture of the castle of Kemeys, from William, the son of Martin de Tours, (who was one of the first invaders of South Wales,) "contrary to his oath." This prize he gave to his son Gruffydd, who soon lost it to his brother Maelgwn, whom most of all men he hated. Maelgwn is spoken of by the chroniclers who record his destructive attack on Tenby, as the greatest adversary of the Flemings; which suggests that peace itself in this distracted country was not what it was in every other land, even in feudal times. In this same year, 1188, A. D., Rhys entertained Baldwin, the archbishop of Canterbury, with his suite, as he was journeying through Wales, preaching the crusade; and if he had not been prevented by his wife, the daughter of Madog of Powys, would have taken the cross himself. We may mention here that several of the Welsh princes did assume the crusaders' badge, and that one at least, Owain Cyveiliog, was excommunicated by the irate churchman, because he preferred his palace and his poetry at home, to the "glorious Christian field," whereto they invited him. Other incidents in this tour of the archbishop we shall speak of when we notice it again.

Henry died on the 3rd of September, 1189, A. D. His conflict with Becket, and with his sons, alone prevented him from finishing the conquest of Wales. There do not appear on the scene those powerful lords of the marches, whose quarrels aided the Britons so greatly; and the purposeless turbulence of the Welsh chieftains was wholly in his favour. Hindered as he was, and insubordinate as were even the most faithful of them, it is most plain that he actually made them his vassals, and established amongst them the custom of regarding the king of England as lord paramount of the princes of the Kymry.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXTINCTION OF ECCLESIASTICAL INDEPENDENCE IN WALES.—THE RELIGION AND LITERATURE OF THE KYMBY IN THE ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH CENTURIES.

WE gladly leave for a while the beaten road of general history, along which the last four chapters have led us, amidst the dust and tumult of armies marching to battle or hurrying from defeat, and enter those sequestered paths and cloistral shades, where solemn litanies and joyous harp-tones invite us to more hopeful contemplations than of

late we have been able to indulge. Not that in these scenes all is peaceful; nor that bard or priest could turn aside the doom, which so plainly hung over Wales;—but that here we meet with works we willingly linger over, and names that will live when those of the robber-chieftains of these days are deservedly forgotten. Yet must not our readers expect more than the age could produce, either amongst poets or clergy. Not even the *promise* of a reformer is here, and from the *lyric* muse alone proceeded the inspiration of the Kymry. It was sufficient that such a cleric as Giraldus should strive to realize his idea of the church, in spite of lawless baron or irregular bishop, or king or pope, and should record his deeds;—it was enough that a freebooting expedition should be celebrated in such an ode as Owain's "Hirlas Horn," and that there should be collected or invented the stories which supplied the pattern of Christian chivalry for nearly five centuries. These things we speak of in the present chapter; and with them we shall give not a few interesting pictures of the social state of the people, although we reserve till the next chapter the particular notice of this subject, and postpone till another pause in the progress of events shall afford us opportunity, the discussion of the bards and of their theosophy, and the full account of the fanatical hope, and the false prophecies, of the restoration of the ancient empire of Britain by some greatest Kymric hero, Cadwaladr or Arthur.

We have, in a former chapter, stated, that in noticing the ecclesiastical affairs of Wales, we purpose to give neither a history of its sees, nor one of its saints. To Dugdale and Butler we refer all who desire such information. Our sole object is to make our representation of the Welsh people as complete as our space and materials will allow. The classification of the facts we have selected must necessarily be arbitrary, for not even the contest, carried on most resolutely by Giraldus, to maintain the ancient independence of the British bishops, will serve as a means of introducing all we have to tell. We may, however, commence with it.

The ground taken by the bishops who met Augustine at the celebrated conference, which we have related in our tenth chapter, was much broader than that on which the disputants of this later age contended with the successors of the apostle of Kent. In the course of five hundred years the Roman pontiff had acquired almost as complete ascendancy in Wales as he enjoyed in England. It is true that no archbishop of St. David's had ever received the *pallium* from the hands of a pope; and that the celibacy of the clergy was stoutly resisted by both "regulars" and "seculars," in the principality. But submission to the latter demand was far from general in the churches which had succumbed to the occupants of the chair of St. Peter; and so long as they had actual supremacy, the popes were not always so unwise as to insist upon the wearing of the badges of subjection. Giraldus testifies of his countrymen, that of all pilgrimages they preferred that to Rome, and paid most fervent adoration to the apostolic see.*

* They had little cause for their "adoration." The Iolo MSS. say that in 1145, A. D., Adrian IV. confirmed the claim of the Normans to Morganwg, as a grateful return for the aid he received from Sir Gilbert Stradling, at St. Donat's, when, as Nicholas Brekespere, he was for a long time a wanderer in the land. The Englishman was not pope till nine years after the date given here, but that is a matter of small importance in Welsh annals.

The laws confirm this. The adjuration of a debtor who denied surety was in the following terms: "The protection of God prevent thee! The protection of the pope of Rome! and the protection of thy lord! do not take a false oath!" And one who played the traitor to his lord, and was not captured; if afterwards he would be reconciled, had first to pay a double *dirwy* and *galanas*, and then, having repaired to Rome, and obtained from the pope a letter of absolution, might be restored to his patrimony.

The most strenuous resistance of the Welsh bishops was directed against the expression of their reverence to the pontiff through the archbishop of Canterbury. They would not own him as their metropolitan and primate; but claimed to have in St. David's an archiepiscopal see of their own: whence it happened that St. David's was the scene of the contest we speak of. Nationality was the main-spring of the opposition at the conference at Augustine's oak; nor was it unreasonable that the Britons should object to have their clergy controlled by one who was of necessity a partisan of their hated conquerors.* Yet, step by step, this freedom had been encroached upon by every Anglo-Saxon monarch who had been able to treat the princes of Cambria as his vassals. They had made their voice heard in the choice of bishops, and the metropolitans of England had taken a principal part in the consecration of them. And they were aided in this by the feeling, which pervaded every clerical breast in those times, that out of communion with the church that called itself catholic and apostolic, spiritual existence was impossible;—thus we know that the Paschal heresy of the Welsh was brought to a close by St. Elvod, who preferred acquiescence in the decrees of the church, however ungrounded they might be, to separation from it. The prerogative which even Canute had exercised, it was not likely that the Norman kings should forego; and had they been content to do as their predecessors had done, no disturbance might have arisen. But they would not brook any clerical insubordination in England, where their rule was established, and therefore would be the more determined in their course regarding Wales, which they had yet to subdue. If such proofs as are referred to in the last note were wanting, the general expulsion of the dignified clergy at the revolt of 1135, A. D., would show that those appointments had been made which promised most powerfully to forward the subjugation of the country.

William of Malmesbury, when relating the determination of the extent of the provinces of Canterbury and York in the time of William the Conqueror, tells us that the bishops of Wales were subject to the former archbishop. There can be no doubt that they considered their claim to look upon the Welsh bishops as their suffragans, as

* Nationality was also the foundation of the hatred, felt by the later Welsh, against the nominees of the Norman and Plantagenet kings. Eight Cambrian chieftains appealed to Pope Alexander III. after this manner: "These alien bishops love neither us nor our country, but hunt us as by an instinct of hatred,—how then can they seek the good of our souls? They are placed here in a kind of ambuscade, to smite us from behind, and from a distance, securely, as with Parthian arrows, whenever they are bidden to excommunicate us. Whenever they resolve to attack our country, the archbishop of Canterbury puts an interdict upon the territory they purpose to invade; and we who make a stand for our country, and our freedom, are by name excommunicated; so that all who fall in fight on our side, die thus cut off from the church." It is not at all surprising that they should drive out such traitors and spies as are here described.

allowed by the events of the preceding centuries ; but St. David's, on the other hand, always asserted itself as an archiepiscopal see, until Henry I., in 1115, A. D., appointed his chaplain, Bernard, to it, as successor to Wilfrid, having first bound him to such complete obedience to the see of Canterbury as would, he fondly hoped, have made all the others, of their own accord, submit. Bernard's name appears in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle amongst the courtier-prelates of his patron ; but Henry had forgotten, in attempting to bind a bishop by an oath, that in such matters as ecclesiastical privileges and stipends, the dispensing power of the pope would render all oaths as idle as the green withes were on Samson's limbs. With or without dispensation, Bernard refused to act upon his oath, and began the controversy, which was not concluded till nearly a hundred years had passed away. Whilst it was proceeding, Owain Gwynedd (we are told) allowed the consecration of a bishop of St. Asaph by the archbishop of Canterbury, in about the year 1137, A. D. This prince, as we have narrated in the preceding chapter, experienced the legitimate consequences of his submission ; for having married as his second wife, his cousin, the daughter of Gronw ab Edwyn, and refused to put her away, he was excommunicated by Becket ; and died under the ban of the church. Becket seems in the letter to Pope Alexander, in which Owain is named, to have wished the pontiff to release him from this censure, for Owain had taken his part against Henry : nothing, however, was done, and therefore, when Baldwin, who held the primacy after Becket, came to Bangor on his crusading tour, and was shown the prince's tomb within the church, he gave orders for its removal, "on a proper opportunity," says Giraldus. A MS. of the Hengwrt collection states, that fearing to excite the people by violating the grave of one of their favourite chieftains, an under-ground passage into the un-blessed earth without was made privately, and the corpse of the excommunicated sovereign thrust out of the consecrated precinct so !*

The case between the archbishop of Canterbury and the alleged archbishop of St. David's, was brought before three councils ; that held at Rheims, in 1148, A. D., when Bernard defended his church in person ; the third Lateran council, held by Alexander III., in 1179, A. D. ; and a council at London, in 1185, A. D. It was finally carried into the Roman court, for the pope himself to decide it, by Giraldus. This distinguished cleric was elected by the Menevian canons on the death of his uncle, David, in 1176, A. D. ; but, according to his own account, he renounced the honour ; for he reflected that the election would not hold good, unless the king, or his justiciary, had been duly informed of the death of the former prelate, and had given assent to the election of another. He acted wisely, for the king fell into one of his fits of wrath when he heard what the canons had done ; and afterwards he revealed his objections to Giraldus. "He was," Henry said, "related to Rhys, and to almost all the Welsh nobles, and was too upright and well-born a man, and would give new strength to the

* It was universally believed that the principal motive for Baldwin's tour, which has more than once before been referred to, was to set up some plea for the demand of his see upon the sees of Wales ; and some of the canons of St. David's were so firmly persuaded of this, that they begged the Lord Rhys to prevent the archbishop from visiting their cathedral, lest it should lose its ancient honour, by a seeming submission to Canterbury.

Welsh, and augment their pride." Neither the primate's mitre, he thought, nor the royal crown would be safe, if such a man was raised to the see of St. David's. It is not wonderful that Henry should thus regard Giraldus: he had given not a few proofs of a spirit far too closely resembling Becket, for the king, who had at such a cost rid himself of that opponent, to tolerate his election to a post which he would be able to make the centre of a rebellion as menacing to his own authority in Wales, as that of Becket was in England. But Giraldus had set his heart upon that particular post. He was offered a bishopric in Ireland;—Bangor, Llandaff, and others were offered him;—he refused them all, and waited till he could receive St. David's. In the year 1198, or 1199, A. D., Peter de Leia, who had been chosen in his room on the former occasion, died; the intrigues respecting his successor are all recorded in our author's autobiography; and strangely interesting, as setting those ancient times before us in their living hues and forms, are the stories of the king's letters, bidding the canons send some of their number to him, being delayed in crossing the Channel, and in the marches, because of their disturbed state, and in Wales, because there were no roads; so that the justiciary's letters making the same requirement reached St. David's before them;—and how the canons sent word to Giraldus, and he met them at London; and then how they were too poor to be able to defray the expense of a voyage to Normandy, and so the justiciary provided them the means of sending one of them over to the king; and how Hubert, the archbishop, went to the marches at this same time, as justiciary, and sent his army on a foray into Elvel, and made a great slaughter therein; and how Giraldus himself was re-elected by the canons, and how the archbishop would not confirm their choice, because the king would have no Welshman, and especially no kinsman of the Welsh princes, a bishop in Wales. This time it would seem that the needful forms had been gone through, for Giraldus betook himself to the court of the pope to gain, if he could, from the head of all Christendom, the recognition of the ancient rights of St. David's. The bishop elect was a man of no common parts, and he was well aware of it; not a little of the charm of his writings arises from the pleasant conceit of himself which is every where discernible in them. He showed this amusingly enough when he commenced his suit at Rome. It was customary for those who came on such errands to the pontiff to make presents to him; and it was said that those who gave valuable gifts usually proved successful in their applications; nay, that the speed and amount of their success was proportioned to the worth of their gifts. All this was private, however; and openly no connexion between gifts and suits was hinted. Giraldus, on entering the presence of Innocent, offered copies of his works,—“others,” said he to the pope, “give you money [*libras*], I bring you books [*libros*],”—with a pun which cannot be translated, the excellence of which made it unpardonable. It is not needful to recite the progress of this cause; Giraldus went three times to Rome respecting it, and it lasted nearly five years. The gifts of those who desired to extinguish the independence of St. David's, were more weighty than the books of the chosen of the canons; the great argument on which the final decision professedly rested was this,—it could not be proved that a *pallium* had ever been sent to any bishop of

Wales, therefore they must all be subject to the metropolitan see of Canterbury! One incident which occurred in the course of the wearisome litigation, may be worth transcribing. Giraldus waited on the pope one evening in his own chamber, for he was always kind and affable to him personally; and when the matter which kept the Briton at Rome was mentioned, the pope ordered a register to be brought, in which all the kingdoms of the Christian world, with their metropolitan sees and the suffragans subject to each, were set down. Turning to England, Innocent read, "The metropolitan see of Canterbury has the following suffragans, Rochester, London, &c. [*Roffensem, Londoniensem, &c.*]" Then after a fresh title, written in red, "Of Wales;" came, "In Wales, the church of St. David's, Llandaff, Bangor, and St. Asaph [*Menevensis, Llandavensis, &c.*]" "So," said the pope, with a smile of triumph, "you see St. David's is enumerated with the rest." "If the names of the Welsh churches," replied Giraldus quietly, "were written in the *accusative*, like those of the suffragan churches in England, I should hold that it was declared subject to Canterbury by this register." "Ah! you are right," said the pontiff, "and here is another point in your favour, the red title is only introduced where a fresh kingdom, or fresh province, begins." "And Wales," suggested Giraldus, "is not an independent kingdom, but a part of England." "Well," added Innocent, who found that he had not succeeded in mystifying him, "one thing is quite clear, that our own register does not oppose your claim." On the 15th of April, in the year 1203, A. D., in spite of the register, sentence was formally pronounced against Giraldus; whereupon he rose up and begged that, although he was nonsuited, St. David's might be confirmed in its ancient independence, offering, to the great marvel of all present, to conduct the cause himself, and at his own charge; the success of which appeal may be learned from a bull, dated 1207, A. D., in which Innocent, with due misquotation of Scripture, and hints at possible penalties, exhorts all the Welsh bishops to obey the see of Canterbury. We are not speaking of Giraldus' history, or we should tell what his bold stand cost him; but we cannot leave unnoticed the speech of Gwenwynwyn ab Owain Cyveiliog, the prince of Powys, who declared that Giraldus was a better soldier against the Saxons than any of them, for "our campaigns," said he, "regularly end when winter comes, whilst he, for the honour of Kymru, against king and primate, clerics and all, has made head these five years and more!" This same prince, however, alone of all the Welsh chieftains, refused help to St. David's,—and suffered for his coldness of heart in such a cause, for his horse either stamped upon his foot, or kicked it, and so he became incurably lame!—But most probably this was before he had given to the ecclesiastical champion of Wales the honour which belonged to him; such a warning would enable him to express his sympathy more judiciously; and add his testimony to that of "those who write, and those who sing," who (so the bard of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth declared) "through all ages should tell his praise." The *Annales*, which are ascribed to some one of the canons of St. David's, we may say in conclusion, made the abbot of St. Dogvael a principal in this contention against the English metropolitan.

The celibacy of the clergy has, in our former chapters on ecclesiastical affairs, been

spoken of as one point on which the decrees of Rome were opposed most resolutely. It was not, however, possible for such resistance to be successful. As the religious orders multiplied, Rome gained more force to overbear opposition; and every province which yielded lessened the chances of victory for those that yet stood out. Besides, the praises of "virginity," so called, were in the mouths of all the priests; and a belief, more deeply rooted than ever was entertained for a mere dogma, had grown up respecting it. In 1103, A. D., a synod was held at London, at which Anselm strictly enjoined the observance of celibacy upon the Welsh, as well as upon the English clergy. The inferior clergy were included in this regulation; and the penalty was a heavy fine. We have the testimony of the Welsh laws to the disobedience of the clergy in Wales; and from Giraldus we learn how the zealous endeavoured to enforce the observance of these commands. He had been made a legate from the archbishop of Canterbury* to correct certain disorders in some parts of Wales, and he found in Brycheiniog a "veteran" archdeacon living with a "concubine." We may observe here, that this denial of the title of "wife" to females who were married to clerics, and the bestowal on them of such names as "housekeeper," "concubine," and worse, must have operated very powerfully in effecting the object of the Roman church in this matter. The legate exhorted the archdeacon to put away his companion, and met with a steady refusal; again and again he counselled him to separate himself from her, under pain of the archbishop's displeasure, till the enraged husband spoke defiant and contumelious words of the archbishop; whereupon Giraldus, perceiving him to be incorrigible, suspended him from all his preferments; in the hope, beyond a doubt, of teaching him self-denial by means of appeals of that keenest appetite—hunger. The old man, to his honour be it recorded, would not disown his wife; and though he was not restored to his benefices, for they had been bestowed on Giraldus, an income was assigned him by the bishop of St. David's for the rest of his life; a fact which shows the prevalent feeling respecting that unnatural injunction. Walter de Mapes, whose name has occurred before, in connexion with that of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and whom we must speak of again in this chapter, has more plainly expressed this popular feeling, in a long rhymed Latin poem, which does greater credit to his skill and kind-heartedness, than to his taste or genius; but we can only allude to this. We learn that Henry, being entreated by the bishops to lend his authority to the enforcement of Anselm's decree, acceded to their request, but at the same time allowed royal dispensations to clerics who were rich enough, or honest enough, to pay for such "indulgences." These things sufficiently illustrate the relations of the churches in Wales to the see at Rome; we will now glance at their internal condition.

It will not cause us any astonishment that there should be much disunion, under such circumstances as our narrative of general events, and what has been said of ecclesiastical affairs, have described. A quarrel which involved more "church principles,"

* This appointment, which implied the supremacy of the English primate over the prelates of Wales, and in their dioceses, was given to Giraldus on his first entrance into public life; but he does not appear to have regarded his resistance of that supremacy in after years as inconsistent with his former legation.

and attracted more attention than any other, was that carried on by Urban of Llandaff against the bishops of St. David's. Llandaff had suffered most severely in the conquest of South Wales by the Normans, from being nearest to England. Many of its clergy were slain, and most of its lands impropriated by others. It was in the very depths of destitution, when in the year 1108, A. D., on Herewald's death, Urban was made bishop. He found only two instead of twenty-four canons, and only four plough-lands, and four ox-gangs of land, remaining of all that the devoutness of former ages had endowed it with. The Normans had not been its only spoilers; the monks, as well as the laity, had robbed it; and St. David's on one side, and Hereford on the other, had largely encroached on its possessions. Such ignoble passions, it would seem, as make the whole herd fall upon a wounded stag, had fired the souls of those who ought to have upheld their fainting sister, and Llandaff had been ruthlessly plundered. But Urban was the very man for the hour. With indefatigable earnestness he set about the restoration of his see;—from the council held at Rheims, in 1119, A. D., he obtained the renewal of all its ancient and decayed privileges; in 1132, a synod was held at London on one of the many litigated points between him and his brother of St. David's; three times did he procure from the pope himself, bulls solemnly confirming to his bishopric the possession of all its daughter churches; and at last, having rebuilt the cathedral, and done not a little to bring back the glory that seemed to have departed for ever, for the fourth time he went to Rome to pursue his suit against his faithless neighbours in the court of the pontiff, and he died "beyond the seas," while yet the victory was undecided. Urban's successor found it much easier to obtain such "confirmations" as the pope's bulls, than the actual hold of the lands and rents; and we may leave them, hoping to convert the shadows into realities, for the purpose of telling one of Giraldus' stories, which may, perchance, afford our readers some amusement.

Our zealous archdeacon had returned from one of his "visitations," and hoped to enjoy the rest of which he stood so greatly in need, when before bed-time there came to him, in breathless haste, two clerics, to tell him that Adam, the bishop of St. Asaph, had given notice that on the morrow he would consecrate St. Michael's church at Kerry. Now this parish was in the diocese of St. David's, and Giraldus not only felt becomingly respecting the object of his legation from Canterbury, but had, in his heart, an eye to the see for himself, and therefore was additionally indignant at so flagrant a wrong. All wearied as he was, he instantly set off towards the scene of the purposed aggression, having first despatched messengers to Cadwallwn, and others, for "carnal" aid, in case the bishop should not rely on those "spiritual" weapons, by which the might of this world was so often proved to be weakness. He rested at a convenient place on the road, and early next morning reached Kerry. He had some trouble to find the keys of the church, which a partisan of the bishop's had secured; but, entrance having been at length won, he commenced the celebration of the mass, in the midst of which word was brought of the arrival of Adam of St. Asaph, with a goodly array of his clergy and retainers. The archdeacon, having brought him to a stand by a message, forbidding his nearer approach, if he came not as a friend to

St. David's, went forth to parley with him; and their words grew rapidly warmer, till the bishop alighted from his horse, and put on rochet and mitre, that he might solemnly curse his daring opponent. He had sadly miscalculated his ability; Giraldus instantly marshalled his men into a procession, and advancing thus from the church doors, replied to the aggressor's anathema with a counter-anathema; and then ordered the church-bells to be tolled three times, to confirm and to announce the sentence of excommunication. His command was scarcely uttered, when the bishop, with most indecent speed, rushed to his horse, and all his followers, in the same hot haste, mounted and spurred away, as for their very lives, pursued by the shouts of the people, who had assembled to witness a very different ceremonial; and what was worse, pelted with clods and sticks, and any missiles which could be snatched up. Cadwallwn appears to have been satisfied that the honour of the victory should rest with Giraldus; and he complimented him in very gratifying terms respecting the spirit he had shown. The disappointed bishop attempted to retrieve his position, but the archdeacon continued to be beforehand with him, and Adam was again defeated. In the end, our mettlesome ecclesiastic sent to the bishop's comfortless lodgings a good supper from his own table; and told him that he did not desire to proceed to greater lengths, for the sake of the old times, when they two were students together; and thus the discomfited St. Asaph was appeased. Not very long afterwards, at Northampton, the victor, being in the royal presence, received from Henry's own mouth praises which he has chronicled with evident satisfaction; and he tells us that the king raised inextinguishable merriment amongst his courtiers by telling the whole tale himself, and dwelling with peculiar glee on the two dignitaries having excommunicated each other!

The character of the Welsh clergy is not drawn in very pleasing colours by Giraldus. "Just as the laics of Wales were thieves and robbers of other things, so," says he, "were the bishops of the churches." The *Bruts*, however, commemorate many excellent prelates, especially at St. David's. There was Sulien, "a godly and religious man, the best in counsel, instruction, and religion, and the defender of all peace and righteousness;" "no one knew so well as he, how to counsel a turbulent country and people." His son Rhyddmarch, who surpassed his father in learning, was the last who kept up the ancient habit of giving instruction at St. David's: "there was an end of teaching for disciples at that place" at his death. Rhyddmarch's son presided at the college of Llanbadarn, and was a man of "great reading and learning." Another son of Sulien's, Daniel by name, was also an eminent scholar, and a man of extraordinary piety, "who made it his continual employ to reconcile Gwynedd and Powys;" a task requiring most unintermitted application, if the annals speak truly. The laws of Dyved testify to the attempt to raise the character of the clergy;—the abbots of Teilo, Teulydog, Ismael, and Degeman, they say, should be graduated in literary degrees. Yet, whatever was the legendary renown of the Welsh colleges at this time, it is certain that the most illustrious scholars of the Kymry studied in England, or at Paris. Thus did Giraldus and Walter de Mapes; and one of the edicts issued by Henry II., in 1169, A. D., establishes the fact beyond contradiction. Thus Gervase of Canterbury has written: "In

quest of other and enormous shifts, the king sent new abominations into England, most straitly commanding all, both old and young, to keep them; nay, compelling all to swear to observe them." Part of one of these "pravities" is the following: "If any Welshman, cleric or laic, shall come into England, unless he have passports from our lord the king, let him be apprehended and put in prison; and let all Welshmen who are in the schools in England be turned out." "And thus," adds the historian, with profound feeling, "were all men, throughout England, from the decrepit old man to the mere boy, compelled to abjure obedience to Thomas, archbishop of Canterbury,* and Pope Alexander."

In connexion with this part of our remarks on the clergy, we may mention Wecheleu, the anchorite of the Wye, whose Latin was none of the best, inasmuch as he used only the infinitive moods of verbs and the nominative cases of nouns; but who contrived, nevertheless, to say one thing worth repeating. Giraldus had inquired about the knowledge of Scripture, which was fast becoming rather a burden than a help, to a devout son of the church; the recluse replied, "Wish not, I say, to know the Sacred Scriptures, but to *do* them; it is vain to know them, unless you do them." Our scholar had marvelled at the anchorite's Latin, thinking no master could have taught him so, and at length asked how he had learned it. The answer would have staggered the inquirer, had not his taste for the marvellous been cultivated with most diligent care. "When I returned from the holy sepulchre, and shut myself up here, for the love of Him who died for me, it grieved me much that I knew not Latin, and I wept and prayed to God to teach me. One day, after I had called my seryant many times in vain, through hunger and weariness I fell asleep; and as I looked, saw my bread on the altar, which I blessed and ate, and then at vespers I found I could understand the service; and so, too, on the next day at mass; and seeing a priest passing by, I called him to my window, and he read to me the day's lessons, and I expounded them. But he who gave me Latin did not give it to me by grammar, and in cases, but only so that I could understand others, and make others understand me." This honest hermit was troubled because people came to him to be cured of various diseases, and consulted Giraldus respecting the proper course. Giraldus doubted neither his power, nor the obligation to exercise it, but he has recorded no "cases," which we think he would not have failed to do had any occurred.

But we must return from this digression. Giraldus has justified his hard saying about the bishops in Wales, who were, we must not forget, Norman partisans, and "more soldiers than clerics," by several examples. One prelate cast longing eyes on a herd of fat hogs, belonging to one who was subject to his crosier, and demanded ten of them; the owner demurred, and the bishop raised his demand to twenty; more earnest expostulation increased it to thirty, with menaces of ecclesiastical censure; and when the unlucky laic endeavoured once more to move the episcopal breast to justice, if mercy

* This edict clearly proves the degree of interest taken by the Welsh in the revolt of Becket, which has been spoken of in a former chapter. There are other incidental proofs, amongst which is the attachment of the Kymro, Cuhelyn, mentioned in the great collection of Materials for Gallic and French History, by Dom Bouquet.

might not enter there, forty were required, and he was told that every word begging abatement would raise the mulct higher. The forty were given up. Another, in the same way, obtained sixty porkers from a man who had less faith in the bishop's threats than in his supposed goodness; but one of his archdeacons, thinking that he ought to have a share of the spoil, insisted upon having a third of them, according to ancient custom; and a quarrel ensued, in which we wish, but hopelessly, that the lawful owner could have recovered his swine. A third of these shepherds, whose care was directed rather to the fleece than to the flock, was presiding in chapter one day, when he was informed, that a "parson" who held a living in his gift was dead. "Thank God!" said he, "so much the better for me; the highest bidder shall have the benefice!" The former incumbent's son obtained it at the price of twelve oxen; but as he was leaving the bishop with the deed of gift in his hand, the archdeacon snatched it away, and would not restore it till he had received six oxen for it. As a specimen of lawlessness in another form, we may cite the conduct of Peter De Leia, who was put into the see of St. David's, instead of Giraldus, the first time he was elected to it. This man disagreed so much with the Welsh, that he was either expelled, or advised to quit the country, and by the advice of the archbishop of Canterbury, the administration of the diocese, in every thing except the episcopal sacraments, was intrusted to Giraldus. But though, according to his own account, the archdeacon had governed "wisely and modestly," Peter, from the monastery in England to which he had retired, suspended and excommunicated certain, without a hearing, or even a known accusation, which so disgusted the administrator that he resigned.*

As were the prelates, so were their clergy, as Giraldus shows, although these were for the most part genuine Kymry. In the course of his archidiaconal visitation, two clerics waited on him from some parish in Elvel or Maelienydd, requiring him to send his messengers or officials, the dean for example, and not to go himself to their church. A less shrewd man would have suspected the reasons of such a request: the archdeacon flatly refused to attend to it. Then came others, who told him that they would offer armed resistance if he came; but this only made our brave self-praiser the more determined. Arriving at the place, he found the threat realized; nevertheless, he and his company contrived to get into the church, their horses being left in the grave-yard; and there they were blockaded. A messenger was sent off to Cadwallwn ab Madog, the prince of the territory, who sent him provisions, and promised to come and see about his position next day. The assurance of such aid raised the siege; the six or seven clerics, who (after the fashion of the country) shared the living, came to Giraldus and most humbly implored his pardon; and when Cadwallwn came as he had said, there was nothing for him to do. This and other examples illustrate the "three great vices" (as Giraldus calls them) of the Welsh clergy:—concubinage, or, as we say, marriage; partnership in livings, which to us looks like a relic of primitive and apostolic customs;

* After such tales, it is instructive to read of a bishop of St. Asaph, Godfrey, who held the see in the times of Owain Gwynedd and his son Davydd, relinquishing it, and withdrawing to England, on the double plea of the poverty of the diocese and the hostility of the Welsh.

and the "enormous" succession of sons after fathers in church livings and sees, concerning which he elsewhere declares, that if any other than the son or sons of a "parson" received any benefice, disturbance and bloodshed were sure to follow.

From the clergy we turn to the laity, that we may fully show the quality of "religion" in Wales during these ages. We have seen in the numerous extracts from the *Liber Landavensis*, given in former parts of this work, enough to show us the kind of influence exerted by the priests. We could not ascribe to the church much praise for its counteraction of the deeply-rooted barbarism of the manners of the people; but they had been brought to regard it with a superstitious devoutness, which that barbarism alone kept from being abject. One extract from that register, relating to the period of the conquest of South Wales, will recall the impressions received respecting this subject. Caradog ab Rhiwallon being sick, called to mind how his brother Cynan had been killed by one of his companions, in his presence, and for the most part on his account. He therefore, as a penance, went seven times to St. Peter's church; and "knowing that he could not otherwise be saved," says the record, "but by fasting, prayer, and almsgiving," with the approval of Roger Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford and Lord of Gwent, bestowed a certain village on Llandaff; and in the "conveyance," as if the evil times which came were foreseen, of all who might aid the see in maintaining possession of the gift it is said, "may they be blest by all people, and absolved from the guilt of their sins;" whilst a corresponding imprecation is pronounced against those who should alienate it. In the same register is preserved a copy of an agreement between Urban, the diligent restorer of the see, and Robert, Earl of Gloucester, Henry I.'s natural son, of whom sufficient mention has been made. The earl was one of the spoilers of Llandaff; and being pressed by the bishop to give up the unjustly acquired lands, instead of them, gave a mill, which William of Cardiff occupied and worked, and a fishery on the Eley; a hundred acres of arable land, between the Taff and the Eley; common pasturage with the earl's people, and the run of all his woods, except one, with them; and materials for the need of the church of Llandaff, and of all the men of its fee. The bishop, for his part, agreed to be a good friend of Robert's, and not to demand the restoration of the estates which the see had lost; he also undertook so to construct the weir of his mill, below the bridge, that there should always be a passable road, unless a flush of water or a high tide prevented; and the earl was then to destroy the weir of his mill on the Eley. The baron's men and all others were to have full permission to buy and sell meat and drink at Llandaff, and to eat and drink there; but in time of war were to carry nothing from the place; the bishop's men in time of peace might also trade there. The judgment of the iron was to take place at Llandaff, and a trench of judicial water was to be maintained near Cardiff castle, in the bishop's territory. Also, if any combat between a man of the bishop's, and one of Earl Robert's, should take place at Cardiff castle, the bishop's man, if defeated, should have the same justice shown him as he would receive at Llandaff; a combat between two of the bishop's men should take place at Llandaff. And finally, the earl was to be held free from certain tolls and customs to the bishop and the men of his fee, about which he had com-

plained. This agreement was made in the year 1126, A. D.; and indicates with great clearness the social state of Morganwg then.

Giraldus rather inconsistently commenced his ecclesiastical labours, we have said, as legate from Canterbury for the correction of disorders in South Wales. He obtained the commission, because he perceived that throughout the see of St. David's, and especially in Dyved and Caredigion, through the carelessness of the bishops, the tithes of wool and cheese were never paid. The letters which he took with him exhorted defaulters to pay up their arrears, that they might obtain the remission of their sins; and as if this was not deemed a very powerful inducement, a third part of the enjoined penance was to be excused to all who paid willingly, whilst obstinate recusants were threatened with the whole weight of the censures of the church. The Welsh, Giraldus says, obeyed the command; but the Flemings of Rhos, and their party, would not; and when they were subjected to an interdict, that was not a light one, in consideration of the grievousness of their fault, they appealed to Henry, and obtained a relaxation of it. On the death of that king, however, the Welsh, who had willingly paid both tithes and arrears, fell on the province of Rhos, and carried off all the sheep and great booty from those who had thus refused the tithe of wool "to God and his church." A matter of hearty rejoicing to Giraldus, as a good son of the Great Mother, who regarded it as a miracle, and narrated as a pendant to it the following. A certain man owed one in Penbroch ten stones of wool; and at the shearing he obtained from his flock just that weight. In spite of his wife's dissuasions (for to Giraldus all wives are antitypes of the Canaanites whom the Israelites did not drive out of the land) he paid one stone to the church, and carried the other nine to his creditor, begging him to excuse the immediate payment of the tenth. But mark the reward of such piety!—after weighing what his debtor had brought him over and over again, the man of Penbroch could never make it less than ten stones! The interference of Henry in the censures of the church was, of course, a great sorrow to our stout-hearted legate, who found that many sheltered under the royal relaxation, in whose behalf that impenetrable ægis was not stretched forth. He therefore obtained a strict definition of the extent of the dispensation, and so brought the interdict to bear on many who fancied themselves safe from it; as, for instance, on the men of Talachar, who had large flocks, and were obstinate withholders of tithes. These proceedings made Giraldus very unpopular amongst the Flemings, he tells us; but the clergy regarded him with great delight and affection!

Not only were the Flemings displeased with the zealous legate, the vice-count of the province, William Karquit, was so too; for no prophet, says our old biographer, has honour in his native land. This baron, out of spite, carried off eight yoke of oxen, belonging to the church, and secured them in his stronghold. Thrice did Giraldus demand them in vain. The robber threatened to do worse. The legate in return menaced him with excommunication, at which the marauder laughed aloud, and said, that he believed Giraldus to be proud and wicked enough, but not quite so bold as to excommunicate the king's constable in his own castle. The reply was, that when the bells of the convent were all tolled thrice, the king's constable would know that he was

cut off from the church. As soon as his messenger returned, by bell, book, and candle was William Karquit anathematized; and we may imagine the paleness of his cheek and the terror of his soul, when he heard the triple clang of the convent bells; for next day, before the bishop of St. David's, he made full restitution and satisfaction to Giraldus and his colleague, Magister Michael; received the chastisement appointed, and was absolved! Another of these border lords, whom we have heard of as the perpetrator of a cold-blooded massacre in Gwent, had diverted the property left to the chapel of St. Nicholas, in Aberhodni castle, to his own uses: Hugo the chaplain, in a dream, saw a venerable man standing beside him, who gave him the following rather pointless message for the sacrilegious marquess:—"The public treasury takes away that which Christ does not receive; and thou wilt give to an impious soldier, that which thou wilt not bestow upon a priest!" Hugo told the archdeacon of the place, who showed him the sentence in Augustine's work on tithes; but we do not hear if he performed the commission. This William de Breos had some humour in him, for he caricatured the religion which his chaplains and priests had taught him, very effectually. Giraldus speaks as if he thought the man in earnest, but it was plainly in bitter jest that he acted. His letters he so filled with expressions of gratitude for Divine favour, that they were a weariness, to both scribe and reader; and he annually bestowed an extra gold piece on each of his amanuenses, for concluding every letter with the words, "by Divine assistance." If he saw a church, or a priest, as he was in conversation with any one, he would suddenly break off, and recite his prayers. By a clever trick, also, he used to get the boys in the road to salute him, because he heard that the blessing of the innocent was helpful to the soul. From these anecdotes we may conclude that the Norman invaders did not more benefit the people in their religion, than they did in their temporal affairs; and that the priests of the Kymry received a twofold injury at their hands, the robbery of their possessions, and the lesson of insubordination to their flocks.

Gruffydd ab Cynan, the king of Gwynedd, is praised for having built and endowed many churches. Twenty shillings, or ten shillings, *per annum*, was the most frequent amount of his endowments; but he gave more than that to Bangor. Such services as these were very needful; for beside such spoliation and destruction as the Normans effected, in the *Annales Menevenses*, (as we may call them,) several inroads of "pagans" are recorded, as we have narrated in the foregoing chapter. Peter, who in other respects was so useless a prelate, did one good deed in his time;—he entirely rebuilt the cathedral church of St. David's. The annals of Margan abbey add their testimony to those of Llandaff and St. David's; but they also tell of miraculous aid. In the very year of the erection of the abbey, the best barn was burnt, "but Divine vengeance followed;" the incendiary lost his reason. The brethren of that convent rejoiced in supernatural interpositions;—their corn ripened before harvest-time, to satisfy their need; and when, in a season of famine, they fed multitudes at their gate, their stores increased rather than diminished. Miracles were common in those days. The turf on which Archbishop Baldwin stood to proclaim the crusade at Haverford, restored sight to an old woman who, devoutly kneeling, touched her mouth and eyes with a piece that her son

brought her. A woman who objected to her husband's taking the cross, overlaid her only child in the night and suffocated it; after which neither could refuse to obey the summons to the Holy Land. When Giraldus preached in Latin or French, his words were just as efficacious in producing conviction, as if he had spoken in Welsh; and John Spang, the Lord Rhys's jester, wittily said to his master,—“ You ought to be much obliged to your cousin the archdeacon, who has made some hundred of your men renounce your allegiance, for the obedience of Christ; for if he had preached in Welsh he would not have left you a single man!” In the neighbourhood of Caerleon upon Usk, says Giraldus, “ the number of most notorious murderers, thieves, and robbers, who, to the astonishment of the spectators, *were converted*, [that is, became crusaders,] was most remarkable.” Excepting the cure of the blind woman, of which credulity and a purpose to be answered are, perhaps, a sufficient explanation; such are the “ lying wonders ” of the age! And as a whole pandemonium of pagan spirits—fairies, incubi, and the rest, kept their place in the general faith, we do not wonder that occurrences like these were deemed miraculous, and did actually persuade men.

We have related in the general history many incidents which illustrate the religion of these times, and to them we refer our readers. One more story we will borrow from our helpful archdeacon, and then give his own review of the subject. He tells us that as Henry was returning from Ireland, he offered his devotions in the chapel of St. Piran, at Cardiff; and having concluded, was mounting his horse, when a tall and meagre-looking man, of middle age, barefooted, with a shaven crown, and habited in a long white robe, stood before him, and said, “ God hold ye, king!” and proceeded in the English language to charge Henry, in the name of the Saviour and the Virgin, the Baptist and the Apostle Peter, strictly to prohibit all buying and selling on Sundays, throughout his dominions, and to forbid all work except what was needful for the preparation of food, that proper attention might be paid to the divine offices. The king, impatient at being detained, said to the knight who held his horse, “ Is he telling his dreams?” Whereupon the ascetic bade him mark the day, as within a year, if he heeded not his words, whether he dreamed or not, dearly would he rue it. Henry galloped off; but afterwards turning over the denunciation in his mind, went back, and tried to find the prophet, but in vain. Within a year, for he did not obey the command, the rebellion of his sons fulfilled the threat. Giraldus sums up the religious character of the Kymry thus:—they commonly ask a blessing from every priest, or wearer of a religious habit, whom they meet; and set great store upon episcopal ordination, by which the grace of the Spirit is given. When they marry, go on pilgrimages, or are persuaded to repentance, they give a tithe of all their property, two-thirds to the church, and one-third to the bishop. Of all pilgrimages they prefer that to Rome, and pay most fervent adoration to the apostolic see. They show great respect to churches, ecclesiastical relics, and such things, and “ thence their churches enjoy more than common tranquillity!” The privilege of sanctuary is not only given to herds feeding in churchyards, but to those which return to the churchyard at night, however far they may wander during the day. This asylum is inviolate; and many abuse it by placing their families in

its shelter, and by making hostile incursions whilst they are protected thus, and "harass the country more than the prince himself!" The great drawback to this extraordinary description, (the character of which we do not need to discuss,) according to this same writer, is, that the churches had almost as many clerics and parties, as there were principal men in each parish!

And now we call attention to the writers of these times, amongst whom were some of the most distinguished men that Wales has ever known. Foremost amongst them stands one whose name we have made familiar to our readers; Gruffydd ab Arthur, or Galfrai, commonly known as Geoffrey of Monmouth. We do not need to repeat the observations we have made upon his famous *Historia Britonum*, nor to speak of the contents of that wondrous repertory of tradition, myth, and fiction, of which we have made such large use in the legendary story of Wales. It will be enough that we have assigned to him his well-earned distinction; and that we have clearly asserted our belief, that amongst the claimants to the honour of having rendered those ancient Kymric fables accessible to the poets who were able to develop them, and to bring them to bear upon men as only truth fitted to an age can be made to apply,—to him the chief praise is due. Geoffrey was archdeacon of Monmouth, whence his most familiar designation; and in 1152, A. D., he was appointed bishop of Llandaff, but died before the end of the year. He had been chaplain to the literary Earl of Gloucester, who promoted the compilation of his *Historia*, as he did the chronicle of William of Malmesbury; and he was a man of sufficient mark to have his accession to the see noticed in the annals of St. David's. Of Walter de Mapes, or Calenius, Geoffrey's "familiar," as he has been well named by Mr. Stephens, mention has also been made. To him, apparently, some share of the credit of preserving the legends which were associated with that of Brutus, is due; but we cannot allow him more than an inferior place. His Latin poems have also been spoken of; it was to them that he owed the epithet "Anacreon;" for they are rather more than jovial; and on this account, the smaller ones, although they are ingenious, are not adapted for quotation. One long poem ascribed to him is a description of Wales. He was the son of one of Fitz-Hamon's knights, who married Flur, the daughter of Gweirydd; and was chaplain to Henry I., and archdeacon of Oxford; and this is almost all that history has preserved respecting him.

Of Caradog of Llangarvan still less is known; and he seems to be really little more than a name affixed to all the varying copies of "the Chronicles of the Princes." Comparing these with each other, and with the *Annales Cambriæ*, and then turning to the parallel series of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and the historians, Simeon of Durham, Florence of Worcester, Henry of Huntingdon, &c., we see how there came to be such *Bruts* as those called *y Tywysogion* and *y Saeson*, at all; and also how the variations arose. In an earlier chapter we said that the scanty entries in the *Annales*, were the filling up of the blank spaces in the register-books of abbeyes and cathedrals, which were afterwards transcribed by some who were curious about the historical facts thus briefly commemorated. The MS. we have lately used is such a transcript of records

preserved at St. David's; as both the external and internal evidence show. Another MS. not greatly unlike it, but far less ancient, is said to have been made at Llandaff. The *Annales Margamenses*, or annals of the abbey of Margan, were thought worthy of being printed by Gale. We hear of chronicles at Conway and Ystrad-flur (*Strata Florida*) also. In process of time, if, by any one of the thousand casualties to which religious houses in Wales were exposed, the chronicle of a convent was lost, a copy of the one kept in some more favoured spot would be made to replace it; and in the same way the deficiencies of one would be made up from another. As the importance of these documents was understood, more numerous and complete copies would be made; and from tradition, from published histories, and indeed from all quarters, additions would be made to the brief record which was the germ of the whole. And at length some patriotic monk would translate it into the vernacular dialect. Now this is exactly what has happened with these Welsh annals, as we could show, step by step. And the part which we especially ascribe to the historian of Llangarvan is that of translating the old chronicles into Welsh. Geoffrey of Monmouth referred to him so emphatically, perhaps, because his was the only translation then made, or possibly because, through De Mapes, who actually built Llangarvan church, he was better acquainted with Caradog's work than with any of the others then existing. After such a reference as Geoffrey made, any translation or amplification of the *Annales* would be called by Caradog's name; and it has thus come to pass, that works differing from each other as the various copies of the *Brut* of the monk of Llangarvan do, have come to be looked upon as having originated in one common source. One of these Welsh *Bruts* which Lhuyd used in making his "Historie of Cambria," ends in 1157, A. D.; and it has therefore been conjectured that Caradog died in that year. Mr. Aneurin Owen thinks there is a marked change in the style of the five existing copies of the so-called Caradog's *Brut*, about the year 1120, A. D., at which time he would place the end of his labours; but with our theory of the origin of these copies, neither of these circumstances could be regarded as indicative of any fact in this chronicler's personal history. The original writers of the *Annales*, like those of the *Liber Landavensis*, are unknown; and we can only speak of these works as in part the product of these ages. The "Laws" will be noticed in another chapter.

A few words respecting the poets, and a few specimens* of the poems, of the period we are considering now, will conclude our present task. Of Meilyr Brydydd, the household bard of Trahaearn, and afterwards of Gruffydd ab Cynan, we have spoken, and have given a translation of the earliest and briefest of his poems. Gwalchmai ab Meilyr has also spoken to us in three of his animated and vigorous lays in praise of his patrons and favourite heroes; his fame will justify our giving a specimen of his poetical powers of another kind; it is an extract from a piece which is entitled "Gwalchmai's Delights."

* It is needful to observe, that in the various published translations of the choicest poems, great variations are seen. Not only is wide licence taken in the metrical versions, but irreconcilable differences occur in the versions called "*literal*."

"Hasten, thou early-rising summer sun!
 Bring, quickly bring the melody of birds,
 Their pleasant converse in the time of song.
 Fearless in battle, with my golden torque,
 A lion in the first rank of the host
 Am I, and all the livelong night have watch'd
 The boundary river 'neath the Breiddin hills:
 No foot had press'd the grass, intensely green;
 The limpid waters murmur'd as they pass'd;
 The skilful songster, Philomel, ne'er ceased
 His warbled story; whilst the sea-mews play'd
 In amorous sport amid the sparkling stream.
 The nightingale in May I love to hear,
 Singing at break of day, at evening's close.
 I love the dear musicians, who prolong
 In plaintive accents their fond tales of woe.
 The birds I love, and their sweet voices raised
 In soothing woodland lays———"

Conspicuous amongst the poets of the twelfth century stands Owain Cyveiliog, whose "Hirlas Horn," and "Circuit through Powys," are the longest and most remarkable productions of the age. Our space and our scope alike forbid our presenting our readers with more than extracts from these poems. The "*Hirlas Horn*," we must remark, was the horn of an ox, mounted with silver, and used for drinking; its size, and well-known colour, procured it the compound epithet "long blue." The first stanza tells us the occasion of the composition of this spirited ode,—a battle in the vale of Maelor; and each of the succeeding verses is a command to the cup-bearer to fill the horn and to present it to some hero of the fight, whose prowess is celebrated. Thus he addresses Rhys and Gwgan.

"First, fill, thou cup-bearer that bringest joy,
 The horn for Rhys, here in the generous hall,
 In Owain's hall, where ever on the spoil
 Of foes they feast. Wide open are the gates;
 The revel of a thousand thou may'st hear.
 Sadness and silence seize me, cup-bearer!
 Has he not left me?—Then for mutual mirth
 Reach thou the horn, while I still mourn the chief,
 Whose hue is dark as is the ninth sea-wave.
 Long is the horn, and blue, its cover gold,
 So bring it forth with bragot, meet to pledge
 The froward Gwgan, to requite his deed.
 Goronwy's whelps are mighty in their wrath;
 Swiftly they leap, and stedfast are their feet.
 In every hardship they demand the prize,
 In danger, gladly is their war-cry heard.
 The soul of Habren's shepherd thrills with joy
 The while he listens to their mighty blast.
 From their long horns they drink inspiring mead."

Gruffydd, "the dragon of Arwystli;" Ednyved, "the lion of his land;" the "two heroic ones," the sons of Ynyr; are successively complimented; and the bard proceeds:—

"Fill high, thou cup-bearer, tempt not thy doom!
 Fill high the horn of honour at our feast,
 The *hirlas* horn, the sign of privilege,
 With ancient silver cover'd without stint,
 And bear to Tewdwr, eagle of the fight,
 The noble beverage, the blushing wine.
 If thou bring not of mead the best of all
 The liquor in the bowl, beware thy head!
 And bear it to Moreiddig, unto him
 Who song rewards and loves, the lib'ral chief.
 Old may they be in fame e'er they depart,
 The blameless brothers with aspiring souls;
 Of dauntless ardour, that would grasp e'en fire,
 Heroes, what service ye have wrought for me!
 Not old repulsively, but old in skill,
 Toilers, impellers, leaders like to wolves,
 First in the foremost rank, with gory limbs,
 The chieftains of Mochnant, of Powys sons,
 Brave 'midst the brave, deliverers in need,
 Red are their weapons, safe their bounds they keep;
 Praise be your portion, ye who are so blest!—
 Heard I the cry of death?—Are they too gone?—
 O Saviour! what a wound the loss of them!—
 Moreiddig, ever shall I mourn thee dead!"

Morgant, Gronw, Madog, and Meilyr, "the whelps of Owain," receive in turn the honour of the *hirlas* and the praise; and lastly Daniel, "the auxiliary chief, so fair of loyalty, who will not pay, who will not pledge, who will abide no law;" and thus the song ends:

"E'er long, O cup-bearer! I must depart;
 Soon must I leave you; then in bliss above,
 In Paradise, may we all meet again,
 And there for ever with the King of kings
 Abide; and learn the course secure of truth."

The proofs of rudeness in manners, incidentally afforded by this ode, and the lively picture of the princely bard himself, and of his comrades in the fight, which we can draw by its aid, make it interesting in another respect; but these points do not need lengthened notice, nor does the admirable skill, with which the burst of sorrow over Tewdwr and Moreiddig is introduced. We give parts of Mr. Fenton's translation of

THE CIRCUIT THROUGH POWYS.

To share the festal joy and song
 Owain's train we move along;

Every passion now at rest,
 That clouds the brow, or rends the breast ;
 But oppression's foes the same,
 Quick to kindle into flame,
 Setting off from Mortyn, say
 Whither shall we bend our way ?

Quick, despatch thee, boy! Take heed
 That thou slack not of thy speed,
 Or with idle gossip greet
 The loit'rer thou may'st chance to meet ;
 Onward push, and look not back ;
 Let nought divert thee from thy track ;—
 To Keri hie thee, lad ; and say,
 Thither will we bend our way.

The course lies by Arwystli, Penwedig, and the mountains of Meirionydd.

Quick proceed, the mountain crost,
 That not a moment may be lost ;
 Fast by the margins of the deep,
 Where storms eternal uproar keep——
 The road to shorten, mend thy pace,
 Be thy speed contracting space ;
 And faithful to thy message, say,
 We take Ardudwy in our way.

No delaying, boy, push on ;
 Ardudwy visited, be gone ;
 Haste the region to survey
 Which Mervyn gloried erst to sway ;
 To Nevyn go, inquire for Nest,
 And lodging there become her guest ;
 By which untold it may be seen
 That we are on our road to Lleyn.

Messenger, set off again,
 Forerunner of our gallant train,
 Hurry at our chief's command,
 Prince of liberal heart and hand :
 And as through Arvon winds thy way,
 Armed knight, we charge thee say,
 That having journey'd many a mile,
 We mean to visit Mona's isle.

We are Owain's princely host,
 Spoils of foes the wealth we boast ;
 Tyrant Lloegyr o'erthrown
 Gives us title to renown ;
 Then, our toilsome marches o'er,
 Can we want an opening door ?
 Shall we not find on Rhos a bed,
 Whereon to lay the weary head ?

Llanerch, Iâl, Maelor, Cynllaith, and Mechain, are the other parts mentioned in this "Circuit," which, as we see, goes far beyond the borders of Powys; and the last stanza expresses the hope of finding rest in heaven at last. The fame of Owain Cyveiliog was rivalled by that of another prince, Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd; whose skill in war, and whose dethronement and perhaps death, we have read of. Only a few of his poems have been preserved, but they are very graceful and lively, and are all love-songs, except two, which are devoted to war. One of the former kind, slightly altered from Mrs. Llywelyn's almost literal translation, will be a sufficient example of Hywel's style.

" Give me the fair, the gentle maid,
Of slender form, in mantle green;
Whose woman's wit is ever staid,
Subdued by virtue's graceful mien.
Give me the maid, whose heart with mine
Shall blend each thought, each wish combine.
Then, maiden, fair as ocean's spray,
Of Kymric speech, discreet, yet gay,
Thou shalt be mine.
Say, am I thine?
What? silent thou?
Thy silence makes my bosom glow.
I choose thee, maiden, for thy gifts divine;
Thus is it right to choose; then, fairest, choose me thine."

We must pass over Periv ab Cedivor and Einion ab Gwalchmai, with the bare mention of their names as authors of poems of no mean excellence. The name of Cynddelw requires more respectful notice. The appellation of *Prydydd Mawr*, or the Great Poet, attests his superior fame. His patrons were numerous, the most constant being Owain Gwynedd, Madog ab Meredydd, and Davydd ab Owain Gwynedd; and he lived till about the close of the twelfth century. In his poems we find much of the theosophy of the bards, and frequent allusions to the Arturian legends, which were then generally diffused amongst the Kymry; and from these combined causes, his writings are, even to those who have studied the ancient language of the Principality, exceedingly obscure.

END OF PART I.

HISTORY OF WALES.

PART II.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SOCIAL STATE AND MANNERS OF THE WELSH IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.—THE LEGEND OF THE DISCOVERY AND COLONIZATION OF AMERICA BY MADOG AB OWAIN GWYNEDD.

THE foregoing chapters on the general history of the Kymry, during the time we now refer to, have contained many intimations of their social state; and in the last chapter we have collected a variety of graphic representations of their ecclesiastical condition. We purpose to bring together in this place several authentic sketches, which could not be included in the historical narrative, under the head of religion and literature; with some further notice of the "Laws," and as clear a statement as the entangled materials will allow, of the origin and credibility of the story, once so unhesitatingly received, which told

"How Madog from the shores of Britain spread
The adventurous sail, explored the ocean paths,
And quell'd barbarian power, and overthrew
The bloody altars of idolatry,
And planted in its fanes triumphantly
The cross of Christ."

We must resort to the pages of the pleasantly self-satisfied Giraldus once more; and we may observe that we have a singular assurance of the fidelity of both his descriptions and his tales, in the not unfrequent contradictions which may be discovered between them. Some of these in his summary of the religious character of the Welsh, which we quoted in the last chapter, we could not refrain from marking; for it appeared almost a satire upon the people of the principality, after the stories of violence and rapine we had given on his authority, to speak of the *tranquillity* of their churches! And yet there can be no doubt that such was the general condition of the churches in Wales, although there had also occurred those fierce outbreaks. We shall not follow Giraldus' order in every particular, nor shall we confine ourselves to his words; but shall seek to reproduce his pictures in such a form as will make them range with the rest of our work.

The warlike tastes and habits of the Welsh nation are first of all spoken of; and this, which exactly confirms the impressions we have received from the recital of their

history, we cannot fail to regard as indicative both of the character of the Kymry, and of the veracity of their describer. They are, he says, light and active, and rather hardy than strong; which agrees not only with all that follows, but in a remarkable manner with the accounts we have heard of nations in a similar stage of civilization, in more recent times. All were trained to arms; and it was their most general and strongest passion. Which training, however, in no way corresponded to what we are used to regard as a military education; and that not simply because battles in those days were decided more by the superiority of personal prowess in those who fought, than by superiority of strategic skill in those who directed the combatants; but also, because (as we have seen, and as Giraldus, in what he intended as a faithful portraiture of their "illaudable" features, has stated) they did not, in general, attempt open, hand-to-hand fight, but practised ambuscades, bush-fighting, and night attacks. From their childhood almost, the men were accustomed to the forests and mountains, and acquired astonishing power in making their way along paths, which to one strange to those regions, would be quite impassable; and in enduring fatigue, beneath which those used to fields and plains sank. The parents seldom superintended this training, at least amongst the wealthier classes; but the boys were placed beneath the care of some one, in whose service they might learn all that it became a pure-blooded Kymro to know; in which custom we discern the rude germ of the initial grade in the institution of knighthood. When they were grown up to early manhood, they combined in troops or families, under the direction of a leader whom they chose for themselves, most probably out of their own ranks, and roamed about, devoted, as Giraldus expresses it, to arms and to ease, ever ready to defend their country, and sure of a welcome in every house. To this kind of association we have referred in the former parts of this work; and to it have ascribed a share in the miseries which Wales continually groaned under; in knight-errantry, and the brotherhoods-in-arms of chivalry, we may see it idealized, but still characterized by very strongly marked traits of a rude state of society.

When the alarm of the approach of the enemy was sounded, the husbandman left his plough and hastened to take part in the fray, with the same eagerness that the retainer of king or noble hastened from the feast in the hall. Armed with their light weapons, lances or rather javelins, in North Wales, and bows and arrows in the South, and swords; defended by helmets and targets, with small breastplates, and, very rarely, plated greaves; barefooted, or at best with boots of untanned leather; they rushed forth; the nobles on horse-back, but often with the others on foot; and did not hesitate thus feebly furnished to attack the mail-clad and well-mounted men-at-arms of the English barons. As is ever the case with such troops, their attack was as fierce as it was sudden; and to those unpractised in such warfare, dreadful enough; for there was no lack of barbaric shouts and cries; and their ornaments were employed as much to inspire the foe with terror, as to add to the dignity of the chief. But if it failed, and it could not but fail, when the invulnerable soldiers of England had learned to estimate the fearfulness of the first onset aright; they fled amain, and would not return to the attack, until they had planned a new surprise. Cold and darkness, hunger and thirst,

they heeded not, whilst they thus, tiger-like, laid wait for their enemies ; and it is but just to add, that in their peculiar mode of fighting they were over and over again successful, against whatever forces the Normans led into their country ; although in pitched battles they were necessarily defeated. The animating spirit of this people of warriors was not patriotism, but nationality ; and that most frequently in its narrower forms of clanship or family ambition ; and not seldom displaying itself in the most cruel and unnatural selfishness. It is not needful to allude particularly to any of the horrible crimes which have given so dark a tinge to many of our pages ; but we may recall the frequency of hereditary quarrels, and may remark that the conventional relation of foster-brothers was often a more sincere one than that of actual brotherhood, and gave rise to some of the most bloody quarrels. Giraldus says, rather sarcastically, that the Welsh loved their brothers when they were dead better by far than when they were living : which may have arisen from their heraldic pride, and love of tracing their ancestry, keeping their family pedigrees correctly deduced through the illustrious heroes of the British Chronicles, from Gomer, Japheth, and Noah. Of this passion, which is one of the most prominent features of the dream of chivalry, we must speak again. Other and darker traits in the most complete ideal of knighthood romance ever drew, may be discovered in the Kymric character, as presented to us in this clever writer's manifold works ; and we can appeal to the chroniclers and bards for too abundant testimony to Giraldus's truth. Inconstant were they, he avers, and they regarded not their oaths ; plunder, theft, robbery,—by such means they delighted to live ; and in pursuit of these (as they deem) honourable objects, bonds of peace and vows of friendship were not considered the least obstacles, being violated without hesitation or compunction ; and if they had means and opportunity, they as readily possessed themselves of their neighbour's lands, as of his cattle, or his household goods. In entire harmony with these habits were the unjust and exorbitant exactions of the powerful, who in many instances exercised a tyranny, which reminds us of oriental customs, over their unhappy dependents.

The relations of the sexes we have spoken of very briefly in connexion with the legislation of Hywel Dda. Jealousy, it is said, was not a vice of the Welsh. And we may add, that the bards in their numerous love-songs display most plainly the existence of that kind of regard for females, which has always been identified with the age of chivalry ; and at the same time the prevalence of the grossest and most unblushing immorality. Giraldus repeats the disgusting charges which Gildas brought against the Britons, and enlarges, with all the zeal of a most devout canonist, which he was, on the monstrous "incest" of the marriages of cousins ; concluding his accusation with the hopeless observation, "We are then involved in an abyss of vices,—perjury, theft, robbery, rapine, murder, fratricide, adultery, incest,—and every day more and more entangled in evil." Our quotations from the *Book of Llandaff* have already exhibited this aspect of the Welsh manners.

Trade, commerce, and manufactures were alike unknown amongst the Kymry ; the absence of shipping is particularly noted by Giraldus, and the Laws and the Triads may

be referred to, as affording further proofs of this fact. Their houses and furniture were their sole care, after their scanty and rude husbandry; and warfare, either of a national or of a private character, the only alternative to these toils. Their minds were always set on the defence of their country, or on plunder. The enumeration of household utensils, &c., in the Laws afford a noteworthy comment on this statement of the "business" of the Welsh. Of their agriculture, and similar occupations, we are told, that in March and April they ploughed for oats, which are the only grain mentioned. In summer they ploughed twice, and once in winter; but with what object, Giraldus does not declare. He says that their ploughs (of which we have in former chapters told what is recorded in the Triads) were drawn by four oxen each, and that the driver walked *before* the team, with his face to them; so that not seeing whither he was going, he sometimes fell, and was injured by the heavy tread of the beasts. We are not aware of any "illumination," or other ancient painting, in which this mode of driving the plough is shown. The sickle they employed was ruder than their plough; it consisted of a blade loosely fastened to two handles, and our informant avers that no one could tell *how* it was used unless he saw the reapers at work. Most of the land was pasture; there was a smaller area laid out in gardens, and a smaller quantity still in fields. And therefore the herds supplied more food than the crops; and more flesh than bread was eaten;—milk, cheese, and butter were also used. In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle we read of great distress both in England and Wales, occasioned by the failure of *mast* throughout the country; and *Domesday-Book* describes many forests on the Welsh marches as used only to supply provender to huge herds of swine. But beside these confirmations of what Giraldus says respecting the food of the Cambro-Britons, and the frequent mention of cattle in the history, the ceaseless wars which desolated Wales must have made agriculture a most unprofitable employment. The owner of cattle and swine might drive his herds into the forests, and find food for them in their glades, when the enemy entered the land; but the owner of corn-fields could only look on in indignation when his crops were trampled down, or burnt, or cut as green food for the strong-limbed chargers of the knights; and would be less ready to invest his capital so insecurely. We ought not, also, to overlook the fact, that to men engaged in the fatigues of war, beneath a sky so changeable, and in a region so wild, as Wales, the stimulus of animal food was requisite in greater abundance, than it is to men in ordinary circumstances now; and that would be one cause for the little attention to husbandry of which Giraldus speaks, although the cultivators themselves might not be aware of it.

The Welsh were neither gluttons nor drunkards, we are told; they had one moderate meal in the evening, and they fasted all the day. If by any means the supply was scant, or none at all, they waited till the next evening. Yet, says our truth-telling authority, after a long fast, and at another's cost, they will eat immoderately. And the estates of Llandaff testified, that at times they could drink immoderately too. In these respects, however; they might easily have been favourably distinguished from our Saxon ancestors, whose appetites, we are assured, were prodigiously capacious, and whose strong-heads even could not stand the potatoes pottle-deep, in which it was

their wont to indulge. Throughout Kymru were no beggars. Liberality and hospitality were esteemed the first of virtues, and so none were abjectly poor or destitute. When a stranger presented himself at any homestead, he was not asked whence he came, or whither he was bound, or what was his errand; such catechisings being the fruit of civilization more advanced than Wales could boast. He gave up his arms to the master of the house, as a token of his peaceful intent, and indicated, by accepting or declining the offer of water to wash his feet, whether his visit were for lodging, as well as refreshment, or not. From morning to evening the guests were entertained by the conversation of young women, and the music of the harp; and in every house were some who made this their principal occupation. And in the evening, the meal was prepared according to the number and dignity of the guests, assembled or expected, and the wealth of the family. All the dishes were placed together on mats, with large platters of sweet herbs, and plenty of their oat-cake just baked on the "griddle," which they called *bara llechan*, "griddle cake." Chopped meat with broth was sometimes served up. The host and hostess waited on their guests standing, and took nothing until they were completely satisfied, so that if there were any deficiency, they themselves alone might be stinted by it. At night a bed of rushes was laid down along one side of the room, covered with a coarse kind of cloth made in the country, and called *brychan*; and all the household lay down on this bed in common, without changing their dresses. The fire was kept burning through the night, and the sleepers maintained their warmth by lying closely; and when by the cold, or by the hardness of their couch, one side was wearied, they would get up, and sit by the fire awhile, and then lie down again on the other side. It is to this custom of promiscuous sleeping, that some of the worst habits of the Welsh at the present day may be ascribed; and from the same custom, which their forefathers, the ancient Britons, practised, arose Cæsar's supposition that they were polyandrous polygamists. The houses, or rather huts, of the Kymry were usually solitary, and placed on the borders of the forests; the social life of towns and villages they did not affect. Both sexes wore their hair cut close and level by the ears and eyes; the principal garments were a close-fitting tunic, and a light mantle or cloak; the women wore veils. They paid great attention to their teeth, rubbing them with either the leaves or the bark of the hazel, and refraining from hot meats and drinks, so that they were of dazzling whiteness. The men wore their moustaches, but shaved off the rest of their beard, and almost all the hair of their heads besides. Of their musical skill we shall speak in a subsequent chapter. Giraldus especially celebrates the acuteness of their intellects, which was cultivated by their habit of improvising stanzas and songs to the harp; and he has handed down to us a couple of witticisms which might range with the *facetie* of more renowned nations. One who was not famed for his generosity had built for himself a dwelling of great strength; it was remarked, "It is a strong house; if there were any food in it, no one could get at it!" Of a too thrifty housewife's manufacture a neighbour said, "'Tis a pity she does not put more butter to her salt!" In the course of our work, we propose to give some specimens of extemporized stanzas, *englynion*, as the Welsh call them,

by which the commendations of the bishop elect of St. David's may be confirmed. His antithetical conclusion contains the sum of his views of the Kymry. "They are," he declares, "earnest in all their pursuits; and as nothing better than what is good in them, so nothing worse than what is bad in them, can be found."

Of their sports and games not much can be known. Hunting was, of course, one of the principal amusements, and a chief means of livelihood also to many. Later writers, emulous, perhaps, of the French treatises of "Venerie," digested all that could be said of hunting in Wales, into their favourite Triads; but we learn from them nothing that in the least adds to our familiarity with the men of the twelfth, or any other century. In the Laws, an in-door game, played with what is translated a "throw-board," is referred to; of which little is known beyond the fact that it was a rude kind of chess. One other game, also spoken of in the Laws, appears to have been very rough sort of play, in which decency was not expected to be observed. These mere glimpses of customs remind us of the tales of knightly adventure, which will be illustrated when we mention the *Mabinogion*; meanwhile the following story, which is taken from "Yorke's Royal Tribes," but which we cannot avouch to be authentic, will remind our readers of some of the incidents in those tales, whilst it is so far different from them that it may have been one of the originals whence those imaginary deeds and achievements of heroism were derived.

The people as well as the princes of Gwynedd and Dinevwr cherished the most deeply-rooted enmity against each other; and therefore when Davydd ab Owain Gwynedd honourably received some fugitives from South Wales, his courtiers insisted that it was an unseemly degree of condescension in him, so to entertain the subjects of a rival prince, who would by no means show as much respect to his subjects. Davydd thereupon swore with a great oath, that he would not rest till he was satisfied whether or not the Lord Rhys would receive a messenger sent by him to the court at Dinevwr, honourably. Not easily could he find any one willing to undertake so perilous an embassy; but at length Gwgan of Caer Einion in Powys set off as Davydd's messenger to Rhys ab Gruffydd. When he reached the palace of the prince of South Wales, he found him in a furious temper, beating his servants, and hanging his dogs; and very wisely judged it best to postpone his presentation till the next day. When morning came, and the ebullition of wrath had subsided, he came before him, and in a long speech,

"—— he told the royal son
Of Gruffydd, the descendant of the line
Of Rhys ab Tewdwr Mawr, that he came there
From Davydd, son of Owain, of the stock
Of kingly Cynan. I am sent, said he,
With friendly greeting; and as I receive
Welcome and honour, so, in Davydd's name,
Am I to thank the Lord of Dinevwr."

"What," asked Rhys, "would be an honourable reception for the messenger of Davydd ab Owain Gwynedd?" "Thou shalt give me," said the unabashed ambassador, "a

horse better than mine own to carry me back again, five pounds in money, and a suit of clothes; and to my servant who holds my bridle, a suit of clothes and one pound in money; and so shalt thou do honour to him whom the descendant of Cynan hath sent." "Come in," said the warrior, "for the sake of thy royal master, thou shalt have the best steed in my stables, and I will give thee twice as much money and three times as many clothes as thou hast asked; for never will Rhys ab Gruffydd fail to do honour to the king of Aberfraw." It is unnecessary to add that the presents, thus increased, were received with the greatest satisfaction by Gwgan of Powys-land, and that Davydd ab Owain rejoiced in being able to show his courtiers that he had not misinterpreted the feeling of the Lord Rhys toward him.

It was during the period over which we are now rapidly glancing, that several of the best MSS. of the Welsh Laws extant were written; and consequently, in the form in which we now possess them, they represent the juridical labours of these ages. We should be glad, if it were possible in a short space, to give a general outline of these codes, in addition to the selection of those parts which seemed of early origin, given before. But although we have spoken of them as "the laws of Hywel Dda," they were in force at this later age, and therefore may be looked upon as indications of the characteristics of these times, as well as of those, in connexion with which they were quoted. And beside this, it will be needful, when we come to "the Statute of Rhuddlan," to say something of the laws which it superseded; and therefore we will not weary our readers with a third dissertation upon this subject. Yet we may speak of some matters connected with the Laws, which will aid those who are minded to do so, in forming a more complete notion of the social state of the Welsh in these centuries.

We have recorded the appointment of Rhys ab Gruffydd as justiciary for Henry II. in South Wales; and from this it might be expected that some traces of his influence should be discovered in the code of Dyved. But the only alteration in Hywel's laws ascribed to him is one, which policy, perhaps, but certainly not justice, dictated. In the old code every animal had a legal value, or it was to be appraised, if any question arose respecting it; but the Lord Rhys determined that whatever the owner swore was the worth of an animal, was the sum he should receive in compensation for it. Davydd ab Owain Gwynedd introduced into this principality a more considerable change. Setting aside the time-honoured laws of Hywel, he caused justice to be administered by the Norman laws, after his marriage with the king of England's sister. This, however, may only signify that he gave up Hywel's laws when his domains were reduced to Rhuddlan castle and its territory, the people of which must long have forgotten the statutes of the Justinian of Wales. One change in the circumstances of the Welsh between his days and those we have reached is well marked by the following explanation of one of his enactments. "In his time," it is said, "there were no *farthings*, and so a penny was made divisible into *five* parts." The Kymry, from the time of the Roman conquest, appear to have been dependent upon their masters or their neighbours for their metallic currency, as this remark so distinctly implies; and we may observe, that

it was because there was no consumption of gold and silver in this way, that ornaments formed out of those metals were so common amongst them. It will not surprise us that plunder should be legalized; nor that one of the most pitiable misfortunes which men are subject to, should be regarded as an opportunity for gain, on the part of those who might alleviate, if they could not avert the ill;—neither will any one be amazed that they who represented the religion of the Saviour in Wales, should appear, not as the opponents of the habit of spoliation we are referring to, but rather as its abettors. Thus say the Laws of Dyved;—“If a ship be wrecked on the land of an abbot or a bishop, the proceeds of the wreck are to be shared between the king and the owner of the land; but if it happen on the king’s land, he has them all.”* We do not lay especial blame upon the people because “wrecking” was practised, for it is not even yet wholly abandoned by Englishmen; but the *legalization* of such barbarity is a sign of a low state of society which may not be disputed. And lastly, amongst the miscellaneous passages, explanatory, historical, &c., &c., which, as relating to the laws, are arranged along with them, we find one which gives three very satisfactory reasons for the laws being written in *Latin*; viz.—that the code might be explained to the pope, and its harmony with the canon law secured;—that it might not be understood by all, since it was necessary to write much that ought not to be known by every body;—and that laics might respect those who understood it, for one acquainted with the three columns of judicature, (the laws, &c., relating to murder, fire, and theft,) was not obliged to give precedence to a laic;—and the amusing circumstance is that this passage itself, as well as the whole code, is written in very good, though old-fashioned, *Kymraeg*. The Latin versions appear to be translations and compendiums of the fuller codes in the vernacular.† The triple reason, and the character of the reason, seem, however, to assign this passage to a later date than we have yet reached in our work.

We have alluded above to the passion for heraldic ‡ and genealogical researches (or more truly, *inventions*) prevalent amongst the Kymry; and in various parts of our story, the genuine Celtic spirit of clan has appeared. We should not consider it needful to notice the Welsh pedigrees in the most remote manner, so manifestly fictitious are they in general, were it not that the distribution of the families into five royal and fifteen common tribes, is one of the products of the centuries we are reviewing; and that it will be requisite to refer to this pride of ancestry, as one of the secret sources of the confusion of legend with history, which we have become too familiar with, as a characteristic of the annals of Wales.

* This law does not refer to the unclaimed drift-wood, &c., of wrecks, which in any country may be regarded as belonging to the class of “waifs and strays;” but to the vessels themselves as driven ashore and wrecked.

† Is it not possible that the more brief Latin versions of the Welsh Laws do actually represent the first, or at least the earlier, editions of the code; while the vernacular and ampler versions are translations and enlargements of them? We suggest this to those who are desirous of studying the antiquities of the Kymry to good purpose.

‡ Every reader at all acquainted with heraldry will have smiled at the “coat-armour” assigned to all the heroes of classic story; the Welsh have out-heralded all other heralds, for they, with all gravity, blazon the arms of the heroes of their legends from Brutus to Cadwaladr the Blessed! Yet we may rejoice that this mania of supposititious antiquities is declining; the Iolo MSS. contain but a few examples compared with Owen’s “British Remains;” to which we direct all who are curious in this matter, for more than satiety of gratification.

The Triads contain much about the tribes of the Kymry. They commemorate "social," "refuge-seeking," and "invading" tribes; tribe-shepherds, tribe-herdsmen, and tribe-thrones; and also "three primary tribes," "the Gwentians, or men of Essyllwg; the Gwyndydians, or men of Gwynedd and Powys; and the tribe of Pendaran Dyved, which comprehended the men of Dyved, and Gwyr, and Caredigion. And to each of these belongs a peculiar dialect of the Welsh." We might without any fear assign this Triad to the period now under consideration, for not only does the state of Wales described in it correspond with that of these centuries, but the remark upon the existence of these dialects at the time of its being written, is strikingly confirmed by the text of the Welsh Laws, as edited by Mr. Aneurin Owen. This, however, is history; and it was of heraldry we were about to speak.

Vaughan of Hengwrt, in his pamphlet on British Antiquities, says that Gruffydd ab Cynan, Rhys ab Tewdwr, and Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, (names with which we are familiar,) made diligent search after the arms, ensigns, and pedigrees of their ancestors, the nobility and kings of Britons; and that what by their pains they discovered in any papers [the worthy antiquary means parchments, we presume] or records, was afterwards by the bards digested, and put into books. He also affirms, that before their discoveries and the peptic labours of their bards, there were but *three* royal tribes, and that they ordained *five*, by the addition of two new ones. This tampering with heraldic affairs, although assented to by him of Hengwrt, and by all who have transcribed his story, (which, we may remark in passing, implies very different relations between those princes, from what history has told us of,) can scarcely be "in order;" for royal tribes are not thus easily made; and the condition of the *parvenus* must have been most unenviable amongst so jealous a people as the Welsh. We must, however, let that pass; and inquire after the names of the heads of these tribes; and here we are met by fresh difficulties. One copy in the Iolo MSS. gives us the three sons of Rhodri Mawr, amongst whom all Wales was divided, Cadell, Mervyn, and Anarawd; and adds to these, which may be the original three of Vaughan's myth, Morgan Mwynvawr of Morganwg, and Elystan Glodrydd, a chieftain whose lands lay between the Wye and the Severn. We might suppose that about the time of those princes' supposed researches, the claims of the descendants of the princes of Morganwg and Gwent, to honours like those enjoyed by the posterity of Rhodri the Great, were authoritatively allowed; but unfortunately there is another copy, and with it Yorke, who wrote of the royal tribes, agrees; the names of the heads in this list are, Rhys ab Tewdwr, Gruffydd ab Cynan, Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, (the heraldic inquirers themselves!) with Iestyn of Morganwg, concerning whom Yorke wonders that he was admitted into such good company, and Elystan Glodrydd, as before. And therefore we must give up the hope of understanding the matter; and be content to ascribe to the princes who, in genealogical congress assembled, determined this grave question, the praise due to the wisdom which set limits to the members of families who might boast that they had the blood of the old kings of the Britons in their veins, and assume an unbecoming importance in consequence.

The founders of the fifteen common tribes, we learn from Yorke, were the lords of distinct districts, but, by some fault of the bards we suppose, they have little or no notice taken of them in history. Those same three princes are said to have "regulated" these tribes, but they did not create them; the reason for which assertion is, that some of the founders lived before, and some *after* the days of the princely heralds; and in fact the number fifteen was made up by Davydd ab Owain. A very distressing perplexity arises in our author's mind from the circumstance, that all these fifteen families belonged to North Wales;—so that it would almost seem that Gwynedd alone was the seat of the gentility of the Kymry. He also remarks, but without betraying any consciousness that he has overthrown the exclusive dignity of these fifteen tribes, that from them the gentry of North Wales are "for the most part" descended. Their being all of Gwynedd, seems to indicate that this heraldic "rage" did not begin till the Britons had lost all Wales except the north-western angle; just as so many of the Triads, speaking of "the isle of Britain," refer to matters and places in Wales alone, and thus show that their date is subsequent to the expulsion of the Britons from Lloegria. This is quite in keeping with other facts; chroniclers and bards, legends ancient and modern, the whole world of knightly romance, sprang up at this period; and we should regard it as most natural, that genealogical heraldry, as distinguished from armorial heraldry, and preceding it, should have had its birth at the same time. And in confirmation of this view we may appeal to the history of that gentle science.

There is another story of the origin of these common tribes, which is so amusing a specimen of the ingenuity in inventing facts, which has been exercised far too liberally for the comfort of the historian of Wales, that we must present it almost entire. "In the time of Hywel Dda, king of all Wales, fifteen tribes, of the principal families who claimed Cambro-British privileges, were enfranchised; for Hywel Dda, ab Cadell, ab Rhodri Mawr, being king of all Wales, caused the ancient laws of Dyrnwal Moel-mud ab Dyrnvarth, ab Prydain, ab Aedd Mawr, to be renewed and improved. But because the principal families of Gwynedd and Mona had become degenerated by intermarriages with Irish and Lochlynians of mean descent, no more than fifteen heads of families of all the principal tribes of the Welsh nation, of unmixed lineage and species, could be found there; therefore Hywel caused those heads of houses, together with their lineal descendants, to be enfranchised, as the fifteen tribes of genealogical chieftaincy; and he conferred on them the rights of seat and voice in every extraordinary convention, and in all courts of commons and lords throughout Britain. At this time, also, the twenty-four principal lineages of undegenerate descent were enfranchised in Powys, with full rights of seat and voice in every national assembly of commons and lords, and in every extraordinary convention, throughout the island of Britain." The privileges of the men of Powys were greater than old Cynddelw knew of, or he would have sung these, and not such as he has celebrated in his lay. Genealogical rolls were to be kept, says the MS., as in Glamorgan and Gwent; and it was thus that authorized memorials of noble genealogy and arms originated in North Wales and Powys; and Hywel Dda, in his wisdom, made a book, called "the Nobility of

the men of the North;" all which books and memorials, we may safely say, never existed except in the brain of Anthony Powell, who died in 1618, A. D., some eight hundred years after the days of Hywel the Good, upon whose authority this veridical account rests. Nothing more can we say of either royal or common tribes of Wales; and we turn to the Legend of Madog.

So much has been written on this subject,—pamphlets, essays, letters, passing references in works of various kinds, and at least one epic poem,—that in the study of it, years might be wasted. We shall endeavour to trace the origin and progress of this remarkable story; that by giving a complete statement of the grounds of the belief, that the continent of America was discovered and colonized by a Welsh prince, three centuries before Columbus crossed the Atlantic in search of the fabulous regions of eastern Asia, our readers may see that the whole is nothing more than a legend, which for baselessness might rival those about Arthur, although it cannot compare with them in grandeur and renown, Southey's efforts notwithstanding.

The earliest reference to Madog (for Giraldus, who was twenty-five years old in 1170, A. D., does not name him) is contained in a poem of Llywarch ab Llywelyn, who was called *Prydydd y Môch*, or "the Poet of the Pigs;" it is addressed "to the Hot Iron," and seems to have been composed on the occasion of his undergoing the ordeal of the hot iron, to prove his innocence respecting the death of Madog. After invoking the aid of the Saviour, and several saints, "lest he should injure his hand, and be slain with the shining sword, and his kinsmen should have to pay the *galanas*," he proceeds;—

" Good iron! free me from the charge
Of slaying Madog. Show that he
Who smote the prince with murderous hand,
Heaven's kingdoms nine shall never see,
Whilst I the dwelling-place of God
Shall share, safe from all enmity."

The same poet, addressing Rhodri ab Owain Gwynedd, says (as it is supposed) of Hywel and Madog, the two brothers of Rhodri,—

" Two princes were there, who in wrath dealt woe,
Yet by the people of the earth were loved;
One who in Arvon quench'd ambition's flame,
Leading on land his bravely toiling men;
And one of temper mild, in trouble great,
Far o'er the bosom of the mighty sea,
Sought a possession he could safely keep,
From all estranged for a country's sake."

And again, eulogizing Llywelyn ab Iorwerth;—

" Needless it is to ask all anxiously,—
Who from invaders will our waters guard?—
Llywelyn,—he will guard the boundary wave;

The lion i' the breach, ruler of Gwynedd,
 The land is his to Powys' distant bounds,
 He met the Saxons by Llanwynwy lake,
 Across the wave is he victorious,
 Nephew of Madog, whom we more and more
 Lament that he is gone———”

These latter pieces do not necessarily speak of him as dead, but as having left Gwynedd by sea in search of a home; and therefore were most probably composed after that which regarded him as slain. Cynddelw, an older contemporary of the *Prydydd y Môch*, in his elegy on the Family of Owain Gwynedd, with less hopefulness writes;—

“And is not Madog by the whelming wave
 Slain? How I sorrow for the helpful friend!—
 Even in battle was he free from hate,
 Yet not in vain grasped he the warrior's spear.”

Whatever allusions there may be beside these in any poems of about the same age, none are more definite. One of the Triads (which may possibly be of later date than the next poem we shall quote, or which may have been interpolated; the value of which is so much the less, because we cannot obtain satisfactory information respecting the time of its composition, &c.,) speaks of “the three missing ones,” or “losses from disappearance, of the isle of Britain.” Gavran ab Aeddán, with his followers, went to sea in search of “the green islands of the floods,” or the fairy-castles; Myrddin Emrys in a ship of glass went away; and neither returned; and “the third, Madog ab Owain Gwynedd, who with three hundred men went to sea in ten ships, and it is not known whither they went.” The concluding statement of the Triad must be borne in mind, because, whether the date of its composition be earlier or later than the story we shall soon hear, it contradicts it most positively.* About 1440, A. D., Meredydd ab Rhys, having obtained the loan of a fishing-net by a poem, sent a second poem with it when he returned it, to express his thanks; and in the course of it wrote thus,—

“Let Ivan of a generous stock
 Hunt, like his father, on the land;
 In good time, on the waters, I
 By liberal aid, will hunter be.
 Madog the brave, of aspect fair,
 Owain of Gwynedd's offspring true,
 Would have no land—man of my soul!—
 Nor any wealth, except the seas.
 Madog am I, who through my life,
 By sea will seek my wonted prey.”

Very great stress has been laid upon these lines; and especially upon the second quatrain, the reasons for which will be plain when we have reached a more advanced stage

* The statement of Giraldus respecting the utter absence of naval enterprise amongst the Cambrians, ought to be borne in mind;—the Triads celebrate three owners of fleets, but ascribe to none of them any maritime adventure; Madog's difference in this respect, in a nation of landmen, is plainly the foundation of his renown.

in the growth of this fiction. But how they should have been regarded as the celebration of the discovery of the New World, we are utterly at a loss to conceive. Madog was a navigator, and made the sea his home; Meredydd would be a fisher, and procure his living from the waters; and therefore in a playful poem he likens himself to that type of adventurous sailors:—this is the entire signification of the passage, which has recently, by a candid Welsh critic, been admitted *not* to assert the discovery of America! This is the most significant allusion to Madog in the writings of the poets of the fifteenth century; for Ieuan Brechva, who says Madog went in search of a country across the *Morwerydd*, only adds to the more ancient account by giving him Rhiryd, his brother, for a companion. Guttyñ Owain's Chronicle we do not yet notice, but pass at once to the "Historie of Cambria," by that "painful searcher of antiquities," Humphrey Lhuyd, whose statement we transcribe entire.

"Madog ab Owain Gwynedd left the land in contention betwixt his brothers, and prepared certain ships with men and munitions, and sought adventures by seas, sailing west, and leaving the coast of Ireland so far north that he came to a land unknown, where he saw many strange things. This land must needs be some part of that country, of which the Spaniards affirm themselves to be the first discoverers since Hanno's time; for by reason and order of cosmography, this land, to the which Madog came, must needs be some part of Nova Hispania or Florida. Whereupon it is manifest that that country was long before by Britons discovered, afore either Columbus or Americus Vesputius led any Spaniards thither. Of the voyage and return of this Madog there be many fables feigned, as the common people do use in distance of place, and length of time, rather to augment than to diminish; but sure it is, that there he was. And after he had returned home, and declared the pleasant and fruitful countries that he had seen without inhabitants; and, on the contrary part, for what barren and wild ground his brothers and nephews did murder one another, he prepared a number of ships, and got with him such men and women as were desirous to live in quietness, and taking leave of his friends, took his journey thitherward again. Therefore it is to be presupposed that he and his people inhabited part of those countries; for it appears by Francis Lopez [de Gomara], that in Acusanus and other places, [Acusamil and Yucatan,] the people honoured the cross; whereby it may be gathered that Christians had been there before the coming of the Spaniards. But because the people were not many, they followed the manners of the land they came unto, and used the language they found there."

The complete contradiction given by this somewhat circumstantial narrative, to the declaration of the Triad, "it is not known whither they went," must be noted; and also that suppositions, characterized by the most meagre amount of probability, are used as proofs, with the most charming simplicity, throughout it. Nor may we overlook the admission that there were "many fables feigned" about Madog's disappearance, because that, taken in conjunction with the peculiarity of the story adopted, may help us to its genuine value. The crosses* found in Mexico and Central America, (concerning

* The learned Hornius, to the unspeakable satisfaction of some Cambro-Britons, by the aid of some insignifi-

which, also, there have been "pious frauds" perpetrated,) were no more traces of Christian knowledge than the practices of the Buddhist priests in Thibet, which so woe-fully perplexed the first Propagandist missionaries; or the cross in "the House of Pansa" in the ruins of Pompeii. Dr. Powell, who edited the "Historie" we have quoted, placed against this passage in the margin, "H. Lhuyd," with the manifest purpose of indicating, that he knew not upon what ancient authority those parts which were not the compiler's conjectures were founded. And he appended to it a note, which advances the legend a step forwarder.

"This Madog," says the Doctor, nothing doubting, "arriving in the western country, unto which he came in the year 1170, left most of his people there, and returning back for men of his own nation, acquaintance, and friends, to inhabit that fair and large country, went thither again with ten sails, as I find noted by Guttyn Owain. I am of opinion, that the land whereunto he came was some part of Mexico; the causes which make me to think so be these. (1.) The common report of the inhabitants of that country, which affirm that their rulers descended from a strange nation, that came thither from a far country; which thing is confirmed by Montezuma, king of that country, in his oration made for quieting of his people, at his submission to the king of Castile, Hernando Cortez being there present; which is laid down in the Spanish Chronicles of the conquest of the West Indies. (2.) The British words and names of places, used in that country even to this day, do argue the same; as, when they talk together, they use the word *Gwrando*, which is 'hearken,' or 'listen.' Also they have a certain bird with a white head, which they call *Pengwin*, that is, 'white-head.' But the island of *Corroeso*, the cape of *Bryton*, the river of *Guayudor*, and the white rock of *Pengwyn*, which be all British or Welsh words, do manifestly show that it was this country which Madog and his people inhabited."

We may be excused from referring to Hakluyt, and a host of writers, who have copied Lhuyd's tale, and Powell's note, word for word, or in an abridged form, but are usually cited as independent and concurring testimonies. And first, we may remark that Powell refers to Guttyn Owain solely as to the "ten sail;" which we have seen expressly stated in the Triad. This is worthy of especial attention, inasmuch as out of this trifling reference by Powell, has grown a belief that the whole of Lhuyd's account was copied from Guttyn Owain, who was (they say) "historian and herald-bard to the abbeys of Basingwerk, in Flintshire, and Ystrad Flur, Cardiganshire, and resided alternately in those two monasteries." We know that at Strata Florida abbey, a chronicle was kept, and possibly Guttyn Owain may have had a hand in it; but there is positively *no* evidence to connect Lhuyd's story with what he or any other annalist had written. A zealous antiquary did once, he said, get sight of Guttyn Owain's very chronicle

cant rites, has expanded this discovery into the knowledge of Baptism, the Lord's Supper, the Trinity, and in short, of all the "mysteries" of the Christian (i. e. the Roman Catholic) religion. But far better than this, for our present purpose, was the Jesuits' tale, that when they first commenced their missions in America, they found the Indians strangely agitated at the sight of the cross, whence it was inferred, first, that they were not unacquainted with Christianity; and finally, that they had been evangelized by Madog! And one Benjamin Sutton, who discovered the Welsh Indians, found a kind of sabbatical observance amongst them!

wherein was Lhuyd's narrative exactly told ; but when he wished to make a more careful comparison, the precious MS. was gone, nor could he ever after learn so much as where it was ! Yet none the less has it been held as "proven," that Lhuyd was but a translator of the "herald-bard" of Ystrad Flur ! We next observe that Montezuma's "oration," according to the best "reporters," did but speak of *another* land as the original seat of the nation ; and, beyond a question, referred to the migration of the Aztecs from Aztlan to Mexico. And lastly, Lhuyd said that the Madogwys (as the hypothetical descendants of Madog's companions have been named) "used the language they found" in America ; whereas Powell would establish a proof from presumed British words in common use there ; not only (be it well noted) in Mexico, but in Canada, and the Antilles too ! And as the *penguin* has not a "white head ;" and the island *Curaçoa* has a more probable etymology than a Welsh word meaning "welcome ;"—and we are all acquainted with the vagaries of the old grammarians ; we may be forgiven our hesitation in accepting the conclusion, which the worthy Doctor arrived at.

Sir Thomas Herbert, who, in 1626, A. D., visited Persia, and some few years afterwards published an account of his travels, has, in connexion with his mention of the East Indies, told the story of Madog's voyage to the West, with sufficient quaintness, and much more at large than Lhuyd had done. Thus he suggests that Madog was acquainted with the famous verses in the *Medea* of Seneca, which served him as "dim lights to show the way to the western world :"—and states that he embarked at Abergwilly, and first reached Newfoundland, whence coasting along, he in time came to a convenient place for a settlement :—that after recruiting the health of his men, and fortifying the spot he had pitched upon, leaving a hundred and twenty of his crew, he returned to Wales, and conducted back to his new home a fleet of ten barks, and found but few of those he had left remaining. With the aid of his brothers, Einion and Idwal, however, Herbert says, he soon put things in order again, and waited vainly for the arrival of other emigrants from the father-land, who were to have followed him, but never did, owing to the wars with England. Sir Thomas then appeals to the bards and chroniclers and their copyists ; to the narratives of the first Spanish adventurers and missionaries ; and to the language, of which he gives more numerous, but not a whit more satisfactory, specimens than Powell. This story is so much at variance with both the older allusions to Madog, and Lhuyd's account, that unless we may ascribe it to Herbert's invention, we must needs regard it as one of the "many fables," which Lhuyd says had been "feigned" before his time. To the concluding remarks of our diplomatic traveller we shall refer subsequently.

We can but very briefly relate the after stages in the growth of this legend, some of which are sufficiently amusing ; and withal instructive, for they display the process by which such prodigious stories, as those we have in former chapters narrated, were fabricated ; and give us a glimpse into the workshop of fiction. In Hackett's Collection of Epitaphs is one said to have been "found at Mexico," which may be translated thus ;—

“ Madog I am, of countenance mild,
Of Owain Gwynedd’s princely stock ;
For land I wished not, for my bent
Was not to wealth, but to the seas.”

It appears to have been borrowed from Theophilus Evans’ “ Mirror of Ancient Times ;” wherein it is affirmed that these lines were found upon Madog’s tombstone ! The lines are actually part of that passage we have quoted from Meredydd ab Rhys’s poem ; but from the change of a word in the first of the four, which a comparison with the translation given a few pages back will show, we conjecture that the learned Theophilus copied them from Herbert’s Travels, in which they are inserted, as the production of Meredydd, but with that alteration. Out of this came part of the tale of Mr. Binon of Coyty, who had been an Indian trader, and had met with “ the Welsh Indians,” who showed him (so he said) a stone which had an inscription on it, “ which they kept in honour of one Madog !”

A notable feature in the narratives of the discovery of the *Madogwys*, during the last century, is a mysterious MS. book, (or books,) which plays a most inexplicable part in them. General Bowles, who served in the American war, told Dr. Owen, that he had seen it, and that it was “ perhaps ” a Missal. Whoever it was that first struck out this happy thought, we cannot tell, but this volume appears, and vanishes, and comes to light again, like “ the Holy Graal ” itself. One venturesome witness said it was written with “ blue ink.” All agree that it was regarded as the repository of religious truths ; whence some supposed it was a Bible. Almost all testify that the Indians could not read it ; and some were so candid as to admit that they could not read it themselves. A Mr. Jones, a clergyman, having had the ill luck to be captured by the Tuscaroras, lived for some months with an allied tribe, the Doegs, who were “ the Welsh Indians,” to whom he preached three times a week ! The veracious Mr. Binon said that he was told, that an interpreter of the venerated volume had recently been amongst those he saw ; and next, some one repeating Jones’s story hitched into it, as an addition to the worthy parson’s marvels, the statement that his ability to read this wonderful book “ tended to raise the regard of the Doegs for him !” To crown the whole, the different narrators of this fable tell us of half-a-dozen distinct tribes at the very least, amongst whom they saw, or heard of, this marvellous MS.

Sometimes the authorities are bold enough to hazard an account of the traditions of the Madogwys, and state that they heard them say, that their forefathers came from an island,* which, by the time the tale has reached the third reporter, is called *Prydain*

* One story, which differs materially from the greater number, we give on the authority of the Gentleman’s Magazine for Oct. 1828. In about 40° N. lat. and 45° W. long. is a tribe of Americans, said to possess curious MSS. about an island called *Brydon*, whence their ancestors came. Their language resembles the Welsh ; their religion is a sort of compound of Christianity and Druidism ; they know the use of letters, and are fond of music and poetry. They call themselves *Brydones*, and are generally believed to be the descendants of some wandering Britons, who were expelled from hence about the time of the Saxons, and were carried by wind and current to the great western continent, into the heart of which they have been driven by the successive encroachments of modern settlers. We conclude that 45° is a misprint for 115° ; the other points need no comment.

Vaur, [Great Britain,] and the particular part they left, *Gwynedd*! One has given us a kind of version of the discord between the sons of Owain, and of Madog's voyage; but he was ill-advised enough to attempt a date, and being no great hand at computation, represented the Indians as saying, that they settled on the Delaware, three hundred and seventy years before his time,—the middle of last century,—as they had recorded upon notched sticks! Binon of Coyty, the trader, found these Welsh-speaking Indians some where in the vicinity of the Mississippi; they had iron, wore good clothes, and lived in stone-built villages;—one of their buildings looked like a Welsh castle, and another like a church:—oh, Mr. Binon!

It is always the language which betrays the Madogwys to the Welshman, or the Welshman to them:—Oliver Humphreys met a pirate at Surinam, who, when his vessel was careening in Florida, had learned what he thought was Indian, but Oliver knew it to be Kymraeg! The most audacious of these stories are always told at third or fourth hand;—thus, one Lloyd was informed by a friend, that a man named Stedman of Breconshire, in a Dutch vessel, when off the coast of America, between Virginia and Florida, as it was supposed, spoke a native canoe, and understood their tongue;—so, at least, he told his shipmates! That boatful of Indians it was, that said their fathers came from Gwynedd! The more prudent discoverers always place this offshoot of Kymru near the sources of the Missouri; but wherever placed, the Madogwys are like the “green islands of the floods,” which lured to destruction Gavran ab Aeddan and his too faithful crew: they fleet away on a near approach. The Padoucas were almost proved to be the posterity of Madog's colonists, but just as the demonstration was about to be completed, they were exterminated. John Evans resolved to explore the Missouri, but did not reach the Madocian settlement by some hundreds of miles, and before he could set forth again better equipped for such an adventure, he died. Nay, Mr. Catlin satisfied himself that the Mandans were the Kymric tribe, and then—the small pox carried off the whole nation!

Dr. Owen and General Bowles discussed about a hundred different “confirmatory statements” from traders and travellers, sailors, soldiers, and clergymen, who had heard of, seen, spoken to, dealt with, or lived amongst the Madogwys. Some of them we have looked at, and the only thing *confirmed* by them all is, that there had long been a most obstinate belief amongst the Welsh, that to a countryman of theirs belonged the honour of discovering America; and that in the utter absence of even the shadow of a proof, the most absurd inventions were seized upon with avidity, and insisted upon with a vehemence almost fanatical. Not only have all parts of the eastern side of the continent of North America, to the south of the frozen regions, been pointed out as the seat of Madog's presumed colony; but every tribe of the aborigines has, in turn, been put forward as the posterity or the wreck of the colonists; although not one has been able to make good its claim to the very dubious dignity. And as if to compensate for the modesty of some who supposed that he stayed his voyage at the Azores, it has been suggested that he first discovered Peru! Beside *Matec Zunga*, and *Mat Inga*, which proved that the Mexicans knew of Madog; the *Doegs*, *Matocantes*, and

Mud Indians, have been regarded as etymologically descended from the Madogwys. Mr. Catlin traces a family resemblance in the name of the *Mandans*, and Lieut. Ruxton in that of the *Moquis*. Nor has Welsh alone been discovered in the dialects of the natives, the Erse and the Gaelic have also been distinguished; and the only inferences were, that Madog had in his hardy crew both Irish and Scots! In Kentucky are remains of vast earth-works, resembling intrenchments; these, without any means of connecting them with Madog, were appealed to as indisputable proofs of the site of this colony; and Mr. Catlin appears to have in part relied upon them in establishing the identity of the Mandans with the Welsh Indians. He has also dwelt upon the manufacture of a rude kind of earthenware, their employment of a light vessel not greatly unlike the *coracle*, and the existence of certain blue glass beads, amongst them; and has given a list of words, principally pronouns, and not very much like the Welsh. Mr. Ruxton founds his proof upon the common application of the name of "Welsh Indians" to the *Moquis*; and upon the fact, that an old negro woman fancied a blanket, made by the Moquis, (or the Navajos, an allied tribe,) to be of Welsh manufacture. But it is time to bring this account to an end; and we cannot find a more fitting conclusion than the suggestion, (which, though made in all good faith for the support of Madog's honour, most unwittingly exhibits the pretences advanced in his behalf in their proper light,) that Manco Capac and Mamma Ocello, in whom the earliest transatlantic navigators so devoutly believed, were Madog and his wife!

Our aim has been to show, that there is no proof whatever that America was discovered and colonized by Madog; and we should not have undertaken such a task as this, had not every traveller in the remoter regions of the northern continent felt bound (just as in olden times with the search for Prester John, and in more recent days in the attempt to find the ten tribes of Israel) to meet with traces of "the Welsh Indians." And now we will, in a few words, tell how, as it appears to us, this legend, and it is no more, has come to be so widely received, that Saxons as well as Kymry, and American Saxons too, have taken it up and defended it. After having seen every thing that could be turned to the praise of Cambria,—not only the most groundless inventions, but even the lives of two kings of Wessex and the laws of Mercia, stolen for the purpose,—employed with such eagerness; we cannot wonder, that, at the time when Spain was lording it over Europe, because she had patronized Columbus, a Welshman should be found courageous enough, to convert the vague exaggerations of the bards in praise of the Kymric prince, who had identified his name with too-daring maritime exploit, into prosaic reality, and on the ground of it, claim priority for his country in the discovery and occupation of the New World. Nor can we more wonder, that at a time when the English were, most emphatically, the enemies of Spain and of Rome, and had even been attempting to seize upon the western Eldorado, there should be, although the alleged discoverer was of the ancient British stock, an Englishman to repeat and exult in this legend, by which the Spaniard was despoiled of his especial boast, that *he* was the first who set foot in America; and by which it was shown that Christians who had never been in subjection to the pope, had been by him allotted to his favourite

kings, without any regard to their rights, even as he would fain have done by Englishmen, who had hardly escaped from his thralldom? Sir Thomas Herbert, who was employed by the English government at this very period, has, in the concluding sentences of his version of the story of Madog, stated, that had this voyage of the prince of Gwynedd "been known and inherited, *then had not Columbus, Americus Vesputius, Magellan, nor others, carried away the honour of so great a discovery, nor had Madog been defrauded of his memory, nor our kings of their just title to a portion of the West Indies;*" and has further pointed out, how the claims of "his Holiness" and his "Catholic Majesty" are invalidated by his tale of Madog's adventure, corroborated by such considerations as he was able to adduce. And when once such an impulse was given to its reception, as this appeal to both the religious and political passions of the English would impart; then, however baseless, however incredible, as we have shown, it would never want believers, nor defenders. Science and learning would enlist themselves in the cause of national vain-glory, policy, and credulity; and the result would be not more deserving of the name of history, than the epic of the late poet-laureate, written when he was dreaming of a Pantisocratic state on the banks of the Susquehanna, in which, by anachronism and every other species of licence poetic, he has, in his own defence, and for his readers' delectation, displayed and maintained the thesis, that "to a brave man every soil is his country."

CHAPTER XXI.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM THE DEATH OF HENRY II. TO THE SUBMISSION OF LLYWELYN THE GREAT TO JOHN.

THE necessity of employing purely external events as the boundaries of the sections of our history, to which allusion has been made in a former chapter, indicates more than the secondary position of the native princes in relation to the affairs of Wales. So long as a nation has social life, the progressive, or at least differing, phases of its manifestation will form the most natural divisions of its story; but when once that life has departed, it is with it as with those huge oaks, which are met with here and there in our island, as if to tell us that there were giants in our forests in former days;—their history is now only the melancholy chronicle of desolations effected by wintry storms or physical decay; varied by the occasional appearance of a few green leaves, which look not so much like the signs of vitality not yet exhausted, as like death wearing the semblance of life; and by injuries, either designedly or carelessly, inflicted by man. It is this which makes the record we have undertaken so peculiar; and which renders

it all but impossible to group the incidents of our narrative in such a manner, that one should cast light upon another. Central events, which mark a growing, or a living, state, there are none here; but instead we have a perfect chaos of idle brawls, and crimes committed in mere savagery, restricted topographically and by the course of events in the neighbouring state, then throbbing with an excess of living energy, so as to be the only history ascribable to Wales in the times we have reached. And we long to see it absorbed into that social organism, whose last development we have not yet seen; for we feel assured that its poetical genius, which alone has withstood the advance of this national death, will be purified and elevated, and attain an intenser life, by the very means which have destroyed all which was not, like itself, immortal.

During the years we are now speaking of, there was not one attempt made to unite the Welsh princes in armed resistance of the English monarch. Each petty leader both planned and conducted his own warfare; and it was as often directed against his fellow-countrymen as against their common enemy. How little probability there was that Cambrian independence would ever revive, may be discovered by the exhaustion which the annals of the period show, as the consequence of the ineffectual opposition to the invasions of Henry II. For had it been possible, most surely the reign of Richard I., which afforded such favourable opportunities for recovering the territory which had been conquered by the Normans, would not have been suffered to pass without one stroke worthy of the ancient renown of the Kymry. And if expeditions, like those of the first Plantagenet king, exhausted the warlike strength of the Britons; nothing more was required than sufficient leisure on the part of the English sovereign, utterly to subdue them. Had he of the Lion-heart turned his arms against the Welsh, instead of embarking in that futile crusade, ages of misery might have been spared them. And we shall see that only his embarrassing circumstances, which so remarkably resembled those of his father, prevented the incapable John from securing the triumph, which was afterwards enjoyed by his grandson, of being the conqueror and pacificator of Wales.

The Lord Rhys, upon Henry's death, was conducted by John, Earl of Moreton, to Oxford, in the hope of obtaining an interview with the new king.* Most likely he expected to receive from Richard the renewal of the office he had held under his father; but he was not admitted into the royal presence, and we may conjecture that the cause was his refusal to embark in the crusade, to which all the thoughts of the lion-hearted king were given. Age had not tamed the prince of Dinevwr, who returned to his lordships, vowing vengeance. Speedily collecting his men, says Lhuyd, he got possession of the castles of St. Clare, Abercorran, and Llanstephan, and subjugated all the country; taking prisoner his own son Maelgwn. A more modern MS. of the *Annales* than that we have so largely used, gives a different account of this revolt; but neither it, nor Lhuyd, speaks of the rebuff experienced by the lord of South Wales. According to this version of the story, Rhys commenced his war against the king by burnings and plunderings, and by the seizure of as many of the castles in Dyved as he could, none of

* Near the close of the eighteenth chapter this incident is incorrectly narrated.

those named above being specified. These fortresses, it is said, he speedily lost again, through his defective care in garrisoning them. He then undertook the siege of Caer-vyrddin, but desisted from it at the "admonition" of Count John, backed as it was by his army, and even made peace with John, but privately, whereupon the prince returned to England. Rhys then, about Christmas-day, besieged the castle of St. Clare, (so we interpret, supplying two words which the copyist has omitted,) which, when he took, he gave with the adjacent territory to his son Hywel. Maelgwn was captured by his father, and imprisoned at Dinevwr; whence his brother Gruffydd took him, without the knowledge of his father, and put him into the custody of William de Breos, who was his own father-in-law. And all these incidents are assigned to the year after Henry II.'s death.

North Wales is noticed but once in the chronicles for the next five years; the deeds of Rhys and his sons occupy almost the whole attention of the historian; but it is very difficult to arrange the events recorded; and to reconcile the records is an absolute impossibility. In 1190, A. D., says Lhuyd, Rhys built Kidweli, or Cydweli, castle; and Gwenlliant, his daughter, who was the fairest woman in all Wales, died. Rhys also won Dinevwr castle, which we never heard that he had lost; and Owain, his son, died at Ystrad Flur. The copy of the *Annales* we have already quoted, states that in this year, in Dyved, three Welsh nobles were slain by the Franks. And at this time too, according to Lhuyd, died Gruffydd Maelor, lord of Bromfield, a noble man and a wise, in liberality exceeding all of his time; and was succeeded by his son Madog, after whom the portion of Powys which he held was called Powys Vadog. Next year, on Assumption-day, the 15th of August, Rhys got possession of the castle of Kemeys, as was said at the end of the eighteenth chapter. And at the same time, (as Lhuyd reckons; but in the year following, according to our new authority, the second MS. *Annales*,) Maelgwn ab Rhys escaped from prison. This is repeated by the *Bruts*; but the MS. says that Rhys liberated his son from the dungeon of William de Breos, against that baron's will; and, they went with a strong force to besiege Abertawy, or Sweynese, [Swansea,] as the older *Annales Menevenses*, which very briefly notices this occurrence, names it. For ten weeks he closely blockaded the place, and had almost forced the inhabitants to surrender, when he broke up the siege, because of the unhappy divisions in his own family, which hindered the further prosecution of it. The same annals have chronicled, immediately before this failure at Swansea, that the Welsh of Dyved, led by Gruffydd ab Rhys, by force took the castle of Llanhauaden; a prize which Lhuyd's authorities ascribed to Rhys himself. In this year, 1192, A. D., but after the events already spoken of, the "Historie of Cambria" tells us that Rhodri ab Owain Gwynedd, aided by Gothric, king of Man, invaded and subjugated Anglesey; but before the end of the year his nephews, the sons of Cynan, who were the lords of Meirionydd when Giraldus journeyed in those parts, drove him out of the island, and kept it for themselves. Rhodri's name occurs again, in connexion with the acquisition of the principedom of Gwynedd by his greater nephew, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth; but it is in one of the panegyrics of the bards, and the value of the reference may be estimated

by the reader, who will find the passage itself in the next page: none of the chronicles cast any light upon it.

Some facts preserved in the annals and chronicles, of a biographical interest merely, we pass by; as we do a few others, which we cannot by any means elucidate; and proceed to another record of turbulence, for which 1193, A. D., appears to be the correct date. The briefest story is that of the *Annales* of St. David's; which says, "Hywel ab Rhys took the castle of Villa Vrech by treachery, and destroyed the castle of Llanymddyvri, where many of his men were slain." Lhuyd's Welsh *Bruts* have added to and expanded this in the following manner. After telling how Maelgwn besieged and took the castle Ystrad Meirig, they continue,—Hywel also, who was called *Sais*, or the Saxon, because he had served in England, by a sudden attack gained the castle of Gwys, taking Philip de Gwys, his wife, and two sons prisoners. Then, as he had too many fortified places on his hands to be able to garrison them all efficiently, he resolved to destroy Llanhauaden, but the Flemings hearing of it came on the day fixed, and attacking the soldiers of Maelgwn and Hwyl, slew many and put the rest to flight; they were, however, soon rallied, and the castle was destroyed. Our new MS. contains particulars not noticed by the so-called Caradog, or his continuators, and shows that the followers of Hywel Sais took the town of "Wyz" by a night attack, aided by the treachery of some one of the garrison; and that the Flemings and Franks of Penbroch, when they heard of it, attacked the town of Llanhauaden, which belonged to Hywel; but not succeeding in their attempt, returned home with shame: that Hywel and Maelgwn thereupon destroyed the town of Llanhauaden; which when the Flemings and Franks heard, they came with a vast number of armed men, at the sight of whom the Welsh, filled with amazement, rushed some into the half-razed town, others into a church, "not for the purpose of praying, but of finding protection;" and others, trusting to their feet, rather than to the church or the town, fled to the woods and marshes, most of whom perished. We have inserted these different accounts as specimens of the difficulties which yet surround our task; and which the entire absence of any connecting links renders more perplexing.

From the Chronicles we learn that after Maelgwn and Hywel had destroyed the castle of Llanhauaden, Anarawd, another son of the Lord Rhys, "moved with filthy ambition and covetousness of lands," took his two brothers, Hywel and Madog, prisoners, by some treacherous dealing, and blinded them both; but next year, Maelgwn ransomed them by the castle of Ystrad Meirig, and set them at liberty. Rhys at that time was rebuilding the castle of Rhaiadr Gwy; and his own sons laid wait for him, and took him, because, says Lhuyd, they feared his revenge for their unnatural deeds. By means of his blind son Hywel, however, he escaped out of Maelgwn's prison, and took and destroyed Dinevwr, which Maelgwn had possession of; and the sons of Cadwallwn ab Madog, of Maeliennydd, seized and fortified his castle on the Wye. Our recent copy of the *Annales* lays upon Hywel, as well as upon Maelgwn, the guilt of this unnatural deed, and says nothing of his escape. It also places before this capture of Rhys, some acts of violence committed by these two of his sons, which the other copy

assigns to the following year. Both agree, however, although the Chronicles seem not to mention it, that Hywel (whose blinding is not, even in the most remote way, alluded to in these *Annales*) slew some of the Flemish nobles at Penllinant; and that Maelgwn put to death Davydd ab Morris, and a very noble monk called Tankardus.

At the end of this year, 1194, A. D., as the *Annales*, we now for the first time use, (which, we may observe, have the years after Christ inserted at the beginning of each section,) and the Chronicles agree, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth gained the crown of Gwynedd. He had been protected by Rhodri, his uncle, till that prince was dispossessed of Anglesey by the sons of Cynan. Davydd ab Owain, whose dominions in 1189, A. D., were reduced to Rhuddlan castle and the territory adjacent, (which also he held only by the assistance of English soldiers,) seems to have recovered some other portions of North Wales; for the *Annales* state that Llywelyn drove him out; and the *Brut*, after describing how the son of Iorwerth Drwyndwn remembered his right, and how his mother's friends, (for she was daughter of Madog ab Meredydd of Powys,) and his cousins, the sons of Cynan, aided him, and how the people declared for him, as soon as he put forth his claim, says that he obtained all the land except three castles, which Davydd kept by means of the English. The ode of the *Prydydd y Môch* addressed to Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, celebrating his warlike prowess and exploits, refers to his acquisition of his inheritance with unwonted clearness. The passage confirms our opinion that Davydd had regained part of his lost territory; and it intimates that Rhodri had got possession of Anglesey again. Llywelyn seems to have fought two or more battles, before he recovered his rights; and the bard states that he effected it when he was a mere boy.

“ In battle's whirlwind, 'mid the clash of arms,
The hero-youth, when ten years old, attack'd
Davydd, his uncle, who like Cæsar was,—
A blood-stain'd chief, gen'rous, without a fault,
But fierce as pointed flames are in their wrath.
The bards lament his fall! Llywelyn brave
From him at Aberconway got his right.
He was our prince before the fight befell.
Furious it was; the spoils they gather'd glad.
The warrior's snow-white breasts with purple gore
Were cover'd. Wide the carnage spread. The waves
Discolour'd flow'd o'er broken arms, and men
Silent in death. The forceful tide-wave rush'd,
But met and mingled with the stream of blood.
When we to Porth Aethwy, o'er the floods
Tumultuous, went on horses of the sea,
Relentless rag'd the spear, blood flow'd amain,
Death, in the fierce and sudden battle-shock,
In terror shone;—it seem'd that in old age
Not one of us would die. Like prancing steeds,
The struggling soldiers trampled on the dead.
Ere Rhodri yielded, like to new-plough'd lands,
The church-yards were with grave-mounds ridged.”

Porth Aethwy is in Anglesey, and the expedition appears, from the poetical expression, "horses of the sea," to have been a naval one. Llywarch's lamentation for Davydd, so contrary to the spirit of the chroniclers, entitles his account to greater confidence, than its richly poetical colouring would gain for it. Next year Rhodri ab Owain Gwynedd died; and this is the only entry in the Latin annals relating to North Wales, till the expedition of John against Llywelyn, in 1211, A. D.

One or two casual notices from the English historians of the period may be introduced here. Richard of Devizes informs us that the Welsh were accused of conspiring with Roger Mortimer against Richard, in 1191, A. D.; but, it would seem, without sufficient reason; unless the fact that they were accustomed to engage themselves as mercenaries, after the fashion of the times, to those who wanted the services of desperate men, would justify the charge. For certainly, two years afterwards, Prince John hired great numbers of them, as well as of the Scots, when he was endeavouring to deprive his chivalrous brother of the throne of England; and the author we have already quoted says, that he took four thousand of them with him, when he had an interview with the chancellor, to whom had been left the care of the kingdom in the monarch's absence. Gervase of Canterbury adds, that these Kymric followers of the Earl of Moreton, when quartered near Reading, at this time, were left without pay, and without rations, so long, that they were compelled to ravage the country round for provisions; and thus caused serious discomfort to their employer. We may also insert, that some of these chronicles place the discovery, or "invention," (to use the language of ancient legend,) of Arthur's bones at Glastonbury, in the year 1191, A. D.; as will be shown in a subsequent chapter.

The first event recorded after the death of Rhodri ab Owain Gwynedd, in 1195, A. D., is an expedition of Roger Mortimer into Maelienydd, where he fortified the castle of Cymaran, expelling the sons of Cadwallwn ab Madog, and reducing the country. The Flemings, next, on the day of Pentecost, took the castle of Wyz. The old Lord Rhys too, as in former years, helped to increase the turmoil, for he took his two sons, Meredydd and Rhys Vychan, prisoners; and this is the story as Lhuyd gives it. These two "lusty gentlemen" gathered together all the riotous fellows of the country, and came to Dinevwr, which they took from their father's garrison; thence proceeding to the Cantrev Bychan, the people, always ready for an outbreak, and sympathizing with daring spirits, received them favourably, and put the principal fortress into their hands. But reflection, though delayed, did not fail to visit some of the "wild heads" of this troop; and for fear of offending the prince beyond hope of forgiveness, for Rhys was sorely displeased, as he well might be, they turned traitors, and gave up their leaders to their father, who imprisoned them. Nor was this the whole of the lawless brigandage which this year saw. De Breos captured the castle of St. Clare, and with it some fifty of the retainers of Hywel Sais, who lost no time in making reprisals. An amusing example of the process by which the History of Wales has been constructed, is furnished by the records of the next year. The oldest *Annales* say that Rhys burnt Caervyddin, and treated some other place, whose name is not certainly decipherable, in like manner.

In the newer copy, after the burning of Caervyrddin, he is said to have conducted his army into the district of Hereford, and to have burnt Radnor, slaying forty of Roger Mortimer's knights, and a vast multitude of his foot-soldiers; whilst William de Breos took advantage of his being thus occupied to burn part of the town of Abertawy. Lhuyd, either copying the translated chronicles, or amplifying these slender notices to historic dignity, informs us how, with a great army, Rhys took both town and castle of Caervyrddin, and spoiled and destroyed them, and thence returned with great booty; then advancing against the castle of Clun, in the marches, after a long siege, and many a fierce assault, he took and burned it; and after it, Radnor castle;—how Roger Mortimer and Hugh de Saye, with a great army of Normans and English, came to recover it, and Rhys, like a worthy prince, came into the plain beside the town to give them battle;—and how the Welsh, although for the most part unarmed, and unaccustomed to war, declared that they were “of Britain's blood,” a title once coveted by Roman emperors even, as a token of manhood and worthiness, and chose rather to die with honour in defence of their country, than to live with shame; and so worthily behaved themselves, that their enemies, with great loss, forsook the field, pursued by Rhys till friendly night saved them from further slaughter;—and lastly, how he took the castle Payne in Elvel, and William de Breos, its owner, came and made peace with him, and received his fortress back again. All which is so palpably fictitious in its colouring, if not in its material, that criticism is superfluous; and yet Warrington not only treats this as credible history, but even (as if he knew of none of those maraudings of Rhys, during the five years before this) regards it as the beginning of his last revolt, and a “sign of returning virtue!” To this same year has been assigned a tale of a siege of Gwenwynwyn ab Owain Cyveiliog, in Pool, by the archbishop of Canterbury, who was lieutenant of the kingdom for Richard. The garrison are said to have done right bravely, till the churchman militant began to mine the walls, when they capitulated, and departed freely and with their armour. As soon as the conqueror returned to England, Gwenwynwyn regained his castle from the English garrison on the same terms. This is unnoticed both by the Welsh *Annales* and *Bruts*, and by the earlier English Chronicles; and it so greatly resembles the attack, said, by Giraldus, to have been made by Hubert, the chief justiciary, (which we mentioned, and shall allude to again,) that we must profess our doubts respecting its right to a place in our story.

In 1197, A. D. the year after this foray, Rhys ab Gruffydd died, on the 28th of April, and was honourably buried in the cathedral of St. David's. After what we have seen of his manner of life, a specimen or two of the odes composed in his praise, which have found their way, but without the names of their authors, into *Bruts* and *Annales*, and even into the English historians' compilations, will be interesting. Thus sings one, who is most plainly a monk, “O glory of war, shield of the army, defence of your country, honour of arms! bearing in your breast the virtue of Hercules, the sternness of Achilles, the modesty of Nestor, the daring of Tydeus, the strength of Samson, the sobriety of Hector, the swiftness of Euryalus, the beauty of Paris, the eloquence of Ulysses, the wisdom of Solomon, the impetuosity of Ajax!” Another, perhaps the prince's

household bard, designates him, with less art but greater effect, "the only anchor, hope, and stay of all South Wales, seeing that he had brought it out of thralldom and the bondage of strangers, and given it liberty; and many times defended it manfully in the field, daunting the pride and the courage of its cruel enemies; whom he either chased out of the land, or compelled to live in it quietly. Woe to that unkind destiny which spoiled the miserable country of her defence and shield! who, as he was sprung from noble, nay, from princely blood, so did he surpass all others in virtues, and in qualities of the mind! He was the overthrower of the mighty, and the setter-up of the weak; the destroyer of castles; the scatterer of troops; the disperser of his foes, amongst whom he appeared as a wild boar or a lion, who for very rage lashed the ground with his tail!" A third employs Latin hexameter and pentameter verses, which show more of the inspiration of the Cambrian than of the classic muse; the climax in the last two lines is especially characteristic,—

"His justice exceeded all measure, his understanding his justice,
His eloquence surpassed his understanding, his manners transcended his eloquence."

Lhuyd has erroneously stated that Rhys died on the 4th of May, instead of on the 4th of the kalends of May, or the 28th of April: and although both *Annales* assert that his "noble body" was honourably buried at St. David's, some modern authorities have given circulation to the tale that he was buried at the abbey of Ystrad Flur. Sir Richard Colt Hoare has also erroneously ascribed to him an anonymous monumental effigy, in St. David's cathedral, which belongs to the reign of Edward III. The memorial of the Lord Rhys is the story of his restless life, which was, most truly, "but a battle and a march;" and it will not speedily be forgotten, but will abide, one of the most characteristic pictures of the Kymry in these ages.

Immediately after his father's death, Gruffydd ab Rhys hastened to the king's court, and obtained the grant of the lands he had held, as his heir, for Maelgwn had been disinherited. But though he entered peaceably into possession, he was not long suffered to keep them;—in August Maelgwn, aided (as some say) by Gwenwynwyn, came suddenly upon Gruffydd ab Aberystwith, and slaying many of his men, took him prisoner, gaining thus all Caredigion, with its castle. He also soon afterwards acquired the castles of Aberteivi and Ystrad-Meirig; and one of his brothers took Dinevwr from the Normans. The Lord of South Wales was put into the hands of Gwenwynwyn, for safe keeping, who, in exchange for Carreghova, gave him up to the English, by whom he was detained as a prisoner of war. Rhys and Meredydd, who had been taken by their father Rhys, and not released by Gruffydd, were set at liberty now. Gwenwynwyn also subdued Arwystli, and before the end of the year, according to the Chronicles, succeeded to the southern division of Powys, on the death of his father, Owain Cyveiliog; and the territory was called by the name of its new lord. The Chronicles tell of the death of several men of mark amongst the Welsh, and moreover of a "great war" in North Wales; when Davydd ab Owain Gwynedd, with a great army of Welsh and English, attempted to recover his dominions, but in vain, for Llywelyn met him and

defeated him, and took him prisoner, and in consequence for some time enjoyed his principality in peace. Seven years afterwards the old prince was set at liberty, and instantly betook himself to England, where he obtained further help, and returned to make one more effort to recover the crown of Gwynedd. But the fortune of Llywelyn prevailed, and Davydd fled to the country which had before sheltered him, and died for very sorrow. Thus the *Bruts*; but others say that he and "all his posterity" were slain by the victor at Conway. Davydd received the praise of Giraldus, because he maintained a wise neutrality towards the English; but the accounts we have received represent him as *Anglicizing* more than any other prince; and had not so much selfish ambition been displayed by him, we should ascribe this disposition to his regard for Wales. Gwalchmai, of whose panegyrical odes two examples have been given above, composed one in honour of Davydd also, in which he mourns the loss of other and earlier patrons, and takes the side of Davydd against his brother Rhodri, invoking on his head all the blessings which a bard could desire for his lord: this was written before his last reverses, and does not require further notice.

Before the end of 1197, A. D., De Breos, the Lord Marcher of whose exploits so much has been said, committed another of those outrages, which roused to madness the impetuous Welshmen, who certainly were not by such means to be subdued. Trahaearn Vychan, a man of considerable power in Brycheiniog, going to Llangors to speak with the "marquess" upon some matter of business, was seized by his order, fastened to the tail of a horse, and so dragged through the town of Aberhodni, or Brecknock, to a gallows, where he was beheaded, and his dead body afterwards hung up by the feet for three days. His brother, his wife, and his children fled, lest they should be called to suffer in the same way. Next year, Gwenwynwyn attempted to take summary vengeance upon the Norman assassin, and gathering an army, laid siege to Payne castle, or, as Roger of Wendover says, the castle of Matilda, proclaiming that, as soon as he had won it, he would without mercy burn the whole country to the Severn's side. Lhuyd not only speaks of his desire to avenge his cousin's murder, but also of an intention to extend the limits of Wales "to the old meers," as the cause of this attack upon De Breos. The British chieftain was so completely unfurnished with means for carrying on such a siege, that the besieged were able to send a messenger to the chief justiciary, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, who forthwith assembled a large army and marched to the relief of the beleaguered baron. On his arrival a battle took place, says the chronicler of Wendover; but Lhuyd's authorities state that Geoffrey first offered to negotiate a peace, which Gwenwynwyn sternly refused; whereupon Gruffyd ab Rhys was released from durance, and he, collecting what forces he could, joined the English lords, and a battle ensued, in which the Powysian prince was defeated, losing many men both slain and taken. Our modern copy of the *Annales* records the release of Gruffyd, and a slaughter of the Welsh by the Franks in Elvel at the siege of Payne's castle. Almost all the Welshmen in Wales, says Matthew Paris, were assembled on the occasion, under an oath to oppose the unjust invasion of the English so long as they had breath in their bodies. He has preserved one incident of the fight worthy of insertion. The justiciary,

like a brave and prudent knight, had drawn out his men in battle-array, and was exhorting them to fight bravely, when a man of Trumpington, Walter de Hame, cried out, "God forbid, my Lord, that any nobleman should be prodigal of his life! I am a poor man, and my life is of no value, nor will the enemy have much cause to triumph in my death?" And with that, he spurred furiously against one of the foremost of the foe, and cast him to the ground grievously wounded; he encountered a second with the same result; then seizing a third by the helmet, he shook him till he was almost dead; and shouted,—“Hurrah! King Richard’s men, come on; charge! and we have won the day!” Before he had uttered the last words the English charged, and the Welsh army was broken; the right wing then came up, and in all parts of the field the Britons were routed. They even threw away their weapons, that they might have a better chance of escape. More than three thousand seven hundred were slain, and beside these were the wounded and the prisoners; of the English, Roger declares, but as his figures are unconfirmed by any independent testimony, they must be received with doubt,—of the English, only one man was killed, and he by an arrow carelessly discharged by a fellow-soldier! In a former chapter we alluded, in speaking of Giraldus’s second election to the see of St. David’s, to the inroad into Elvel headed by Hubert, archbishop of Canterbury, the chief justiciary in this year. The brave archdeacon no doubt inserted Hubert’s name by mistake, for he was removed from the office, and Fitz-Peter received it, but just before the revolt of Gwenwynwyn; and neither English nor Welsh annalists tell of two raids into Elvel in one year.

Gruffydd ab Rhys thus, in part by force, but in part also by the good-will of the people towards him, received his patrimony again; all except the two castles of Aberteivi and Ystrad-Meirig, which his brother Maelgwn held. Many of the nobles and religious men of South Wales attempted therefore to make peace between the brothers, and Maelgwn swore unto them, that if Gruffydd would give him hostages for the security of his own person, he would on a fixed day surrender the castle of Aberteivi; but as soon as he received the hostages, he garrisoned the castle more strongly, and sent them off to Gwenwynwyn, who put them in prison; whence, however, they soon escaped. In the year following, Maelgwn, carrying on the war he had renewed by that act of treachery, took the castle of Dinerth, and put all Gruffydd’s men to death; but Gruffydd won the castle of Cilgarran, and fortified it. This year, 1199, A. D., Richard was killed, just before Easter, and John succeeded; and at Easter, Hywel Sais, son of the Lord Rhys, who was said by the *Brut* Caradog to have been blinded by his brother Anarawd, went to the court of John; and as he was returning to his home, he died at Strigul,* either from some sudden attack of sickness, or (as others said) slain by the Normans, “because he excelled all the Welsh chieftains in generosity.” Other movements having relation to Wales, were the appointment of William Marshal, to be Earl of Pembroke; and that of Hubert de Burgh,

* Lhuyd places the death of Hywel ab Rhys in 1204, or 1205, A. D., (it is impossible to tell which,) and says that he was slain at Cemaes (Komeys) by his brother Maelgwn’s men, and buried by his brother Gruffydd at Ystrad-Flur. Two years before, Gruffydd’s own death was recorded!

as warden of the March. Rymer has inserted in his *Fœdera*, a copy of a safe-conduct given by John to Gruffydd ab Rhys, which implies a summons for him to appear before the king at "Chelwurth," on the 22nd of October, 1200, A. D. This may have some connexion with the next aspect of the feud between Gruffydd and his brother, which was presented in that year. Maelgwn, as it seems, found that he could not maintain his hold of Aberteivi; or, as our second MS. of the *Annales* states, that he could not alone keep the lands of his father, and resolved which part to give up to Gruffydd, and which to the Normans, between whom he was pressed. Out of spite against his brother, and hatred to his country, says Lhuyd, he agreed to sell Aberteivi to the king, it being "the lock and key of all Wales;" he received for it a small sum of money, according to the historian of Cambria, but one MS. says, a great weight of silver, the sale being confirmed by the curse of the clergy and people of all Wales. The *Annales* of St. David's tell a different story, but it may be the fault of the copyist, who has actually inserted the death of Richard and the accession of John twice over. It says, that "Maelgwn gave up the castle of Aberteivi to Rhys's men, and received hostages from the barons." The strife in South Wales continued during 1201, A. D. On St. Swithin's day in that year, the Franks in Kidweli slew Meredydd ab Rhys; and Gruffydd, "well following his father's steps," took immediate possession of his lands, and with them the Cantrev Bychan and the town of Llanymddyvri, if these were not included in Meredydd's estate. But Gruffydd's warfare was drawing to a close; before the month was finished, on St. James's day, he died. Rhys Vychan, who had shared Meredydd's mad-brained rebellion against their father, and the imprisonment which punished it, then received the Cantrev Bychan and the town before mentioned; and Maelgwn added to his possessions the castle Cilgarran, which had belonged to Gruffydd.

Whilst these matters were proceeding in South Wales, in Gwynedd Llywelyn ab Iorwerth banished his cousin Meredydd ab Cynan, on suspicion of treason; and seized upon the Cantreys of Llyn and Evionydd; by which we perceive that the position of the prince of North Wales resembled (if we may compare small things with great) that of the kings of France, who were but the first of the peers, until the power of the great counts was broken, and their dominions reduced to the condition of provinces of the kingdom, at the dawn of Modern History. On the 11th of July, in the same year, we find that Llywelyn entered into a treaty of peace with John, confirmed by homage. The steps leading to this we do not know; for whilst the pride and the glory of the Kymry has ever been that last retreat of British independence—the principality of Gwynedd; that part of Wales has (as we have seen, not without concern,) realized the remarkable condition of blessedness, which the "paradoxical philosopher" of the great historian of the French Revolution laid down, in Montesquieu's aphorism improved,—“Happy the people whose annals are vacant!” Without indulging in a single conjecture, we will extract from the dry pages of Rymer as much of the history of this event as we can, and rejoice that now we have not only solid English chronicles to help us in correcting the vagaries of the imaginative writers of the *Bruts*, but the more solid and authentic

monuments published by Rymer and the Record Commission also, to aid us in effecting a safe passage over the difficulties of the history of Wales.

On that day then, in Hereford, see Llywelyn and his chiefs swearing perpetual fidelity to King John against all men, concerning his life, limbs, and earthly honour. The bishops of Bangor and St. Asaph are there, and along with Fitz-Peter stand a goodly array of English churchmen and lords. The Welsh prince receives *seizin* of all his possessions from the hands of the justiciary, and binds himself thus to hold them subject to the will of John as his liege lord; the justiciary agreeing not to molest him in them, till the arrival of the king in England, when the prince is pledged to resort unto him, under safe-conduct, and do homage personally for his lands. The fiery Kymro consents to receive pardon from his lord the king for all the past. And as to the future, if any complaint should be made respecting any of Llywelyn's possessions, he should first determine whether to try the cause by the law of England, or by that of Wales, and the question of property alone should be mooted, that of possession being wholly excluded. If the law of England were chosen, the court was to be held in a convenient place, and the king bound himself to decide by the law. If, on the other hand, he determined to rely on Welsh law, it was first to be settled whether Llywelyn could have a court on the matter, or not; and if he could not, the king promised to choose discreet men out of those he could trust, and to send them into Llywelyn's land; in whose presence the cause should be tried, by Welshmen selected for the purpose from districts not interested in the result; and their decision was to be received as law:—a regulation which is, in effect, our English trial by jury; and differs somewhat from Morgan Mwynvawr's "apostolic ordinance." Certain of the English nobles were designated as the assessors of the penalty to be paid by Llywelyn, or any of his subjects, for harm done to the king, or any Englishman; and they were required to observe justice in their award. Llywelyn was also bound to give up the perpetrator of any harm in England who should take refuge in his territories,* and to be as diligent in obtaining satisfaction for the injury, as if it had been committed against himself. This treaty was signed and sealed provisionally by some of the royal "commissioners," until it could be confirmed by the king's own hand. How near the independence of North Wales had approached complete extinction, this homage done by Llywelyn to the justiciary of England, when the king was expected to return speedily from France, will show.

In spite of this unquestionable fact, which, we may remark, is not even alluded to in Lhuyd, we find recorded under the year 1202, A. D., in the "Historie of Cambria," a most improbable transaction. No hint is given of it in the *Annales*, which are indeed blank this year; and this, together with its character, leads us to express our doubt respecting it. Llywelyn, it is said, minded to restore the dignity of the crown of Aberfraw, summoned a parliament of all the lords in Wales, to own himself as their

* The *hus and cry* by which the sufferers are described in the treaty, as pursuing the wrong-doers, were "shouting and horns;" a circumstance which most plainly marks the difference between those days and these, in which fugitive malefactors are chased, not by sight, but (as it were) by *scout*, and caught.

liege-lord, and to do homage to him for their lands, &c. Almost all assented, and swore to be his liege-men; but Gwenwynwyn of Powys would not come, nor take the oath of allegiance. The lords resolved that he ought to be compelled to do his duty, or to leave his lands, with but one dissentient,—Elis ab Madog,—a dependent of Gwenwynwyn's, who would not agree to any thing to the prejudice of his master; and he, finding himself alone, left the meeting suddenly. Llywelyn therefore led his army into Powys, but by the mediation of "learned men" the two princes were made friends, and Gwenwynwyn not merely became Llywelyn's liege-man, but confirmed his submission by oath and by writing. The prince of Aberfraw then remembered Elis ab Madog's conduct at the parliament, and, unwilling to have made such an expedition for nothing, seized his lands. The offender fled, but afterwards yielded himself to the mercy of Llywelyn, who gave him the castle Crogen, and seven townships, instead of the lands he had taken; and then returned to Gwynedd, after having thus set things in order, and fortified Bala castle as he went. The attack upon Gwenwynwyn and his dependent is not at all unlikely to have happened; but the homage for the lands done to Llywelyn, under the alleged regulations of Rhodri Mawr, we may safely regard as a misrepresentation. A raid against Roger Mortimer's castle at Gwarthrynion is also mentioned by Lhuyd in this year.

During this time John was carrying on his unhappy war against the king of France, who had, for politic reasons, espoused the cause of Arthur, duke of Bretagne, the rightful heir to the English throne. In the annals of St. David's, Arthur's imprisonment and death are recorded; and in the *Annales Margamenses* is a story of the latter, differing from all the others, more currently reported. But it does not appear that the Welsh took advantage of the position of John's affairs, to make any decided effort for their liberty; or entered into negociations with the king of France, as they did during the contest of Henry II. with Thomas à Becket;—unless the treaty of peace with Llywelyn shows the end of an unsuccessful attempt of this kind; which we have no sufficient grounds either for affirming or denying. The same remark applies to the first contest with the pope, which followed immediately; it is reported at great length in the *Annales*, but only the ecclesiastics and chroniclers of the Principality were interested in it. This may be in part explained by the alliance which John formed with the prince of Gwynedd in these years, by giving him his natural daughter, Joan, whom he had by Agatha, daughter of Robert Ferrers, Earl of Derby, in marriage. The date of this event is not exactly ascertainable; but the lordship of Ellesmere, which was part of the dowry, was granted on the 23rd of March, 1205, A. D.

The turbulent lords of South Wales now appear upon the scene again. In 1204,* A. D., Rhys ab Gruffydd ab Rhys got and fortified the castle Llangadoc; and he had,

* The "Historia" of the priory of Wigmore in Herefordshire, contains another record of turbulence, committed this year; the reason assigned for which is so curious, that it deserves insertion. In this year, (which in the "history" is misdated, 1221, A. D.!) John lost Normandy, which made *the Welsh so glad* that, on the first Sunday in Quinquagesima, they attacked this priory, and plundered and burnt it; to the infinite sorrow of the worthy fathers, who could not rejoice with those that rejoiced (in this fashion), however much they might have desired to do so.

on the foregoing Michaelmas-day, (so say the chronicles,) taken the castle of Llanymddyvri, which our *Annales* said Rhys Vychan obtained. Maelgwn, however, aided by Gwenwynwyn, took both these castles, but suffered the garrisons to depart; and then he went and finished the castle of Dinerth, which he had before began. Immediately after this, Lhuyd, who rejoices in improbabilities, tells us that Maelgwn "bare all the rule in South Wales," and yet that this Rhys and his brothers took from him the chief defences of all his country, the castles of Dinevwr and Llanymddyvri! Next, we are told that the Earl of Pembroke besieged and took Cilgarran castle; which our larger *Annales* also state, adding, that he sent away Maelgwn's garrison without their arms. Not long afterwards Maelgwn hired an Irishman to kill Cedivor ab Griffri, or Gruffydd, whose four sons he himself took and slew. And in the following year, 1205, A. D., he built the castle Abeinion. The *Annales* last quoted tell us that, in this year, Rhys Vychan with the aid of the Normans burned the castle of Luche Owain, which the sons of Gruffydd had held, and slew all the garrison. And after these indications of disorder and want of government, a blank of two years occurs in all the annals and chronicles. In that year, 1205, A. D., however, Lhuyd has stated that such abundance of fish were taken in the sea at Aberystwith, that the like was never seen before. This is one of the few records of these times, which brings us face to face with the people, whose sufferings in these perpetual and senseless broils must have been severe enough. The annals of Margan, and other authorities, have preserved similar facts, which we collect here. In 1189, A. D., there was a great famine and consequent mortality; in 1197, A. D., great sterility in England, and a "great plague;" four years later, in August, there fell such great rains, that the harvest was spoiled, and the fruits did not ripen; and many cattle, and more sheep, died. The spring of the year we have reached in our story was very late; the frost continued to the middle of March; oats and barley were nearly annihilated; cattle and sheep were swept away in vast numbers; but the wheat harvest was good; and the abundance of fish, doubtless, alleviated the distress of the surrounding district. Events of this character would often explain difficult passages in history; and had the records been more perfect, we should not have omitted any: these are inserted, that the picture of Wales which these chapters present may not entirely lack this particular, which was not of small amount in these ages, when as yet there was no corn-trade in Britain, and agriculture was in the most rude state.

The fate of William de Breos requires a passing notice. He had joined the party of Arthur, and was captured, but set at liberty by John; who in 1208, A. D., demanded his sons as hostages for his peaceable behaviour, and was met by a refusal from his wife, Maud de St. Valeri, reflecting upon him for his nephew's death. De Breos was instantly banished, and his possessions forfeited to the crown; and about the feast of St. Michael, as the *Annales* inform us, with his wife and sons, he fled to Ireland. Maud de Valeri long had in Wales the reputation of being a most potent witch, and was said to have built the castle of Hay in Brecknockshire in one night, bringing the stones for it in her apron; in testimony of which exploit, there used to be shown in the church-yard at Llowes, in Radnorshire, a stone nine feet long, and about one foot thick, which

dropped into her shoe as she was busy about her work, and was disregarded till it was finished, when finding it an annoyance, she threw it away, and it dropped on the other side of the Wye, at a distance of three miles, in that same spot and position in which it might then be seen! Witchcraft could not now save her; for, two years afterwards, John took her prisoner, and before the end of the year, she and her son died of starvation in Windsor castle, where they had been confined. De Breos himself fled to France, and died miserably a few years later.

The king appears to have been frequently near the Welsh border, during the year 1207, A. D., but we do not know whether any plots or rebellions called him there. In the following year he obtained possession of the person of Gwenwynwyn of Powys, who went to Shrewsbury to speak to the king's council and was detained as a prisoner. Some have thought that this was done to benefit Llywelyn, John's son-in-law, who certainly took advantage of Gwenwynwyn's imprisonment and overran all his dominions, and got possession of both towns and castles. This effected, he directed his arms against South Wales, and although Maelgwn, in anticipation of his attack, destroyed the castles of Aberystwith, Ystrad-Meirig, and Dinerth, he seized the Cantrev Penwedic, and the land between the Dyvi and the Aeron, and also rebuilt and fortified Aberystwith castle; and then giving the lands to Maelgwn's nephews, the sons of Gruffydd ab Rhys, he returned home "with great joy." Some time during this year Rhys Vychan, according to our more modern *Annales*, burned the castle of Luche Owain, part of the garrison being slain, and part taken prisoners. But Lhuyd says that, forgetting his obligations to the sons of Gruffydd ab Rhys, he took Llangadoc; and that Rhys and Owain came and recovered it by assault, slaying or capturing all the garrison, and burning the castle down.

On the 8th of October, in this year, the vigil of the feast of St. Denis, at Shrewsbury, King John made hard terms with his prisoner Gwenwynwyn. The prince swore, "touching the sacred Gospels," to serve the king faithfully, in his person and his land, for ever; to submit himself on all matters of laws to the royal court, and to attend whenever summoned. He also agreed to give twenty hostages, whose names are inserted in the copy of the treaty given by Rymer; the only remarkable one being Einion the son of Hywel Sais, the appearance of which in a list of hostages from Powys is singular, as Hywel Sais was a prince of South Wales, and not on the best terms with Gwenwynwyn. Twelve of these pledges were to be given up within eight days of the date of the agreement, or Gwenwynwyn would forfeit his liberty for ever; and he was not to be set free till the other eight were also in the king's hand. John took charge of Gwenwynwyn's lands, and would make good all damage. From Rymer we also learn, that before the end of this year, Llywelyn made satisfaction for the injuries he had done to Gwenwynwyn's lands; wherefore on the 26th of December, John sent forth from Bristol, a notification that he had laid aside all the displeasure which he had conceived against his beloved Llywelyn, and regarded him as a son again; to the comfort of all men to whom it was addressed. The king was many times in the vicinity of the Welsh marches this year, and the next too; and in 1210, A. D., he passed through

South Wales, and embarked at Penbroch for Ireland, to take revenge upon William de Breos; returning to Fissegard when he had accomplished his purpose.

In 1209, A. D., we learn from Roger of Wendover, that "what had never been heard of in times past" occurred; for the Welsh came to the king at Woodstock, and did homage to him, although it was burdensome to the rich as well as to the poor. The annals of the Kymry are vacant in this year; but in the next they overflow. First of all, we learn that the Earl of Chester rebuilt Diganwy castle, which Llywelyn had destroyed, and fortified Trefynnon also; and that Llywelyn, in return, entered the earl's land, and ravaged it, carrying off much spoil. Ranulph is said to have been beset in Rhuddlan castle, and to have been relieved by Roger de Lacy, Lord of Halton, his constable; who, hearing of the earl's difficulty, marched to relieve him, at the head of all the rabble collected at Chester at the great Midsummer fair; and was rewarded for his ready zeal, by the office of "Master of the Scamps and Strumpets throughout Cheshire;"—an office, the fees whereof were more agreeable than the name. Thus says tradition in Chester. Llywelyn appears, by the *Bruts*, to have been falling in the esteem of his father-in-law, in consequence of these forays. Rhys Vychan, fearing Llywelyn, who sided with his nephews, the sons of Gruffydd, obtained succours from the king, and besieged the castle of Llanymddyvri; the garrison of which seeing no hope of relief, capitulated and departed, with "bag and baggage, horses and all." Gwenwynwyn, next, was set at liberty, and by an army quickly restored to his lands;—the king set him free, it is said, because he feared Llywelyn's power. To match which little fiction we may insert another from "the Romance of the Fitz-Warines;" which tells us that as soon as the prince of Powys was at liberty, he joined with Fulk Fitz-Warine, lord of Whittington, (whose adventures bear a strong family resemblance to those of Lancelot du Lac,) attacked John, and defeated him with great loss, compelling him to retreat into Shrewsbury. It had been well for Wales if her sons had attempted no other revenge upon their conquerors, than this of falsifying the chronicles! Maelgwn soon heard what John had done about Rhys Vychan and Gwenwynwyn, so he went to the court, and did homage; then returning with many Normans and English, he joined with them all the Welshmen he could collect, and breaking his oath to his nephews Rhys and Owain, began to spoil their land. Arriving at the Cantrev Penweddic, he encamped at Cilkennyn for the night, and planned further mischief. Meanwhile Rhys and Owain, with about three hundred picked men, pitched their small camp very near to him, not knowing that he was there, till informed by their scouts, when they devised a night-attack upon their invader. As soon as they learned that all was quiet in their uncle's encampment, they set upon it suddenly, striving hard to reach Maelgwn's tent, that they might capture him; but some of his personal followers fought so bravely, that he had time to save himself by flight; his army was then dispersed; but his nephew, Cynan ab Hywel, and his chief counsellor, Gruffydd ab Cadwgan, were taken prisoners; and many of his chief men slain. Two other entries refer to the Lords Marchers; Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester, fortified Builth castle, where shortly before he had lost many men; and Robert Fitz-Richard (we quote the

Annales Menevenses) lost the castle of Haverford and the whole barony, and died on the 19th of May, in the next year.

This year, 1211, A. D., Llywelyn renewed his raids, and so harassed the English of the borders, that the king determined to lose no time in bringing him to submission and order. Accordingly, after a pacific progress into the March as far as Abergavenny, he assembled a considerable army,* amongst which, the lords and princes of Wales, who were his liege-men, and had not revolted, were conspicuous,—Hywel ab Gruffydd ab Cynan ab Owain Gwynedd, whom Llywelyn had banished; Madog ab Gruffydd Maelor, Lord of Chirk, Yale, and Bromfield; Meredydd ab Rotpert, Lord of Cydwain; Gwenwynwyn, Lord of Powys; Maelgwn and Rhys Vychan, sons of Rhys ab Gruffydd, Lords of South Wales; and others of less note. He entered North Wales by Chester, soon after Easter, “minding,” repeat the Chronicles, once more, “to destroy all that had life within the country;” and marched along the sea-coast to Rhuddlan, and thence, passing the Clwyd, to Diganwy, where he encamped. Llywelyn had, on his first appearance, commanded the people of the lower country, the present Denbighshire and Flint, to flee with all their removable goods and their cattle, to the recesses of Snowdonia; and thus the country was almost deserted, and little could be gained by the foraging parties; whilst the Welsh prince busied himself to cut off all who ventured singly, or in too small numbers for defence, beyond the limits of the camp, and to intercept the supplies of provisions sent from England; and in all skirmishes, which were continual, the local knowledge and the habits of the Welsh, gave them the advantage. At last the English were reduced to eat the flesh of their horses,† says Lhuyd, after some one of the *Bruts*, we suppose, for neither the English Chronicles, nor the *Annales*, mention this; and then, indignant enough, leaving multitudes of dead, John retreated, having effected nothing. But he was not so weak a king as to endure such a failure; his obstinacy, so often displayed to the enhancing of his own troubles, here aided him. Fearfully, perhaps, say the *Annals of Margan*, but prudently, he departed, after he had come in sight of Llywelyn, and obtained larger forces. In August, (or on the 8th of July, according to a less probable account,) he renewed the invasion, accompanied by the same chiefs, entering Wales by Oswald’s Tre this time; and marching through the country, strengthening the castles to the number of fourteen or more, our *Annales* say, destroying all the places he came to; and at last encamping on the farther side of the Conway. Llywelyn had again collected the people, with their property, in Ereyri; or, most probably, they had not dispersed. John was not inactive on this occasion; part of his army (the foreign mercenaries) he despatched, accompanied by guides, to destroy Bangor; which they effected, and also made Rotpert, the bishop, prisoner, seizing him at the very altar, since he would not accompany them willingly, and making him march with all his episcopal gear on. He afterwards was glad to ransom “his life and limbs” with

* John afterward “levied a tax on the knights who had not accompanied his army on its Welsh expedition, of two marks of silver for each shield;”—and such extraordinary, or “war taxes,” are frequently mentioned in these troublous times.

† It is also related, as a proof of the scarcity which prevailed in the English camp, that eggs were sold at three half-pence each;—for in that same year, elsewhere, a hen cost but a half-penny, and a sheep but six-pence.

money, the *Annales* declare; but the *Bruts* say, with two hundred hawks; and rejoice at gaining a godly bishop in exchange for so many ravenous birds. Llywelyn found that he was losing the day, and sent his wife Joan, who had abundance of subtlety, to treat with her father: though the more modern *Annales* represent the Welsh nobles as mediating, and effecting a reconciliation. Hostages being given, under a safe-conduct, the prince went to the king "on the sabbath before the feast of St. Lawrence," or on the 7th of August; and thus, but with difficulty, as the ancient Annals of St. David's say, in their unpretending way, peace was made. Llywelyn did homage again for his lands; and gave thirty (but others say twenty-eight, or more) hostages of the sons of his principal men, as security for the observance of his oath. The *Bruts* say, that he also paid towards the expenses of the expedition, twenty thousand head of cattle and forty horses; and "granted" to the king "the Inland," that is, North Wales east of the Conway, for ever. The modern *Annales* seems to limit the fine to three thousand cattle, which is more within the bounds of probability; but the older copy gives a very different account;—Llywelyn "promised, as they say," seven thousand of gold, with many horses, hounds, and hawks. This was a brief campaign, for John returned to England about the 15th of August, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, in great triumph, since all Wales, except the sons of Gruffydd ab Rhys, was subject to him. The continuator of Florence of Worcester, confounding many things, supposes that he made the introduction of the laws of England into Wales, the consequence and trophy of his conquest.

As he departed he commissioned Fulk, vice-count of Cardiff, "a cruel tyrant, yet well-loved of the king,"* to accompany Maelgwn and Rhys Vychan, and reduce the two rebels of South Wales to obedience; and they all entered the Cantrev Penwedic, which was the chief estate of Rhys and Owain. These young princes, under safe-conduct, immediately resorted to the king, and made their submission, renouncing all their lands to him; and being received and treated very courteously, returned. Fulk, before he left the region he had so easily conquered, fortified Aberystwith castle, and garrisoned it for the king. But in a very little while, the restless and inconstant Maelgwn, with Rhys Vychan, repented of the peace they had made with John, and took and burned Aberystwith castle, and Fulk's garrison with it, apparently; whilst the townsmen they suffered to go away. Maelgwn then made war in South Wales; and Rhys and Owain, seeing the king's peace broken, made inroads into Maelgwn's lands, and slew his men, and amongst them one Bach Glas, a youth of great bravery and strength, and returned with great booty; Cadwallwn of Morganwg also began raids and burnings, to the damage of Maelgwn's men. John, hearing of these things, inflicted upon the sons of Maelgwn and Cadwallwn, whom he held as hostages, a barbarous mutilation, in consequence of which the former died. Thus have the Annals of Margan reported, and they add that these severities so greatly inflamed the Welsh,

* One of the episodes in the reign of Henry III. is the war with this man; and it is connected with our tale by the circumstance, that during the siege of Bedford, in 1224, A. D., he took refuge in Wales, and remained there till he had the opportunity of making a temporary peace with the king.

that devastation by fire and sword, with all the horrors that accompany a revolt thus raised, became common in the whole border country of Wales.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM THE INVASION OF JOHN TO THE FIRST EXPEDITION OF HENRY III.

THE materials for our history become continually more abundant, but the character of the events does not rise in proportion to the copiousness of the records in which the memory of them is preserved. If, indeed, we adopted without inquiry the tone of the genuine Welsh chronicles, we should consider that the deeds of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth proved him an ardent and a successful patriot,—a warrior deserving the epithet of “Great;” but the official documents, to be found in the pages of Rymer and of some of the publications of the Record Commission, deprive him of all these glories, and present him as no more than a most insubordinate vassal of the English crown, and as a chief of brigands, whose frequent revolts and submissions argued such a lack of steadfast earnestness, that we greatly wonder at the profound reverence expressed for him by those whose ruin he so much accelerated and increased. Perhaps nothing portrays the Kymric character in such faithful colours as the intense admiration entertained for men like this Llywelyn; not one of whose exploits, even according to the exaggerated representations of chroniclers and bards, evinces more than the barbaric skill to plan and to effect a sudden and desolating inroad into an opponent’s lands; or could fail to provoke reprisals, for which he could offer neither protection nor compensation. The copiousness of which we have spoken is not, unhappily, illumed by such light-gleams as those thrown by the pen of Giraldus upon his own age; it is a plenty of solid, dull material. The chroniclers, with all their powers of fiction, are always heavy; and although we might quote the bards for the popular estimation of the princes, it is rarely indeed that we can refer to them as authorities for a fact of history. We must further, with no little sorrow, state, that our complaint of the confusion in the chronology of these annals, and of the irreconcilability of one set with another, applies to the records of these times, as completely as to those of earlier ages; and that in spite of our best intentions and efforts to avoid error, we may fall into it; but, on the other hand, that, so loose and unconnected are most of the occurrences, errors such as we allude to are the least possible abatement to the substantial fidelity of our story.

The joy of King John, at the subjection of the entire principality, was not of long duration. For in the next year, 1212, A. D., the border warfare began again in North Wales, and with redoubled violence. Joined by Maelgwn and Gwenwynwyn, who were as turbulent as himself, Llywelyn made a raid into Powys, and effected a great slaughter of the Normans; Robert de Vipont being put to flight, and compelled to seek safety in England. Lhuyd,—who has contrived, whilst he eked out the deficiencies of his “hundred different copies” of the *Brut y Saeson*, with extracts from the “Flowers of History,” and Nicholas Trivet, to give to all his work the aspect of most resolute partiality for the Kymry,—attributed this speedy violation of the oaths taken by the Welsh prince, to the insults of the garrisons left in the castles of Gwynedd; and gives him for allies, (if the term be allowed in a case where *accomplices* would be more correct,) beside those named above, Madog ab Gruffydd Maelor of Bromfield, and Meredydd ab Rotpert of Cydwain. And thus, says he, did Llywelyn proceed;—summoning these malcontents to his councils, he “opened to them this miserable case;” showing that once they had a prince of their own, but now were in subjection to a stranger; and that they might yet be free, if they would but unite in their effort to throw off that unbearable yoke. They therefore swore fealty to Llywelyn, and gathering an army, overran all the land, winning all the castles, except those of Rhuddlan and Diganwy, and then laid siege to Mathraval castle, which Robert de Vipont had built. Our too imaginative historian adds, that John, hearing of the revolt, raised an army, and came to the relief of the beleaguered hold;* which, however, for unassigned reasons, he razed as soon as he had driven away the besiegers; and then returned to England, where his presence was required to carry on his conflict with the pope. Roger of Wendover describes the ferocity of this renewed struggle, and tells us that the Welsh beheaded all, both knights and men-at-arms, whom they found in the castles they took, burnt several towns, and collecting great stores of booty, retreated to their hiding-places without any loss to themselves. Thereupon, he says, John was very indignant, and collecting a numerous army, resolved to ravage the lands of the Welsh, and to cut off all their inhabitants. But this oft-repeated, and never fulfilled, threat was once more rendered void; for whilst he was at Nottingham, on his march towards Wales, having, “before he either ate or drank,” ordered the twenty-eight (or more) hostages, he had received in the year preceding, to be hung, that he might strike terror into the hearts of the rebels; he received tidings from the king of Scotland, and from his daughter Joan, Llywelyn’s wife, that if he persisted in this war, he would either be slain by his own nobles, or deserted by them and left to the mercy of his enemies. News sufficiently alarming under any circumstances, but doubly so to a sovereign with so guilty a conscience as John, and who, moreover, had been both excommunicated and deposed by the pope himself. He therefore relinquished his design, and hastily returned to London. He did not, however, let slip an opportunity of annoying the foes he could not combat hand to hand. In the “History of the Gwedir Family,”

* John was actually in the neighbourhood of the Welsh Marches more than once this year, so that this relief of De Vipont’s castle, although not confirmed, is not wholly improbable.

amidst much that is most apocryphal, we find quoted a deed, bearing date the 31st of October, in the year 1212, A. D. ; by which John gave to Owain ab Davydd, and to Gruffydd ab Rhodri, the three cantreds of Rhos, (with the exception of Diganwy castle and the promontory of Creuddyn, on which it stood,) Rhyvoniog, and Duffryn Clwyd, with their "appurtenances," for the following service, four *destrriers*, or trained chargers, "of price," one dog, and ten hares, yearly, for each cantred, with all the hawks and falcons, both gentil and sparrow; which were to be paid at Shrewsbury, on the feast of St. Peter ad vincula. It also conferred upon them the liberty to conquer, if they could, Ar-Llechwedd, Arvon, and Lley, (which comprised the greater part of Llywelyn's possessions on the mainland,) and to hold them on the same terms as they held the three cantreds. But we hear no more of this grant, nor of the grantees.

The *Bruts* add to the foregoing narrative of the execution of the hostages, that De Vipont, when at Shrewsbury, whither he had fled for his life, in imitation of his master's barbarity and revenge for his own loss, caused Rhys, Maelgwn's son, who was only seven years old, to be hung. The *Annals of Margan* tell us, that Llywelyn recovered in this year all his lands which he had lost the year before. They also say that Rhys Vychan burnt Sweinesham, by which we presume Swansea to be meant. John, writing to Fulk de Breauté, vice-count of Caerdiff, in the beginning of September, this year, bids him pay to Rhys and Owain, the sons of Gruffydd, a certain sum of money, assigned to them for maintenance in his service; which shows to what a depth of subjection the princes of South Wales had come; and also, perhaps, that the land was too much ravaged to support even the simple state of such princes as these. Another letter addressed to the same baron, on the same day, informs him that Madog ab Gruffydd, Meredydd ab Roptert, Cadwallwn, and others, had given satisfaction to him, and were to receive a quarterly stipend; which Fulk was to see duly paid. This affords a slender confirmation to the joining of their names with Llywelyn's and the other rebels; but it, at the same time, separates them from those who remained in revolt, neither making nor offering reparation for the mischief they had done.

The *Waverley Annals* state that in this same year Wales was freed from the interdict, which had been laid upon it as well as England; and its people were absolved from their allegiance to John, and even enjoined, "in all ways and with all their might," to oppose and attack him, as being no son of Holy Church; which may explain Llywelyn's renewal of the war, so soon after he had been compelled to make peace. Lhuyd places it in the succeeding year, 1213, A. D., whence it follows, that after this authoritative injunction to rebel, little was done save recover the dominion of "the Inland," which, we have heard, had been *granted* by him to John. The fuller *Annales Menevenses* in this year, ascribe to Llywelyn, in company with his confederates of South Wales and Powys, and others of lesser note, the capture of all the castles, recently fortified by the king, in Powys and Gwynedd, "one after the other;" the garrisons being partly slain, partly reserved for ransom, and in part set free at once. And at the end of the year after, Lhuyd says that Rhuddlan and Diganwy castles, which he excepted before, yielded to Llywelyn's arms, and so all North Wales was free from the

king. Six years later, the former of these was in the possession of the English king, who grants the custody of it to a baron, Philip de Uletot, who frequently appears as a witness in the treaties relating to Wales.

The next incident is placed by Lhuyd in 1214, but by the Annals last quoted, in 1218, A. D., Rhys ab Gruffydd ab Rhys, who was rightful heir to the Lord Rhys, perceiving that he could have no part of his father's lands, his uncles, Maelgwn and Rhys Vychan, keeping them all from him, (which might in part explain his becoming a stipendiary of King John,) complained to his liege lord; who charged Fulk, now become warden of the Marches and steward of Hereford, to advance to his aid, and to take all Ystrad Tywy from Rhys Vychan, unless he gave up Llanymddyvri and its territory to his nephews. With all decent formality Fulk first sent a messenger to Rhys, to tell him the charge he had received, and to know his mind thereon; and received for answer, that he should not have a single foot of land from him. The warden, who knew the value of this vain-glorious boast, collected his men, and young Rhys gathered what force he could in Brecon; and then having effected a junction, in three divisions they marched upon Dinevwr; Rhys leading the first band, Fulk the second, and Owain, the other aggrieved prince, the third. Rhys Vychan came out to meet them, but was completely routed, and fled back to Dinevwr, which he garrisoned as strongly as he could, and having burned Llandeilo Vawr, that the invaders might not have any benefit from it, he withdrew into the wild fastnesses near, purposing to compel them to retreat by harassing them incessantly. But Fulk was too rapid in his movements; assaulting Dinevwr as soon as he reached it, he carried the whole of the outer defences at once, and so vigorously assailed the *donjon*, to which the garrison withdrew, with his mangonels, at the same time threatening to throw down the walls by mines, that the commander agreed to surrender on the next day, if he were not relieved. No relief came; so Rhys Vychan's men marched out with their armour and arms, and Fulk took possession of the place. The whole of the Cantrev Mawr was soon subdued; and then, having manned and fortified Llanymddyvri, Rhys Vychan put his wife and children under his brother Maelgwn's care. His schemes were, however, all in vain, for when his rivals, with a force of Welsh and Normans,—the warden having returned to Hereford,—advanced against Llanymddyvri, his lieutenant yielded it to them as soon as they came before it, and went away with his men, glad to be permitted to depart alive. Our recent Annals of St. David's say, that Rhys and Owain, the sons of Gruffydd, by the aid of the Franks, took possession of Newer and Llanymddyvri, Rhys Vychan, the lord of the land, being driven out; who betook himself to Maelgwn, but after a little, went to the Franks, who in short time made him a prisoner and carried him away into England. Lhuyd states that Rhys was, soon after the capture of Llanymddyvri, taken at Caervyrdin, and committed to the king's prison. In this year John yielded into Pandulph's hand "the circle of his glory," and consented to hold his kingdom as a vassal of the pope;—for Ireland and Wales together, as we learn, he agreed to pay yearly three hundred marks.

Scarcely had the English monarch thus composed his hopeless contest with the

church, and the interdict was hardly removed, when new troubles arose. John had raised an army, (the Earl of Pembroke and his brother sending him three hundred picked Welshmen,) and was endeavouring to reconquer from the king of France, on the continent, the territory he had lost; when the bishop of Hereford, a son of William de Breos, effected a confederacy with the discontented barons of England and the Welsh chieftains, and began to dispossess the king's servants of the castles they held, and to seize their land. Lhuyd, who places all these events a year later than both copies of the *Annales* of St. David's, represents these acquisitions of Giles de Breos as being made in the Welsh Marches, and in good part by Reginald, his brother; but we do not need to particularize his captures, which lay, all, in Radnorshire and Brecon. The bishop was "lord" of all this tract; and he promised, says Lhuyd, the castles Payne and Clun, with all Elvel, to Walter Vychan, son of Enion Clyd. Encouraged, as it appears, by this league, the leaders of the Kymry with greater energy carried on their predatory warfare. And first we find Maelgwn, in the beginning of May, (if the *Annales* give the true year,) with his two nephews, the sons of Gruffydd,* (their success having reconciled him to them,) overrunning Dyved, and subjugating "all the Welsh" of that province. Leaving part of their force in Elvel, the remainder, under Rhys and Maelgwn, conquered Cydweli, Carnwylion, and Gower, plundering and burning in the open parts, and destroying the castles. The foray was ended by the Franks, in revenge, taking Caervyrddin, and burning the town. Lhuyd, whose story (except in the date of the year) agrees in general with this, after the inroad into Dyved, makes Maelgwn, and Owain ab Gruffydd, go to Llywelyn and do homage to him, whilst Rhys was carrying on his raid. The other Rhys (called *Vychan* "the less," or as we say, *junior*, to distinguish him from his father, the Lord Rhys; and *Gryg*, "hoarse," for some unexplained reason) was soon afterwards released from prison, having left his son and two others as hostages with the king.

In the beginning of December, Llywelyn,† with Gwenwynwyn, Maelgwn, and Rhys, and their two nephews, Rhys and Owain, with their forces; to whom Lhuyd, from some of his *Bruts*, adds Hywel ab Gruffydd ab Cynan, Llywelyn ab Meredydd, Meredydd ab Rotpert, and the power of the Lord of Bromfield, came against Caer-

* One of the letters in the "Close Rolls," dated in the end of April, 1214, A. D., but which has a most unhappy defect, through the tear and wear of time, directs the putting of Rhys ab Gruffydd into possession of the land held by —gan ab Rhys, [perhaps Maelgwn ab Rhys,] and then in the keeping of Fulk de Breauté, for the king's service, and at his pleasure. Could this foray of the princes of South Wales be a diversion on the king's side, against the rebellious barons?

† Immediately after the mention of the confederacy with the revolted barons, Lhuyd speaks of a "bull of excommunication;" whereas no censure appears to have been put upon Wales till after the coronation of Henry III., when Gualo, the legate, pronounced an interdict upon it. The bull Dr. Powell refers to as in the "Records," was not signed till eleven years after this time. Lhuyd then proceeds to say that Llywelyn raised an army and marched against Shrewsbury, which town and its castle were delivered to him, and there he stayed awhile. The account of the bishop of Hereford's doings follows this. Another version of this story of the capture of Shrewsbury associates Gwenwynwyn, Bleddyn ab Owain of Porkington, and other Cambrian chieftains, with Llywelyn; but it is not supported by even a reference to any authority. The *Annales* do not once allude to this exploit, and a writ of Henry III., (1221-2, A. D.,) which is quoted to establish it, in Blakeway and Owen's "History of Shropshire," refers simply to the burning of some houses in Shrewsbury, during the wars between King John and his barons!

vyrrddin, and, "after five days' siege," took it, not by assault, but by the treachery of one of the garrison. This castle they destroyed; and in like manner they gained possession of and destroyed the castles of Cydweli, St. Clare, Llanstephan, Trevdraeth, and (according to Lhuyd) Talacharn, Emlyn, and Kemeys. On Christmas eve, "with cheerful countenances," they crossed the Teivi, and on St. Stephen's day made themselves masters of Aberteivi and Cilgarran, "which two castles they kept as theirs by both paternal and maternal inheritance," say the ampler *Annales*, apparently referring to the prince of North Wales. Thence the invaders returned to their homes with joy, but the Normans, sorrowful, and like birds cast out from their nests, were scattered far and wide. The older *Annales*, whose good service we would not forget, in the midst of its lengthened accounts of English affairs, inserts in this year, Llywelyn took Caer-yyrddin, Cardigan, (or Aberteivi,) and Cilgarran. Lhuyd adds, that this winter was "the fairest ever seen." We have expressed in a note a suspicion that, in spite of what the *Annales* and the *Bruts* say of the confederacy of the Welsh with the insurgent barons, the guerilla warfare of the summer of this year was really *for* the king, and against the barons; we must now with rather more confidence assert the same of this winter* campaign of the whole strength of the Welsh, in South Wales. For we have in Rymer a command for the liberation of Llywelyn's hostages, whose names are rendered perfectly unintelligible by the unskilfulness of the scribe, dated at Monmouth, on the 18th of December, 1214, A. D., and stating that it is at the request of Joan, Llywelyn's wife.† Considerable doubt must remain, until further researches have made the chronology of these events—now so confused—clear and trustworthy; but it appears to us that this command would not have been given, in the midst of Llywelyn's success against the Normans of South Wales, if John had not had a personal interest in it. This view is confirmed by what we know of the sharers in that baronial rebellion; and Llywelyn's subsequent connexion with the castles of Caer-yyrddin and Cardigan, as royal lieutenant, seems to have arisen from this conquest. Other confirmations will appear as we proceed.

We have endeavoured to impress upon our readers, with all becoming earnestness, the fact that it is almost impossible, in many parts of our narrative, to arrange the events in order of time. Albeit that the worthy annalists have aspired to no higher office than that of chronicling, year by year, what befell in Wales, or was of interest to themselves; they have performed that task so evilly, or the copyists have been so careless in their work, that, even with the aid of the synchronous events of general history, such as the deaths of kings and popes, continental wars, and crusaders' battles, &c., which are introduced to the exclusion of much that has irretrievably perished, we cannot determine the mere sequence in time of what has been recorded. We have generally followed

* We ought to state, that the entry in the recent MS. of the annals, immediately preceding the account of this winter campaign, is the death of Giles de Breos, bishop of Hereford, which we know occurred in November, 1215, A. D. But the weight of this objection to the opinion we have advanced, is greatly lessened by the constant occurrence of such mistakes as the misplacing of *part* of the events of a year, by one, or even two years.

† This liberation of hostages would belong to the period of Fulk's putting Rhys and Owain into possession of their inheritance in South Wales, if the view taken in the text were incorrect.

the *Annales*, because they seemed to admit of verification, and also, because it was from them that the *Bruts* were compiled; so that there was a greater probability of escaping error, by adhering to the original, in preference to the translation; beside which, the *Bruts*, as we have them in Lhuyd, show not the least sense of accurate chronology. These remarks will suffice to explain the course we are compelled to take respecting the passage of history which follows; a course we have resorted to, when in earlier periods we met with insoluble difficulties in dates, and which we hoped would be needful only then. We will put down first, as a sort of fixed point, one undoubtedly correct date, from Rymer; and then give the entries in *Annales*, after which Lhuyd's account will come.

On the 2nd of March, 1215, A. D., John wrote to Llywelyn, informing him that he had sent the bishop of Coventry and others, to confer with him about matters of common interest, which are not specified, at Ruth, (by which perhaps Ruthyn is meant,) or at Griffin's (Gruffydd's) Cross; a summons which seems to afford some countenance to the view we have, with some hesitation, taken of the relations between the Welsh prince and John, at this juncture, as it is written in the spirit of cautious friendliness, rather than as an indignant and insulted lord paramount would address one of the leaders of his rebellious vassals.* The more recent copy of the *Annales*, under 1215, A. D., records the expulsion of Gwenwynwyn from his principality by Llywelyn; the death of Hywel ab Gruffydd, and that of Gwenwynwyn himself;—it also contains under the same date, the arrival of Louis, the French prince, in England, which did not occur till 1216, A. D.; although the relaxation of the Interdict was correctly placed in the year before, 1214, A. D. Under 1216, A. D., it proceeds,—Llywelyn marched a great army into Gower, and at the first assault took the castle of Abertawe, and thence, with his confederate chiefs, Maelgwn, Rhys Vychan, the sons of Gruffydd, and others, went to Rhos; (the older copy records, after a duly execrative notice of John's death, "Llywelyn was at Woldale in Rhos;") and the English who could not resist him, by the counsel of the bishop of St. David's, delivered to him twenty-three hostages, with the condition that they might liberate them by the payment of (what we read as) a thousand marks; they also gave up to him the whole of their land.

It has been before stated that Lhuyd placed under 1215, A. D., the events assigned in the *Annales* to the year before. The parallel account to what has now been related, we find, therefore, under 1216, A. D.; and thus it begins. Llywelyn ab Iorwerth soon returned into South Wales to arbitrate, as lord paramount, between the various descendants of the Lord Rhys; and at Aberteivi he held his court, giving to Maelgwn the three Cantreys of Gwarthav Penllwynog, Cemaes, and Emlyn, in Dyved, with Cilgarran castle; to young Rhys, two in Ystrad Tywy, Hirvryn and Mallaen, and Maenor Bydvey, with the castle of Llanymddyvri, and two Cantreys in Cardigan, Gwynionydd and Mabwynion; and to him and his brother Owain, conjointly, (as it seems,) the castles of Aberteivi and Nant-yr-arian, (or Silverdale,) and three Cantreys in Cardigan;

* This letter would precede the confederacy of the barons, if the chronology of Lhuyd were followed.

and finally, to Rhys Vychan, or Gryg, the castle of Dinevwr, with the Cantrev Mawr, and Cantrev Bychan, except Hirvryn and Middvey, and the cymwds of Cydweli and Carnwyllion. Not only is the topography of this alleged division most perplexed, but no hint is given by the annals, or other documents of this period, that such a function was assumed, or performed, by the prince of Gwynedd. Yet Llywelyn was, some years later, engaged in such an affair, for Henry III., writing to him in April, 1225, A. D., speaks of a partition of estates between Maelgwn and his nephews, as if Llywelyn had made one, and tells him it must be settled by royal commissioners; and that Maelgwn must accompany him when he comes, as he is summoned, to Worcester. Whilst Llywelyn was thus engaged, Lhuyd continues, he heard that Gwenwynwyn had forsaken him, and joined the king; wherefore he sent certain religious men, such as bishops and abbots, to expostulate with him; but the lord of Powys proving deaf to their arguments and entreaties, Llywelyn entered his lands, and ravaged them with fire and sword, and, Gwenwynwyn fleeing to Chester, made himself master of the whole lordship. The death of Gwenwynwyn is not alluded to; but at the end of this year it is said that Hywel ab Gruffydd ab Cynan died.

With the invasion of Louis we enter upon a somewhat less dubious region of story, and dim though the light be which falls upon it, it yet is sufficient to make the preceding and following darkness most palpable. The French prince landed in May, but it was not till July that John, finding his affairs desperate, retreated to the Welsh border. This circumstance affords some countenance to the representation we have made of the position of Llywelyn and the Kymric chiefs with John. The turbulent bishop of Hereford, Giles de Breos, had been succeeded in his lordships by his brother Reginald, whom we heard of as employed by him in the Marches; and Reginald had lately married Llywelyn's daughter. To this circumstance, and to the fact that John's was too plainly a falling cause, we ascribe it, that when from Hereford, about the 25th of July, the unhappy king wrote to him and to Reginald, requiring their aid, he either received a direct refusal, or, more probably, nothing but insolent neglect. Three days afterwards he wrote, from Hay, to the Welsh chieftains, assuring them that he had not come as an enemy, but as a friend; and then finding that his words were powerless, he burnt the castle, which the preternatural craft of Maud de St. Valeri had reared, to the ground. On the 2nd of August Radnor castle shared the same fate, and perhaps Clun, on the following day; on the 6th, he reached Oswestry, and next day sent another safe-conduct to Llywelyn, which he seems to have disregarded, as he had done the former letter; and on the 10th the king set fire to the town, and left it. In ten days more he left the border, having stayed there a month, vainly hoping by weak entreaties, alternating with the destruction of the barons' castles, and the crops then ready for the sickle, to gain friends and supporters amongst the fiery Kymry, or no less fiery Marchers. A not ungraceful ballad-legend tells how John had divorced his faithful wife, Isabella, the daughter of the lord of Glamorgan; and how, when the barons rose against him, and transferred their allegiance to his mortal enemy, whom they invited to the shores of England, he was sheltered and protected by her, at Boverton Place, (her father's

halls, to which she had retired,) for half a year, under the assumed name of Gerald Fitzalan; and that afterwards he went out and met his fate, dying, as is known, at Swinestead Abbey. But leaving the country of fable,—the league of the Welsh princes with the revolted barons, in, at least, the latter part of the civil war, is attested by the fact, recorded by the Waverley Annals, that after the coronation of Henry III., which happened on the 28th of October in this year, Gualo, the legate, laid the whole of Wales under an interdict, because its chiefs had stood by the barons; and the leaders, by name, he solemnly excommunicated. And also by the thirteenth article of the treaty with Louis, dated the 11th of September, 1217, A. D., which stipulated that Llywelyn and his confederates should give up the fortresses, towns, lands, &c., which they had acquired during the war.

The young king was committed to the guardianship of William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, who had taken a prominent part in “the army of God and the church” against John; and very soon Reginald de Breos returned to his allegiance to the English crown. Most probably the censure of the church, pronounced against him, was sufficient to occasion this; but it was said to have been effected by bribery. This is certain, that, contrary (say the chronicles) to his promise to Llywelyn, he made peace with Henry; and thus the Welsh revolted were left to their own resources. According to the *Bruts*, which Lhuyd has Englished,—and we are compelled to follow them, for the *Annales* are vacant for two years here,—Rhys and Owain, the sons of Gruffydd, and Llywelyn, at once attacked the renegade. The young princes were first in the field; “seeing that he in whom they trusted most deceived them,” they made an inroad into his lands, and got all Builth, except the castle. And this, it would seem, they did sufficient damage to, not only from a grant to him, soon to be noticed, but yet more from a letter to the vice-counts of Hereford and Gloucester, from the king, dated the 2nd of December, 1219, A. D., requiring them to aid Reginald in rebuilding this castle. Later in the year 1217, A. D., Llywelyn marched into Brecon, and laid siege to Aberhodni; but the besiegers entreated his mercy, and young Rhys interceded for them, so instead of prosecuting his design, he accepted a hundred marks from the town; and taking five hostages for their adherence to him, he crossed the ridge that shuts in the old kingdom of Morganwg, “losing very many of his carriages,” and descended upon Gower. There, as he was encamped at Llangruc, Reginald, with a small retinue, came and entreated his forgiveness; which Llywelyn readily gave him, and therewithal the castle of Senghennydd; for his own castle of Builth was not, perhaps, in the best repair. Reginald, however, gave Senghennydd into the keeping of Rhys Vychan, and, as it seems, departed. Having “set all in order” in Gower, the prince of Gwynedd marched into Dyved; and when he was at Cevn Cynwarchan the Flemings (of whom we have heard nothing lately) came to him, desiring peace; but because they had always taken the English side, he would not grant their request, and gave orders to attack their nearest town, young Rhys being the first man to cross the Cleddeu against it. Seeing his determination, Iorwerth, the recently appointed bishop of St. David’s, with his clergy, came and begged him not to make war on the Flemings, and after

long debate, he granted them peace, upon the following hard conditions ;—first, that the people of Rhos and Penbroch should ever afterwards hold him to be their liege lord ;—secondly, that they should pay him, before the next feast of St. Michael, a thousand marks, to defray the costs of his expedition ;—and thirdly, that they should give twenty hostages,* out of the best families in the country, for the performance of those terms. Having thus, concludes Lhuyd, brought all Wales into subjection, Llywelyn returned with much honour to Gwynedd.

The barons, who had revolted, now submitted ; for by the skill of the Earl of Penbroch, they were overmatched ; but they made no terms for their Welsh allies in the treaty of peace, it is said ; and so, William Marshal seized Caerleon, and made war on them.† Rhys Vychan then razed Senghennydd, (which was, however, rebuilt by John de Breos, three or four years afterwards, “with Llywelyn’s consent”!) and all the castles in his custody ; and banished all the English from his lands, dividing them amongst the Welsh only ; who have kept them, adds our single-minded historian, to this day. In the next year, 1218, A. D., Llywelyn garrisoned the castles of Caervyrddin, or Caermyrddin, and Aberteivi ; and, by his permission, young Rhys went to the king, and did homage for his lands. In 1219, A. D., Rhys Gryg married a daughter of the Earl of Clare, and John de Breos married one of Llywelyn’s daughters.‡ Thus say Lhuyd’s chroniclers ; and we have given their story by itself, because it will not harmoniously combine with the other notifications we possess of the history of these years. But whilst we remark, as we cannot avoid, the vain-glorious assumptions made in the name of the prince of North Wales ; we must not forget that not only is it universally the case, that a people not formally nor totally subdued, will lay exaggerated stress upon the remnants of their independence, and speak as though no signs even of vassalage existed ; but in this instance, both at the time we are treating of, and so long subsequently that we can hardly say the feeling is extinct now, it was confidently foretold, by those who claimed more than the inspiration of genius, that the Kymry should soon regain the whole of their ancient dominion in the isle of Britain, and should drive out the intruders, whose power had so long vexed them, never to return ; and that connected with these predictions were others, relating to the affairs of other nations, which, as all fully admitted, had been fulfilled. We shall be doing injustice to the Cambro-Britons, if we ascribe to them nothing higher than an insatiable thirst for lawless plunder ; and if we do not remember that Giraldus, who saw so clearly that it was

* There is an order from the king, dated in 1224, A. D., apparently for the liberation of the hostages the *Breuts* speak of here.

† The seizure of Caerleon is confirmed by one of the “Close Rolls,” dated May, 1220, A. D., which states that Morgan of Caerleon appeared by his “attorneys,” Henry de Fronchesuai and Henry of Caerleon, before the king to answer in the trial between him and William Earl Marshal concerning the possession of Caerleon ; and we conclude that Morgan ab Iorwerth, as was just, won the day ; for we find him there at a later period, as will be seen.

‡ Another daughter of Llywelyn was married soon afterwards to John, son of David, “count of Scotland ;” “as if for the purpose of securing perpetual concord” between Llywelyn and Ranulf, Earl of Chester, the uncle of the bridegroom. Ranulf had before this marriage made a treaty of peace with Llywelyn, and set off for Jerusalem. This we learn from Knyghton.

by a speedy and a complete conquest solely, that the Welsh could be preserved from extermination, was perhaps the only one who entertained that opinion, and that he was not a pure-blooded Kymro.

It appears that under the able administration and generalship of the Grand Marshal, others of the barons, beside Reginald de Breos, were detached from the insurgent party, before the surrender of Louis. Thus, on the 6th of September, 1217, A. D., Fulk de Breauté is informed by letter from the king, that Ralph de Kemeys has submitted, and is therefore to receive his lands again. And we may also learn from this communication, that, if we receive the chroniclers' tale of Llywelyn's partition of South Wales between the posterity of Rhys ab Gruffydd, we must, at least, not suppose that the Cemaes, which is said to have been allotted to Maelgwn, was the whole Cantrev, or district, bearing that name. When the great body of the revolters laid down their arms, Llywelyn was (as we have seen) included in the treaty which was made, and peace was offered to him, on condition that he gave up the places and lands he had seized during the war. And on the 18th of November, we find Henry writing to one of the Mortimers from Gloucester, that if Llywelyn and the other *magnates* of Wales, who had, on that day, presented themselves at Hereford, shall be absolved by the bishops of Hereford and Coventry from the sentence of excommunication, passed upon them because of what they did against King John, then he shall conduct them to Northampton, to do homage to himself there, under safe-conduct. On the 12th of February, in the next year, Henry writes directly to Llywelyn from Exeter, summoning him with his partisans in Wales, to Worcester on the 11th of March, to do homage, safe-conduct being guaranteed to him both going and returning. Accordingly, at Worcester, on the appointed day, Llywelyn, in presence of certain nobles, his hands upon "the relics," swore truly to use his best endeavours to restore the castles Caermyrddin* and Cardigan, with their lands, &c., into the hands of the king's legate; and with them all other lands and castles, whether standing or overthrown, belonging to the partisans of the king in South Wales, to the same legate. He promised also to do whatever he could to bring all the Welsh nobles to do homage to Henry; to receive no enemy of the king, nor to suffer one to be received, but to do in such cases as he would for himself. All which, with much more, we find signified by Llywelyn in a deed in due form, addressed "to all the world," and duly signed and sealed. By a smaller deed, Llywelyn gave notice that he had received from the legate Gualo de St. Martin, all Gwenwynwyn's land, to hold till the heirs were of age, making them, and the widow of the deceased prince, meanwhile, a befitting allowance from the proceeds. On the 15th of March, a safe-conduct, dated from Worcester, was sent for the nobles of both North and South Wales to come to Gloucester, and perform their acts of homage to the king, at the close of Easter; so that, apparently, Llywelyn had accomplished one part of his

* On the 3rd of March in this year, the king wrote to the constables of Bristol, who had seized some wool belonging to the townsmen of Caermyrddin, "because, as it is said, it was in the enemies' land," and charged them "as they loved themselves, and all they had," not to lay hands upon that wool; signifying to the over-officious constables, that being in Wales did not convert a man into a "natural enemy," whom one ought by all means to spoil.

treaty speedily and well. Next day, by a large deed, signed and sealed, Llywelyn informed all whom it concerned to know, that he had received from Gualo the legate, and Henry the king, in the presence of various eminences, the keeping of the castles of Caermyrddin and Cardigan; and he promised to hold, as bailiff for the king, a court in the said castles, using English law for the English, and Welsh law for the Welsh, saving always any special rights, and to make the king's peace respected. And for greater security he brought forward, as "pledges," Maelgwn ab Rhys, Rhys ab Gruffydd, Madog ab Gruffydd, and Meredydd ab Rotpert, who all swore that they would see Llywelyn's oaths observed by him;—an oath, which we think they must have had some scruples in taking. Llywelyn, meanwhile, continued his labours faithfully, and in the middle of May, the king wrote to him from Woodstock, telling him that certain chiefs, amongst whom was Bleddyn ab Owain of Porkington, (whose name we have met with in connexion with Llywelyn's before,) had submitted; and were therefore to receive their lands, &c. again; and enjoining the prince to bring the others to their senses. The aspect of Llywelyn in these unquestionably authentic documents, differs very greatly from that presented by the *Bruts*;—the "king's bailiff" scarcely deserves the praise of being the deliverer of Wales. It would be strange that such a misrepresentation could have existed, much more that it should have endured; were it not that for all this excess of submission, the prince of Gwynedd compensated by ever new violation of his oaths, and fresh forays against the English, as we shall soon see. One other reward, however, he received for his fidelity; in the month of October, in this same year, 1218, A. D., the vice-count of Warwick was charged to put him in full possession of the town of "Budiford," and all that belonged to it; being part of the dowry of Joan, Llywelyn's wife. Some years later, he obtained royal permission to hold a weekly market there. In addition to these invaluable fragments of genuine history, the discrepancies and agreements between which and the narrative of the Chronicles we do not need to point out; we may borrow from Matthew of Westminster the assurance that in the course of the year 1219, A. D., which is blank in all our other authorities, suspicions began to be entertained respecting the fidelity of the Welsh prince; many grave deliberations being held at Westminster concerning him, and his disagreements with the Marchers, but through his craftiness he escaped for the present. In March of this year, the regent, William, Earl Marshal, died, and the bishop of Winchester became guardian to the king.

The following year, notwithstanding the ominous councils and deliberations, began quietly enough. On the 1st of May, the king summoned Llywelyn to meet him for "a colloquy" at Shrewsbury, on the next Monday, three days afterwards; and Fulk de Breauté, whose connexion with the Principality, as royal agent, had not yet ceased, was charged with his safe-conduct. The first memorial of the interview is a letter to Hywel ab Gruffydd, dated at Shrewsbury on the 5th of May, in which Henry told him that he had taken Davydd, Llywelyn's son, and his own nephew, (who evidently, with the best effect, accompanied his father,) and all his property, under his royal protection, and charged him to respect them, and to cause them to be respected. Another

memorial will be met with shortly. In this month, too, Llywelyn was charged to give up Maelienydd to Henry de Aldithel; which we suppose he did. For July came, and the peace was still unbroken: the king wrote in hot haste to Rhys Gryg, charging him without delay to return to him, by the hand of his "beloved and trusty" Llywelyn, the castles and lands, which he had seized during the war and then held; and also to come and do homage to him, whenever the said Llywelyn should bid him. Out of which last command may have arisen the chroniclers' story of young Rhys going, with Llywelyn's leave, to do homage to the English king for his lands. Next month came, and the war began. The *Annales*, to which we are so greatly indebted in these last chapters, have here, with the older copy, placed events a year too early; the documents in Rymer enable us to correct that error, whilst they confirm the substance of their account in opposition to that given by the *Bruts* in Lhuyd. The provocation to the war is stated, by these last-mentioned authorities, to have been the revolt of the Flemings against the sovereignty of Llywelyn; for, contrary to their oaths and treaties, they had taken the castle of Aberteivi, or Cardigan. Henry, hearing of the preparations made, when he was near the borders of Wales, seems to have suspected that Reginald de Breos was the object of them, for he wrote to the vice-count of Gloucester, on the 21st of August, requiring him to aid that worthy "Marquess," if Llywelyn attacked him. But the mark was a higher one, and thus the *Annales* tell of the foray. In August, Llywelyn, "prince of all Wales," with other leaders of less note, his confederates, marched a great army into Dyved, and at the first assault, without any summons, carried the castle of Arberth, and burnt it, the garrison being in part slain, in part taken prisoners; thence he advanced against the castle of Gwys, which he took and destroyed without delay, giving the men leave to depart with their arms. He then burnt the town of Haverford, on the 5th of September, (say the older annals, which insert that occurrence alone,) and would fain have stormed the castle. Rhos he devastated with fire and sword throughout; and having collected "all the animals," most probably the sheep of the industrious Flemings, into one place, he commanded them to be slain. Penbroch he would have attacked next, but the people, of their own accord, offered him two hundred marks for exemption and peace. He then returned home "with all his men safe." Lhuyd directs his first attack against Aberteivi, which he is said to take and destroy, having put the garrison to the sword; and after the assaults on Gwys and Haverford, which are told in the same way as in the annals, all Rhos and Daulgledau are represented as destroyed, but the men in "the castle" begging an armistice till *May*, the conqueror grants it and returns home. Rymer furnishes us with two letters which confirm, or correct, and supply the deficiencies of the account in the *Annales*; written on the 5th of October, in this 1220, A. D, but too late to prevent any mischief, for posts were slow and uncertain in those days. The first is addressed to the knights and others of Penbroch; and in it the king assured them that he highly disapproved of Llywelyn's invasion of William, Earl Marshal's lands; and exhorted them to keep by their lord. As to the exaction of the hundred pounds, he bade them not satisfy the demand; and he required them to assist in rebuilding the castles of

Arberth and Gwys, which the invader had destroyed. In the second, Henry addressed Llywelyn himself; and the despatch of a letter, after such a flagrant violation not only of the peace of the land, but of express oaths and treaties, instead of an army, shows that not "the Grand Marshal," but some "man of letters," directed the affairs of the state. The king assured Llywelyn that he remembered what should not have been forgotten by himself, that when he was last at Shrewsbury, he swore to observe a truce with William Marshal, and the "Marquesses," till the day after the feast of St. Michael. He reminded him that a day was fixed for him to repair to the court at Oxford,—the morrow of the festival of St. Peter ad Vincula, on the 2nd of August, when the questions which had risen respecting the Marches should have been tried; but that he (Llywelyn) had neither appeared in person, nor by messenger. That another day had therefore been named,—the day after St. Michael's day, or the 30th of September; and yet, before that day arrived, he had made a raid into Earl Marshal's lands, destroyed two castles, and done endless damage; nay, had compelled the people to promise him a tribute of a hundred pounds, within fifteen days after the next festival of All-Saints; had made them swear to disobey the Earl; and had, with crowning audacity, told them that the king had commanded it. All this was aggravated, Henry added, by the fact that he had himself written, enjoining on him the most opposite line of conduct. He now, therefore, charged him to desist from this war, and to repair the injury he had inflicted; and on the octaves of St. Andrew, or the 7th of December, to appear at Worcester before himself, to answer for his proceedings. He also commanded him to give up certain lands, and to make peace at once, and keep it; with other injunctions very good in their way, but all *really* signifying, that if he did not obey till it was quite convenient and agreeable, matters would be in no respect the worse.

Whether the Welsh prince obeyed the summons to appear at Worcester, we do not know; our next information respecting him and his affairs is a letter from the king addressed to him on the 2nd of April, 1221, A. D., requiring him to keep the peace towards William, Earl Marshal, till the 6th of June following; the same message being despatched to the Earl. And we may conclude that some amendment had appeared in Llywelyn's conduct to his liege-lord; for Henry, this year, undertook to pay five marks yearly to Ostricius, "Llywelyn's cleric," that he might keep himself "in the schools," till something better could be provided for him. And in May, some negotiations, not of a hostile character, were carried on, for the barons of the exchequer were, in that month, ordered to pay Cadog, a messenger from Llywelyn to the king, five shillings for his expenses. Joan also visited her brother this year, and at his cost. This entry appears many times in subsequent years. In the beginning of September, another scene opened. Llywelyn, "king of Wales," says Roger of Wendover, laid siege to Builth castle, and Reginald de Breos, whose it was, sent to the king for aid; Henry therefore marched to his relief with a large army, and raised the siege; for the besiegers, "as was their custom," took to flight. The king, therefore, marched towards Montgomery, seizing the cattle and property of all the Welsh he met with, for the

support of his army. At Montgomery he ordered a castle to be built, in a position which was thought impregnable, as a check to the incursions of the Welsh; and then all, having obtained permission, returned home, the nobles paying a scutage of two marks per shield.* Lhuyd tells us, under the date of this year, that dissensions arose between Llywelyn and his son Gruffydd, who held the Cantrev of Meirionydd with his father's consent; and that when Llywelyn sent for him, he would not come; wherefore the old prince marched against him, and father and son met in battle; but that during the fight Gruffydd yielded, and a peace was concluded; Llywelyn taking possession of Meirionydd and Ardudwy, and building a castle there. Again, he tells us, that Rhys ab Gruffydd renounced his allegiance to the prince of Gwynedd, because Aberteivi, or Cardigan, castle, was not, as had been agreed at the peace, given up to him; and he joined Earl Marshal. Llywelyn therefore made a descent upon Aberystwith, and seized both the castle and territory; but that Rhys complained to the king, who sent for Llywelyn to Shrewsbury, and made him and Rhys friends again, Llywelyn promising to do for young Rhys respecting Cardigan castle, as he had done by Maelgwn as to Caermyrddin. The king was at Shrewsbury near the end of June, in this year, 1221, A. D.; but no confirmation of any of the affairs narrated on the authority of the chronicles, appears in any of our other sources. In the year after, according to Lhuyd, young Rhys, the son of Gruffydd ab Rhys, died,—“the jewel of chieftains, flower of chivalry, brave as Hector”—as the larger *Annales* say of him; placing his death, however, in the year 1220, A. D. The *Bruts* add that Llywelyn divided his lands between his brother Owain, and Maelgwn, his uncle: and it may be that division which is referred to in the letter of King Henry's, in 1225, A. D. The Waverley Annals, and the “Flowers of History,” record in 1222, A. D., not only a great snow at the beginning of the year, and a drought in the summer, but omens in abundance—a comet, dragons seen in the air, thunderings, storms of wind, and inundations—far more portentous, it may be believed, than the appearance of three moons at once, ten years before, which the Annals of St. David's have commemorated. Three weeks after Easter this year, the king wrote to Llywelyn, on extending the truce with William, Earl of Penbroch, to the next Easter. Friendly negotiations were also carried on between the Welsh prince and the English court; in June, three shillings are ordered to be paid for Cadog's expenses, and in October, two shillings and nine-pence more; for ambassadors could be maintained at a very little nominal cost, in those days. Earlier in June, too, the king sent a letter to the vice-count of Worcester, commanding him to obey an injunction which he had received before, to give up to Llywelyn the manor of Suckley, (of which he was at that time, contrary to his orders, collecting the rents,) and to let “no more noise be heard about it.” In the same month of June also, William de Cantilupe and others were authorized to take possession of Reginald de Breos' castles for the king's

* Mr. Wright, in his “History of Ludlow,” represents this as being in fact the same group of events, which the Records, to be quoted subsequently, disclose as occurring in 1223, A. D. The coincidence of the siege of Builth with the operations at Montgomery, is such as could hardly have happened twice; but in the absence of more certain information, we have inserted the English chronicler's story here.

use; perhaps Henry desired to spare his brother-in-law of Gwynedd the temptation to appropriate them himself.

The truce would have expired on the last day of April, 1223, A. D., but before that day arrived Llywelyn was in the field, not against Earl Marshal in the first instance, but against Fulk Fitz-Warine, whose castle at Whittington he besieged. Henry at once advanced to the borders, and on the 7th of March, from Shrewsbury, he directed Brian de l'Isle to put the widow of Gwenwynwyn into possession of a portion of her husband's lands, and also to bring back the horses and hawks, which were removed from Whittington castle before the siege; which shows that the danger was over. The next incident in this year of tumult is narrated in so different a way, by the chroniclers of the two nations, as to defy reconciliation; each charging upon the other the commencement of the foray. Whilst William, Earl of Pembroke, was in Ireland, say the English historians, Llywelyn with a strong force seized upon two of his castles, and beheaded their garrisons; and then departed, leaving his own men in possession of them. In a few days the Earl heard of it, and returning to England, collected a great army, and speedily recaptured the castles, inflicting upon the Welsh garrisons the same death, with which Llywelyn had visited his men. He then invaded Llywelyn's territories, ravaging the country with fire and sword. The prince of Gwynedd hearing this, met the Earl with a great force, but was totally routed, losing in slain and prisoners, during the battle and the flight, nine thousand men, very few escaping. Hemingford, who begins by saying that "Llywelyn revolted," ascribes to Henry a share in this expedition, and states that he acted under the counsel of the archbishop of Canterbury. After he and William Marshal had inflicted upon Llywelyn great loss, the rebel repented, and received favour and peace, but upon these hard terms—of doing homage, along with his nobles; giving up to the Earl all the land and castles he had won; paying the expenses of the war; and giving hostages from the highest of his people. The oldest of our two MS. *Annales* has the fullest account; it says, that having collected a great army in Ireland, Earl Marshal, on Palm Sunday, (the 16th of April,) landed at St. David's; and in the Paschal-week (Easter Sunday being the 23rd of April) took the castle of Cardigan, no one resisting him; in like manner also he took Caermyrddin. The more recent copy adds, that his army plundered almost all the churches of Dyved. The older MS. continues the story;—having assembled his kinsfolk and relations, the earls and barons of England, he refortified Cilgarran castle. Many insults did he inflict upon the Welsh. And having made Cynan ab Hywel* his confederate, he carried off very great spoil from the lands near Cardigan, and took possession of the country far as the Aëron. This he committed to the custody of Cynan, and departed with his own men. There is a little too much affectation of injured innocence here; and it does not assist us in giving credence to a story to find the copy which has the dates in full, place the events of 1223 in 1221, A. D.! But to Lhuyd and his *Bruts*, as usual, the palm must be awarded for invention, and incredibility.

* On the 18th of November, in this year, the king wrote from Gloucester, to the vice-count of Caermyrddin and Cardigan, that Cynan ab Hywel had become his liege-man, and was to be protected

William Marshal, say they, landed at St. David's from Ireland, and besieged and took Aberteivi and Caermyrddin. The news of this did sore offend Llywelyn, who sent his son Gruffydd with a power to prevent the Earl from passing farther. At Cydweli, Gruffydd learnt that the burgesses intended to betray him to the Earl, wherefore he burned the town, churches and all, to the ground. At Caermyrddin the Earl crossed the Tywy, and Gruffydd met him; and the battle continued till nightfall, when the Earl recrossed the river. After some days want of food compelled Gruffydd to retire, for he had nine thousand men; the Earl then went to Cilgarran, and began a very strong castle there. Being now summoned by the king, William Marshal went by sea, leaving his army to carry forward the work. The king and the archbishop of Canterbury sent for the prince to Ludlow, and "would fain have agreed him and the Earl, but it would not be, so they departed." The Earl then desired to return to Penbroch by land, aided by the Earl of Derby, and Henry Pigot, lord of Ewyas, but Llywelyn sent his son to keep the passage at Carnwyllion, and himself advanced as far as Mabe-dryd; so the Earl turned back to England, and the prince to North Wales. Too much space, compared with the importance of the subject, would be occupied by an analysis of this tale; and the drift of the official documents, which we must refer to, or quote, will sufficiently demonstrate that the English account is substantially the true one; the time of year assigned by the *Annales* to Earl Marshal's revenge,—“the Easter week,”—agrees generally with that indicated by the place in the “Flowers of History,” where the story is found, before the Ascension, or the first of June.

The Rolls of “Close Letters,” contain one dated in May, this year, ordering payment of two shillings for Cadog's expenses; from which we conclude that some negotiation was proceeding. The issue of it apparently is seen in a safe-conduct for Llywelyn to come to Worcester to meet Henry, on the 1st of July; but we should conclude that the Welsh prince did not find it convenient to attend to this summons, for, as it appears, before that time he had captured both Whittington castle and that at Kinardsley. And on the 11th of July, at Worcester, Henry wrote to the vice-counts of Devonshire and Herefordshire, commanding them to let no provisions be sent from their jurisdiction to Llywelyn, or his adherents; but only into South Wales, Caermyrddin and Cardigan, and the land of William, Earl Marshal, whither they were to see it despatched securely. The capture of Whittington is attested by the *Annales Menevenses*, (the recent copy,) which, under the right date, although the landing of Earl Marshal is placed two years before, state that Llywelyn took and destroyed that castle. New embassies were attempted; for near the end of August, Ostricius (whom we have seen before, under the patronage of the king) and another have letters of safe-conduct for returning to Wales. In September, Henry was again on the borders; for he had heard that Llywelyn, “with a multitude of armed men,” was besieging Builth castle. He first wrote to the vice-counts of every shire in England, except Staffordshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, and Gloucestershire; most of which were immediately affected by the renewed war, and needed no summons; and after communicating the alarming news he had received, gave orders for calling out all his

vassals who held land by tenure of military service, and for putting the levies on the march towards Gloucester as speedily as possible; and in the same way he also addressed all his barons. On the 24th, from Hereford, he commanded the bailiffs of Caermyrddin to give Reginald de Breos such "seizin" of the castle of Sweinese, and its territory, as he had on the day when he entered into the peace and service of the king. On the last day of the month he appears pushing forward the erection of Montgomery castle most vigorously. To the vice-count of Shropshire he wrote for picks, malls, levers, wedges, &c., and desired them to be sent "with all haste, by night and day," or, as we should say, *by express*: on the 2nd and 3rd of October he sent to the vice-count of Hereford for ten casks of wine, each time, for he had left twenty casks there in store; and on the 9th he bade John of Monmouth send him immediately twenty good miners from his forest of Dene, who were to have "their freedom" (from the mine) for fifteen days, counted from the day they left, and the worth of their work was to be charged to John's account with the exchequer. A Welshman who voluntarily offered some help is mentioned in one letter with especial favour. The result of his activity appeared before the works were completed; Llywelyn agreed in writing, and by oath, within reasonable time, to be fixed by the archbishop of Canterbury, to satisfy the king for all losses and injuries inflicted by himself and those under his command, from the capture of the castle of Kinardsley, to the day of his absolution, the sabbath on the morrow of the octaves of the feast of St. Michael's, or the 8th of October. Beside a treaty, signed and sealed, to this effect, the Welsh chieftain was obliged once more to bring as "pledges," Meredydd ab Rotpert, Rotpert ab Madog, Maelgwn ab Rhys, Rhys Gryg, Madog ab Gruffydd Maelor, and Elis ab Madog; who each, in a separate deed, swore to see that Llywelyn fulfilled his oath, or to make the requisite satisfaction himself. On the same day, apparently, Henry wrote from Montgomery to William Marshal, Reginald de Breos, and Rhys Vychan, (another Rhys *Junior*, who must be distinguished from Rhys Gryg, or Vychan,) commanding them to abstain from doing harm to Rhys Gryg and Maelgwn ab Rhys, since they had become his liegemen. In the beginning of November he wrote to Llywelyn from Westminster, commanding him to give up the hostages which he had taken in South Wales, at the time when he received the custody of the castle of Cardigan and Caermyrddin, after the peace made between himself and his barons, (in 1218, A. D.,) on the morrow of the next feast of the Purification, or the 3rd of February, 1224, A. D., at which time he was to make restitution for the injuries he had done, according to his treaty, before the archbishop of Canterbury.

The chronicles and annals are almost vacant in these years, but from other authentic documents we find that Henry continued his care in strengthening the barrier-fortresses during the following year; in the course of which he visited the border more than once, had an interview with his sister, Llywelyn's wife, in September, at Worcester, and saw his new castle of Montgomery completed in the same month, and intrusted to the keeping of the former lord of Kinardsley, who had wrongs of his own to avenge upon the Welsh, if they should attack him. In the April of 1224, A. D., also, Henry

postponed the day for receiving the amends promised at Candlemas, to a month after Easter; but at the same time signified that the truce between the prince and the Earl Marshal was to be strictly observed. A year afterwards, we find that the restitution had not been made; for the king again postponed the day for receiving it to the beginning of July, and once more enjoined the keeping of the peace; at the same time commanding Llywelyn's personal attendance and respect at Worcester; and referring to a commission, the division of certain lands between Maelgwn ab Rhys and his nephews; one of whom, Maelgwn, was to accompany him when he came to Worcester. Before the day appointed arrived, however, Henry, pleading multiplicity of affairs in hand, put off the homage and satisfaction to the middle of August. At this point Rymer himself fails us; for the next fact we meet is the bull of excommunication against Llywelyn, dated the 7th of October, 1225, A. D., which also laid Wales under an interdict; granted by Honorius, because the prince of Gwynedd had made war upon Henry and the Earl of Penbroch. But whether this refers to the former wars, or whether to any new raids, we cannot tell. It is not improbable that Henry did not procure it easily, and that the expectation of smiting the Welsh prince by the arm of the church, was the secret reason for the repeated postponement of the restitution and homage, which we have recorded; but this may not with confidence be asserted. Moreover, we know not whether the censures were actually enforced; nor, if enforced, when relaxed.

In 1226, A. D., in July, the king took Caermyrddin and Cardigan out of the keeping of William Marshal, whose projected visit to Ireland seems to have been displeasing to the royal mind. We do not learn who the new "bailiff" was, but we find the Earl amongst the insurgent barons of the following year, either in revenge for this affront, or else in full manifestation of some treasonable feeling which had come to the knowledge of the king. On the 28th of this month a "safe-conduct," to hold good till the feast of St. Michael, for Llywelyn, his wife, his sons, and all becoming attendants, was sent by Henry from Worcester. And in March, 1227, A. D., royal commands were issued to the manors of Ralegh and Cunedour, for a "reasonable aid" to Joan, the "lady of North Wales." Either to this year, or the preceding, the sole entry in the chronicles must be referred, which shows that Rhys Vychan took his father, Rhys Gryg, prisoner, and would not release him until he had given the castle of Llanymddyvri up to him. But, as if for the purpose of presenting us with a lively representation of the condition of the marches of a country like Wales, we have, in the Annals of Margan, during these years of which the *Bruts* tell us nothing, the following narratives of border outrages,—with good cause lamented by the worthy fathers who suffered thereby. "1223, A. D. Perverse men burnt in one week more than a thousand of our sheep, and two houses. 1224, A. D. A Welshman slew two of our servants, engaged in handicraft, in one day; and not long afterwards, a boy who kept sheep. In the same year Morgan ab Owain burnt the house of the monks of Neath, with four hundred or more sheep; slew four of their servants; and also seriously wounded one of the converts of that house. 1226, A. D. The Welsh burnt three towns of Glamorgan-

shire, St. Nicholas, New Castle, and Lagelestune; and slew some men. 1227, A. D., The Welsh burnt one grange at Pennuth entirely, with many animals, and slew yet more oxen. Afterwards they ravaged the grange of Rossaulin, and burnt many sheep, and carried off some cows. Yet again, they took the animals from Tewdwr's grange, and some they slew during their journey, and drove the rest with them. And again, they set fire to our houses in different places, in which great flocks of sheep perished by the flames." And lastly, in 1228, A. D., "Hywel ab Meredydd took his uncle Morgan ab Cadwallwn, and cruelly confined him, and afterwards blinded him and mutilated him most barbarously."

In the month of August, 1228, A. D., Henry made his first warlike expedition into Wales. It happened that the charge of Montgomery castle had been intrusted to Hubert de Burgh, the chief justiciary; and near it there was a dense wood, too much frequented by Welsh brigands, who used to rob and to murder travellers in it. The knights and soldiers of the garrison, together with many of the people of the neighbourhood, were therefore sent out, with weapons of all kinds, and axes, to cut down the trees, and clear away the underwood, that the road being wider, might also be safer for the time to come. The Welsh hearing of this, and unwilling to have their haunts disturbed, gathered in great force, attacked the party, and after some slaughter on both sides, drove them back into the castle, which they closely besieged. They contrived, however, to despatch a message to Hubert; and Henry, rightfully indignant at this attack upon the castle he had built to prevent their inroads, marched with him to its relief. The Welsh at once raised the siege, and the king, having been joined by a considerable force, entirely destroyed the forest, which extended for about five leagues, and advanced into the country as far as a Carmelite monastery, at a place called Cridia, by Roger of Wendover, (but the Welsh annalists say that it was Kerry,) and as he was told that it was a receptacle for the prey taken by the Welsh, he commanded it to be burnt to the ground. Hubert, struck by the military capabilities of the place, with Henry's consent, ordered a castle to be built there; and whilst this was being done, Llywelyn came, with all the power of Wales, and encamped not far off. Every day was now a skirmish, and as the Welsh were most expert in that species of warfare, the advantage almost always remained with them. William de Breos, who had only in that year, by the death of Reginald, his father, come into the possession of the lands on the border, was seized, when out on a foraging expedition, and carried away as a prisoner. Roger especially commemorates the self-devotion of a knight, recently belted by the king, who, when he was with his companions cut off from the army, dashed into the swarming enemy, and was not killed till he had slain numbers. At length, treachery, as he of Wendover says, but, as we can well imagine, mere weariness of fruitless bloodshed and ceaseless fighting, and the failure of provisions, the supplies being all cut off, brought the campaign to a close. Henry was forced to make, what the English chronicler calls, "a disgraceful peace," and on these conditions,—the fortress which had delayed the king there so fatally, and at such cost of blood and treasure, was to be razed at his own charge, and the Welsh, no doubt, gladly and gratuitously aided its

demolition; Llywelyn was to pay towards the expenses of the expedition, a thousand marks. Lhuyd, who cannot avoid introducing something inconsistent, adds, that the prince "came and did honour Henry, but not as his king and lord." And the treaty being ratified, both parties returned home; the English sovereign "empty," say the *Annales*; or as Roger states, "in shame, having spent nearly three months upon the fortress, and an endless amount of money, and having left the noble De Breos a captive in the hands of Llywelyn." He levied a scutage (which was the Plantagenet substitute for "national debt") of two marks a shield, throughout England, to defray the costs of his first Welsh campaign. Hubert had been so delighted with his scheme for turning the monastic house into a fort, that he called it in his fondness, *Hubert's Folly*; and "when people saw it razed to the ground, they said that the justiciary was not only a prophet, but even more than a prophet!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM THE FIRST EXPEDITION OF HENRY III. TO THE "SCUTAGE OF GANNOCK."

THE point reached in the conquest of Wales, at the time at which this chapter opens, is well marked by the disappearance of the title of "Prince of North Wales," from the documents collected by Rymer. Not only does the English king employ no higher style in his letters to Llywelyn the Great, than "Prince of Aberfraw and Lord of Snowdon," but Llywelyn designates himself in the same manner, in the solitary epistle of his writing which has been preserved for us. In the letters addressed to Davydd, and in the treaties in which his name occurs, however, most singularly, he is called "son of Llywelyn, the former prince of North Wales," and has no title given to himself at all. This unquestionably indicates the reduction of North Wales to the same level that Dyved, Gwent, and Powys had long before found; at the same time, one part of the title, "Prince of Aberfraw," being evidently copied from the style adopted in the "Laws of Hywel Dda,"—where the royal residences, Aberfraw, Mathraval, and Dinevwr, furnish the names of the three kingdoms, in place of Gwynedd, Powys, and Dyved,—we conclude that, with characteristic policy, the Plantagenet monarch designed to accustom the ears of the Kymry to a form of words which, though honoured by time, would not add any strength to the national pride of independence, that had been productive, both to them and to England, of such boundless ills. It is singular, that near the close of the period we now treat of, according to the Welsh chronicles, as inter-

puted by Lhuyd and Powell, in the year 1244, A. D., Henry gave the title "Prince of Wales" to his son Edward, who was afterwards the conqueror of the country.* Powell refers to some "Records in the Tower," in proof of this statement, and it has been repeated by all the historians of the Principality, one of whom has, however, been so candid as to admit that he can discover no foundation for the tale; and we, who are at present in the same position regarding it, but do not feel bound to insert all that has been narrated as "*history*" by our predecessors, mention it here as a "curiosity" which may, perchance, be the reflection and echo, in the breasts of the Welsh, confirmed by subsequent events, of the facts we have noted, that, except amongst their personal followers and adherents, the descendants of Rhodri Mawr had now lost, even in Gwynedd, the high-sounding dignity of "Princes of Wales."

The treaty between Henry and the prince of Gwynedd appears to have been kept, for a year or two, with unwonted faithfulness by the latter, whose untruthfulness in respect of treaties, has perplexed his most warm admirers, and afforded no little ground for the sweeping charge of lack of good faith against the entire nation, which we find so often repeated in the English chronicles. In October, 1229, A. D., at the beginning of the month, the king announced from Westminster, to all whom the fact concerned, that Davydd ab Llywelyn had done homage to him, and had become his stipendiary; forty pounds a year being assigned to him, half to be paid at Easter, and half at the feast of St. Michael; and that lands of the same annual value were to be allotted to him, within a certain time, when the pay should cease. Later in the same month, as it seems, Joan, the mother of Henry's young liege-man, met her brother at Shrewsbury. The Annals of Margan, however, show us, that we must not suppose that Llywelyn had such authority in Wales, as to make his pacific demeanour the sign of general peace. They commemorate a foray, headed by Hywel ab Meredydd, in this year, in which the towns of St. Nicholas and St. Hilary were burnt. The release of a chieftain named Morgan Cam, by Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester, on giving hostages for the preservation of the peace, is also mentioned; together with a "terrible frost." It is said, but upon doubtful authority, that in this year too Llywelyn released his noble prisoner, William de Breos, whom the English so much lamented; "for a great sum of money, (three thousand marks are specified by one copy of the *Brut*,) and the castle of Builth." This is stated in the ampler *Annales Menevenses* we refer to so frequently; but whilst the synchronism of the acquisition of Jerusalem by Frederic, places this event in the true year, 1229, A. D., it is *actually* in the second year after the capture of De Breos, and one after the record of his death! The gift of Builth, and its territories, to his son Davydd,

* This story *may* have arisen thus. Fabyan, in his Chronicle, states, "In the 29th year of King Edward [the First], the king gave unto Sir Edward, his son, the principate of Wales," along with the earldom of Cornwall. And the correctness of this is proved by one of the recently discovered letters of Edward II. whilst he was Prince of Wales, dated the 26th of October, 1305, A. D., which speaks of the grant of "the land of Wales" to him, by his father, in the 29th year of his reign. The 29th year of *Henry's* reign began in 1244, A. D., and it would be a trifling error, compared with most of those we have met with, to ascribe to the father, in this way, what actually occurred in the son's reign. This subject will require further notice in a subsequent page.

(whose name has dropped out of the text,) when he married the daughter of the liberated lord, is likewise recorded.

The fate of this captive was sealed in the succeeding year, 1230, A. D., in the month of April, at Easter; when Llywelyn, traitorously (as it is said) took him prisoner in the night, in his own house; after a too generous feast (the Annals of Waverley add to the story in Margan); and after keeping him, with his retinue and family, in prison awhile, he dismissed the lads, hanged De Breos himself, and allowed the others to ransom themselves. The good monks of Margan, who express the liveliest horror at the barbarism of their neighbours, declare that the Welsh rejoiced at it. This summary proceeding with a baron of England occasioned no little outcry; it was quite causeless, said some; the monks of Margan state that the Kymro either "suspected" him of an intrigue with his wife, or had not forgotten an old feud. The recent copy of St. David's Annals more briefly gives the same reason. But the Waverley Annals energetically point out the prodigious insult this act of malignant presumption had offered to the king, and to all the people of the land, and prophesy with great unction, that Llywelyn "had twisted a rope for his own neck," by that deed, if Henry were "either a just king, or a faithful avenger." The charge of adultery is rendered almost ridiculous by the fact, that Joan was mother-in-law to William de Breos's father; nevertheless Pennant, the tourist, found a version of that story current in the vicinity of Aber, in Caernarvonshire, which is fixed upon as the scene of the execution; containing a highly dramatic and effective incident, which may not be omitted here. The guilty princess, it is said, knew not of the revenge which the injured husband had taken upon her lover, when the household bard, using his privilege, sang to her this extemporaneous couplet;—

"Wife of Llywelyn, hearken to me!
What wouldst thou give thy William to see?"

To which she shamelessly replied, in the Welsh fashion, by another;—

"Kymru, and England, Llywelyn too,
All would I give my William to view."

"Then," said the bard, pointing to a tree upon a hillock near the castle, "see him!" She looked, and beheld his lifeless body, swinging in the wind. This legend is of later date than any of the narratives we have quoted, and is not to be regarded as possessed of any historical value. Lhuyd says that Maelgwn ab Rhys ended his restless and fickle career in 1230, A. D.; and that Maelgwn Vychan, his son, inherited his lands.

Early in April, 1231, A. D., William Marshal, Earl of Penbroch, or Pembroke, died; and in May, the irruptions of the Welsh into the Marches began again with increased ferocity. They "burst forth," says Roger of Wendover, "like rats from their holes," and ravaged the lands formerly belonging to William de Breos. Wherefore some have ascribed this foray to Llywelyn, although his name is not mentioned, because of the

marriage of Davydd ab Llywelyn with Isabella, daughter of that baron. On the king's marching to the border with a small force, continues the English chronicler, they, according to custom, retreated to their natural fastnesses. On this occasion, probably, Henry sent the safe-conduct, dated the 27th of May, for Davydd, archdeacon of St. Asaph, and Masters Adam and Davydd, clerics, ambassadors from Llywelyn (now first styled "Prince of Aberfraw and Lord of Snowdon") to the king at Worcester; and for the same, or others, to Shrewsbury on the 4th of June. Some arrangement respecting this matter seems to have been made, and the king departed, leaving Hubert the justiciary in command there. As soon as the Welsh heard that Henry was gone, they commenced their ravages again, and daringly carried them into the neighbourhood of Montgomery castle. The knights who formed part of the garrison seeing this, sallied forth, and cutting off the retreat of the invaders, slew and captured a great number of them. The prisoners they gave up to the justiciary, who caused them to be beheaded, and sent their heads to the king. Enraged at this barbarous act, Llywelyn collected a large army and renewed the war. He committed, the chronicler declares, terrible depredations on the lands and property of the lords of the Marches; and spared neither churches nor ecclesiastics; in one instance burning, along with a church, some noble women and girls who had taken refuge in it. The accounts which the Annals of Margan and St. David's give of this great raid represent it as sufficiently destructive, and the latter (in our recent copy) may be a little exaggerated; but Lhuyd's *Bruts* enlarge upon this story considerably. Brycheiniog, or Brecon, he laid waste with fire and sword; Aberhonddu, or Brecknock, he burnt, but could not take the castle; Montgomery, Radnor, and another are added to the list of fortresses, whose lands were spoiled, by St. David's Annals; and Lhuyd says that he burnt Montgomery castle and its garrison, (the Earl having withdrawn through fear,) and in the same manner treated Radnor, Brecknock, and Rhaiadrwgwy. He then marched into Gwent, and subjugated all the lords of South Wales except Morgan ab Hywel, whom he could not dispossess of Caerleon, although he burnt both the town and the church. The Margan Chronicle states, that he was grieved and amazed to find that he lost so many men, either slain, or drowned in the Usk, or captured by the defenders of the castle; and therefore crossed the mountains, and descending upon Neath, soon took it; and that Morgan Cam, whom we have already heard of, in revenge, destroyed the place and exterminated its inhabitants. The Annals of St. David's represent his expedition as directed next against Cydweli and Cardigan, with the same success, and the same cruelty; and ascribe to him no other failure than that with Morgan ab Hywel, occasioned, they say, by his being confederate with the English. They allude to another raid, commenced about the same time by Maelgwn Vychan, which the *Bruts* more fully relate, telling how he besieged and took Cardigan, and burnt it (as the *Annales* had said) to the castle gates, and slew all its inhabitants; and how he soon afterwards renewed the attack in company with his cousin Owain ab Gruffydd, and by engines, and mines, and desperate valour, took the castle this time, and returned with honour;—a story which does not quite agree with that of Llywelyn's capture of the place.

In the latter part of June, Henry had heard of this alarming inroad, and wrote to the justiciary of Ireland, informing him that Llywelyn had done so much damage, that to establish his own rights, and those of the church which had been outraged, he should treat him as a most inveterate foe; he therefore required him to cause it to be proclaimed publicly, that any who desired to obtain lands in Wales, might now have them, by arming at once, and joining him in an expedition he was about to make against the rebels; and that whatever lands they could win, he could confirm them in the possession of them. At this time Llywelyn's raid was not over; for we have notice of the capture of a castle about the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, or the 29th of June, in a brief set of annals ascribed to Llandaff. It was not till the 13th of July that the king had collected his forces, and then at Oxford, all the nobility and the dignitaries of the church being present, he caused Llywelyn and his adherents to be solemnly excommunicated for their sacrilegious proceedings, and hastened to Hereford. Thence, on the 16th, he sent to the vice-count of Gloucester, requiring him to forward a supply of arms, and to send two hundred men, with axes, and victuals for forty days,—and all the carpenters of the county; enjoining him also to let no market be held throughout his jurisdiction, but to despatch all provisions to the army, and not to forget to send some trustworthy person with the men, who might both accompany and be responsible for them.

Llywelyn was still in the field; he had encamped in a field by the river-side, surrounded by marshes, not far from Montgomery castle, in the hope of luring the knights of the garrison into an ambuscade. One day, says Roger of Wendover, the Welsh prince, as it was believed, sent to the castle a Cistercian monk of Cymmer, or Cwm Hir, (for the religious garb usually rendered the wearer inviolable, even in this warfare,) and when the knights saw him approaching, they went out and asked him if he could tell them any thing of "King Llywelyn." The monk replied, (as he had been instructed,) that he had seen him in a field hard by, with a small retinue, waiting the arrival of a larger force. They then inquired if the river and the field were passable by horsemen, and were told that Llywelyn had destroyed the bridge for fear of an attack, but that there was a ford, and that the ground was good; also that a few knights could easily defeat his band. Deceived by the intelligence, Walter de Godarville, governor of the castle, gave orders for mounting at once, and surprising the Welshmen. The spot was soon reached, and Llywelyn's men fled in a pretended panic to a wood, towards which the knights pursued them, till the foremost found themselves floundering in a morass, up to their horses' bellies. The rear ranks reined up on perceiving the disaster of their comrades, and escaped; but the Welsh rushed out on their enemies thus entrapped, and slaughtered with their spears those who were entangled in the marsh. The others, "out of sorrow for their fellows," attacked the Welsh, but were beaten back with great loss to the castle, many being taken prisoners, amongst whom was Giles, the son of Richard d'Argenton. This bad news was speedily carried to the king, who immediately marched to the convent whence the treacherous monk came; and as a punishment, entirely stripped a farm belonging to the convent, and burnt it;

and having plundered the convent, would have burnt it too, had not the abbot rescued it by the payment of three hundred marks. Henry then ordered the castle of Matilda, which some time before had been destroyed by the Welsh, to be rebuilt of stone; and spared no expense, we are informed, in fortifying and garrisoning it, that it might serve to check the incursions of the Welsh. The king's efforts were not in vain. Before October, when the castle was finished, a short truce was agreed to; and on the 30th of November he desired "all men" to know that this short truce, which expired on that day, was renewed for an entire year; William de Lacy, John of Monmouth, and other "Marquesses" agreeing to it on one side; and on the other, Llywelyn, Owain ab Gruffydd, Rhys Gryg, and two other chieftains, whose names we cannot decipher. The principal conditions of the treaty were, that all were to have and to hold their own domains; that there should be no forays, and no reception of deserters. And thus it was once more hoped that peace was secured.

But the elements of peace were wanting on both sides. The innate love of marauding expeditions, which gratification alone was left to the military and patriotic spirit of the Welsh, has been but too prominent in our story; the character of the barons of England at this period is well known; and in addition to these inauspicious facts, there were the position and the weakness of the English king, who was at this very time provoking a civil war by his favouritism. In February, Llywelyn had so completely forgotten his oaths, that Henry wrote to him, wishing him, instead of the customary salutation, "a spirit of sounder counsel," and informing him, in terms which evince the greater feebleness because prefaced by such an intimation of dissatisfaction, that he remembered the truce for a year, sworn to after he had left Castle Matilda in Elvel, and stating that Llywelyn ought to remember it also. After apologizing for some omission in arranging matters, which the prince had complained of, he promised to come to the March in person, or by representatives, very soon, to look after the affairs alluded to. Most probably this letter provoked the impatient Briton, for we learn from the last entry in the Annals of Margan, that in Quadragesima, or about the 28th of February, 1232, A. D., (the letter having been written a week earlier,) many of the nobles of Wales, at Llywelyn's command, came with a great army to Kenefeg; but the people being warned in time, drove off their cattle to a place of security, and burned some of the interior of the town. The Welsh then burned the outer parts, and made an attack upon the castle, but were beaten off, and fled to the mountains. This destruction of Kenefeg is charged by the *Annales* of Llandaff, upon one Morgan Geram; but we hear no more of him. The monks of Margan have noted it as an especially "wonderful and laudable thing," that in this raid the Welsh, "though badly off for food, *spared the church and the grave-yard*, and all that was in them;" which shows us to what lengths of brutality the ravages in these expeditions were carried. Lhuyd assigns to this year certain successful forays by Llywelyn into England, which so provoked Henry, he says, that he seized a subsidy to subdue Wales,—a tale which is supported by none of our authorities. The death of Ranulph of Chester, and the succession of Llywelyn's son-in-law, John, to the earldom, which is confirmed by Roger of Wendover, and placed in

October of this year,—and the rebuilding of Radnor castle by the king's brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, spoken of by our fuller *Annales Menevenses*,—are placed by Lhuud at this period; who adds to the events of this year, a raid into Brecon by Llywelyn, which was undoubtedly, as it is represented by the recent copy of St. David's Annals, part of the campaign of 1233, A. D., made in conjunction with Richard, Earl Marshal. In the year after William, Earl Marshal's death, the older copy of the *Annales* states that there happened "a second rout at Caermyrddin;" and a great drought from March to October;—the death of Rhys Gryg is also recorded, but wrongly, as is so common. From a surer source we learn, that about Whitsuntide, or in the beginning of June, this year, Llywelyn "invaded the territories of the English barons, commencing in the usual way by devastating the country by fire and pillage." This, says Roger of Wendover, was made the ground of an attack by the bishop of Winchester, upon his rival minister, Hubert de Burgh; and amongst the charges exhibited against him, when he was displaced from his office, was one which shows to us the intense annoyance occasioned to the English by the invincible pertinacity of the Welsh in their predatory warfare:—it may also reflect upon the affair of "Hubert's Folly." De Burgh was accused of having surreptitiously taken from the royal treasures a certain jewel, which rendered the wearer unconquerable in battle, and of having sent it to the king's enemy, Llywelyn, the Welsh chief. It was also said that William de Breos was hung like a robber, because of letters which the ex-justiciary had treacherously sent to Llywelyn. The expulsion of Hubert from office concerns us no further here, but we shall meet with him again in the progress of our narrative.

From Rymer, to whose strangely interesting pages we now turn, we learn that in the beginning of June, when these incursions took place, Gloucester was "shut up," apparently by these marauders. A month later, and we find Henry on the road to Shrewsbury, to hold a conference with Llywelyn, who received a safe-conduct, rendering him and his retinue and companions inviolable, "going, staying there, and returning," till the 9th of August. For certain commissioners had been appointed, and were about to sit at Shrewsbury, in St. Mary's church, to examine the questions raised and complaints made, both by and against Llywelyn. In the latter part of October, we obtain a glimpse of this business as it was proceeding; and early in December, find that it was concluded; for on the 7th of that month the king issued a formal notification to all men, that Llywelyn and he had agreed to abide by the decision of the commissioners; that restitution, and reparation of harm, should be made by both parties; that Isabella, daughter of William de Breos, should receive a becoming portion out of her father's lands,* if good security were given that Davydd ab Llywelyn, her husband, would perform the service due for the portion; with other things, amongst which we read, that any new grief should be submitted to the consideration and the award of the same commissioners.

In the year following, however, Henry's favouritism, and his partiality for foreigners,

* This "article" affords a slight confirmation to the statement that Llywelyn was concerned in the spoliation of De Breos' lands, although his name is not mentioned in the original account.

—faults which have never failed to excite discontent in England,—raised against him a deeper feeling of hatred than he had ever before had to encounter. Omens were not wanting to foreshadow the trouble. For fifteen days after St. Martin's day, the 11th of the preceding November, thunderings were heard in London, where, says the Chronicles of Wendover, they are seldom heard. In the March of this year, dreadful thunderings were again heard, and were followed by such torrents of rain, as never were known before; and which continued all through the summer, causing most destructive inundations. And on the 8th of April, beyond Hereford and Worcester, clearly (as men thought) pointing out the chief scene of the anticipated woe,—four “adulterine” suns, with glowing circles, were seen in the sky: a wonderful spectacle. In June, too, the inhabitants of the southern coast of England beheld with unspeakable terror, two immense serpents fighting in the air; one of which succeeded, after a fearful conflict, in chasing his antagonist to the bottom of the sea, when they both disappeared. Thus it was reported; and men every where looked out for some great evil to happen in England. How the feud began, may be read in the English histories; not till August did it reach Wales, ever too ready for strife. On the 1st of that month, amongst the great vassals, who had assembled in London for a conference on the state of the kingdom, was Richard, Earl Marshal, who took up his abode with the Countess of Cornwall, his sister; whose husband was the king's brother. She disclosed to him a plan for making him a prisoner, and treating him as Hubert had been treated; whereupon he, perceiving that her words were but too credible, set off in the night, and never drew rein till he reached Wales. There he was joined by other discontented nobles and knights, most of them soldiers of distinction, who agreed with him to prosecute their righteous demands by arms. Henry having summoned all who held knights' fees throughout the kingdom, to meet him at Gloucester, on the Sunday before the Assumption of the Virgin, the 14th of August, and finding that these “exiled” confederates did not appear, proceeded against them as traitors and outlaws; burning and destroying their castles and property, and alienating their estates. The bishop of Winchester also succeeded in detaching some of the Earl Marshal's adherents from him by bribery; wherefore the Earl made a treaty with Llywelyn, and other Welsh chiefs; and they swore to each other not to make peace with Henry except in company. The king, meanwhile, had gathered his army, (Flemings, Gascons, and Poitevins forming the greater part,) and advanced to Hereford, “thinking to destroy the whole country,” once more. On the 2nd of September he wrote to Llywelyn from Hay, summoning him to meet his councillors at Colewent on the 12th, with a view to the establishment of so firm a peace, that neither the prince, nor his son Davydd, could break it. Either the compact with the Earl Marshal was not completed, or Llywelyn wished to mislead the king respecting his plans, for he sent a most submissive reply; styling himself “Prince of Aberfraw, and Lord of Snowdon.” Being detained, he said, from the interview with the councillors by the great inundations, and the badness of the roads, he thought it best to send word directly to the king, by special messenger, to assure his majesty that he had kept, and would keep, both by himself and by his

followers, the peace with him and all his subjects; and that he had charged his bailiffs and retainers strictly to do the same with their fellow-marchers. He therefore begged the king to do so, and to signify his will to him; concluding with—"Farewell, your Excellency."

In such a war as now began, wherein a pitched battle was sure to be evaded, we should expect to hear of isolated movements, and to find the records confused, and apparently contradictory. The absence of exact dates is very perplexing, but we can perceive, pretty clearly, three distinct series of actions proceeding. Being joined by Owain ab Gruffydd ab Rhys, say Lhuyd and the *Annales*, the Earl advanced against St. David's, and having lost many of his men, he burnt the town, and killed and spoiled all of the king's friends there. Maelgwn and Rhys Gryg then joined him; and they soon made themselves masters of Caerdyv, and Pencelly, Bwlch-y-dinas, Abergewni, and Blaenllewni; ravaging the country all round. In connexion with these incidents, must also be mentioned the siege of Caermyrddin, by the Earl Marshal and the Welsh, which lasted, according to the *Bruts*, for three months. The older *Annales* (which do not say a word of any other event of this war, not even of the burning of St. David's) tell us that Henry de Turberville came up the Tywi, in a vessel, with which he broke down the bridge at the town, and succoured it, capturing and slaying many of the besiegers. Llywelyn, at the same time, it would appear, entered Brecon, and according to Lhuyd, after he had won the town, besieged the castle for a month, but without success; he next burnt Clun, and acquired the whole of Dyffryn Teyvediad, but could not get the castle. All this (as we have said above) Lhuyd places in the year before, when no allusion to Earl Marshal's revolt had been made; and under this year, while yet that event is unnoticed, he tells us that Llywelyn overthrew "Redde" castle in Powys, and burnt the town of Oswestry, and returned; which may have happened at the conclusion of his raid into Brecon, although so strangely placed, and not mentioned by any other authority. Some of the events in these two series may have happened later than those of the next, which we now relate after Roger of Wendover. While yet at Hereford, the king, by Peter, bishop of Winchester's advice, sent the bishop of St. David's to defy the Marshal, and gave orders for making war on him. The royal forces therefore entered his lands, and laid siege to one of his castles,—the name of which, the chronicler frankly tells us, he does not remember. After maintaining a fierce assault for several days, Henry found his provisions getting short, and fearing to incur the disgrace of a failure, sent some of the bishops to Earl Richard, asking him, out of respect for his royal person, and to spare him the mortification of an evident defeat, to surrender the castle, on condition of receiving it back, uninjured, within fifteen days; and promising, at the same time, by the advice of the bishops, who were securities for the fulfilment of the conditions, to make all needful reforms in the kingdom. The next Sunday after the feast of St. Michael, the 2nd of October, was named as the day for the Earl and the other malcontent barons to meet the king at Westminster, to discuss these changes. This strange proposition was acceded to;—the castle was given up to the king, who

soon afterwards departed. When the fifteenth day came, the Earl claimed his castle again, for he had the oaths of the bishop of Winchester, Henry's favourite and chief minister, and of Stephen Segrave, the justiciary, to confirm Henry's word; but the king angrily refused to keep to his own agreement, and told the Earl's messengers that he should much more probably reduce some other castles, than give up this. When the stout Earl had this reply brought back to him, he swore a great oath respecting the faithlessness of the king's advisers, and gathering his men, laid siege to his own castle, and speedily regained possession of it. The tidings of this summary redress of grievances reached Henry, whilst he was engaged in the conference he had promised, and which Roger of Wendover says was held on the 9th, and not on the 2nd of October. Very little had been done to fulfil the promise of reform; and the bishop of Winchester had set himself so against all the other bishops, that they threatened to excommunicate him, and would have done so, had he not cast himself on his consecration by the pope, and made it doubtful whether they could pronounce such a censure upon him. Henry was enraged beyond measure, and required the bishops to hurl their anathema against the Marshal; but they refused, stating that he did not deserve excommunication for having taken possession of what was his own. Finding no assistance from the spiritual arm, he applied himself to his own secular means of restoring his authority, and summoned all his military liege-men to meet him at Gloucester, on All Saints' day, fully equipped for service, and prepared to follow him.

Before the 1st of November arrived, Henry had received another blow. Hubert de Burgh was confined in the castle at Devizes, heavily ironed. This so moved the compassion of one of the guards, that, being a powerful man, he carried him one night, all fettered as he was, on his back, out of his dungeon to the high altar of the church, where he placed him in sanctuary, and remained, with a comrade, to defend his pious theft. In the morning the garrison came, and violently drove both Hubert and his liberators back to the dungeon. This violation of asylum came to the knowledge of the bishop of Salisbury, and he, but with great difficulty, obtained from the king an order to place the ex-justiciary in the church again; but orders were secretly sent to the sheriff of the county, to blockade the place strictly, and starve him to death. Before they had kept their prisoner a fortnight, some armed men made a sudden attack upon the sheriff's retinue, and carried him off to Wales, where, "about the first hour of the day, on the 30th of October, he joined the king's enemies." This only quickened the king's desire for revenge, and, having collected his forces, he advanced towards Hereford, determined to dispossess the Earl of his estates, and to seize his person too. But Richard had providently despoiled the whole country round, and Henry, finding no provisions, was compelled to turn aside to the castle of Grosmont. Whilst he lingered there, the confederates were informed by their spies, that though he passed the night in the castle, the army lay outside it; they all, therefore, (except the Marshal, who would not attack the king,) with their Welsh allies, set out a little after dusk on Martinmas day, the 11th of November, and as the invaders were sleeping in their tents, rushed upon them, got possession of more than five hundred horses, and of all the baggage

and equipments, the men taking flight, nearly naked, in every direction. The bishop of Winchester, and the new justiciary, with other nobles and officers of the court, were amongst those who escaped in this shameful manner. Only two knights were killed, for the assailants desired neither slaughter nor prisoners, but spoils and the surprise alone. Having made sure of their booty, they returned to their strong-holds; and Henry, thus left almost alone, garrisoned his castles in Wales with Poictevin mercenaries, made John of Monmouth and Ralph de Thony (to the latter of whom he intrusted the castle of Matilda) commanders of his army, and returned to Gloucester.

A fortnight after this, upon St. Catharine's day, there happened a fierce battle between the Marshal with his Kymric allies and the Poictevins who formed the garrison of Monmouth. The Earl, in one of his forays, came near to this town, and as he purposed to besiege it in a few days, he ordered his army to proceed on their march, whilst he, with about a hundred of his knights, reconnoitred the castle. This cool daring did not escape the notice of Baldwin de Guisnes, who held the command of the place; and thinking that he could easily deserve well of the king, by capturing the rebel and his companions-in-arms, he sallied forth with a thousand well-equipped horsemen, and pursued the Marshal at full speed. Richard's knights would fain have persuaded him to flee, rather than make a stand against such fearful odds; but the brave Earl told them, that he never yet had turned his back to his enemy in battle, and he would not do so now; then animating them to follow his example, the fight began. Baldwin had selected twelve of his best-armed and boldest followers, to attack the Marshal with him; not to slay him, but to make him a prisoner; they could not, however, come near him, for he struck down, either stunned or killed outright, all who came within the sweep of his sword; and thus defended himself a long while. The Poictevins then killed his horse with their lances; but before they could turn their advantage to account, their well-trained antagonist had laid hold of one of them by the feet and unhorsed him; and quickly mounting, renewed the battle. De Guisnes, indignant to find himself foiled, although he had opposed such numbers to one man, now made a desperate assault upon the Earl, and seizing his helmet, tore it so violently from his head, that blood gushed out of his mouth and nostrils; and instantly snatching the bridle, he began to drag his sturdy adversary to the castle, the others endeavouring to drive him that way, from behind. Even then, whirling his sword round, the Earl, with a single blow, stretched two more of his enemies senseless on the ground. He would not have escaped, however, had not a cross-bowman of his company, at that instant, seeing his lord's danger, aimed a quarrel at Baldwin, which, piercing his armour, entered his breast; whereupon he fell, believing himself mortally wounded, and the others left the Marshal and hastened to their master, for they also feared that he was dead. The fight was thus maintained for the greater part of the day, when the Earl's army, hearing of his danger, appeared upon the field. A bridge near the castle was broken down, and the garrison, in their headlong haste, threw themselves into the river and were drowned. Numbers were slain; fifteen knights, with a great many soldiers, were taken prisoners; with horses, arms, and other spoils. On the Marshal's side, three knights were lost as prisoners,

whom the Poitevins carried off to the castle, together with their wounded commander. Many of the Welsh, too, were slain ; and thus ended this desperate border-fight. But the mercenaries in charge of the king's castles had a sore time of it afterwards ; for the confederates laid wait for them continually ; and the very air was tainted by the numbers that perished.

On the Thursday before Christmas day, the Earl happened to spend the night at Margan Abbey, where he met a Minorite friar, named Agnell, one of the king's advisers, who was charged to attempt to reason him into submission, since ruder weapons had failed. But the wrong was so plainly on the side of the king and his counsellors, that a less shrewd man than the Earl might have replied satisfactorily to the Minorite's allegations. The only point in the colloquy which concerns us, is the defence of Llywelyn, who was charged with being an enemy of the king. Richard declared that he was not one, until he was compelled by the injuries inflicted upon him by the king and his advisers, to withdraw himself, unwillingly, from his allegiance ; even as he himself and the king of Scotland had been compelled. A defence we can scarcely assent to, in behalf of the prince of Aberfraw.

King Henry kept his Christmas at Gloucester ; but small glee had he, and a scanty court, for that night-attack at Grosmont had made beggars of not a few of his nobles. On the day after, John of Monmouth collected a large army to surprise the Earl Marshal ; but he had received tidings of the intention, and posted himself in a wood, through which his enemies would pass, that he might inflict upon them, what they had purposed against him. So successful was he, that he put them all to the rout, and slew great numbers, John himself escaping with difficulty. The Marshal then invaded John of Monmouth's lands, and by fire and pillage grievously impoverished him, and returned with great herds of cattle and immense booty. On the 13th of January, 1234, A. D., Llywelyn appeared in the field, with the Earl. Collecting all the forces they could, they penetrated into the English territory, and spread desolation from the Welsh border, as far as Shrewsbury, which they burnt, and then returned with valuable prey. The king lay all this while inactive at Gloucester, for he had no army to lead against that of the confederates. At last he retreated, leaving such numbers of unburied dead, " that what he could not effect with his soldiers whilst they lived, had almost followed from the corruption of their bodies after they were killed." But he was only the more firmly set against the Earl, since he could not reduce him to subjection. The bishop of Winchester now treacherously wrote letters to the Earl's allies in Ireland, promising them that they should share his inheritance in that island amongst them, if they would help to bring him, alive or dead, to the king ; and they agreed to do so, and received permission to make themselves masters of his lands and castles, which they were not slow to use. Meanwhile the war went on ; for we read how Richard Seward (one of the confederates) and his followers made some knights who attacked them in the Welsh territories, prisoners, and according to the law of war, compelled them to pay a heavy ransom. The news of the war raised against him in Ireland was not long in reaching the Earl Marshal ; and on the 2nd of February, he left

Wales with fifteen knights, hoping to keep his enemies in check. In the beginning of April, the bishop of Winchester and the other evil counsellors of the king were dismissed; and amongst the first-fruits of the wholesome advice which he now received, was an embassy of the archbishop of Canterbury, (the author of the change,) with the bishops of Chester and Rochester, into Wales, to make arrangements for peace with Llywelyn, and Richard, the Earl Marshal. The latter was already at peace; he had fallen in Ireland, a victim to the machinations of his enemies. Lhuyd tells us that the prelates were sent to "entreat" peace with the Welsh prince, and "returned without doing any good." From Roger of Wendover we learn, that the peace was arranged on the condition that, "before every other consideration," the nobles with whom Llywelyn had been allied, and who had been exiled through the evil counsels of those who no longer advised the king, should be restored to the royal favour: but it seems that the Kymro was not easily persuaded to agree to peace, upon *any* terms; for the prelates are said to have threatened him with the resentment of the king and the clergy, and the prince to have replied with a sarcasm too keen for the wits of the ambassadors, that he feared the *alms* of the king of England more than all his soldiers and priests put together. At the end of May, however, the proscribed nobles were convened at Gloucester, and received "the kiss of peace;" and at the same time Gilbert, the Earl Marshal's brother, came, and brought the king certain information respecting his death. Whereupon he received the Earl's inheritance, and did homage for it; and on the Whitsunday following, the 11th of June, Henry solemnly knighted him, and gave him the Marshal's wand. Five days afterwards, the king wrote to Llywelyn from Tewkesbury; and after telling him that Gilbert, the late Earl Marshal's brother, and all of his party, both English and Welsh, who desired peace, had been restored to favour, and to their lands and offices, he charged the prince of Aberfraw, as he desired his friendship, to meet the archbishop of Canterbury, and the bishops of Rochester and Chester, on the following Wednesday, the 21st of the month, when they would unfold to him the commission they had received from him, which he thought it best not to put into writing. On the 30th of June, Henry sent letters to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the lord of Radnor castle, and to Ralph de Thony, of Castle Matilda, from Westminster, in which he informed them that Llywelyn had agreed to a truce for two years, from St. James's day, the 25th of July, in this year, 1234, A. D., on condition that all harm done, "as late as the preceding Quadragesima," should be repaired according to the award of the prelates before-named, who acted as commissioners; that all lands taken in the last war should be restored, and all deserters permitted to return without punishment. He added, that if they did not wish to be comprehended in the truce, Llywelyn was content, and would observe it towards him, and defend himself against them, if he did not in any way assist them; but he charged them to observe the truce. This paragraph gives us a very remarkable view of the state of society in these ages; and shows us what strange limitations to the power of kings the feudal system provided. On the 18th of November a safe-conduct was issued for Llywelyn's councillors, who had the arrangement of the treaty of peace intrusted to them; and it appears that a protracted

negotiation was expected, for the protection extended to fifteen days after the feast of the Purification, or to the 17th of February, in 1235, A. D.

The modern *Annales Menevenses* record, in 1234, A. D., the death of Rhys Gryg at Llandeilo Vawr, and his burial "with deep lamentation and the greatest honour," beside his father at St. David's. The older copy has this entry three years earlier, and Lhuyd misplaces it by one year. The death of Cadwallwn ab Maelgwn, after the assumption of the religious habit, is likewise recorded; he was, Lhuyd says, a lord in Maelienydd. Llywelyn also is stated to have released his son Gruffydd, whom he had six years before put in prison, and to have given him a moiety of Lleyn. The *Bruts* represent this imprisonment as the punishment of disobedience, but our *Annales* are silent on that head. Maelgwn Vychan in this year; too, although Lhuyd put it in the year before, built Treflan castle; or else finished it, his father having begun it. This year, 1234, A. D., we further learn from Roger of Wendover, was the third of a series of most unpropitious years for all operations of husbandry; so that we must add to the sufferings occasioned by misgovernment and war, those of dearth, if not of famine; with all the alarm that unseasonable thunderstorms, and other phenomena, regarded then as ominous of ill, could supply. The following year is almost vacant. One event alone is commemorated by Lhuyd, and by our recent annals; the death of Owain ab Gruffydd in January, who is duly lauded for his bounty and renown, and was buried at Ystrad Flur. The older *Annales* assigns to this year the preaching of the cross in West Wales, by "brother Anianus." 1236, A. D., brings us a few more incidents, but none of great amount. William, or Gilbert, Earl Marshal, had dispossessed Morgan of Caerleon of his castle, and burnt it; and Llywelyn appears to have complained of the infringement of the truce; for on the 18th of February, the king wrote to him to express his dissatisfaction with the affair, and to inform him that he had sent commissioners to investigate it; meanwhile all the others must observe the peace. Matters proceeded slowly even in those days, when diplomacy was the motive power employed; July came, and Morgan had not been put in possession of his own again. On the 11th of that month, Henry notified to his subjects that on Friday, St. Benedict's day, (that same 11th,) Llywelyn had sworn to a truce for a year from St. James's day, on which, as we know, the two years' truce expired; the conditions being, that things should remain as they were on the day of the truce, except the restoration of Morgan of Caerleon to his lands and property; that any captures should be at once restored, and that no new castle should be built in the March, nor any dismantled one rebuilt, during that time. A safe-conduct was issued on the following day, to last till a month after the feast of St. Kenelm, the 17th of July, for all who should come to Tewkesbury from Llywelyn, to swear to the truce. And a fortnight later, the arbitrators under the truce, on the king's side, were appointed, consisting of the bishops of Hereford and Llandaff and two barons for South Wales, and of three barons for North Wales; the deed stated also, that Llywelyn was to appoint his arbitrators; but their names have not been preserved. The deaths of Madog ab Gruffydd Maelor of Bromfield, and of Owain ab Meredydd ab Rotpert of Cydwain, are recorded. And the *Annales* we

have so largely used of late, contain a strange statement, that about the feast of St. Michael's, Maelgwn Vychan appeared before Llywelyn, and complained that Meredydd ab Owain was about to spoil the monks of Ystrad Flur of certain lands in Ystrad Mei-rig, which he himself or his ancestors had bestowed upon that monastery. He seems also to have spent "not a little money" in securing Llywelyn's attention; but we are not informed of his success.

Early in the spring of 1237, A. D., Joan died; and was buried "with dire lamentation and no little honour" at Llanvaes, in Anglesey, in the sea-shore, (it was said,) for the monastery stood near the shore. Her monument is yet extant, after some remarkable fortunes. Llywelyn's son-in-law, John, Earl of Chester, died now; and Cynwric, son of Rhys the Great.* From Rymer we learn that Davydd had an interview with the king, or his commissioners, at Worcester, early in June; for there is a safe-conduct sent to him there; and in the middle of the month the truce was renewed for another year; which might be the business about which the young prince was summoned. Matthew Paris tells us, that in the course of this year, Llywelyn sent the bishops of Chester and Hereford as negociators to Henry, the more solemnly to propose, that because of his advanced age, which contention and battle suited not, an indissoluble treaty should be sworn between them; and he would place himself and all that he had at the king's command, and hold his lands of him in fidelity and friendship. The secret of this was, the historian says, that Llywelyn found himself incapacitated by an attack of paralysis; and at the same time, his son Gruffydd exhibited a rebellious contumacy which he could not well brook. Many of the Welsh nobles accepted this treaty, and signed it with the prince, but others perseveringly disowned it; whereupon Matthew breaks forth into a most declamatory upbraiding of the Kymry, whose only faith is the absence of all fidelity, he declares; and quotes both Virgil and Seneca to give the greater weight to his objurgation. The continuator of Roger of Wendover, commonly known as Matthew of Westminster, as usual, gives an abridged version of the narrative of Matthew Paris; and adds that the prince knew what jealousy existed between his sons Gruffydd and Davydd, and that if he did not take such a step, his principality would be torn to pieces when he was dead, and fall like that kingdom divided against itself, spoken of in the Gospels. But more than this was in Llywelyn's mind. In March, 1238, A. D., the king wrote to the lords of the Marches, and telling them that he had heard that Llywelyn had caused the nobles of North Wales and Powys to do homage to Davydd; whether with or without his consent he had not heard; but clearly to the prejudice of his own claims;—he invited them, therefore, to Oxford, to advise what should be done when the truce expired. On the same day, the 8th, he also wrote to Llywelyn and to Davydd, forbidding the acceptance of any homage by the latter, until he had first done homage to himself. He also complained, in allusion to the treaty of peace of which Matthew Paris spoke, that the archdeacon of

* The *Annales* tell us that Gwenlliant, daughter of Rhys the Great, died in 1236, A. D.—Lhuyd has supplied us with that same event, as may be seen in a former chapter, under the date 1190, A. D. Unless, as is possible, Rhys gave the same name to two daughters.

St. Asaph, whom Llywelyn had sent, was not sufficiently instructed for the conduct of such a negotiation; and bade him send some properly qualified agent to Oxford, on the Wednesday after the octaves of the close of Easter, the 21st of April, if he desired peace. Apparently this was done, and matters proceeded smoothly, for on the 8th of July, the truce was again renewed for a year; and Henry desired Llywelyn to make it known, and observed too; the former part of which injunction the prince of Aberfraw complied with, by sending a circular letter to all whom it concerned. Notwithstanding which, we find it stated in the *Annales*, that, on the morrow of the feast of St. Luke the Evangelist, in this year 1238, A. D., the 19th of October, all the princes of Wales swore fealty to the Lord Davydd ab Llywelyn, at Ystrad Flur. And Lhuyd repeats the story without any date, and with a few of his own peculiar embellishments. It is not probable that Llywelyn ventured directly to oppose the commands of his liege lord; we must therefore suppose, that the fondness of the Kymric chroniclers magnified some trifling ceremonial into an act of quasi-royalty; just as the bards have universally, with more than Homeric amplification, exaggerated skirmishes into pitched battles. Or, some formal recognition of him, rather than his brother Gruffydd, as his father's successor, may have taken place with Henry's consent; which the annalist has noted thus. Another record in the same chronicle gives us one of the tokens of barbarity of public manners, which we have not had occasion to observe upon for many years, revived again;—in that year, Gruffydd Ial was killed (as was reported) by the treachery of his brother Meredydd. But we shall soon meet with other indications of a fratricidal spirit in North Wales.

The year 1239, A. D., is a blank in the history of Wales; for we cannot regard Lhuyd's tale of Davydd taking away from Gruffydd, Arwystli, Ceri, Cyveiliog, Mawddwy, Mochnant, and Caer Einion,—a territory greater than any prince of Gwynedd had rejoiced in for above a hundred years,—and leaving him only the Cantrev of Lleyrn, as of the least historical value. And another event placed under it in the *Annales*, by the more credible English chroniclers is placed in the following year; which date is also more consistent. Llywelyn the Great died on the 11th of April, in the year 1240, A. D. He was "the most valiant and noble prince; he brought all Wales to his subjection, and often put his enemies to flight, and defended his country, enlarging the meers thereof farther than any other." The writer of the *Annales* distrusts his own powers of narration, when he reviews the career of this "great Achilles;" "he tamed his enemies with lance and shield, towards the religious he observed the peace of Christ, he furnished the poor with food and raiment, and enlarged his boundaries by his successful wars, either for love or fear his deserts were confessed by all." It is unnecessary after these panegyrics to quote from the bards. Davydd succeeded his father in his national honours; and in the month of May, say our *Annales*, he did homage to the king at Gloucester, with the lords of Wales; but from Rymer we hear nothing of this yet. The same authority states that in this month the English sent Walter, (or rather Gilbert, as Lhuyd says,) Earl Marshal, with a great army, to fortify the castle of Cardigan; which Lhuyd holds to have been done for the sole purpose of

troubling the Welsh. According to the English historians, the feud between the two brothers broke out immediately on Llywelyn's death, Gruffydd claiming to be heir in chief because he was the first-born, and Davydd to be sole heir, as the only legitimate son, and moreover, as being nephew to the king of England. Until Michaelmas the whole of North Wales was a scene of confusion and strife, for each brother had his partisans, and almost all appealed to the sword. The wiser amongst their friends at length brought the rivals to agree to a conference, for the settlement of their claims, and so for effecting a reconciliation, and bringing about peace. The time and place, and the conditions of the meeting were fixed, and Gruffydd, proceeding to the spot, under the protection of the bishop of Bangor and other reverend men, was treacherously surprised by his brother, who caused him to be seized and imprisoned at Criccieth. This put an end to the contest, for there were no insuperable objections to Davydd. The bishop of Bangor, on the other hand, pronounced the excommunication of the prince, and fled into England to complain to the king of this shameless violation of sacred oaths. In Rymer we have an agreement made between Henry, and Davydd, "son of Llywelyn, formerly prince of Wales and lord of Aberfraw," at Gloucester, on the Wednesday next before St. Dunstan's day, 1240, A. D., concerning the homage which Davydd offered for North Wales; and also concerning the lands which various of the king's barons, Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, and others, claimed at the hand of Davydd; with other matters. Henry states that he accepts Davydd's homage; and that he appoints arbitrators to settle the disputes; out of which we shall find discord enough growing between him and Davydd. This is the first sign of the trouble that was preparing (for we hear no more of the homage from these documents); on the last day of November, the king wrote to Davydd, still styling him "son of the late prince of North Wales," as if studiously avoiding committing himself on his nephew's side;—commanding his attendance, either in person, or by representatives with full powers, at London, a week from that date. And herewith our notices of this year end; but we learn subsequently that Davydd disregarded this summons.

Gruffydd was able, notwithstanding his confinement, to send a message to the king, the bishop of Bangor being the bearer of it, entreating his royal interposition in his behalf, and offering no slight contribution to the treasury, and also to hold his land, with all gratitude, as a vassal of the English crown. The bishop urged Henry to consider how badly the story of this imprisonment would sound when narrated at the pontiff's court, as he purposed to proceed thither, if justice could not be obtained by the king's authority. Much moved by the proffered contribution, it is said, Henry wrote "sweetly" to his nephew, suggesting to him the satisfaction of meriting Gruffydd's love by releasing him; and hinting, that if it were not done willingly, he should feel it his duty to interfere. Davydd, who appears to have mistaken both his own power and that of the king, positively refused to accede to his uncle's proposal, and stated, with sufficient probability, that Wales would never be at peace if Gruffydd were set free. This we learn from Matthew Paris, and his supposititious namesake of Westminster; but none of these communications are preserved. We find Henry at Worcester before

the middle of February, 1241, A. D.; and on the 19th of that month he wrote from Woodstock to Davydd, complaining that he had not appeared in reply to some command, but had sent letters telling of three representatives, only one of whom had come, and he without instructions or power. Some, said the king, attributed this proceeding to malice and subterfuge, which he did not; yet, to prove his nephew, he required his attendance, in person, or by duly accredited representatives, at Shrewsbury, on the Sunday before Palm Sunday, the 17th of March. On the 27th of March a safe-conduct was issued for his journey to Montfort Bridge; and on the 28th of April, we find Davydd's three ambassadors demurring at some steps taken by the arbitrators, and a longer time granted them to produce "the form of peace," which they averred had been misrepresented. Thus the business proceeded; the Welsh chieftain dallying with the royal commissions and injunctions, and forgetting that there was danger in building upon the king's weakness, and that he had energetic counsellors and soldiers round him. Gruffydd ab Madog, lord of Bromfield, a partisan of the imprisoned prince, offered to commence a foray against Davydd, if the king would make war; and Davydd himself entered Ralph Mortimer's lands, and plundered a ship belonging to Chester, which fell into his power; Henry therefore commanded all his military vassals to assemble at Gloucester "at the beginning of autumn," and prepared for war. From Marlborough he wrote to his vassal prince what would be a manifesto, did it not once more summon him to appear before him. He complained of Davydd's raid against Ralph Mortimer, and of his piracy, or wrecking, of the Chester corn ship; also, of his robbing Owain Vychan of lands adjudged to him, and of his seducing from their duty the brother, and some subjects, of Gruffydd ab Madog. Moreover, and at this the king greatly marvelled, and was even "moved," Davydd had not appeared before the commissioners at Shrewsbury. Once more, therefore, he was charged to make reparation, and to return to his duty; and intimation was given of another opportunity of "purging his contempt," by appearing before the royal council at Shrewsbury. There, accordingly, on the 2nd of August the council assembled, and Gruffydd ab Madog and other Welsh lords were received with favour, and in peace, by the monarch and his barons. Many noblemen, says Lhuyd, yielded to him from hatred against Davydd, who had betrayed his brother, and was accursed of the pope. Amongst the other Kymric notabilities who here met the English king, was the wife of the imprisoned prince, who now more effectually pleaded her husband's cause, and on the 12th of August signed an agreement with Henry. She acted as having full powers to treat, and undertook that Gruffydd should give for his own liberation, and for that of his son Owain, six hundred marks; and that he should abide the decision of Henry's court respecting the share of his father's lands and honours, which he should enjoy. She moreover promised in her lord's name, that he would pay three hundred marks yearly for the lands he should receive as a vassal of the king; one third in money, and the other two in cattle and horses; half at Easter, and half at the feast of St. Michael; and that he should keep the peace towards Davydd in the lands which the court might award to him; and do justice to all rebels against the king in Wales. Her two sons,

Davydd and Rhodri, she gave as hostages for the observance of the treaty; but conditioned that if her husband died, one of them should be released to succeed him. Furthermore,—for she really had *no* security to give, and could only promise, whilst Henry was called upon to perform,—she took a solemn oath to abide by her agreement, and to make Gruffydd swear to do so; whilst Ralph Mortimer, Walter Clifford, Roger de Monthaut, Maelgwn Vychan, Meredydd ab Rotpert, Gruffydd ab Madog, Hywel and Meredydd, and Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, were to see it faithfully kept. And that the expedition might not fail to effect as many good ends for the king as could be secured, four days later, the lords, both Welsh and English, who espoused Gruffydd's cause against Davydd, and who had been at enmity between themselves, became friends, and made truces with one another, which were to last till St. Michael's feast; as may be seen in that between Sir Ralph Mortimer and Meredydd ab Hywel, lord of Ceri, or Kerry. Owain ab Hywel, Maelgwn Vychan, Meredydd Vychan, Hywel ab Cadwallwn, and Cadwallwn ab Hywel, also made such treaties.

About the same day, Henry advanced into Wales against Davydd, for he had found him, says the English chronicler, a caviller in all things, and a rebel, one who would not come to a conference, under safe-conduct, to treat of peace; and he had, moreover, in face of the king's injunction, proudly declared that he would never liberate his brother. The army marched by Chester to Rhuddlan; and not far from the latter place, on a steep rock, by Diserth, Henry built a castle. From his encampment there he sent messengers to Davydd, say the other *Annales* of St. David's, requiring him to come to him, and to bring with him his brother Gruffydd. Davydd now feared the enemy he had defied; a drought for four months had so dried up the marshes, that those natural defences of his strong-holds were passable by the king's cavalry; many of the nobles had joined the king, and others loved Gruffydd more than him; and beside all this, the censure of the church was upon him, and he feared lest worse should befall;—so he dismantled Diganwy, and other castles, (according to the last quoted annals,) and entered into negotiation with the invaders. The result appears in a treaty of submission, dated the 29th of August, and signed at Alnet, on the Elwy, not far from St. Asaph. In it Davydd informed all men, that he gave up his brother Gruffydd, with his son Owain, and all who were in prison with him, to the king; that he would abide by the decision of the royal court respecting Gruffydd's imprisonment, and also, whether it decided by the custom in Wales, or by common justice, respecting the claim of Gruffydd upon his father's lands, so that peace might be better observed; that he agreed to hold his land *in capite* of the king; that he gave up the land of Monthaut, and all other lands, which the Welsh gained possession of during the wars with King John; would pay all the cost of the king's army, and give satisfaction for all losses and damage, or give up the perpetrators to justice; that he would do homage to the king, and not receive the homage of any of the nobles in Wales (which gives some probability to the story of the ceremonial at Ystrad Flur); that he renounced Ellesmere and Englefield, which were his mother's dowry; together with other matters of less moment, but all showing the most complete submission, and all under the sanc-

tion of the excommunication of the archbishop of Canterbury and the other prelates of England. On the following day the treaty and the oaths were repeated in the presence of the king at Rhuddlan; and on the day after, the last of August, it was once more repeated, with variations of small import, and most solemnly confirmed. Davydd had privately reminded the king of his relationship to himself, and his being the legitimate son of Llywelyn; and had insisted upon the impossibility of preserving the peace unbroken if Gruffydd were free; he was, therefore, suffered to remain in possession of all the patrimonial estate, and Gruffydd, with his wife, sons, and retinue, were sent to London, and placed for safe custody in the Tower, until the court should determine what to do with them, along with the hostages given by Davydd, and the other nobles of Wales. Before he left Wales, as it seems, Henry restored to Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn his hereditary rights in Powys, and to the sons of Meredydd ab Cynan ab Owain Gwynedd, their rights in Meirionydd; although the *Annales* seem to imply that this was effected by a council held in London, later in the year. At length, "rejoicing at his bloodless victory," the king returned, about the middle of September; and on the 6th of October, Davydd went, under safe-conduct, to London, in conformity with his oath, and was confirmed in possession of the lands in Gwynedd, and once more renewed his treaty. As for Gruffydd, although the bishop of Bangor did not cease to entreat the king to deliver him, according to his promise, says Lhuyd the veracious, Henry, "knowing him to be a man of great courage, would in no wise grant him liberty." He received a noble a day for his subsistence, which was a magnificent provision in those times; and he had around him wife, children, and friends; but Henry would not set him free. This year, according to the Chronicle of Melrose, which may not be the best authority in such a case, the Welsh were compelled to go to London to try their causes; which was the greater grievance because they always had a prince of their own to try them before this time. And Walter Marshal received the lands belonging to the honour of Caermyrddin, through his brother Gilbert, either in this year or the year before; for the ancient *Annales* have involved the dates inextricably. This Walter became Earl of Penbroch next year, when his brother was killed at a tournament at Hereford.

Thomas Wikes characterized the treaty of Rhuddlan, as a peace "which lasted a little time;" and it is not surprising that he should have employed this dubious phrase. For two years, however, there is little in the annals of Wales, and no intimations that the peace was actually broken. In 1242, A. D., Maelgwn Vychan fortified a castle in Garthgrugyn, and John of Monmouth and Roger Mortimer did the same in Builth and Maelienydd, as both Lhuyd and the *Annales* agree; while from the former we learn that "the summer following," 1243, A. D., "the king began to trouble the Welsh very sore, and to take their lands without just title, or rightful cause:" an accusation which would have been more definite, had there been any facts to substantiate it.* In

* The brief Annals of Llandaff, we have already referred to, state that Kenefeg was burnt this year, and that Hywel ab Meredydd carried on some kind of war against Richard, Earl of Clare. Under the preceding year, 1242, A. D., they appear to make some small Welsh event depend upon one which is noticed in all the English

April of this year, a safe-conduct summoned Davydd to London, and protected him till the 24th of June; but for what reason, and whether complied with or not, we do not learn. The death of Rhys Vychan, son of Rhys Gryg, is the first entry under 1244, A. D. But the events soon grow thicker. On the 1st of March, the unhappy Gruffydd, weary of his hopeless imprisonment, attempted to escape by means of a rope he had made of the linen of his bed, and other materials of the same kind. His weight, for he had grown corpulent during his confinement, proved too great for so frail a cord; and he fell, and perished miserably. The *Annales Menevenses* say, that whether he died by treachery or otherwise, is unknown; an expression which may assist to explain the revolt of the Welsh which followed. Henry thought it needful, at the end of the following month, to issue a declaration that he could not impute any blame to the keeper of the Tower, the archbishop of York, for this misfortune, nor for the escape of some of Gruffydd's companions in prison; but that he only blamed the guards; and sent this forth to preserve the keeper from the possibility of future trouble in consequence. Who those that escaped were, we do not know, but we learn that the others were kept under strict surveillance afterwards.

As soon as Davydd heard of Gruffydd's fate, as if he had been the most affectionate brother possible, he collected the Welsh chieftains, and "like a she-lion robbed of her cubs," (say the usually dry *Annales*,) rushed to his revenge. All the leaders were with him* except three,—Gruffydd ab Madog, Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, and Morgan ab Hywel; who were amongst his brother's partisans in the former war. Soon after Easter, or in the early part of April, the war broke out; the revolted Kymry spread themselves over the March, breathing devastation and death against all that held by the English king; none were safe, except those in the barrier-fortresses, which the haste of the Welsh, and their want of proper apparatus, forbade them to attack. The three loyal chiefs suffered losses not a few, the annalist rejoicingly assures us; the Earls of Clare, Hereford, and Monmouth, with Roger of Monthaut, were also singled out for invasion. In the first contest the Marchers lost about a hundred men; but in the subsequent skirmishes, they sometimes were victorious, though sometimes worsted. The king heard of it when he was at St. Albans, on the 11th of June, and was greatly enraged, but he took no measures to check the success of the insurgents, being bent upon an expedition against Alexander II. of Scotland. We meet with a letter authorizing the commencement of negotiations for a truce with Davydd, dated at Nottingham, on the 15th of July; but no intermission of the war is recorded till after the treaty of Newcastle, with the Scottish king, in August, when the Welsh, fearing that the army, which was now in the field, would be employed against them, "hid in their burrows again," (says our Saxon historian, who does not use the choicest figures

chronicles;—De Marisco being taken prisoner in the island of Lundy, (in the Bristol Channel, where he had established himself, with a set of desperate men like himself, and lived by piracy and freebooting,) Gruffydd ab Rhys enjoyed peace.

* Lhuyd would have us believe that the chiefs made him "king of Wales," and that the three dissidents were compelled to submit; he also represents this rising as a revolt against the Marchers, because of the wrongs they did to Davydd's people.

in his mention of the Britons,) or withdrew to their forests and mountains. Henry, however, although he heard how they "swarmed out of their retreats like bees," and ravaged the lands on the March, "especially in the night-time," went, with such of his force as was bound to remain under arms, to Westminster; and only sent Hubert Fitz-Matthew, with three hundred horse-soldiers, to aid the sorely distressed "Marquesses." Encouraged by this indifference of the English king, the nimble Cambrians returned to their work of devastation with greater audacity, and went beyond all that had been heard of before in savage cruelty;—two knights, it is sadly recorded, they cut limb from limb, and a third they deprived of his hand, in one raid; overthrowing about a hundred foot-soldiers at the same time; and withdrawing with great spoils, as well as the joy of victory.* Hubert with his troop thought to cut off their retreat, but was himself attacked unawares, and, with considerable loss both in men and horses, retreated to his town, (the name of which is not given,) and scarcely felt himself safe there. Matthew of Westminster attributes to Henry the exercise of right royal violence and injustice, in wringing money out of the citizens of London, and out of the Jews, during this year, with a view to a grand invasion of Wales. He even got up false accusations against the wealthy merchants of his metropolis, and thus endeavoured to replenish his military chest. More authentically we learn from Rymer, that on the 29th of November, he wrote to the bishop of Worcester, and after recounting how Davydd's submission at Rhuddlan had been sanctioned by the threat of ecclesiastical censures, if he should rebel again, he called upon the bishop to pronounce sentence of excommunication on the violator of his oaths and truce-breaker.

Simultaneously with this barbarous war in the March, Davydd, whose experience of the power of the pope was both painful and recent, was endeavouring, by a rude kind of diplomacy, and by "the prodigal use of money,"—which, the monkish chroniclers themselves tell us, weighed more than any other arguments or reasons, with the holy father,—to obtain the exercise of that unseen might in his favour. "What Christian does not know," exclaims Matthew Paris, with indignant energy, "that the prince of Wales has been, from of old, the vassal of the English king?" And he declares his belief that facts must have been suppressed, and fictions related instead of them,—a conjecture which he might safely hazard if even an honest man had undertaken to tell the history of the Cambro-Britons,—or the pope would never have favoured such a cause. Davydd prayed to be released from his feudal obligation to Henry, and offered, in payment for such absolution, to hold his principedom as a fief of the holy see, and to pay annually five hundred marks as service for it. Innocent, as it became one in his situation to be, was cautious; and all that the Welsh prince actually obtained for his lavish expenditure and reckless promises, was a letter to the abbots of Aberconway and Cymmer, dated the 26th of July, 1244, A. D., instructing them to inquire into the matter,

* The ancient MS. of the *Annales* place in the same year as the notice of Gruffydd's death, the statement that Davydd ab Llywelyn burnt Caermyrddin; and under the following year, (which they make the year *before* Henry's great expedition, that being assigned to the year of Davydd's death,) it is said, that the seneschal of Caermyrddin besieged the castle of "Deresloyn;" and Walter Marshal came to Haverford. These indicate some of the minor movements in this time of confusion.

and report to the pope if it would be right to absolve Davydd from the obligation of his oath. The two Welsh abbots, on the receipt of the papal missive, constituted themselves into a court, and summoned Henry by a letter, yet extant, to appear before them, at Kerry, on the vigil of St. Agnes, or the 20th of January, to answer the charges made against him, "if it should seem expedient to him." The other facts disclose themselves in a very disjointed, but perfectly consistent, manner, and are just what we should have imagined them to be. The abbots privately informed the pope of the actual state of the case; the king, disregarding the notion that Davydd had the sanction of the head of the church, hastened his preparations for proving the justice of his claims by arms; and making the spoliation of the Jews and of the merchants (who were then the agents of civilization—"the schoolmaster abroad") serve as a compensation for his seeming impiety, despatched an embassy to Rome, to counteract that of the leader of the Kymry. With Davydd, his Holiness "dissembled;" the contumacy of Henry he passed by *sub silentio*,—nay, issued a bull, on the 8th of April, 1245, A. D., condemning the falsehoods of the Welsh chieftain's case, and recalling the letters which conditionally released him from his allegiance;—and—most characteristic of all these facts, and most emphatically noted of the chronicler—he did *not* return Davydd's money!

These negotiations with the pope were yet proceeding, when, on the 6th of January, 1245, A. D., letters were sent from the English king to his Welsh vassals, through the lords of Chester and Monmouth, summoning them all, from Davydd downwards, to appear at Westminster, on the day after the next Ash Wednesday, the 2nd of March, to answer and compensate for "the manslayings, burnings, depredations," and other harm inflicted lately in the border country.* And four days later, Henry wrote to the justiciary of Ireland requiring aid of all kinds against Wales. Nevertheless matters seemed to be tending towards a peaceful termination of this purposeless strife; and on the 6th of March the king empowered John, lord of Chester, and Henry of Alderley, to take the first steps towards a truce with Davydd; and also to conduct in safety to his royal council-chamber, any messengers whom the Welsh prince might send; the protection to extend fifteen days after the truce was made; and not to be prolonged beyond St. James's day, the 25th of July. But on the day before this letter was written, the war had broken out again, and the slow and uncertain posts had not carried the tidings to the king. In Quadragesima, the 5th of March this year, three hundred Welshmen perished at Montgomery, falling into an ambuscade which the castellan had skilfully laid for them. It does not appear, even from Lhuyd, that the English were the aggressors. During the following week, Davydd, angered by that slaughter, resumed his forays. Whenever the swarming Kymry were worsted they fled to the mountains, "after their fashion," and thence by Davydd's command (it is said) hurled darts and rolled masses of rock down upon their pursuers. Hubert, whom Henry had sent in the preceding autumn, with the three hundred hired horsemen, to the seat of

* In Rymer we find, along with this summons, a list of seventeen Welsh lords of North Wales, and eight of South Wales, "who did homage to the king." Davydd must have had few of the most famous chieftains with him in the campaign which ended with "the Scutage of Gannock."

the war, fell on one of these days. He had received a premonition of his fate in a vision, on the night before; and it was not known whether the huge stone which struck him from his horse slew him, or whether he was killed by one of the Welsh chieftains, to terminate a dispute as to whose prey his mangled, but yet breathing person was. Next day his soldiers found his body stripped of armour, clothes, and every thing, and they vowed a bitter revenge. Montgomery castle resisted the reiterated attacks of its numerous assailants; but Monthaut, or Mold, castle, less fortunate, was taken by the prince of Aberfraw, and levelled with the ground, its garrison being all put to death. It was a most cruel war, they say, neither age nor sex was spared by the maddened Britons. "Weary of these domestical troubles," explains Lhuyd, the king now prepared in earnest to invade North Wales. The pope's bull had given a strong colouring of right to his cause, in the eyes of most men; yet he did not proceed very rapidly. Not till the 7th of June, and later, were the military vassals summoned to join his standard in July. This time, with some show of reason, Lhuyd ascribes to him the intention of destroying the whole country. Hemingford states that the Welsh, fighting for their country, made the king give way, but that in the incessant skirmishes Henry made great slaughter amongst the slightly armed Britons. Lhuyd speaks of a repulse, experienced by the invaders in some wooded defile, wherein many nobles, and almost all the Gascons, perished. Davydd had appealed to the enthusiasm of his people, aroused as it was by the bardic prophecies; by making the white dragon his standard; nevertheless he was driven back, (a drought, it is said, once more favouring his enemies,) till he found himself hemmed in amidst the wild and barren region of Ereyri; the king encamping on the Conway, and immediately proceeding to strengthen Diganwy, or Gannock, castle, so as to render it an impregnable barrier against the incursions of the men of Gwynedd.

Whilst he lay there, the forces he had called from Ireland made a descent upon Anglesey. Lhuyd ascribes his sending for these allies to his "seeing that he could do no good" at Diganwy; but we have read the order addressed to the justiciary in the beginning of this year. In the same way, the translator of the *Bruts* tells us, that the people assembled, and drove back the pirates to their ships again, laden with spoil. Paris states that they so devastated that island, which was (as it were) the nurse and the refuge of the Welsh, slaying and burning all that they could not carry away, that it was reduced to a wilderness and desert solitude; which is the more probable account. The sufferings of the English army were very severe; for, although the king made great preparations, (as we see by his orders to the sheriffs of Staffordshire and Shropshire, dated on the 1st and 3rd of July,) provisions often almost entirely failed; and the time occupied by the fortification of the castle, extended its stay in that inhospitable land till the cold weather set in.* Henry laboured to secure "the irrecoverable ex-

* Matthew Paris has transcribed into his "History" a letter written by a nobleman in the king's army, which is of sufficient interest to require insertion, slightly abridged, in a note. It is dated the 8th of the kalends of October, on the 24th of September; neither the address nor the signature is preserved. "Health!" he begins. "Our lord the king prolongs his stay at Gannock, fortifying the castle, and we lie around it in our tents, in

termination" of the Welsh. Not only was Anglesey ravaged, but every part of North Wales, and even the adjacent parts of England, were treated in the same way; so that the peasantry of Cheshire, in the following winter, could scarcely find the means of subsistence. The salt-pits of Witz were also destroyed. And this new castle, he hoped, would stand not only as "a thorn in the eyes" of the Welsh, but as a perpetual ambuscade for the cutting off of any who should attempt to escape from their intolerable want and misery. In ten weeks Diganwy was completed; its garrison of picked men supplied with all necessaries for life and war; and on the 29th of October, Henry gave to his overweared followers the command to turn their faces homeward again. And he left vast numbers of unburied dead, at sea and on land, in memory of the uselessness of the expedition, say the *Annales*. During their march he completed the blockade of Davydd and his men, by prohibiting, under pain of death, the importation of food into Wales; the letter to John de Grey of Chester is preserved by Rymer. He thus hoped, that want and despair would so reduce their numbers, that when he returned in the following spring, he should find the remnant an easy conquest. It was stated at the time, that Henry's departure was hastened by the discovery that his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, had seditiously counselled and aided Davydd; entertaining him, sick in body and mind, at his castle of Tintaiol, (the *Tintagel* of the

watchings, fastings, and prayers, in cold and nakedness. We watch against the Welsh, who do not spare us even in the night. We fast, because provisions are so scanty, that a farthing loaf costs five pence. We pray, that we may get home again safely. And we are in cold and nakedness, because we live in linen houses, and have no winter clothes with us. A small arm of the sea runs by this castle, like a harbour; into which ships from Ireland and Chester often come bringing us food. It divides us from Snowdon, where the Welsh are; and when the tide is in, it is a cross-bow-bolt flight across. On the Monday before Michaelmas-day, [which is the 25th of September in this year, the day after date of the letter!] after noons, an Irish ship, bringing victuals for sale to us, happened to come into this harbour; and being carelessly steered, ran aground on the Welsh side, opposite our camp; and lay there dry, when the tide ebbed. The Welsh lost no time in attacking it, of course; and we, seeing that, sent over in boats three hundred of our Welsh, from the Marches of Cheshire and Shropshire, with cross-bow men, and fully armed knights, to defend it. Thereupon the Welsh fled to the woods and mountains with the greatest haste; and our men, chasing them for a couple of leagues, wounded and slew many. Returning excited by success, and bent upon mischief in the enemies' ground, amongst other profane deeds, they irreverently plundered the Cistercian abbey of Aberconway of its books and chalices, and burnt part of it. Meanwhile the Welsh had collected in greater numbers; and rushing suddenly, with fearful shouts and whoopings, upon ours, as, laden with spoils, and much more burdened with sinfulness, they fled to the ship, they routed, and wounded, and killed many of them. Some, rather than fall into their hands, threw themselves into the harbour and perished; and some were taken prisoners. But when the Welsh heard that some of their chiefs had fallen, they hanged, and beheaded, nay, even tore their captives to pieces, flinging their dismembered bodies into the stream. We lost in that conflict some brave knights of Earl Cornwall's retinue, Alan Buscel, Adam de Moia, and Geoffrey Esturmy; a cross-bow man of Gascony, named Raymond, about whom the king used often to joke; and some hundred others, beside those drowned. The Welsh lost as many, or more. Walter Bissett was, with his men, all this time in the ship, which they manfully defended till near midnight against the incessant assaults of the Welsh; the vessel's sides serving them for walls. The tide then rising, drove away the assailants; and we, in our boats, brought them off. Next morning the ship was dry again, and the Welsh hurried down, hoping to have seized them; but although they were disappointed in that, they carried off nearly all the sixty casks of wine, and other provisions, intended for us; and then set fire to the vessel, and dispersed. We afterwards towed it, half burnt, to our side, and found in it, to our joy, seven casks uninjured.

"We have often, in our foraging expeditions, to run great risks from the ambuscades of the enemy; and we often inflict severe losses on them;—from one skirmish were brought back nearly a hundred heads! About that time we were so badly off for provisions, that we lost a great many both men and horses. Once there was not in the whole camp above a single cask of wine; and a pastured ox sold for three or four marks, and a hen for eight pence! Farewell."

Arturian romance,) so that he might more vigorously resist the king; and that he did this, because, by the queen's influence, he had been disappointed in his expectation of receiving the lordship of Chester. Matthew Paris contradicts this rumour, and informs us that the Earl lent his brother, on no very available security, three thousand marks to assist him in this very expedition. As soon as the king reached Westminster, he levied one of those war-taxes, which we have heard of; but this was of the extraordinary amount of forty shillings per shield, throughout England; and it was long remembered and execrated, amongst those who had to bear the cost as well as the danger of this expedition, by the name of "*the Scutage of Gannock.*"

CHAPTER XXIV.

RELIGION, SOCIAL STATE, AND LITERATURE OF WALES, IN THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.

BEFORE we proceed with our story of the hopeless struggle of the princes and people of Gwynedd against the power of the English kings, let us turn aside and hastily glance at the poets and writers of the period which has been treated of in the last three chapters; and at those indications of the state of society and religion, which have not been noticed in that general narrative; for the purpose of completing the picture of these times. Very little remains to be said respecting the two former subjects, partly because much that is illustrative of the manners of the age, also throws light upon its history, and has been already mentioned; and partly because, for the sake of completeness, we brought down our last account of the religious affairs of Wales to the extinction of the ecclesiastical independence of the Britons, by the verdict of the Roman court, which rendered the election of Giraldus to the see of St. David's void, and subjected the Welsh prelates to the archbishop of Canterbury. We have designedly excluded from our pages all that properly belongs to Church History, as well as that which is, strictly, Biography or Topography; enough will, however, be found to convey to us no faint impression of the character of these centuries, and to enable us, if we are so minded, to compare that character as displayed in Wales, with its manifestations in other countries. Our principal aim in this work, and its necessary limits, do not allow us to prosecute this comparison here; but we may briefly state the general result we have arrived at. Rejecting all the unproved assertions, which abound in their later historians, with all unsupported *modern* traditions, even as we reject the tumid panegyrics of the bards, and judge their heroes by their lives and actions;—and keeping in mind the circumstances of the Kymry,—that they were a people scanty

in number, and penned up in a barren angle of an island of no great extent; not commercial;* and separated even from their nearest neighbours, both by language, and by the more impassable barriers of exasperated feelings against them, as conquerors of the lands their forefathers called their own; proud of their ancestry, and of their old national customs; immoderately given to war, which their slender means and rugged country rendered a barbarous brigandage; and confiding implicitly in prophecies of recovered dominion, which did *not* “keep the word of promise to the ear,” though they invariably “broke it to the hope;”—we do not pronounce the Welsh to be less religious, or more superstitious, than the other people of Europe; and, although we cannot place their *Bruts* on a level with contemporaneous and even earlier chronicles and histories; and can trace in their *Mabinogion* (as we read them now) the reflex influence of the ballad romances, which more skilful “men of story” had constructed out of the ruder forms of the same legend, which we cheerfully resign to Wales, as all her own; the genuine productions of her poets,—in which, despite their pedantries and technicalities, such as only a “bard of Gorsedd” could mistake for beauties, we recognise not a little of the fire of true genius,—we unhesitatingly place amongst the most remarkable phenomena which the history of literature presents for our contemplation.

Several of the works of Giraldus belong to the period now under consideration; but the good archdeacon was so completely taken up with the disappointment of the one hope and ambition of his heart, that he seems never to have noticed what happened afterwards; and we only gather dubiously from his voluminous writings, that now, as before, the clergy of Wales were terribly addicted to the violation of the canon law, —he sorrowingly assures us, that the married priests profaned even his too dearly loved Menevia, with their mewling infants and nursery apparatus;—and the abbots and other unmitred dignitaries, did not hesitate to accept St. David’s see, when offered to them, although the revenue was mean, compared with the fat livings they left; and regarded the ring and the crozier, and prelatical pomp and circumstance, a satisfactory compensation for what they relinquished; and thus showed a distressing callosity of feeling towards his woes, who so greatly longed to wear those badges of ecclesiastical state himself. The clerics also are charged with as much carelessness in alienating church-lands and property, as the great “laics” manifested of rapacity in taking possession of them, whether alienated or not; and nothing further can we learn from this source. Lhuyd, however, has a passage worth transcribing. It refers to the custom of putting upon a dying person, or a dead corpse, a monk’s garment, and placing the body in the grave so attired; which, about the year 1200, A. D., began to prevail in Wales; being used not only by princes and nobles, but even by ladies; and thus has our historian,—who lived (it must be remembered) in the reign of Elizabeth, when all that was Romish was unfashionable and unpopular, albeit that the English church was far enough removed from Puritanism,—explained it.

* Welsh traders are spoken of in the *Cloze Rolls*: but this and other allusions only confirm the conclusions which we should draw from the general history, from the laws, and from such writers as Giraldus,—that their mercantile transactions were of a very insignificant character.

“They were made to believe by the monks and friars, that that strange weed was a sure defence betwixt their souls and hell, howsoever they did. And all this baggage and superstition received they, with monks and friars, a few years before that, out of England. For the first abbey, or friars’ house, that we read of in Wales, sith the destruction of the noble house of Bangor, which savoured not of Romish dregs, was that Ty Gwyn, [‘White House;’ the name and the site of Hywel Dda’s hunting lodge, where he convened his ‘legislative assembly,’ was the same,] built in 1146, A. D.; and after, they swarmed like bees through all the country. For then the clergy had forgotten the lesson they had received of the noble clerk Ambrosius Telesinus, [by which designation our ancient poet *Taliesin* is meant; the testimony in his name being, although Lhuyd knew it not, the work of some one contemporary with the abominations it denounced, as will appear when we speak of the fictitious poems of these ages,] who, writing in the year 540, A. D., when the right Christian faith, which Joseph of Arimathea taught at the island of Avalon, [whose story we have already discussed,] reigned in this land, before that proud and blood-thirsty monk, Augustine, infected it with his Romish doctrine, in a certain ode hath these verses,—Englished almost word for word,—

‘Woe be to the priest y-borne,
That will not cleanly weed his corn,
And preach his charge among!
Woe be to that shepherd, (I say,)
That will not watch his fold alway,
As to his office doth belong!
Woe be to him that doth not keep
From Romish wolves his sheep,
With staff and weapon strong!’”

The rivalry between the bards and the friars, which these verses show, will be spoken of when the bardic system is noticed; and it has already been alluded to, so that the real worth of this “lesson,” at the time when it was actually promulgated, may be appreciated. But, like Madog’s legend, it served Lhuyd’s purpose; and he, no doubt, did believe that it was the prophetic warning of the “noble clerk” to whom he ascribed it.

In the *Close Rolls* we find a letter of King John’s, intrusting the management of the affairs of St. David’s to William, Earl Marshal, in January, 1215, A. D. And after the death of Giles de Breos, in November of the same year, we read in the *Chronicles*, of the appointment of two Welshmen to sees in Wales;—Iorwerth, abbot of Tal-y-Llecheu, to St. David’s; and Cadwgan, abbot of Ty Gwyn, to Bangor. This Iorwerth appears to be the Gervasius of the *Annales*, which misplace his appointment a year. From this last-cited authority we learn that a precentor was first appointed in St. David’s in 1224, or 1225, A. D., and that men of high birth sometimes preferred the cassock to the hauberk, Meredydd ab Rhys being archdeacon of Cardigan. The other ecclesiastical notices are not of a kind to render them of any value for us.

Mr. Aneurin Owen, in the preface to his edition of the Welsh Laws, states that in

the time of John and Henry III., some causes, in which persons connected with Wales were interested, either as plaintiffs or defendants, were tried by Norman law; and we have seen it affirmed by one chronicler, that as a badge of subjection, the Cambro-Britons were compelled to resort to the courts at Westminster. It was to be expected that, as the English barons established themselves along the Welsh borders, the laws under which they lived (so far as these Marchers can be said to have lived under *any* beside military law,—themselves exercising both legislative and executive power,) would be those in force there; and the same would happen, where native lords accepted manors and castles, as vassals of the English crown. We have seen Morgan of Caerleon pleading by attorney, against the Earl Marshal in the royal courts, not without success. In the *Close Rolls*, we find an order to the vice-count of Shropshire to send before the court at Westminster, on the octaves of St. Hilary, in 1222, A. D., Hywel and Llywelyn, who were detained at Shrewsbury for the robbery of a Welsh burgess of Gloucester. And the records of the *Placita* at Westminster show, that from this time, Kymry of every part of Wales, except the north-western corner, where the authority of the Plantagenets was not so fully nor so constantly recognised as it was in the rest of the country, appeared before those courts. This fact is of importance, as indicating the consolidation of the conquest, and also as correcting the popular stories of the powers of the Lords Marchers, and of the continued reference to the laws of Gwent and Dyved after the subjugation of those districts. The story of the exploit of Ivor Bach at Caerdyff confirms this view. And we may further appeal to the treaties between the English kings and the princes of Gwynedd and Aberfraw, in which recourse to English law is permitted, or enjoined; and to that which Davydd ab Llywelyn signed at Rhuddlan, submitting himself to the decision of the king's court respecting his claims, and those of his brother Gruffydd, to the lands of their father; for illustration of the way in which this denationalizing movement was carried on, until it was checked, for a time, by "the Statute of Rhuddlan."

Although we are able to make so little use of Giraldus in this chapter, the mention of his writings is properly included in it; since it was during his later years, when he had nearly given up his chief object of ambitious desire, that he produced most of the works, which have made his name one of the most conspicuous in the literature of his age. On his mother's side he was, as he is usually designated, *Cambrensis*, a Kymro; for she was Angharad, daughter of Nest verch Rhys ab Tewdwr; and he was thus great-grandson of one of the last princely notabilities of Dyved, and could boast himself a descendant of Rhodri Mawr. His father was a De Barri, and he was sometimes called Sylvester Giraldus. Under the patronage of his uncle, David Fitzgerald, bishop of St. David's, he devoted himself from his childhood to study, and aspired to office in the church. He spent three years at Paris, which was now the most famous university of Europe, returned with a great name as a rhetorician, and obtained benefices and ecclesiastical employments forthwith. In addition to the biographic notices of him, incidentally given in a former chapter, we may mention, that his first disappointment respecting the see of St. David's he overcame by a second course of study at Paris;

that he was employed by Henry II. as an extraordinary commissioner in Wales, in 1189, A. D., having been induced by that monarch to lend the lustre of his name to his court; that he was engaged as tutor and secretary of Prince John, and accompanied him to Ireland; that he prepared himself for his vainly-coveted mitre, by six years' theological reading at Lincoln; and that he resigned his archdeaconry to a nephew, when he found it impossible to exchange it for a bishopric; and, supported by his other preferments, wrought for himself a far more worthy and lasting memorial than the possession of any episcopate could be. Finally, he died at St. David's in 1220, A. D.; and there his tomb, surmounted by a recumbent figure, may yet be seen. His amusing self-complacency, which all his works show, has been noticed; but we have not had an opportunity of showing the lengths to which his vanity led him;—he has not scrupled to speak of himself as being “remarkable for beauty of face, (that perishable and transitory gift of nature,) as much as for elegance of figure!” and he has related how one Abbot Seilo, sitting opposite to him at some feast, was so struck with his appearance that he exclaimed, “Can such a beautiful youth ever die?” As became a rhetorician of renown, Giraldus adorned his writings with the most approved “quips and cranks” of style; and in fact, rendered them almost untranslatable, by the verbal puns and antitheses which he introduced wherever his subject allowed him. Classical quotations, most of them (we must admit) sufficiently appropriate, he also freely used; almost as freely indeed as other writers of those times employed misquotations of Scripture. His manner is best when he has a story to tell; and if it be (as so many of his are) illustrative of his own shrewdness, wit, or learning, he is so absorbed in it that his clearness and simplicity, and apt and well-placed words, show us the man of real learning, in spite of himself. The tale of his foiling a monk of not the most spotless character, who was sent to embarrass him in his proceedings at the pontiff's court, and who claimed his horse; by gravely urging that this could not be the one, because *that* was a gelding, which produced the most vehement asseverations from the monk that his horse was entire, and all that a horse should be; whereas Giraldus well knew (and he has told us with the most malicious glee how the monk found it out for himself) the horse in question was a gelding; and of the endless fun it occasioned to his Holiness and the dignitaries, is one of his happiest efforts.

The works of Giraldus are numerous, and are all in Latin; Welsh, as he tells us, he did not understand. We have made large use of four; an autobiography, a dialogue on the ancient rights of St. David's, his story of the tour he made in Wales with Archbishop Baldwin, preaching the crusade, and his description of Cambria. It is by the last two that he has a right to admission amongst the writers of the Principality; but without that claim upon our notice, being second only in general interest and excellence to his two books about Ireland, they would deserve specific mention. The “Itinerary” relates the adventures of Baldwin and his party in their journey round Wales; and is so well done, that we only regret that their route was not extended, so as to include the central parts also. The incidents which diversified the prosecution of their mission, and their proclamation of the crusade, are told with considerable skill; and anecdotes

of the persons they encountered, or who lived in the districts they passed through; descriptions of the physical features, and the scenery of the various parts, with notices of the natural history (in good part borrowed from Pliny); sketches of the manners and customs of the people, with continual tirades against women; legends, and stories of the supernatural and of miracles; historical facts of his own times, or those immediately preceding them; and matters relating to other countries suggested by what he was narrating;—all these, combined with his affectation of classical scholarship, his rhetoric, and his conceit, make it one of the most entertaining of books, as it is one of the most valuable sources of information respecting Wales in the latter part of the twelfth century. Some specimens of its contents we have given in other chapters; but no brief excerpts can convey the graphic effect of the whole work, which sets before us the spirit of the age, as well as the appearance of the people, their words, and their doings. From the description of Cambria, which includes a lengthened account of the people, we have already borrowed largely. It is an indispensable appendix to the “Itinerary;” a position which is assigned to it in Sir Richard Colt Hoare’s edition of that work. The conclusion of the second part, which treats of the “illaudable things” in the Welsh, discusses the surest means of conquering the country and of keeping it subject; and also (for the rhetorician was always active in Giraldus) the means by which the Cambrians might maintain their independence. He says that the people will never be conquered by pitched battles, but must be worn out by prudent delay and patience; and recommends the fomenting of the divisions, which always prevailed amongst the different chieftains, by bribes and favours. The interception of supplies from without is especially enjoined; and the prosecution of the war in winter-time, when the Kymry customarily retired from the field; light-armed infantry being employed to penetrate their retreats, and attack them when off their guard. The use of light armour, in place of the heavy mail, commonly worn by the knights and men-at-arms, and the erection of a barrier of fortresses to prevent the forays, are also counselled. These things show that Giraldus was not unskilled in the military art of his days; and perhaps he desired to produce that impression, for churchmen *actually* militant were not then uncommon, and it would enhance the merit of his own pacific demeanour, to be known as one able to assist at a council of war, though not seen wearing the corium, or wielding the mace. The method of maintaining the subjection of the country when thus conquered, is full of wisdom. A firm government, with *law* for its rule of action, punishment instantly and unvaryingly inflicted on all criminals, security afforded to the peaceable and obedient, and respect both given where due, and enforced from every one;—such are the particulars of his plan. On the other hand, after enumerating those evils which were ruining Wales,—the division of family property amongst legitimate and illegitimate children equally, whence came fratricides; the custom of intrusting the training of the youth of good families to the magnates, who were therefore incited to seek the advancement of their pupils, or wards, at all hazards, by murders, fires, &c.; and the fierce and obstinate refusal to unite in the election and support of a single prince;—he advises the union of the chieftains, and steadiness in fight, instead of wild and desperate attacks,

followed by purposeless retreats, and instead of the mere bush-fighting and skirmishing, which had been, till his time, always practised. When we call to mind that Giraldus was not a pure-blooded Kymro, and that a position of some eminence in the church, with study and travel, had imparted a catholic, if not a cosmopolitan, tendency to his mind, we shall not wonder that he should be able to discern, as he plainly did, that the only hope for the Britons lay in their speedy and complete subjugation by England; and the remainder of our story will painfully confirm his views.

When we discuss the bardic traditions and wisdom, we shall gladly have recourse to Giraldus for authentic information; and here, for the present, we may leave him. To the same chapter we postpone our observations upon the Triads, which were composed in this age; but of the *Mabinogion* we must speak more particularly.

These "tales for the young" are the representatives of the ballad, or metrical, romances of other lands; and were written, not for the amusement of *children*, but "to wile away the time of young chieftains, to be repeated at the fire-side," and generally, to cultivate chivalrous feeling. They are of various ages, but the form in which we possess them is not older than the fifteenth, or fourteenth, century. That of Taliesin, some account of which has been given in a former part of this work, is ascribed to Thomas ab Einion, who flourished about 1260, A. D.; but it was known before that time. The story of King Lludd, which has also been noticed before, must be later than the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth; for it does not occur in his original Latin, but it is found in the *Brut Tysilio*, and other Welsh translations of it. Ievan Vawr, son of the Dewless, (himself almost a mythical person,) who is placed by Mr. Stephens about 1380, A. D., is commemorated by Anthony Powel, in the Iolo MSS., as a writer of *Mabinogion*. And intimations of the existence of the tale of the hunting of the Twrch Trwyth are contained in "the Wonders of Britain," appended to Nennius, in the earliest copy of that work now existing, which is supposed to have been made in the tenth century. The nature of these stories is demonstrated, by the inclusion of a small number of versions of the romantic fictions, which had spread from England, and other countries throughout Christendom, in the collection; a fact which is of some weight in determining their date also. Of the remainder, some belong to the Arturian cycle; and the longest and most interesting of these display very palpable traces of the influence of a different genius, from that which breathes in the genuine productions of the Kymry; whilst the incidental mention of customs, dress, armour, &c., &c., proves them to have been moulded into the shape which now they bear, at a later period than that we have reached. In the chapter devoted to the legendary renown of the great British hero, and in our notices of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Britonum*, we have treated of this class of fictitious narratives, as fully as is compatible with the plan of this work; we therefore pass on to the other Arturian stories, and those of purely Kymric growth relating to a more remote antiquity. In these classes we discover few features of foreign origin, the customs, persons, &c., alluded to, being almost wholly national; and no versions in the language of any other people possessing a romantic literature are known. There are indeed obscure references to some of the incidents celebrated in

these tales, in Geoffrey's pseudo-history, and the persons in them are amongst the most illustrious in his pages; and by this channel, and to this extent, references may be found to them in Master Wace's chronicle, and others like it. But the legends by which the archdeacon of Monmouth has rendered himself immortal, are not so entirely Cambrian as are these *Mabinogion*. The germs are British, but the development is not; and the comparison of the legends of the Triads, which are, in material and form, in germ and development, British, will further assure us that in the *Mabinogion* whereof we speak, we possess, what some have doubted the existence of, genuine Welsh fictions. In all these stories, we may further remark, the topography is tolerably clear and correct within the boundaries of the Principality, but beyond those limits it is as shadowy and indistinct as that of dream-land; from which we conclude that Wales is their birth-place. And now, referring our readers for complete satisfaction respecting this subject, to Lady Charlotte Guest's magnificent edition of the *Mabinogion*, and to Mr. Stephens's "Literature of the Kymry," we will lay before them a condensed version of

THE MABINOGI OF KILHWCH and OLWEN, or the Hunting of the Twrch Trwyth.

Kilhwch was the son of Kilydd, and his mother died soon after he was born. In course of time Kilydd married the wife of King Doged, whom he slew in order that he might have her; but he did not say any thing to her of Kilhwch. Nevertheless she learned that Kilydd had a son, and so Kilhwch was brought home. And at first she wished that the young prince should marry her daughter by King Doged, and when he would not, she told him that he could have no wife save Olwen, the daughter of Yspaddaden Penkawr. So his father sent him to King Arthur, that he might gain her, and said to him, "It will be easy for thee; Arthur is thy cousin; go, therefore, to him to cut thy hair, and ask this of him as a boon." So the youth set forth in right noble style to King Arthur's court. His steed had a gilt bridle and saddle, and his shoes and stirrups were gold;—his sword-hilt was also gold, and the heads of his two spears silver; he wore a horn of ivory, and the collars of his two greyhounds were studded with rubies. When he reached the gate of the palace, Glewlwyd Gavaelwawr, who was always porter on the 1st of January, stood before it; and he would not open the gate, "for," said he, "the knife is in the meat, and the drink is in the horn, and there is revelry in the hall, and none may enter save the king of a privileged country, or a craftsman bringing his craft." Also he offered to lead him to the guest-chamber, where he said he should have generous entertainment till the morrow. But the youth would not accept this offer, and threatened to bring down curses upon Arthur's palace and kingdom, if he were not admitted; so Glewlwyd went to Arthur, and told him what a dignified man waited at the portal; and though Kai, the blessed, would not that the laws of the court should be broken, the king bade the gate be opened unto Kilhwch. And he rode straight into the hall, and greeted Arthur, and begged a boon of him, which the king swore to give him, if he asked not his wife or his arms, his ship or his mantle. Then Kilhwch begged him to bless his hair, and

Arthur combed his hair with a golden comb, and asked him who he was; and Kilhwch told him. Arthur then bade him ask whatever he would of him, and it should be granted; and Kilhwch asked him to obtain Olwen, the daughter of Yspaddaden Penkawr, for a wife for him; and the same asked he at the hands of all his warriors.*

Then Arthur said, "Oh! chieftain, I have never heard of the maiden of whom thou speakest; give me time to seek her." And the youth willingly waited till the end of the year; but although Arthur sent messengers into every land within his dominions, he could learn nothing about Olwen. And Kilhwch said, "Every one has received his boon, and I yet lack mine; I will depart and bear away thine honour with me." Wherefore Kai reproved him, and offered to go with him on a new quest for Olwen; and Arthur bade Bedwyr, and Cynddelig, and Gwrhyr Gwalstawt Ieithoedd, and Gwalchmai ab Gwyar, and Menw ab Teirgwaedd, each one of whom possessed some remarkable gift fitting him for such an enterprise, accompany them. And as they went they reached a vast plain, and in it they saw a noble castle, surpassing all they had ever seen before; but it was not till after three days' journeying that they came before it, so great was the plain; and there they beheld an innumerable flock of sheep, the keeper of which sat upon a mound, upon a rug made of skins, with a sheep-dog as big as a horse beside him. He was always doing harm, and had burnt down every tree and bush in the whole plain with his breath, but he never lost either sheep or lamb that was given him to keep. The interpreter, Gwrhyr, who knew all tongues, conversed with this ungentle shepherd, and Menw, by a spell, prevented the dog from injuring them; and they learned that he was Custennin, the brother of Yspaddaden Penkawr, to whom the sheep belonged; and told him their errand. "Oh! men," said he, "the mercy of Heaven be on you. For the world do not seek Olwen, none ever sought her and returned alive." Kilhwch thereupon gave him a ring, and he went home. And when his spouse asked him where he got it, he said that he took it from the finger of a corpse washed ashore by the waves; but afterwards told her who gave it him, and how he was coming that evening. Now Kilhwch was the son of his sister; and when she heard their footsteps approaching, she ran out to meet them; and as she was about to embrace them, Kai put a log from the wood-stack between her arms, and she squeezed it so, that had any one of them been in its place, her loving salutation would have killed him. And in Custennin's house they found the last of his four-and-twenty sons; all the others having been killed by their uncle Yspaddaden Penkawr, and this one was saved by being kept concealed in a stone chest. From his mother's sister, Kilhwch also learned that every Saturday night the fair Olwen came to wash her head there, and would come then if sent for; so they sent for Olwen, and she came. And the maiden was clothed in a robe of flame-coloured silk, and about her neck was a collar of ruddy gold, on which were precious emeralds and rubies. More yellow was

* In the Red Book of Hergest, here follows a list of all the warriors of Arthur's court, whom Kilhwch invoked; and of the most famous ladies; with the names of their horses and weapons; an account of the prowess and deeds of some of the least known is also inserted. It is full of anachronisms, and we cannot condense it. To show the nature of the *Mabinogi*, it is sufficient to mention this feature.

her head than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountain. The eye of the trained hawk, the glance of the three-mewed falcon, was not brighter than hers. Her bosom was more snowy than the breast of the white swan, her cheek was redder than the reddest roses. Whoso beheld her was filled with her love. Four white trefoils sprang up wherever she trod. And therefore was she called Olwen. And Kilhwch and Olwen sat side by side on the bench in front of Custennin's house, and Kilhwch told Olwen how he loved her, and begged her to come with him. But she said she could not go with him, because she had promised her father not to leave him without his consent, for his life would last only till the time of her espousals; she told him, however, to ask her father's consent, and especially cautioned him not to deny him any thing he asked, if he would obtain her; otherwise he would not only lose her, but it would be well if he escaped with his life. So she returned to her chamber, and they followed her to the castle

And they slew the nine porters, and their nine watch-dogs, at the nine gates, without giving any alarm, and entered the hall and greeted Yspaddaden Penkawr, and told him their errand. And Yspaddaden Penkawr called for his attendants to set his eyes open, that he might see what manner of man had claimed his daughter; and he bade them return for his answer on the next day. But as they were leaving the hall, he hurled at Kilhwch one of three poisoned javelins, which stood beside him; and Bedwyr caught it, and flung it back at him, piercing him through the knee. And Yspaddaden Penkawr cursed his ungentle son-in-law, and the javelin too. On the next day, and the day after that, they went to the castle and demanded Olwen, promising all that was due to her father and kindred, and threatening Yspaddaden Penkawr with death, if he refused her; and each day he made excuses, and endeavoured to slay Kilhwch by the other poisoned darts; but one day Menw caught the javelin, and transfixing the thrower with it through the breast, and the other day Kilhwch caught it, and with it pierced him through the eye and head. Yspaddaden Penkawr cursed his son-in-law and the weapon, because of the pain, but died not. On the day after these attempts Kilhwch conferred with Olwen's father, and he promised him his daughter, if he rooted up a vast hill which he pointed out, burned the grubbings for manure, ploughed it and sowed it, and reaped the ripe corn in one day; so that of it bread and liquors fit for the wedding might be made; and Kilhwch said, "It will be easy for me to compass this, although thou mayest think it will not be easy." Nearly two-score other conditions did Yspaddaden Penkawr make, and amongst the things he demanded were, the two oxen Neinio and Peibio; Gwyddneu Garanhir's basket; Gwlgawd Gododin's drinking horn; Teirtu's harp; the comb, and scissors, and razor, from between the ears of Twrch Trwyth; and the sword of Gwrnach the giant. But many of the conditions showed Kilhwch how he should perform others which seemed impossible; so to each he said, "It will be easy for me to compass this, although thou mayest think that it will not be easy."

And they went away, and journeyed till evening, and then espied a vast castle, out

of which came a black man larger than any three other men, who told them that there lived Gwrnach the giant. And when the porter would not open the gate except for a craftsman bringing his craft, Kai pretended that he was a burnisher of swords, and he was admitted. And whilst Kai was burnishing the giant's sword, Gwrnach was so charmed that he asked if Kai had no companion; Kai said that he had one, and Bedwyr was admitted. And, meanwhile, Custennin's son contrived to get in with the others after him, and they spread themselves over the castle. Now, when the sword was burnished, Kai told the giant it was the scabbard which rusted it; and as it was given him to repair, he cut off Gwrnach's head; and they carried off the sword, and all the jewels and riches they could find, and returned to King Arthur. And when they had told Arthur how they had sped, they next resolved to seek Mabon ab Modron, the only one who could hunt the Twrch Trwyth with Drudwyn the whelp of Greid; but they could not do this without finding his kinsman, Eidoel ab Aer. Him they released from the castle of Glivi, and then set forward; and first they asked the Ousel of Cilgwri, if she could tell them of Mabon; but she told them that a smith's anvil was there when she first came to the place, a young bird; and that it had not been touched except by her whetting her beak on it every evening, and it was not so big as a nut then, yet all that time she had heard nothing of Mabon. She led them, however, to the Stag of Redynvre, who was one of a race formed before her, but he could only guide them to the more aged Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, and she conducted them to the Eagle of Gwern Abwy; who said that when he first went thither, he could peck at the stars every evening from a rock, which now was not more than a span high; and yet all that time had he heard nothing of the man they inquired for, except once, when he had seized, and was nearly drowned by, the Salmon of Llyn Llyw; to whom he guided them. And so at last was Mabon ab Modron discovered in a prison at Gloucester; and the Salmon bore Kai and Bedwyr on his shoulders to the wall, and they broke in, and delivered him, whilst Arthur's warriors attacked the castle. And it would be long to tell now, in what manner the hard conditions of Yspaddaden Penkawr were all fulfilled; we will speak of the hunting of the Twrch Trwyth, a wild boar of prodigious size, who had seven pigs; who was once a king, but had been changed into a wild beast for his sins.

The Twrch Trwyth was now in Ireland, and had laid waste a third part of it; and Menw ab Teirgwaedd was sent to see if the precious things were still between his ears; and he took the form of a bird, and came down upon the boar's lair, and tried to snatch away one of them from him, but carried away only one of his bristles; and Trwyth was angry, and shook himself so that some of his venom fell upon Menw, and he was never well from that day forward. Arthur therefore summoned all his chosen warriors from the three islands of Britain, and the three islands near it, and from France, and Brittany, and Normandy and the Summer Country, and went into Ireland against the Boar Trwyth. And the saints blessed him; yet did not Arthur succeed, and although he himself fought with Trwyth for nine nights and nine days, he did not so much as kill one little pig. Through the warrior that knew all tongues, Gwrhŷr, therefore,

Arthur sent a message to the boar ; and told him what he wanted, but he could not get the scissors, and razor, and comb, &c. ; moreover, the boar and his seven pigs set forth through the sea towards Wales, to do all the mischief they could there. And Arthur and his hosts, and his horses and his dogs, entered his ship Prydwen, and followed them. And they found the Twrch Trwyth ravaging the land, and they fought against them, and many of Arthur's warriors and huntsmen were slain ; and in time five of the pigs were also slain ; but they seemed to be as far as ever from getting the precious things from between the ears of the boar. But Arthur grew weary of the chase, and he was grieved to see his men killed ; and as the boar was drawing nigh to the Severn, he resolved to keep him from entering Cornwall, and not to follow him any longer. And at the Severn, the razor and the scissors were plucked from between his ears, by two of Arthur's train ; but Trwyth escaped into Cornwall ; and there, with difficulties greater than all they had overcome before, they got the comb also ; and the boar was driven into the deep sea, and it was never known whither he went.

And when at length all the conditions had been fulfilled, Kilhwch set forward, and the son of Custennin, and as many as wished ill to Yspaddaden Penkawr with him. And they took the marvels with them. And Kaw of North Britain came and shaved his beard, skin, and flesh, clean off to the very bone, from ear to ear. "Art thou shaved, man?" said Kilhwch. "I am shaved," answered he. "Is thy daughter mine now?" "She is thine ; but thou needest not thank me ; for by my free will thou shouldst never have had her, for with her I lose my life." Then the son of Custennin cut off his head ; and they seized his treasures. And that night Olwen became Kilhwch's bride, and she continued to be his wife as long as she lived.

From this abridged story our readers may easily gather the chief characteristics of the Welsh *Mabinogion* ; and nothing more remains to be said respecting them, except that, as they were preserved by oral tradition, they were remarkably liable to such an intermixture of strange elements as we have seen ; and that in those which belong to the same class with Kilhwch and Olwen, we perceive the work of the "men of story" recorded by the "men of letters ;" and thence some of the peculiarities which distinguish them from the other Arturian stories have arisen. These *Mabinogion* were undoubtedly in favour with the people generally, and were recited at public entertainments, and private meetings, during these ages ; and would animate the hearers with the spirit of daring adventure, and feed the passionate regret, with which the past glories of the Kymry were regarded, and the yet more ardent hope which foretold greater glories in the days to come.

To the various prose works mentioned in this chapter, we must add, as the fruit of this period, treatises of Medicine, Geometry, Grammar, and Prosody ; some of which are extant, and have engaged the attention of the Society for the Publication of Ancient Welsh MSS. ; and the Chronicles, which are now fuller, and which evince greater interest in the affairs of more conspicuous nations, than before, as our casual remarks upon them may have indicated. And now we must speak of the poets.

By a mere catalogue of names, we should not be able to convey to our readers any notion of the amount, or the literary worth, of the bardic remains of the century under notice; we shall, therefore, select a few names and specimens, from the works accessible to us, and thus show the poesy of these times of national tribulation. And it must be carefully remembered, in order to appreciate these poetical relics, that the bardic institutions, such as we find them in the old MSS. of the Laws, were now rapidly losing their original character; and instead of being the means of preserving and displaying actually existing genius, were becoming the substitutes for it, or its suppressors; as must always be the case with that which has its root in the spirit of man. We have already quoted from the verses of "the Poet of Pigs," Llywarch ab Llywelyn; our first example shall therefore be from an animated address to Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, composed by Einion ab Gwgan, who is known only by this poem. Thus it opens:

"Aid from the Lord I beg, the God of heaven,
From Christ who love promotes, whom to neglect
Is impious. That gift is surely good
Which comes from heaven; and my gifts never die.
By them, as Paul has said, do I discern
Things right and fitting; and I praise my prince,
The ardent one, who the battle shuns not,
Nor the danger,—generous Llywelyn,
He maintains the bards, his people blesses;—
Who can his noble actions duly praise?
Gleams in his hand, to warlike deeds inured,
That spear which slew his foes at Rheidiol,
And routed them."

It proceeds to celebrate the various battles of the prince, in all of which he is represented as victor. From this determined spirit of panegyric, and from the habit of treating every engagement, even the least considerable, or the most pitiful expedition for plunder, as a battle, these poems are almost useless for historic purposes; it being impossible to identify the places where half the victories are alleged to have been achieved. These lines we therefore pass over. We also omit those which liken Llywelyn to all the generous and great-minded heroes of the days when Aneurin, and his peers in song, gave immortality to whom they would; and add some detached passages of the conclusion.

"Thou art our anchor in this stormy age.
Shield of our country, may thy God guard thee!
Britain, rejoicing 'neath thy sway, fears not
Her foemen, by thine arméd host defended,
By great Llywelyn, who from shore to shore
His enemies defies.—
Like a roaring wave men hear his coming,
To the shore it rushes on resistless,
None may it stay. Like to a mighty wind,
The armies of his foes he dissipates.—"

His valour is the theme of every tongue.
 In distant lands his victories are praised.
 In him, their eagle, do his men exult.—
 The honour of his country, generous
 Is he, no suit is made to him in vain.
 A tender-hearted prince, witty and wise,
 Ingenious, is Llywelyn ;—happiness
 Around he spreads, while men partake his wine.
 May He who has vouchsafed to us a glimpse
 Of His own glory, grant him with the saints
 Above the stars a habitation blest.”

Davydd Benvras was one of the most distinguished poets of the early part of the thirteenth century; but we shall borrow from him only a few connected *Englynion*, or stanzas resembling the ancient epigrams, to which the point and antithesis required in those of modern times was not essential.

“ All will come to th’ earthen ship,
 The poor and small will perish,
 With them the great and wealthy,
 And in an hour cease to be.

Earth’s myriads all are hastening to their end ;
 Those we loved or followed,
 Hasten too to the cold grave :
 True life here for man is none.

Each the cold dwelling-place at last will have,
 And for companion, death ;
 Though the land above he own,
 His days end in that beneath.”

The next whose name we meet with, Elidir Sais, has left us two “Atonements” addressed to Llywelyn ab Iorwerth ; a kind of ode which suggests to us that the bards were not always regarded by their irascible princes with the respect claimed for them by the laws and ideal systems of bardism. To this we must refer subsequently ; here we are occupied in the poems, rather than the poets. This writer is the first whom we have seen, to whom are attributed strictly religious compositions. The theology of the bards we cannot discuss now ; but it differs altogether from that of the “Divine Ode” of Elidir Sais, as a comparison of the following specimens with the examples of bardic mythological poetry, in a later chapter, will show.

“ Thy conduct search before thy death draws near ;
 Be not surprised, if thou a sinner art,
 That the just judge, Jesus, exact return
 Before the threefold multitude award.
 Woe to the sinner who would plead his faith !
 His self-deception cannot be pass’d o’er ;
 But, though he thinks not, there will be prepared
 To meet him there the story of his sins.—

Llywelyn have I seen with numerous hosts
 Like Mervyn's, and the Kymry thronging round ;
 The chieftains of Deheubarth and Gwynedd
 Pillars of battle, thronéd, have I seen ;
 The men in combat on their prancing steeds ;
 The flowing wine ; the multitudes at sport,
 And drinking ever ; all these have I seen,
 And good men growing numerous below ;
 All, like to shadows, now have passed away,
 And yet men dream of never-ending days !——
 Not for his own sins did the Lord of heaven,
 All-perfect offering ! suffer on the tree.
 Woe unto him whose sin is unforgiven ;
 Mournful for him, what time with downcast look,
 Showing his wounds, in side, and hands, and feet,
 Christ the mysterious, King of kings, shall say,
 ' All this did I ; what hast thou done for me ? ' ”

The way in which “ faith ” is spoken of in this poem, the mention of the “ serious duty ” of *penance*, in some lines not quoted, with other things, assure us that this ode belongs to the period it is ascribed to ; but it is a very interesting relic of that age ; and ought to be regarded in its relation to the superstitions we have pointed out, as characteristic of these times, in the earlier part of this chapter ; for it illustrates the religion, as well as the poetry, of Wales.

Phylip Brydydd, or “ the Poet,” was professional bard to Rhys Gryg ; and from his name, would appear to have enjoyed some repute in his own days. Amongst the remains of his songs which have been preserved, is one called an “ Atonement to Rhys Gryg,” who is said to have been offended that Phylip's harp should resound the praises of any other chieftain than himself ; although he did not hesitate to receive the panegyric verses of Llywarch ab Llywelyn. These are some stanzas of this remonstrance with the testy prince of Dyved.

“ Why should I leave thee, blood-stained rallier
 Of lances red with blood ?
 Patron of bards, lordly wolf,
 What fault hast thou found in me ?

I will reply, thou eloquent Lord Rhys.—
 In his own court I give
 Ready and certain service,
 And sing his boundless praises.

Rhys, whom all England honours, gentle host,
 The shield of Towy's vale,
 From thy rage, patron of song,
 May God protect me helpless !

Scorn me not, hero, since thy fame is great,
 Nor treat me with contempt.
 Radiant Eagle, shelt'ring hand,
 Let me not thine anger feel.

The bread of Rhys I can no longer eat,—
 The blood-stained chieftain he.—
 Pleasureless all good to me
 Now his love is turned to hate.

Cease then to hate me, patient, passionate one,
 Rhys of Rhos and Eppynt,
 Many know I was thy bard,
 By thy side a hundred times.

More than in sacred relics trust I
 In thee the supporter of battle ;
 My chair at his side he still will keep,
 I know that his word is unbroken.

If in vain mood I spake a careless word,
 And gave offence to thee,
 The Kymry's golden pillar,—
 Pardon ; as God shall judge us.

Several other poetical celebrities adorned these troublous times, Y Prydydd Bychan, or "the Little Poet," Einion Wann, Llywelyn Vardd, or "the Bard ;" but their verses do not present any noticeable peculiarity. Y Prydydd Bychan aided in establishing one of the formalities of Welsh rhyme ; and Llywelyn Vardd put into verse the signs of the coming of the day of judgment, in which he has displayed the influence of monkish, rather than of bardic, fancy. Yet, that we may exhibit the real value of the metrical encomiums, which have been considered by some so valuable a source of history, we will insert a poem of Einion ab Madog ab Rhahawd, addressed to that unhappy son of Llywelyn the Great, Gruffydd, who first suffered from his brother's treachery, and then perished by that of the king of England, as we have related above. And having shown that prosperity and actual success were not absolutely necessary as foundations for the most glowing eulogy, we will leave these retreats of the Muses, and trace again the progress of the larger, if not more living events, which the Chronicles have recorded.

TO GRUFFYDD AB LLYWELYN AB IORWERTH

The generous prince I praise, of growing fame,
 Whom thousands honour, whom the warriors love.
 Fit is the season, send the wine cup round !
 The arms are piled, aloft the standards wave.
 The eagle of Gwynedd, he is not nigh.
 Though placable, he will no insult bear ;
 And though a youth, his daring horsemanship
 Fastened on him the strangers' wondering eyes.
 Of wide Criccieth lord,—firm, dignified,—
 Monarch of Britain, worthy of the muse,
 Gruffydd, chief prince 'tween east and western seas,
 The golden breastplate he, of privilege
 And sociability ; yet foes will shrink
 Before the hero in the battle-field ;—

Leader of mirth ; yet round the warrior
 Whom men rejoice to follow, ravens flock.
 As through dry reeds the flames of fire will rush,
 So is he used his foes to drive away.
 His bold sword, his horse's mane, he reddens ;
 With blood his war-path's scattered ; at his voice
 All tongues are still ; he conquers treachery ;
 Tribute and vassalage his land knows not.
 Amongst the Franks he dreadful havoc made,
 And filled them all with terror and dismay,
 At Trallwng in Elvael ; — blood flowed there
 In torrents, in the terrible melée.
 Him may God help to live without reproach ;
 And when he dies, in honour to depart !
 Dragon invincible—for threescore years,
 May he by bounteous Heaven guarded be ! *

CHAPTER XXV.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM "THE SCUTAGE OF GANNOCK" TO THE PEACE CONCLUDED AT OXFORD.

THE period embraced by this chapter is one of the most noteworthy in the entire course of Welsh history. At the outset, in consequence of the devastation of the land, and the blockade imposed by Henry when he withdrew from Diganwy, the condition of the Kymry appeared almost desperate ; as the comparative vacancy of the annals testifies. Before the close, a nearer approach to actual independence had been made, than had occurred since the kings of England were first confessed to be lords-paramount of Wales. The documents preserved by Rymer may be appealed to, in proof of the change that had passed over the relations of the two countries ; for whereas in them (as we before noticed) Davydd is designated only, "son of Llywelyn, the late prince of Aberfraw, and lord of Snowdon ;" in behalf of Llywelyn ab Gruffydd the ancient style of "Prince of Wales" is reserved :—a fact which completely justifies our hesitation in receiving the story of the grant of this title to young Edward in the year 1244, A. D. That this was in part owing to the energy of Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, cannot be denied. Nor may the influence of the fanaticism we have so frequently referred to, which was fed

* All the lines of this poem end in words which rhyme with *Trallwng* ; but in four instances, another dis-syllabic foot is added *after* the rhyme, which must have called for the exercise of some skill both in reciting and singing. This will show the progress of bardic formalism.

by the very successes to which it so greatly contributed, be overlooked. But far more influential causes are to be found in the position of the internal affairs of England. And none, who have followed our narrative with any attention, can doubt, that to the character of Henry, and still more to the feud between him and his barons, which was so fruitful in political good to the English people, this wonderful revival of the fortunes of Wales was mainly owing.

It seems scarcely possible that this should not have appeared to the sagacious nobles and rulers of the day, as it does to us across the interval of six centuries, to be but "a lightning before death." They must have been sufficiently informed respecting the resources which remained to the country they had so insolently oppressed, to look upon this as no more than an expiring effort. But we must remember that the annals, and treaties, and poems, through which we strive to gain a living picture of this long-departed age, are highly refracting media, and that they do not by any means exactly correct each other. Official formality could not but represent the British princes as vassals; even as to their poets it seemed impossible that any mortal man could claim superiority over them. The English writers betray their knowledge of the quickly succeeding suppression of Cambrian freedom in what they say of these events; whilst in the chroniclers (whether they were monks or bards) we find expressed, by every line, that rugged and indomitable spirit, which to this hour will not believe itself vanquished. These facts we must keep in mind, and then we may in part recover "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure;" and it is in this that all the interest and profit of history consist.

The afflicted condition of the Welsh, who had joined Davydd in his rebellion against Henry, cannot be described. Matthew Paris employs every word which pity could suggest, to convey to his readers the assurance of his compassion for their hapless lot. Nothing can more forcibly portray the misery to which they were reduced, than the fact that in the beginning of the following spring, 1246, A. D., Davydd ab Llywelyn died. We heard of his sickness during the lingering campaign of the preceding autumn; the remediless woe of his adherents, and their reproaches, spoken or mute, against him, the author of it, aggravated his malady, and he perished in the storm he had raised, but could not allay. Nor was he the only leader of the people, who in his own person suffered thus pre-eminently. Within the next two or three years, we read of a bishop of St. David's who died of grief; of a bishop of Llandaff losing his sight, through his ceaseless weeping over the misery of his generation; and of bishops of Bangor, and St. Asaph, who were compelled to beg their bread, so completely were their revenues, never very large, destroyed by the war of Diganwy. With these examples before us, we can imagine how the poorer classes must have been decimated by cold and hunger, weariness and fear, even after the sword of the invader had ceased to slay. Matthew Paris, notwithstanding the sympathy which, in this and in many of his passages which relate to Wales, he manifests for the Welsh, has attached to Davydd the odious appellation of "perjured fratricide," in the sentence wherein he tells of his death; which is not so surprising as the epithet "shield

of Kymru," wherewith the *Annales* honour him, in common with his father, Llywelyn the Great, and others who had distinguished themselves in ways less terribly destructive to their country. He died at Aber, at the foot of Penmaen Mawr, and, with great lamentation, was buried at Aberconway. Lhuyd, who appears to have had a most courtier-like dread of implying, in the remotest way, that any of the ancestors of the imperial Tudor, in whose days he wrote, lacked a lawful title to a crown,—even were it the faded coronet of Gwynedd,—has been careful here to say that Sir Ralph de Mortimer, who had married Gwladys, the daughter of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, was the legitimate successor of Davydd, in right of his wife; which he repeats when, a little later, he tells how Sir Ralph died, and Sir Roger, his son, became entitled to his honours and dignities. And in this latter instance, lest his loyalty should not be patent enough, his editor, who flourished under the same "bright occidental star," has been careful to append a pedigree in a note, which would have satisfied the most scrupulous that legitimate heirship to royalty was one characteristic, on the female side, of the house of Mortimer. The death of Gwladys, in 1251, A. D., at Windsor, is introduced without any remark. Sir Ralph Mortimer, then, as Lhuyd says, although he was the rightful heir, was set aside; the nobility choosing Llywelyn and Owain Goch, sons to that Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, whose death, as he was attempting to escape from the Tower at London, has been spoken of. Davydd had no children, and so they were, perhaps, what our *Annales* call them, his heirs. Llywelyn, according to some accounts, had been residing at Maesmynan, on his patrimonial estate, including the districts of Englefield, Dyffryn Clwyd, Rhos, and Rhyvoniog; but there are difficulties in the way of receiving this tale. Owain, we learn from Matthew Paris, had been living at the English court, receiving there, in addition to the kindness the misfortunes of his family were well calculated to call forth, an honourable martial training. The chieftains having resolved to bestow on these two the dignity of the principedom of North Wales, prudent men amongst them counselled the division of the land between them; and so Llywelyn received that portion, which we have said was called his patrimony; and Owain,—who stole away privately from his imperious protectors, and exchanged the luxuries of Henry's court for such rude lodging and living as a country desolate as his could afford,—the remainder of Gwynedd.

Whilst these matters were proceeding, there occurred in South Wales several of those lawless outbreaks, which are so characteristic of the Kymry in these and for many succeeding ages. The old copy of St. David's Annals informs us that Meredydd ab Rhys plundered Caermyrddin; and that near the castle of Morgan Cam the Welsh slew Sir Herbert Fitz-Mahu. Nicholas de Myles, seneschal of Caermyrddin, next, by command of the king, it is said, entered the land of Maelgwn Vychan, with his forces, and was assisted by Meredydd ab Rhys and Meredydd ab Owain; but our ancient authorities do not name them. Maelgwn fled to the region of Meirionydd; and Nicholas, having thus dispossessed him, and recovered his lands for the king, marched, accompanied by Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, (say the old *Annales*,) to Diganwy, where, apparently, he attacked the new princes of Gwynedd, who, "sur-

rendering themselves and those who belonged to them to the will of God," retreated to the mountains, and were saved. Thus the more recent annals; and in this we have the germ of Lhuyd's story, that Henry, with a great army, came against North Wales, this year; and after some stay, finding that he could effect nothing, for the Welsh had retired to Snowdon as before, returned to England. The older Annals say, that no one opposed, or even objected to, Nicholas' overrunning almost all North Wales. After he withdrew, so our fuller copy tells us, Maelgwn went under his conduct to the king, but with difficulty obtained the royal favour; yet at last received a part of his former possessions, namely, Geneur' Glyn, and Iscoed. Lhuyd adds to the story of these distractions, that Hywel ab Meredydd was dispossessed of his lands by the Earl of Clare, and had to fly for his life. The death of Walter Marshal is also recorded in this year; and from another source we learn, that a year or two afterwards his lands were divided amongst his three sons.

In the summer following, says Lhuyd, meaning, we conjecture, that of the year 1247, A. D., Rhys Vychan ab Rhys Mechyl got possession of the castle of Carreg Cennen, which his mother, "of mere hatred conceived against him," had delivered to the English. These particulars respecting South Wales indicate the very different state of things there, from what we have seen in North Wales. Here one or two native chieftains were the lords of the whole territory, under the English kings; but there were numbers of petty lordships, some held by natives, but most by Norman, or Flemish, or foreign adventurers; who being compelled to rely upon their own good swords for the maintenance of their possessions, were not at all slow to use them for their enlargement also, at the expense of their neighbours. We should not notice these idle brawls, were it not that, though occupied, the country was not conquered; and that most of these frays originated in the same deeply-seated abhorrence of alien rule, whence sprang the never-ending rebellions and wars of the northern part of the province. There, in these very days, Matthew Paris declares, seemingly quoting from some poetical narrative, "agriculture, trade, and pastoral occupation alike having ceased, they were being consumed through want; and bowed down unwillingly beneath the behests of the English, their ancient proud nobility withered away, and the harps of their bards rang only with notes of woe." Nor was Wales alone in such straits; for St. David's annalist has commemorated famine and mortality throughout both Britain and Ireland; and as if to increase the alarm of these things, in February, a great earthquake happened, which shook down part of the recently built cathedral. Yet not all sorrowful are the events of this year; Lhuyd informs us that the abbots of Ystrad Flur and Conway recovered from the king of England the body of the young prince's father, and brought it to Conway, which had now, instead of Bangor, become the burial-place of the chieftains of Gwynedd, and there interred it honourably. This occurrence will introduce the single state-document belonging to this period; which, whilst it confirms what we have seen of the enfeebled state of the remnant of the Britons, also shows us that they had been endeavouring to break through the barrier which had been raised around them; and, which is of greater moment, contains the

first faint promise of the brighter days, of which, before the end of this chapter, we shall tell. It is dated at Woodstock, on the 30th of April; and one may conjecture that the abbot of Conway was ambassador, and that the restoration of Gruffydd ab Llywelyn's corpse to his paternal soil was one of the favours granted after the conclusion of this "convention." Therein, for the confirmation of concord and peace between Henry, and Owain and Llywelyn, the king forgave them altogether for all the war, and all the evils which they had foolishly contrived against him, up to the Sunday next before the Invention of the Cross, or two days before the signing of the Convention. He accorded them his favour, and received their homage; and the same was promised respecting the heirs of both parties. They, on their side, gave up for ever to him, the four cantreus of Rhos and Rhyvoniog, Dyffryn-Clwyd, and Englefield, commonly called Perveddwlad, and the right to navigate the Conway; with all the lordship of Monthaut [Mold], and all pertaining to it. The rest of North Wales Henry granted to the two princes, to hold of him, by the service of 1000 able foot-soldiers, and 24 well-appointed knights, with one or other of themselves to command them, in Wales, or the March, at their cost, for as long as the king might be on a campaign in Wales and its borders; and of 500 hundred similar foot-soldiers, similarly commanded, at the king's expense, in England, as long as he might require them. The princes, moreover, agreed to appear, when and wherever summoned by the king, or his officer, to answer to any accusation, and to abide any sentence, in conformity with the laws of Wales. It was further stipulated that all Welshmen, who had been dispossessed, should be reinstated in their lands, and hold them as freely as ever they did;—feudal dues and services being confirmed to their lords. The king claimed the service and homage of all the lords of Wales, as lord paramount; and the claim was allowed. And, finally, Owain and Llywelyn signed and sealed these conditions under peril of forfeiting all their lands, irrecoverably, to the king, if they violated them.

Humiliating as this agreement must have been to those of the Welsh who did not consider the depth of misery into which Gwynedd had sunk, it yet had in it abundance of hope; for it seemed to promise to the land some relief from the evils which had so cruelly wasted it; and to the people—peace. But there were two sources of mischief which no "convention" could dry up,—selfish ambition in the leaders, and the contagion of the restlessness, or even revolt, of the Kymry who were directly under English rule;—and we shall find that neither of these sources failed. The four cantreus were put out to farm to those who offered most for them. John de Grey, the first "lessee," paid 500 marks annually to the king for them. He was supplanted, before the end of two years, by Alan de la Zouch, who offered 1100 marks rent. The laws of England were also substituted for those of Hywel Dda, in those cantreus; and in the year 1252, A. D., on the vigil of the feast of Pentecost, the bishop of Bangor, happening to be at St. Alban's, saw the justiciary conveying, in two-horsed carts, to the royal treasury, "no little" money, which he had wrung from the wretched inhabitants of his "farm;" and heard him protesting to every one, that all Wales was now at peace, and obedient to the English laws. In that year those districts were

grievously taxed. Beside the dues claimed and enforced by De la Zouch, a talliage was laid upon them, as it was upon other lands directly subject to the crown, to provide the means for carrying out Henry's vow of a crusade for the recovery of Jerusalem; St. Louis, who had set out upon a similar expedition, having had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Infidels. And possibly it was the proceeds of this talliage which the good bishop saw, with more grief than became a churchman, conveyed through St. Alban's to London. The recent copy of our often-quoted *Annales*, after recording the death of Morgan, one of the sons of Rhys the Great, in 1251, A. D.; in the following year, presents us with this remarkable entry—"Llywelyn ab Gurwareth, bailiff to the king in the lands formerly held by Maelgwn Vychan, by royal mandate took booty from the men of Elvel, because they would (as if by hereditary right) use the pastures of the mountains of Maelienydd." This will show us the state of those parts of Wales, which had been longest, and most completely, under the control of England. Matthew Paris, under date 1254, A. D., supplies us with a sketch, which will serve as a pendant to this. Certain Welshmen, he says, about the beginning of June, making a raid for plunder into the lands of the king's enemies, were taken before they had done much, if any, harm, by the king's brothers and the bishop of Hereford, and out of hand punished "beyond the desert of their crime." The good historian was surely indebted, for that paragraph, to some one who regarded free-booting with a more lenient eye than those officious improvisers of summary justice. We notice these occurrences, because rumours of them must have spread amongst the people, and helped to swell the discontent which now was fast rising. And to them we may append an indication of a severe winter in one of these years, from the ancient annals, which record the breaking down of Caermyrddin bridge by the ice; and a notice from Lhuyd, which cannot be more exactly determined, that, "next year," no rain fell from the middle of March to the middle of August; both of which facts have an intimate relation to the condition of the people, upon whom the sorest burdens of the nation always fall.

It was now that civil dissension broke out in Gwynedd. We saw that, by the "convention," the district, which the Welsh authorities had declared to be Llywelyn's hereditary lordship, and the share of the principality of North Wales assigned to him, were given up to Henry: this story derives considerable support from the manner in which this unhappy contention began. In Rymer we find a safe-conduct issued from Portsmouth, on the 8th of July, in 1253, A. D., to enable Davydd, the brother of the two princes, with his household, to come into England, to do homage, and offer his services as became a vassal, to the king; or in case he was absent, to the queen, or the Earl of Cornwall, as his representative. It was available till Michaelmas day, but was extended to the quindene of St. Martin, or the 25th of November. Considering the part he played in the contest between his brothers, and finding him afterwards a favourite at the English court, and engaged in more than one of the expeditions against Llywelyn, we cannot but associate this journey to England with the outbreak which so soon followed;—for it is *possible*, that the king, or Prince Edward, or some of their

advisers, desired to find employment for the reviving energy of the Cambrians of Gwynedd in intestine strife; rather than incur the risk of having to suppress revolts amongst them, at the same time that the rebellious spirit of the barons, which was now beginning to show itself, might require the exercise of all their skill and force. About the end of June, 1255, A. D., according to the recent copy of the *Annales Menevenses*, (which is more trustworthy than Lhuyd, who assigns it to the preceding year, and is confirmed by the older copy,) this discord began. Owain and Davydd, being desirous of depriving their brother Llywelyn of his share of the dignity of the principality, (which, on the supposition that he had actually lost his patrimony, as we have remarked before, is not surprising; and we can explain the long delay,—eight years,—by the exhausted condition of the country,) raised a considerable army for the purpose of driving him out. Llywelyn had, however, too firm a hold upon the regard of their dependants; and he was able to meet them in arms. At Bryn Derwyn, it is said, the fight occurred; and it was as brief as it was severe. In the space of a single hour, Owain was captured, and so many of his followers slain, that the rest incontinently fled, leaving Llywelyn master of the field, and sole possessor of the honours of which they had intended to deprive him. “Without any hinderance” he took possession of his brothers’ lands: Owain, as chief mover in the attempt, and as prisoner of war, was immured in Dolbadarn castle, near Llanberis lake; and was not released till after many weary years had passed, and then not by Llywelyn’s will. Davydd, too, was taken and imprisoned by his victorious brother. It does not appear that any notice of this “private war” was taken by the suzerain; and perhaps, according to the most equitable interpretation of feudal customs, both the war, and the subsequent impropration of the lands of the vanquished, were justifiable; but we cannot doubt that it was remembered against the conqueror, and served to quicken the proceedings which were very soon taken against him.

We have seen the Welsh princes alienating “for ever” the country between the Conway and the Dee, to the English king. This lordship was granted to Prince Edward, on the 14th of February, 1254, A. D.; along with the earldom of Chester, and various estates in England, Ireland, and Gascony; the castles of Diserth, Rhuddlan, and Diganwy, being particularly mentioned in the deed. Those of Montgomery, Caermyrddin, Cardigan, and Builth, were given to him at the same time; for he was now made a belted knight, and was espoused to Eleanor of Spain, and his father’s generosity was so great, that Matthew Paris says he seemed to be a “most shorn king,” after he had bestowed so many of the strongest castles, and wealthiest lordships and cities, upon his son. The chivalric crusader, of whom we have all read in many an ancient ballad; whose wife’s devotion, when he was wounded by an assassin’s poisoned dagger, has lent a wondrous charm to the name of Eleanor; is altogether unlike to the historic Edward, whom we now first meet with. He took possession of his Welsh castles, as we read in the English Chronicles, and filled them, rather than garrisoned them, with gangs of such ruffians, that the army of Louis, which wrought so much woe in the land in the days of King John, did not contain such atrocious villains in it as did the young

prince's households. And his own temper and conduct may be estimated by one act of his which Matthew Paris has recorded for that very purpose ;—in one of his journeys in Wales, he commanded his attendants to cut off the ear, and pull out one eye, of an unoffending youth, whom he casually met ! Moreover, he had in Geoffrey de Langley by far too faithful a servant, who most grievously oppressed the people of Perve-dwlad by his extortion, and banished the last semblance of justice, by permitting the use of the English laws alone. He thus completely estranged from him the hearts of those, who, had he dealt with them humanely, would have welcomed him as a deliverer from the tyranny of those who had farmed the province under the king, before it was granted to him. These new provocations were scarcely needed to rouse the souls of the Kymry to revolt. The *Annales*, which give us such full accounts of the events of these years, begin their story of 1255, A. D., with the notice of the death of Meredydd ab Llywelyn, of Meirionydd, “ a courageous and upright youth ;” and then in mournful strain, as if all the fire of the country was dying out, record that of Rhys ab Maelgwn, “ a young man of surpassing excellence,” “ of whom it was earnestly hoped, and by many even declared, that he would redeem great part of Wales, and set it free from the long-worn yoke of English bondage.” About the feast of St. John the Baptist, on the 24th of June, “ after confessing and communicating, he assumed the Cistercian habit at Ystrad Flur,* and alas ! sank beneath his fate ; whose body was reverently interred in that abbey, amidst much deserved lamentation, next to his sister's grave ;” who had died the year before. And the following year, in like manner, opens with the mention of the death of Meredydd ab Madog, lord of Yal, and of Owain ab Iorwerth of Elvel.

In the very beginning of 1256, A. D., Llywelyn (designating himself “ Prince of Wales, and Lord of Snowdon ”) wrote to Henry, with affectionate greeting, assuring him that he had given honourable reception to his messengers, who had charged him to repair personally to the ford of Montgomery, on the 1st of March, there to arrange with a royal commissioner the completion of the truce, and whatever reparations were due for alleged violations of it. He begged his liege-lord to postpone the day till after Easter, (the 16th of April,) because he could not before that assemble all whose presence was necessary ; and to name the White monastery as the place of meeting, for the vicinity of Montgomery castle was, no doubt, undesirable to him. He also desired the king to forbid the Marchers to molest his subjects, he having restrained them from breaking the truce, and he desired an answer as speedily as possible. The answer has not reached us ; but we shall meet with indications of its tenor as we proceed ; and

* We begin to suspect, from the frequent mention of this abbey of Ystrad Flur, that this copy of the *Annales Menevenses*, which differs very considerably from the older one, was in fact the chronicle of Strata Florida, or compiled from it. The insertion of the bishops of St. David's in the annals of this abbey (which was in that diocese) is easily explained ; but not the continual recurrence of incidents belonging to Ystrad Flur alone, in a chronicle of St. David's. At the end of this year, 1255, A. D., we read, “ On the Sabbath next before the feast of St. Michael, died Margaret, daughter of Maelgwn, wife of Owain ab Meredydd, of Cydewain, who was interred at Ystrad Flur, next to her brother. Thomas, called the Welshman, bishop of St. David's, died in Christ.” This is a good example of the entries which may be regarded as indicating the birth-place of this collection of annals.

meanwhile we observe that the "truce" seems to have been no more than abstinence from war on the part of Llywelyn, or of Henry; the Marchers, on the one hand, and the Welsh border-lords, on the other, never ceased from their raids,—at least, when they could carry them on with profit, and without provoking the attention of their own feudal superior. In July, as we find by the chronicle of Chester abbey, Prince Edward made a state visit to Chester, and went through his lands in North Wales; inspecting his castles, and receiving the homage of his vassals; and there were grand doings in the old city, amongst all classes. Our Welsh annals report this visit, and tell us, that it was about the beginning of August when he came to Diganwy. From them we also learn that this "progress" filled to the brim the cup of bitterness of which his Kymric dependants had long drank. Perhaps they had hoped that the exactions and insults of De Langley would be disowned; or that some compensation would be made to them for the injuries they had sustained with unwonted patience. If they had entertained any such expectations, they now found them to be vain; and were assured that their only alternative was uncomplaining submission to their wrongs, or revolt. We do not wonder that they chose the latter; nor can we greatly blame them; even their enemies, we are told, acknowledged that the right was on their side. Llywelyn had as yet done nothing to make him the head of the anti-English party; and these men might justly have suspected his patriotism, since it was by him and his brother that they had been given up to the tyranny beneath which they had groaned. But he was the lineal descendant of their ancient kings; and in their eyes, his ancestry was the pledge of his faithfulness to the cause of Wales. "Insulted, and spoiled of their liberties and their honours, as they were, and inflamed with zeal for the right as ardent as that of the Maccabees," say the *Annales*, (showing here, and in many other passages now, a palpable imitation of Cæsar,) "they chose rather to die honourably in doing battle for freedom, than thus to be trodden down by vile aliens; so they presented themselves before Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, that noble youth, and with tears, and groans, and great lamentation, told him what bondage and tribulation they endured."

Lhuyd's version of the vernacular Chronicles we shall scarcely again refer to, for our *Annales* give us, in the original Latin, a more elegant and complete account. And Matthew Paris, from whom the omissions of the *Bruts* were supplied, borrowing from several sources more than one story of one event, without making the least attempt to harmonize them, has introduced sufficient confusion into the history; which we can imagine how Lhuyd, in his peculiar manner, has improved. This may, therefore, be regarded as our farewell to the worthy and laborious antiquary, in whom the lack of historical discernment which marked his age is so manifest; as well as the demonstrative loyalty, which no subject of Queen Elizabeth was without; and the genuine Cambrian characteristic—national vain-glory. And for the instructive portrait of a true Kymro, which his "Historie" thus furnishes us with, we owe him our heartiest thanks; even if we have discovered that he has not very accurately depicted in it the old times before him.

About the same time that the insulted chieftains of Edward's territory in North

Wales, made their appeal to Llywelyn, the occurrences described in the following letters took place;—or it may be, that those occurrences were amongst the wrongs, which roused them to the overt act of rebellion we have already narrated. Addressing himself to Henry, the “Prince of Wales” complained, that after the royal messenger had appointed the time and place for the conference respecting the alleged violations of the truce, whereof he wrote before, the barons of the Cheshire Marches, and the sons of John Le Strange, had savagely wasted the lands, and slain and captured the people, of his “beloved and faithful” Gruffydd, Lord of Bromfield. Nay, on the Monday after St. Matthew’s feast, or the 25th of September, which was the day fixed for the meeting with the justiciary of Chester, upon the business before-named, that very justiciary, with his followers, had made a foray in the unfortunate Gruffydd’s lands. Wherefore, distinctly intimating that he could endure this no longer, Llywelyn demanded justice against the perpetrators of these outrages, at the king’s own hands, and threatened that if it were not given he would, however unwillingly, make reprisals. In South Wales similar wrongs had been inflicted. Peter de Montfort, a son of the famous Earl of Leicester, had been appointed to the command of the castle at Abergavenny by Prince Edward; and, as he informed the king in a letter some time afterwards, he found the March in a very disturbed state. There had been inroads made incessantly into the lordship; and in fact the “border” had been forced back, so that the limits of the domain under his control were grievously narrowed on the side towards the Welsh, whereby they were brought into very undesirable proximity to his castle. This is doubtless exaggerated; but an earlier letter may be relied on. Writing to Roger Bigod and other friends, he related how on the Thursday after St. Matthew’s day, September the 28th, “all the pride of Wales,” headed by Llywelyn’s seneschal, with Meredydd ab Rhys, Rhys Vychan, and Meredydd ab Owain, (Llywelyn himself and his brother not appearing in it, however,) made a sudden descent on the lands of Prince Edward and the king, to burn and destroy;—how till noon on the following Saturday, with small help, he had held his own; and then, larger aid arriving, the invaders were in turn attacked, and made to fly to the neighbouring mountains, three hundred and more of them being slain;—and lastly, how on the Monday after, the 2nd of October, the inroad was repeated with stronger force; to resist which he needed immediate assistance, and thereby asked it. Llywelyn seems now to have raised his tone in addressing the king, in proportion as he felt his own strength growing, and could perceive the weakness and perplexity of his antagonist. Henry had complained in the name of Roger Mortimer, that his lands had been ravaged: Llywelyn acknowledged his letters containing this complaint, and avowed his own belief that he had not violated the truce; but he promised amends for any rupture which could be proved, if the king would promise the same. The next letter refers to the series of transactions, the beginning of which De Montfort’s letter showed us. In it, the “Lord of Snowdon” informed Henry, that Roger Mortimer, Humphrey Bohun, and others, had taken possession of one of his castles, and would not give it up until compelled by regular siege and blockade; and he asked the king, as liege-lord of both parties, to attend to

his complaints against the Marchers, as well as to theirs against him. One more letter from Llywelyn carries forward the story of these affairs to the point where the chroniclers take it up; and apart from this, we derive very singular pictures both of the men and the age, from this correspondence. He had received, it appears, fresh communications from Henry, denouncing his violation of the truce; and in reply assured him, that he had not broken it;—it was Henry's barons who had done so, and had been repaid for their want of faith; and that as he had been requested to interfere in behalf of those who had suffered, he did not consider himself a truce-breaker. After quoting an instance in which he had acted on this principle, when he stood in Henry's position; he promised to submit to any legal decision upon a question which the king had referred to, but begged him not to move in it, without such information as he himself alone could give. Then (by way of after-thought) he appended a complaint against the royal bailiff of Morganwg, (perhaps Peter de Montfort,) who had aided the ravagers of his lands; and requested the king so to punish him, that it should be unnecessary for him to lift his hand against him. To this charge we may, perhaps, attribute the letter from De Montfort, which we have already quoted; the conclusion of which gives no very hopeful account of the English cause in South Wales;—want of cash, the writer says, had occasioned him great trouble; and all the Welsh had joined Llywelyn's party, which he begged the king to forbid;—as he would have been only too glad to do, if he could have employed any means less costly, and more effectual, than a military expedition.

About the feast of All Saints, the 1st of November, Llywelyn actually revolted; having with him (the *Annales* tell us) that noble man Meredydd ab Rhys Gryg, and his nephews, and others who had been expelled from their lands and patrimonial estates, "whose names were then written in the book of life." Within a single week he had overrun and recovered the whole province of Perveddwlad, except the castles of Diganwy and Diserth; and before many days, in spite of the fierce retainers of the English prince, he was master of the land up to the very gates of Chester. As soon as Edward heard of this, he hastened to his uncle Richard, Earl of Cornwall, for the king was unable to assist him with money, and having obtained a loan of 4000 marks, undertook to repress these daring attempts of the Welsh, and to "exterminate them," if by no other means their power could be crushed. But the weather was wet and stormy, and his men could not penetrate the woods and marshes of Wales; so that the money was wasted, and his efforts to regain possession of his lordships were fruitless. Before the end of November, Llywelyn had acquired Meirionydd; and on Monday in Advent, December the 1st, sat down before Edward's castle at Llanbadarn Vawr. Next day, he advanced farther into Cardigan, and Meredydd ab Owain came, and owned him as his liege-lord, receiving from him the prince's lands in that part of Wales, with the territory of Builth, which was next seized upon. Llywelyn then restored Meredydd ab Rhys to his estates, ejecting his nephew Rhys, and giving his share also to Meredydd. Out of all his conquests, the *Annales* declare, he kept nothing for himself but the fame and the desert of them. One acquisition, however, made as he was bending his steps

to the north again, he did retain, Gwarthrynion, from which he expelled Roger Mortimer. By Christmas-day he had returned prosperously and joyfully to his own abode.

The Earl of Cornwall was at this time busily engaged in his contest for the Empire, and the king had troubles enough to occupy him; wherefore they both "begged humbly" (says Matthew Paris) that Llywelyn would, at least for the present, desist from his rebellions. Richard even addressed a letter to him, and to the other Welsh chieftains, privately, urging as a reason for this unseasonable request, that unless this war ceased, he should not be able to go to and from the realm in peace. We must conclude from this that the Earl considered that he had some claim upon them; and we have seen that he was suspected of too intimate relations with Davydd. But he had recently supplied his nephew with money to make war against Llywelyn; and we cannot imagine that this would not be remembered by those, whom the prince had vainly endeavoured to check by that help. Perhaps, however, he relied upon the notorious fact that Edward, when he had expended the loan he had received, and effected nothing, applied again to him for assistance, and had been refused; for Richard was tired of lending, and had, as we know, spent an enormous sum in the purchase of a sufficient number of votes to give him a colourable title to the imperial diadem. But the winter was favourable to the warlike operations of the Welsh, and most adverse to the English; and several of the Marchers, out of hatred to the king, secretly encouraged them; and few Kymric princes ever found themselves at the head of a nobler force,—for Llywelyn had (the chronicler avers) 10,000 armed horsemen, and a much greater number of foot-soldiers;* who all had bound themselves by an oath on the Gospels, to fight to the death for their ancient laws and liberties; and rather to die than to fail of attaining the means of an honourable life. Both the Earl and the king might well be alarmed; for his hasty celebration of the Nativity over, by the Epiphany, the 6th of January, 1257, A. D., the "Prince of Wales" had driven out Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, the lord of Bromfield, (called by Lhuyd, perhaps more accurately, Gruffydd ab Madog Maelor, lord of Dinas Bran,) whom he so recently had styled "beloved and faithful," and had ravaged his lands; for he was rich, we are told, and favoured the king. Gruffydd fled to England, and soon appeared in arms against his vanquisher; who had by that time burnt Trallwng, and had been joined by almost all the chieftains of South Wales. Encamped near the Severn, not far from Montgomery, now, appeared the barons of England, John Le Strange, and many others, with a great army, and the banners of Prince Edward; and accompanied by Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn. Soon, advancing into a great plain near the river, they offered battle to the Welsh; and awaited their onset,—until, astonished at their numbers, and at the audacity with which

* Matthew Paris gives us another account of Llywelyn's army, not very consistent with his first story, and not more credible. He says, that after dispossessing Gruffydd, he divided his forces into two parts, because they were so many, and for the sake of securing supplies; and that each part, according to the law of the country, numbered 30,000 armed men; 500 of whom were mounted, being themselves elegantly armed, and having their horses clad in steel. This is a specimen of the historian's repetitions, which Lhuyd and Warrington have so ingeniously imitated, that the narrative of the last-named writer is perfectly unintelligible.

they rushed on, believing it impossible to withstand them in open fight, they turned and fled to Montgomery.*

The attention of Llywelyn was now drawn to the south again. For there, on the Monday after the feast of the Purification, the 5th of February, Stephen Bauzan, Nicholas, lord of Kemeys, Patrick, lord of Kidweli and Carew, with many armed knights, broke open the gates of the famous abbey of Ty Gwyn; and there "did great despite to God and all the saints; for they beat the monks, and robbed the convents, and carried off all the horses, and the spoils of the abbey and the church, and in the cemetery they wickedly slew one of the servitors of the convent." The annalist seems to rejoice as he records the speedy and complete vengeance which Llywelyn took. In Quadregesima, (the end of the same month,) he hastened with a great army to the scene of the sacrilege; and all the English portion of Kidweli, Carnwyllion, and Gower, with Aber-tawy, he ravaged with fire and sword; and having brought into subjection to himself all the Kymry of those parts, he returned to Gwynedd before the end of March. It was on this occasion that the Earl of Gloucester lost one of his castles; the Welsh leader taking it, and slaying all he found within it; a fact which made the English lords see, that this Earl was not more invincible than the other Marchers, and led them to ridicule him—unwisely, it would appear, from the consequences which followed. To this period we must ascribe a safe-conduct, which is preserved in Rymer, issued by Henry in favour of certain messengers from Llywelyn to the king of the Romans; as Richard, Earl of Cornwall, was now designated; and valid till Easter, the 8th of April. We can easily believe that the poor king hoped that his brother might yet compose this rebellion; and he be left to deal with his insubordinate barons, unembarrassed thereby. About the beginning of April two outrages happened, which will show the exasperation of this contest. On Palm Sunday, the 1st of the month, some chieftains of Llywelyn's household made a descent upon Montgomery, and burnt the town, and slew many of the townsmen, with women and their "little ones,"—"manfully," writes the annalist! And about the same time, the two sons of Einion ab Gwilym, and the two sons of Gwilym Goch, nobles of Cardigan, were slain by the English of Caermarthen. The spirit of the king was now greatly depressed; for the Welsh every where triumphed, and the work of so many ages, upon which so many brave lives and such heaps of treasure had been expended, appeared irretrievably ruined. He was surrounded by losses and disappointments. The kingdom of Apulia, which he had hoped to make his own, had slipped from his grasp; and amongst his barons in England there seemed to be a determination to inflict upon him a deeper humiliation than

* Thus the *Annales*; but Lhuyd states that Llywelyn won all Powys except Pool (Trallwng) castle, a little of Caereinion, and the land by the Severn side. Perhaps it was after this rout that Henry said, in reply to his son's complaints, "The land is yours; I gave it to you. If you wish to possess it, exert yourself; I have other business in hand." Edward, according to Matthew Paris, threatened the Welsh, that he would shatter their power "like a potter's vessel," by means of the Irish, whom he had engaged to assist him;—and the Welsh, he tells us, hereupon fitted out galleys, with piratical arms and victuals, and meeting the Irish ships at sea, completely defeated and dispersed them. This tale is so unlike an account of fact, that we place it here, to mark our opinion of its credibility.

his father had suffered at Runnimede. His health even gave way. But very soon the news of fresh successes achieved by Llywelyn, at no little cost to himself, roused him; and thus it happened.

On the Tuesday after Pentecost, the 29th of May, Stephen Bauzan,* and many other nobles, with a host of brave warriors, passed the night at Caermarthen. On the day following, the *Annales* continue, the whole body, with great audacity and pride, their mailed horses and others being drawn out in order of battle, proceeded to lay waste and plunder the land of Ystrad Tywy, and advanced as far as Llandeilo Vawr. The Welsh of Cardigan and Ystrad Tywy, under the command of Meredydd ab Rhys Gryg and Meredydd ab Owain, their anger being inflamed by the presence of Welshmen in the army of their enemies, assembled in the woods and defiles around them; and with loud shouts, and a ceaseless discharge of darts and arrows, harassed them the whole day through. On the vigil of the feast of the Trinity, the 2nd of June, the "guide" of the English, Rhys ab Rhys Mechyl, with a few followers, secretly fled to his own castle of Dinevwr, (for, says the annalist, they feared the upshot of the affair,) leaving them in the greatest danger and perplexity. Matthew of Westminster, or the editor of a historical compilation, who is known by that name, does not scruple to call Rhys a traitor; which perhaps he was; for nothing would more surely restore him to the favour of Llywelyn, than the good service of having led into an ambuscade a force like that which menaced South Wales. The English, relying upon their impenetrable mail, and scorning to be defeated by mere unarmed bush-fighters, determined to force their way to Cardigan; and hoped to find refuge in the castle there. From the first hour of daylight, on that Saturday, till noon, they bore up against the incessant attacks of the Welsh, who poured on them from every bush and every rock a ceaseless shower of missiles; and made their way through the marshy and entangled woods, towards their much-desired fortress. But their horses fell beneath that death-hail; and embarrassed with their provisions and baggage, and yet more by that armour in which they had trusted, "more than in God," (says the patriotic chronicler,) in "Kermeren," which they had reached by mid-day, they fell before the hand-to-hand conflict, in which their unwearied enemies now joined with them. The riders on the barbed battle-chargers were hurled to the ground, and trodden to death beneath their horses' feet. The rout was frightful, and it was complete. More than three thousand fell; scarcely one escaped. De Bauzan, who was "very dear" to the king, was amongst the slain, with many other men of mark; and the victors were enriched with their spoils; amongst which the arms and the armed horses of the English were deemed most valuable. On

* Lhuyd, who calls the leader, most contumeliously, Stephen *Bacon*,—represents them as sent by the king to restore Rhys Vychan to his lands (in Builth), and as reaching Caermarthen by sea. Thomas Wikes says they were sent to repel the Welsh, who had invaded the lands of the Earl of Gloucester. The rest of Lhuyd's tale is worth inserting, to show what has been narrated as *Welsh History*. He says, that the invaders went first against Dinevwr, which was Rhys's own castle; and that as they were before it, Llywelyn came to raise the siege, when a bloody battle ensued, and the English lost 2000 men; that, thereupon, the prince's army marched through Dyved, burning the country; and destroyed the castles of Abercorran, Llanstephan, Maenclochoc, and Arberth; and returned with great spoil.

the next day, Trinity Sunday, the Welsh in Gower slew two hundred (all but six) Englishmen, and six women with them; so sanguinary had the strife grown. Matthew Paris, from whom some of the details of the foregoing narrative have been taken, here adds, that Gruffydd (the expelled lord of Bromfield) was the adviser and leader of this successful affair; and that the Welsh, on this proof of his patriotism, received him into favour and alliance again. And then, as if Llywelyn had been, in person, the conqueror in this brief campaign, represents him as so rejoiced at this increase of his wealth, the firm alliance between North and South Wales, (a confederation "which had never been seen before,") and the accession of Gruffydd to his party, that he gave vent to his feelings in a speech, which we may abridge from the succinct report we have received, as follows. "Thus far hath the Lord of hosts helped us! For not to our courage, but to the aid of God, must this victory be ascribed, and he can fight with few, as well as with many. How should we, inconsiderable, unwarlike, and weak as we are, dare to defy the English, if God were not with us? He saw our afflictions, and pitied us. And now know, that it is a question of life or death that is before us. If we are taken, there is no mercy for us. Let us stand by each other. We are insuperable, if we are inseparable. See how the English king tyrannizes over his own subjects;—and how will he treat us, if we are conquered? He will blot out our very name from under heaven! It is better surely to die at once, and go to the Lord, than to live at the mercy, and to perish at the will, of such foes!" Fired by these exhortations, says the old chronicler, nothing doubting that this speech was actually delivered, the Welsh chieftains redoubled their attacks upon the English, night and day destroying the castles and slaying the garrisons, until the March was converted into a sheer desert,—the very sanctuaries not protecting those who fled to them. Of more worth than this rhetorical fragment, is another record in St. David's Annals, which tells how, in these days, the men of Arwystli, headed by the noble Gwyn ab Madog, assaulted the towns near Castle Baldwyn by night, and burnt them; and the next day, as, loaded with spoil, they had come near Gurnegov in their retreat, they were overtaken and attacked by the garrison of the castle; whom, after a desperate fight, they defeated with the loss of a hundred and thirty of their bravest men. And herewith the Kymric annals of this eventful year cease, unless we have copies of some, else unknown, in Matthew Paris; for to him and his fellows, and to Rymer, we must resort for the remainder of the story.*

The king was at length roused to action; before the 18th of July, he sent letters summoning all who held lands of him by military tenure, to assemble themselves at

* It would be impossible, and useless, to attempt to show what Lhuyd has made of the story of this year, and indeed of the whole war; but we may insert one or two of his statements, which we have not met with in any of our credible authorities; and therewith leave them. In 1257, A. D., he states that Llywelyn won Cemaes, and reconciling Rhys Gryg and Rhys Vychan (his brother's son) he won Trevedraeth, or Newport, and all Rhos except Haverford. Returning towards Glamorgan, he razed the castle Llangymwch; and meeting Edward as he returned to North Wales, repulsed him. When the lord of Bromfield yielded himself, Lhuyd would have us think that Llywelyn banished him, and appropriated his lands. And he ascribes to him the capture of several castles belonging to Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester.

Chester on the feast of St. Peter ad Vincula, the 1st of August, fully armed and prepared for a campaign against the Welsh. And on the 18th and 19th of July, he notified his intention of effecting a double invasion of the province, and fixed the place of meeting for the forces destined against South Wales, at Bristol, upon the octaves of the before-named feast.* The tidings that Diganwy was beset increased the diligence and the extent of the preparations; Scotland and Ireland were required to send contingents; and a fleet was furnished by the Cinque Ports to co-operate with the land forces. It appeared as if the threat of extermination, once more repeated, would now be fulfilled; and that the unhappy Welsh would be "hurled into the abyss of despair," from which they had so recently and so miraculously arisen. On the appointed day both the king and his vassals were at Chester; and as a brief and a successful expedition was expected by all, the soldiers began by spoiling the corn and the fruit of the whole country round, belonging to both English and Welsh; in consequence of which they speedily felt the want they had hoped to inflict upon their opponents. Llywelyn, learning that Henry purposed to penetrate into the very heart of the country, collected in the recesses of the mountains the wives and children of his followers, with their herds and moveable property; and ordered the meadows to be ploughed up, the mills and bridges to be destroyed, the fords to be rendered impassable, and all provisions which could not be removed to be spoiled. Then taking counsel with his chiefs, he sent solemn embassies to the king, asking peace, with the condition of the restoration of the ancient laws and usages of the country, and of their being tenants *in capite* of the king, and not subjected to the mercy of such as Edward, nor bought and sold like cattle. Henry, however, would not even hear their requests, but persisted in his threats; and clad in elegant armour, with his royal banner floating on the breeze, he daily rode amongst his soldiers, encouraging them to the fight, bidding them spare none of that "refuse of human kind." Lhuyd (who has made two expeditions out of this one) says, that he advanced as far as Diganwy, and was compelled to retreat with loss. Thomas Wikes states that the siege of that castle was raised, and the garrison strengthened, but seems to ascribe it to the fleet. In Rymer we find Henry at Diserth, on the 11th of September, writing to the king of Spain, and telling him that he hoped to be at liberty from his warlike cares before the middle of October. And nothing further is ascribed to this great armament. On the plea of assisting at the feast of the translation of St. Edward, on the 13th of October; and pressed by his attendants, who had no relish for the fatigues of these fruitless wars, and who represented to him that autumn was declining, and winter drawing near, the days growing short, and the army suffering from cold and want; he retired; whilst Llywelyn and his adherents—who had "fought, with unshaken constancy, for their paternal laws and liberties, like the

* From the Chronicle of Dunstable we learn, that the Earl of Gloucester was made commander of the division intended to attack South Wales; and that his inaction was regarded as one cause of the failure of the expedition, and was attributed to treachery. Matthew Paris, in his duplicate story of this invasion, represents the feast of St. Mary Magdalene, July 22nd, as the day appointed for the rendezvous. And in Rymer, the day for the assembly at Bristol is said to be "the octaves of the beforesaid feast of St. Paul;" which must be an error, as no feast of St. Paul had been named before, nor does any one occur for six months after the date of the letter.

Trojans, from whom they were descended," says our diligent and uncritical compiler, —hung upon his skirts, and cut off every straggler. And thus Henry, inglorious, having spent much treasure, amidst the derision of the enemies against whom he had uttered such boastful threats, returned in safety to his own again. Matthew of Westminster has added, that although he effected nothing, a scutage followed; the fruits of which we shall see in the following year. Edward was so disheartened at the results of this costly attempt, that he proposed to relinquish Wales for ever to the Welsh, as unconquerable. Matthew Paris also says, that England suffered as much as Wales from the suspension of commercial dealings between the countries; for there was a considerable supply of horses, oxen, sheep, &c., from the pastures of the Principality, the want of which was severely felt. One more foray in this year is recorded; that made by the Welsh into the lands of James de Audithel, or Audeley (as Lhuyd names him); a German noble, who, enraged at a raid made in his absence, had brought over some German horse-soldiers, and with them had taken revenge for his losses. But when the Welsh perceived the peculiarity of these mercenaries' mode of fighting, they, in their turn, took revenge, drawing them into an ambuscade by a feigned flight, and slaying them almost to the last man.

It would seem that some kind of armistice had been made between Henry and Llywelyn; but we know nothing of its terms, and its existence is asserted by Matthew Paris alone. Some confirmation, perhaps, appears in the first record of the year 1258, A. D., on which we now enter. In January, as we learn from Rymer, the Earl of Gloucester had the charge of Llywelyn's sister Margaret, and he was instructed by the king to use his utmost care to prevent the marriage of the lady to some person, to whom the king had objections; which was contemplated by her brother. The next, however, is not at all consistent with it. It is a league between the lords of Scotland and those of Wales, by which they bound themselves to *make no truce* with the king of England, except by mutual consent; the Scots, moreover, covenanting not to aid the king in his wars against Wales; and both parties agreeing to admit freely amongst them the travelling traders of the others. It bears date the 18th of March, and is a curious document in many aspects. This confederation appears to be alluded to in one of the passages in Matthew Paris, to which we have referred. It occurs after the mention of Easter, which in 1258, A. D., was on the 24th of March; but this is not to be relied upon, as an indication of the date of the transaction. It speaks of the expiration of the truce between England and Wales; and the grievous straits to which those who were faithful to the king were reduced,—they could get neither corn, nor salt, nor many other necessaries; and then proceeds to state that the Welsh, knowing the difficulties of the king, how the king of Scotland and the bishop of Durham required his attention, overran the border-lands, renewing their wasteful ravages; and that therefore Henry summoned his military vassals to make one combined attack and destroy Wales; whereat they grieved, because it was for them a mere command to undergo loss and fatigue. In a previous paragraph he had spoken of the renewal of the border warfare, because peace was despaired of. The Welsh were not in every instance, now, the aggressors,

as we learn from the *Annales*; which relate, that on the Monday next before the octaves of Easter, which we should have named Easter Monday, the 25th of March, armed men from Penbroch and Rhos made an incursion into Cemaes, slew two chiefs, and carried off great booty; and that the men of Cemaes and Pennant with loud shouts pursued and surrounded the spoilers, and fought so manfully that the English at last fled, leaving their prey and their horses, and very many dead, amongst whom were Henry Wygan, constable of Arberth, and some others of note, and several captives. No long time after this victory, proceeds the annalist, Meredydd ab Rhys Gryg did homage and swore fealty to the English king.* And the Welsh were not a little incensed thereat; and Llywelyn and all the South Wallians, with a great army, came to Ystrad Tywy, where the renegade's estate was, and subjugated it, with all its castles; and then encamped against Kidweli, which they entirely burnt, except the castle. Thereupon Meredydd, with Patrick, lord of Kidweli, attacked them, and a sharp conflict ensued, in the course of which Meredydd was wounded, and after great loss, the English with Meredydd fled to Caermarthen. Davydd ab Hywel, of Arwystli, fell in this fight, and was buried with all honour at Ystrad Flur.†

We have now reached the outbreak of the contest between the king and his barons; in which the Welsh were concerned, in various ways, from the very commencement. We shall, as in all similar instances, narrate only so much as may be required to make our story of affairs in Wales perspicuous; leaving to the historians of England the task of unfolding the long and perplexed series of events, from which such momentous consequences for the entire island have remotely followed. We are left entirely to Rymer and Matthew Paris; for Lhuyd has nothing but a confused version of the latter; and the *Annales* only tell us that this strife now began, and that poisonings were numerous in England.

"After Wednesday, which is called Hockday," a parliament was held at London; and the king in his speech told his lords, how greatly he was pained about the Welsh, who boasted that they had frequently repulsed him, and had not been worsted when opposed to the whole chivalry of England. He had also heard, he said,—and this increased his grief,—that on the expiration of the truce, about St. Alphege's day, the 19th of April, the Welsh had invaded Pembroke, and had devastated it with the greatest barbarity. Bishop William, in reply to the royal speech, uttered some complaints respecting the Welsh raids; to which the king sharply rejoined, "Dear brother, open your well-stored treasury, and avenge our injuries." The bishop, however, turned aside the attempt on the coffers of the church, and attributed the success of the rebels to English treachery, naming the Earls of Leicester and Gloucester as the traitors. The stout Earl of Leicester was not the man to submit to

* Lhuyd speaks of an oath taken by the Welsh chieftains, to defend the liberty they had reconquered, under pain of the anathema of the church, apparently to aggravate Meredydd's guilt.

† Matthew Paris speaks of the losses of the English in South Wales, and states that the victors by these conquests obtained a supply of salt and other necessaries; forgetting that it was not of them that he had before said, they were in need of them. Lhuyd says that Pembroke was ravaged, and entirely subjugated now.

such a charge; he not only denied it emphatically, but would have made a personal attack upon the accuser, had not the king interposed, and contrived, for a time, to compose the Earl's wrath. During the next few days, there was much consultation between Henry and his nobles, respecting the surest way of putting an end to the "intolerable insolence" of the Welsh; and as the sword appeared to be the only means that could be employed, all the holders of knights' fees in the kingdom were commanded to assemble at Chester on the Monday before the nativity of John the Baptist, the 17th of June. On this, as we have already seen, arose endless murmurs and complaints, that the king should so often, without either honour or profit, weary out and pauperize his nobles. It was remarked, moreover, that harvest was approaching; and that the repetition of the scutage at such brief intervals scarcely gave them time to breathe; the prodigality of the king's gifts to his foreign favourites was also severely commented upon. In this temper of the barons, it was deemed prudent to attempt negotiation: accordingly, on the 2nd of June, Llywelyn received a safe-conduct for messengers to a parliament at Oxford, which was to be held a month after Pentecost, on the 12th of June; committing them to the protection and guidance of Peter de Montford: and their safety was guaranteed to the 8th of July. This was the famous "Mad Parliament" at Oxford; to which, by the advice of the Earl of Gloucester, all the nobles went in full armour, under pretence of being ready for the campaign in Wales. It is said, that a few days after it commenced, on the feast of St. Barnabas, June the 11th, the Welsh messengers laid before Henry "a form of peace," and offered to purge themselves judicially from all crimes, both slaughter and robberies, which were imputed to them; and Lhuyd adds that "Edward would not hear of it."* In Rymer we find a copy of the treaty by which, six days after the parliament opened, a truce for a year was established; Aman, abbot of Aberconway, and Madog his son, being ambassadors from Llywelyn, with full powers. And these were the terms of the truce:—it was to last from the Wednesday next after the feast of the nativity of John the Baptist, or June the 26th, in the year 1258, A. D., to that of St. Peter's ad Vincula, the 1st of August, 1259, A. D.;—each party was to hold what he had, and neither to enter the other's possessions, on any pretext, without licence;—fords, passes, &c., were not to be

* Later in this year, and at the very conclusion of his *Historia*, Matthew Paris has inserted a tale which we can only regard as a version of the Oxford Truce; for it does not fit the circumstances of either party, as they were after this time, and the misplacing of it, and the repetition it involves, are not (as we have already remarked) objections of any weight; one event narrated in the present chapter being *thrice* recorded by this chronicler, and once in the wrong year! The Welsh, he says, although so triumphant, prudently considering the possibility of future reverses, consulted together, and thus they said: "We have heard it rumoured that the kingdom of England is now not a little perturbed; but as soon as peace is restored, we shall not be able to resist the combined attack which the English nobles will make upon us. Especially since Llywelyn's elder brother is shut up in prison, for which he doubtless purposes to take revenge; and the other brothers joining the fray, we shall be divided and made desolate. Then, if the English descend upon us, we shall be blotted from the face of the earth, and dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel." They therefore agreed to offer to the king 4000 marks, to Prince Edward 300, and to the queen 200, that a firm peace might be established. But Henry, following perverse counsel, replied indignantly, "What is this? One praiseworthy man exceeds all they have offered for peace!" And so it ended; and the Welsh continued to defend themselves as before from hostile assaults. Lhuyd ascribes this proposal to Llywelyn himself, and makes Henry reject the bribe with the ignoble exclamation, "What is this to our losses?" Another story, not much unlike this, will be told in the next historical chapter.

obstructed ;—Henry was permitted to victual the castles of Diserth and Diganwy by sea, if possible ; but if not, by land, under Llywelyn's safe-conduct ; and if any one in the garrisons should be disabled by sickness, the king might substitute an able-bodied man for him ;—lastly, violations of this truce were to be amended at once. Thus, instead of war, this 17th of June brought a temporary peace to the Welsh borders, and afforded to the patriot army the much-needed opportunity of rest after their fierce warfare ; and to the land an interval in which it could recover from the pitiless ravages it had suffered ; whilst Henry was so busied with domestic broils, that no interruption from him could be apprehended.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRETENDED PROPHECIES ASCRIBED TO MYRDDIN, TALIESIN, AND OTHERS.—THE EXPECTED RESTORATION OF THE DOMINION OF THE KYMBRY.

WE have frequently spoken of these predictions and hopes, which, from the eleventh century onwards, played so prominent a part in the history of Wales. And we have, in a former chapter, fully treated of that aspect of them, which is presented by the romantic fame of King Arthur. We resume the consideration of them now, that the real spring and inspiration of the courage and strength displayed by the Welsh in their fruitless struggle against the Normans may be perceived. In the course of our remarks, we must touch upon what has been already discussed in the chapter we have referred to ; but we have a different subject before us now, and shall not have occasion to repeat what we then said. Or more correctly, we have now to contemplate another phase of that wonderful literary phenomenon ;—one, which will show us, in part, the foundations of the world-wide renown accorded to a petty British prince, after an interval of six hundred years, during which his name was unknown beyond the lands occupied by the kindred of his race ; and which exceeds in marvel the tale of Arthur's glory, in this respect, that it is not the exaltation of an inconsiderable national hero, into the ideal monarch of a system of society, which, with few and trifling modifications, prevailed throughout Christendom ; but the enthusiastic adoption, by peoples of diverse origin, in circumstances justifying unbounded hope, and in spite of ecclesiastical impediments, of the religious trust reposed by a rude and oppressed folk, in a collection of prophecies, unintelligible in all but this, that they embodied, for those amongst whom they sprang, the creed of their despair. Prodigious and incredible though it seem, the mysterious verses which were imposed upon the credulous Cambrians, as the record of the more

than human foresight of their wisest men, handed down from the ages when their ancestors were dispossessed of the kingdom of Lloegria, translated into doggrel Latin by Geoffrey of Monmouth, first won the unhesitating confidence of the English, against whom they were directed; then, either by means of the same version, or rendered into French from copies in Armorican Britain, took possession of France; and from it, on both sides, made converts of Germany and Spain, awakening trust even in rugged Scandinavian bosoms. Nor was this sway feeble, or transitory; every event as it occurred was found foreshadowed in "the prophecy of Merlin;" commentaries were written by men of greatest note; age after age it commanded the assent of all; garbled, interpolated, proved to be deceitful, it was not renounced, till the acquisition of the English throne by the grandson of Owen Tudor, followed as it was by the stir occasioned by the waking up of the mind of Europe at the end of the fifteenth century, both here and in the other countries in which it had been received, brought its "tyranny" to an end. Yet there have not been wanting those in Wales who, amidst all the intelligence in these later times, would watch for the return of Arthur, and expect the restoration of the dominion of the isle of Britain to its first and only rightful possessors;—for there was always this vast difference between the kind of regard paid to these predictions by the people with whom they originated, and that which they received from other nations,—in these it was a faith, but in the former a fanaticism.

It is impossible to discover the origin of the spurious prophetic poems of which we speak. That the wildest hopes of recovering the entire island from the Saxons were entertained before the time when those which we possess were compiled, we have plain proof in the *Historia Britonum*, called after Nennius. For example, it is there said, that the boy Ambrosius, (whom later writers called Myrddin Emrys,) after the conflict of the two dragons in the pool in Eryri, told Gwortigern, that the one represented the Britons and the other the Saxons, and that, as it happened in the fight between them, so would it happen in the contest between the peoples they represented;—the Britons, though for a time defeated and down-trodden, would, in the end, drive the invaders for ever from the country. But in the deep gloom which rests over the period between the age of Taliesin and his peers in song, and the "revival of letters" amongst the Welsh, in the eleventh century, we can discern no other vestige of this expectation. Fragments of the poems must belong to those times, but they cannot be separated from the later editions. Criticism is baffled at every turn, by the absence of all absolutely discriminating signs of the dates of the different parts, and can only pronounce the most vague judgment upon them. For not only are there additions and interpolations, the original stanzas have been altered, to make them applicable to the affairs of days subsequent to their first appearance. And to the clerical errors of copyists have been added the wilful changes of those who proved the fulfilment of the vaticinations, by making them agree with the events—thus. Instead, therefore, of endeavouring to effect this,—which, if effected, would add nothing to our knowledge of the Kymry and their patriotic dreams, nor contribute to the solution of the problem presented by the propagation of their faith amongst the surrounding nations,—we shall

simply trace the growth of the actual predictions, and show by brief references to the history, the external causes which may have aided it; leaving to the historians of other countries, the development of the causes, and the proofs of the influence exerted upon them by this fictitious apocalypse of Wales.

In Nennius, as we have seen, we discover the existence of an assurance, that the conquest of Britain effected by the Saxons was not final, and that the vanquished people would at some future time regain their lost supremacy, and drive the victors from their ancestral lands. We can readily receive this as the earliest form of the phenomenon we are studying. We also see that this assurance had already assumed the form of a distinct prediction; and further, that it was even then ascribed to one of that constellation of geniuses, who had appeared at the period of their national downfall; whom, in the long and dreary want of "chiefs of song," the Welsh had come to regard as the possessors of knowledge and skill forbidden to mortals. How these advances had been made, we cannot divine; but we may conjecture the course of those which followed. The Kymry of Bretagne had carried with them, and had cherished in their continental home, all the antipathy of their race to the Saxons. Although some manifestations of amity had been made in the days of Athelstane, and notwithstanding the loss of all active sympathy with their Cambrian kindred, this hatred remained; and with it the confidence that the Teutons would be expelled from the island, which was still their "father-land," and would then (they believed) be restored to the Celts. Amongst the chiefs who accompanied the Norman duke to punish Harold's perjury, was Alain Fergaunt, followed by his Breton knights. And when they celebrated the victory at Hastings, what could be more natural, than that their minstrels should speak of the overthrow effected by the aid of those whose progenitors had been driven from their ancient seats by the "men of Germany," as the recovery of the kingdom by Cadwaladr; * who, to them, as well as to the Welsh, was the last "king" of the Britons? And if they did, their words would soon be converted into an announcement, that Cadwaladr *was about to reclaim* his lost dominion;—for after the examples we have met with in our history, such a conversion of a fancy into a fact cannot startle us;—and a new stage in the growth of the Kymric hope would be reached. Nothing could prepare the minds of those, whom the campaigns of "the last of the Saxons" had so terribly weakened, for the indulgence of an expectation, as extravagant as that expressed by the words, "Cadwaladr shall return," like the sight of the very power under which they had groaned, smitten thus, in the person of him who had crushed them irretrievably. And when, after a brief interval of dubious hope that they might, perchance, be permitted to make common cause with the victors, they discovered that they were marked as next to be subdued; with intensity of feeling unknown before, they would repeat the symbols of their new faith, and exult in the hope that when "the best of Cambria's sons" should come, and his "gentle rule" be set up again, for

* All the Cambrian bards after Meilyr rejoice in comparing their heroes with those of legendary celebrity; and not unfrequently address them under the names of those renowned chiefs. Such a personification as we have supposed is but a trifling advance beyond this.

“Three months, and three years,
And centuries three complete,”

he should reign; and when he departed, an end would soon be put to all temporal things, and the earth itself should perish.

Under this form does this wondrous delusion appear in the *Kyvoesi Myrddin a Gwenddydd*, to which in an earlier part of our work reference has been made. It was ascribed to the age of Hywel Dda, by Edward Lhuyd, because the list of princes ceased to be accordant with history, after him; and by Vaughan of Hengwrt to the reign of our Henry II., because Owain Gwynedd seemed to be plainly alluded to in some of the stanzas. Mr. Stephens considers it to have been written to further the interests of Rhys ab Tewdwr, the last actual prince of Deheubarth; whom he regards as the Cadwaladr promised by the seer. In the absence of all positive proof, we have propounded a theory, which does not make it the fruit of political intrigue; and which, admitting all the corruption of the text, indicates the accordance of this simplest form of the anticipation of Cadwaladr's return with the events of profoundest interest to Wales. The following verses will serve as a specimen of the inquiries of Gwenddydd, and the replies of his twin-brother Myrddin, of which the poem is made up, and will show the prediction we have spoken of.

GWENDDYDD.

“Leave me not yet, my brother dear,
Before thou speakest of the conference;
In what part will Cadwaladr alight?”

MYRDDIN.

“When Cadwaladr shall alight
In the vale of Towy,
The fords will all be thronged,
And the striped Britons will he scatter wide.”

In one stanza of the *Hoianau*, this point in the progress of this fiction is represented.

“When Mona to reduce Cadwaladr comes,
From Britain dear the Saxons shall be swept.”

But the concluding chapters of Geoffrey's History contain the most fully developed form of this phase. Therein, as we have related, Cadwaladr is said to have seen a vision of an angel, when at the court of Alain of Bretagne he was contemplating the recovery of Britain; and to have been assured that by his merits, in due time, the sovereignty of the island should be regained; but not until his bones were taken back from Rome, whither he was directed to go. Alain is also said to have counselled him to obey the heavenly monition, after having consulted the poems of the Sibyl, the prophecies of Merlin, and those of the Eagle at Shaftesbury.* The materials from which

* Or at Winchester, as some said. But what were these prophecies, which even Geoffrey, whose receptivity is neither feeble nor small, rejected? Mr. Price has given us a promise of prosperity under the rule of a bear,

this story was composed were, manifestly, this popular hope of his restoration ; his being called "the Blessed," because he afforded protection to the Christians of Northern Britain, who fled before the heathen Saxons ; and the confusion of him with Ceadwalla, the Saxon king of Wessex. We know not how they took the form they wear in Geoffrey's immortal page, but that is of little moment or interest to us.

Our readers will perceive that we are only arranging facts, so as not to contradict the ascertainable dates, by means of the slenderest hypothesis which will serve as a leading thought ; and which is, actually, history applied to the subject before us hypothetically. And that we have distinguished between the several "phases" of this faith solely for the sake of making our account more clear ; all of them being really developed simultaneously. It would appear that the Breton minstrels associated in the glory of their victory the name of Conant, their king, who died but a month before the Norman invasion. Perhaps his recent death seemed to make the ascription of a share of the praise to him more appropriate. It was certainly in accordance with the spirit of British poetry, to represent him as the ally and companion of Cadwaladr in the conquest of the land, which had now been wrested from the enemies of their people. Or, more probably, the aid given by the Bretons was pictured by their making Cynan, whom Maxen Wledig had set up (so said the national traditions) as first ruler of Bretagne, assist Cadwaladr to regain his right. Whichever the Armorican poets intended to personify their country by, there is no doubt that the Welsh understood it to be Cynan Meiriadawg, the founder of the duchy on the shore of the mainland, who, with their own last king, should victoriously assail the dragon of Germany, and compel him to his own foul haunts again. Thus sang one of the composers of the Hoianau, which (in its present shape) is evidently the work of many hands, separated by considerable intervals of time, though all attributed to Myrddin.* Its title, we must inform our readers, signifies "listenings," or "commands to listen," because every stanza commences with the words, "Listen, little pig !" And it is addressed to that most unpoetical animal, from a livelier appreciation, perhaps, of such "humour of character," as the youthful Diogenes Teufelsdröckh discovered in it ; for most certainly, the Kymry in their oak-forests had better opportunities of knowing what was in swine, than we who see them under less favourable circumstances. Many of the literary antiquities of the Principality, as we have had occasion to remark, display a similar feeling respecting them. Celtic Davies looked upon the pig as the symbol of Druidism ; and Mr. Stephens considers it a type of the Welsh people !

"Listen, little pig! listen to me now ;
When Gwynedd's sons their work shall lay aside,
Then will the fight be fierce,—the horns will sound,—
Armour by missiles sharp will be pierced through;—

as one of them. Is it not most likely that they were continental in their references and scope, and on that account, although British by the place of their alleged delivery, uninteresting to those for whom Geoffrey wrote ?

* This poem, like the *Atallenau*, and others we refer to in this chapter, treats of much beside the expectation of restored rule ; and is not entirely prophetic in its character.

When come the North-men over the broad lake,
 Army will be opposed to army then,
 Britain to gentle squires will subject be,
 The faults of London will be then atoned.
 Two rightful princes, I will now foretell,
 From heaven will bring tranquillity to earth,
 Cynan and Cambria's son, Cadwaladr ;
 Whole worlds will watch their counsels ; they the land
 Will well reform, checking the flow of blood,
 Armies abolishing, and theft ; thenceforth
 From every evil we shall be set free ;
 All shall be liberal, and none shall want."

In another stanza, Cynan is spoken of alone:—

"A dragon bright, causing prosperity,
 Shall then appear ; stout Cynan, from the banks
 Of Teivi, shall confusion raise in Dyved,
 And most doleful music make within it."

The *Avallenau*,* which was also attributed to Myrddin, in the same strain, but adding another feature to the prediction, has this verse :

"Sweet apple-tree ! of richest fruit ; that grow'st
 In solitary woods of Celyddon,
 All seek thee for thy fruit, but seek in vain,
 Till Cadwaladr to Rhyd Rheon come
 For conference, and Cynan shall advance
 Against the Saxons ; then shall victory
 The Britons crown, led by their graceful chief ;
 Who shall restore to every one his own ;
 And by the horn of gladness is proclaim'd
 The song of peace and days of happiness."

A poem ascribed to Meugant, (a man of song who lived a little later than Myrddin,) but of the same character with those we have noticed, seems to make Cadwaladr the hero of South, and Cynan of North Wales ; in which we perceive the ebbing away of the spirit of the prophecy ; for enthusiasm is kindled by grand and vague visions, not by such clear and definite announcements. A similar observation would be made upon the *Arymes Prydain Vawr*, "the Oracle concerning Great Britain," but that its more poetic vein withdraws attention from the details in which the writer has indulged ; as the following passage will show.

"Cadwaladr and Cynan, men of might
 In battle ; be they bless'd ! till day of doom
 Famous ; steadfast kings, profound in council ;
 Two, who the Saxons will through God defeat ;

* *Avallenau* signifies "apple-trees ;" and the first line of the quotation will sufficiently explain this title.

Fearless and ready men ; men of one faith,
 One end ; of Britain's comely armies, shields ;
 Two bears whose ceaseless growling will not grieve.
 Druids foretell the greatness that shall be.
 Theirs shall be all the land from Brittany
 To Man, from South Wales unto Thanet Iale.
 From heaven unto earth, their word shall rule.
 Partly by purchase shall the land be won.
 Cynan shall spoil the Saxons till they 're not.
 Back to their homes the Gwyddel shall return.
 A strong support of Kymru shall arise.
 Unto the faithful kingdom of our God,
 Fleets from all countries shall invited be ;
 Trouble shall end ; in peace shall all men live,
 Through Cynan, who will call as combatants
 None but the Kechmyn of Cadwaladr ;
 His merchants also——."

This "oracle" was thought to be the production of Taliesin, and afterwards of Golyddau ; he whose "fatal stroke" was said by some to have inflicted death upon Cadwaladr. But it is now properly classed with the spurious poems ; as it contains much history in the disguise of prophecy ; and agrees in tenor with other works known to be unauthentic. We may observe, however, that these anticipations were not expressed by the fictitious predictions alone. The bards of the times in which they prevailed, embodied them in their verses ; leaving us thus a witness of the hold they had taken upon the general mind. One example will suffice. Gwalchmai, whose name has been mentioned amongst those of the literary men of the twelfth century, declares that like to Madog ab Meredydd none will be,—

"Until the kindly courteous Cynan come,
 And great Cadwaladr, pillar of the host."

We now come to the most famous of all the writings, by which these dreams of the Welsh have been preserved,—those of our brave fabler, Geoffrey of Monmouth. But first we may insert four lines from the "Life of Merlin," which used to be attributed to him, and now is regarded not as his work, but as that of an imitator, most probably of a later age.

"—— Their magnificent kingdom
 Through many ages by weakness shall be lost to the Britons ;
 Till in his car shall Cynan come from Britain the lesser,
 And with him Cadwaladr, honoured Cambrian leader."

The seventh book of that "golden legend," which Geoffrey has called the "History of the Britons," is the celebrated *Prophetia Merlini*. It is professedly a translation, but the original is wholly unknown, and none of the existing prophetic poems, circulated in the name of Myrddin, bear the least resemblance to it. Being in Latin prose, it would not be very easy to trace its resemblance to any metrical original, in a Kymric dialect ; especially as we cannot but conclude, that it, like the rest of Geoffrey's work,

owes not a little to his skill alone. The book, as we should expect, is full of historical allusions. Thus, after a manifest reference to Arthur, it is said, "Six of his posterity shall sway the sceptre, but after them shall arise a German worm." "Menevia shall put on the pall of the city of Legions." "The German dragon shall hardly get to his holes, because the revenge of his treason shall overtake him." "The seed of the white dragon shall be swept out of our gardens, and the remainder of his generation shall be decimated. They shall bear the yoke of slavery, and wound their mother with spades and ploughs."* "The sixth shall overturn the walls of Ireland." These allusions to Edwin of Northumbria; the establishment of the see of St. David's; the defeat of Harold, and the subjugation of England by the Normans; and the conquest of Ireland by Henry II., who is called the sixth, instead of the fifth,† Matilda, the empress, being reckoned one of the rulers after the conquest, are very plain. How delightfully vague and figurative the book is, these sentences will show. By them we may understand what scope there was for the ingenuity and wilfulness of interpreters, in forcing passages to apply to events as they occurred; and also, that the same passage might be made to refer to more than one person, or event, totally distinct from each other. A few examples ‡ will illustrate these remarks, and at the same time show that the scope of the "Prophecy" was soon extended beyond the affairs of the Britons; and that the interest taken in it was not confined to those, for the benefit of whose race it was alleged to have been delivered. "There shall be put into her jaws a bridle that shall be made on the coast of Armorica." This was first quoted triumphantly against Henry II., when the Breton auxiliaries of his sons, during their rebellion, reduced him to great straits; and when William, king of Scotland, was captured and imprisoned in Richmond castle, which Alain Fergaunt had built, it was again appealed to. Of some one it was written by the seer, "he shall be placed amongst the saints." This "vain prophecy," says Thomas Wikes, was accomplished by the burial of King John, in Worcester cathedral, between the tombs of St. Wulstan and St. Oswald! In 1241, A. D., according to the Melrose Chronicle, the Welsh were compelled to come to London to carry on their law-suits; for so said Merlin, "The red dragon shall pine away at the end of the pond." When Richard, on his accession, released his mother Eleanor, Roger of Wendover declared, that he fulfilled what the great enchanter had said,—

* This affected classicality will show how *free* the monkish scholar was in his translation.

† In the *Hoianau* we find this prediction after the event:—

"Hear, little pig! there was great need to pray,
For fear of chieftains five from Normandy;
And of the *fiſth* sailing across the sea,
To conquer Ireland with its pleasant towns,
There to create confusion ———."

Mr. Stephens has supposed these five chieftains to be the Norman adventurers from Pembroke; Richard Strongbow being the successful *fiſth*. This can be nothing more than an oversight, as the reference is so palpably to Henry II.

‡ It must not be forgotten, that as these examples are, almost all, taken from chronicles of various dates, some of them may be only the discovery of the historical allusion of the so-called prophet. This will not, however, lessen the value of them, as illustrations of our remarks upon the nature of the book.

“The eagle of the broken covenant shall rejoice in her third nest.” From Matthew Paris we learn, that the Londoners, when afflicted by the exactions of Henry III., in 1246, A. D., agreed that Merlin was a true prophet, for he had said, “from him [who was placed amongst the saints] shall proceed a lynx penetrating all things,” or prying more closely than was agreeable into their purses. But this lynx-prediction was applied to others beside Henry. Towards the end of the book, the measure grows more and more wild; and the whole concludes with these transcendently sublime utterances. “The tail of Scorpio shall produce lightning, and Cancer quarrel with the sun. Virgo shall mount upon the back of Sagittarius, and darken her virgin flowers. The chariot of the Moon shall disorder the zodiac, and the Pleiades break forth into weeping. No officer of Janus shall hereafter return, but his gate being shut shall lie hid in the chinks of Ariadne. The seas shall rise up in the twinkling of an eye, and the dust of the ancients shall be restored. The winds shall fight together with a dreadful blast, and their sound shall reach to the stars.”*

It was upon this stuff that “the universal doctor,” Alanus ab Insulis, wrote an elaborate commentary; † and grave historians quoted it with the formula, borrowed from Holy Writ, “that the prophecy of Merlin might be fulfilled.” It was translated into French, Spanish, German, and Swedish; and perhaps into other tongues. Imitations of it, better adapted in their allusions to the circumstances of other countries, were made; or by additions and interpolations, and free interpretation, it was itself fitted to them. During the wars of the Roses in England, it exerted not a little influence on people’s minds. It sank a little on the accession of Henry VII.; yet not so greatly, but that in 1548, A. D., the chronicler Halle could address to the people with whom these vaticinations originated, and amongst whom they found most favour, this remarkable objurgation: “O ye wavering Welshmen! call you these prophecies? Nay, call them unprofitable practices. Name you them divinations? Nay, name them diabolical devices. Say you they be prognostications? Nay, they be pestiferous publishings. For by declaring and credit-giving to their subtle and obscure meanings, princes have been deceived, many a noble man hath suffered, and many an honest man hath been beguiled and destroyed!” One instance will fully exemplify the earnestness of the trust placed in these soothsayings. In 1402, A. D., when the Earl of March had been provoked, by the king’s indifference, to make common cause with Owain Glyndwrdu, who was in rebellion, and the Percies had joined the alliance, a meeting was held at the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, and a tripartite division of the realm was agreed upon, and described in an “indenture,” one of the terms of this strange treaty being,—

* For the benefit of the believers in Raphael, Zadkiel, and their like, we quote the following passage:—“At that time shall the stones speak, and the sea towards the Gallic coast shall be contracted into a narrow space. On each bank shall one man hear another, and the soil of the island shall be enlarged. The secrets of the deep shall be revealed, and Gaul shall tremble for fear.” Who does not perceive here, a foreshadowing of the discoveries made respecting the inscriptions on the stones of Nineveh, of the *submarine telegraph* between France and England, and the recent revolution at Paris?

† This commentary was twice reprinted at the beginning of the 17th century! And an extended imitation of it may be seen in a recently reprinted translation of “The Life of Merlin;” another spurious prophecy.

“That if, through God’s providence, it should appear in course of time unto these lords, that they are the very persons of whom the prophet speaks, as those who should divide and share the realm of Great Britain between them; then they, and each of them, shall labour to the very extremity of their power, to bring it effectually to pass.” For, as Halle says, they had been unwisely made to believe, “by the deviation, not divination, of that Mawmet Merlin,” that Henry was the mole “cursed of God’s own mouth,” and they three the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, who were to enjoy the kingdom amongst them. Henry himself tried to extort a confirmation of his claims to the crown of England from the same authority; and very few indeed were there who would have said, as our Shakespeare makes Hotspur say, respecting the very case we have cited,—

“———— Sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the mold-warp and the ant
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing’d griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith.”

This example reminds us, that beside the *Kyvoesi*, the *Hoianau*, the *Avallenau*, the *Gorddodau*,* and this *Prophetia* which Geoffrey translated, there were numerous predictions current in Wales, and believed to be the utterance of Myrddin’s unearthly wisdom. We noticed one respecting the Llechlavar, or “talking stone,” in the church of St. David’s, when we told of Henry II.’s return from Ireland. Another is related in connexion with the expedition directed by that king against Rhys ab Gruffydd. As he advanced through South Wales, numbers of old Welshmen collected near Nant Pencarn, to see if he would cross the ford there; for Myrddin had said, “Whenever you shall see a mighty prince with a freckled face make a hostile irruption into the southern part of Britain, should he cross the ford of Pencarn, then know ye that the force of Cambria shall be brought low.” As the army approached the *new* ford, some minstrels and trumpeters, who had been placed there by those who hoped to force even destiny, frightened back the horses by their discordant music; upon which Henry commanded them to try the *old* ford, which they did and passed the stream. The Britons in gloomy silence, we are told, hastened home. The recent copy of the *Annales Menevenses* represent “the barons’ war,” and the Welsh alliance with Simon de Montfort, as foretold by Merlin thus: “A sacred strife of the aliens shall arise, and the counts and northern lords shall make a league with the princes of Wales, against the king.” Much better known is that one which is said to have encouraged Llywelyn ab Gruffydd in his fatal rebellion against Edward, who had recalled the old half-pennies and farthings, which were merely the halves and quarters of penny-pieces, and issued coins of those values:—

* This production has more “poetical spirit” than any of the others. And instead of foretelling the resuscitation of any of the old heroes, it promises in general terms that a Briton shall be born, who shall completely destroy the Lloegrans. This is also met with in other “prophecies.”

"Then, when the English money shall be round,
The prince of Wales in London shall be crown'd."

This had also been spoken of some years before, when a new coinage was issued, in place of the clipped and misshapen money which was in circulation.

The single reference in the *Prophetia Merlini* to the promise of Cadwaladr's return, we have quoted in an earlier chapter. It is this: "Cadwaladr shall call upon Cynan, and take Albania into alliance. Then shall there be a slaughter of foreigners; then shall the rivers run with blood. Then shall break forth the fountains of Armorica, and they shall be crowned with the diadem of Brutus. Cambria shall be filled with joy, and the oaks of Cornwall shall flourish. The island shall be called by the name of Brutus, and the name given it by foreigners shall be abolished. From Cynan shall proceed a wild-boar, that shall exercise the sharpness of his tusks within the Gallic woods. For he shall cut down all the larger oaks, and shall be a defence to the smaller." There can be no doubt that this passage gives us the version of the Kymric hope, as it was modified in Bretagne, after being carried thither from Wales. And we may charge Geoffrey with the introduction of Brutus; which element in the *Brut y Breninoedd*, as we have seen above, was introduced by the "men of letters," who reduced into the form of legend what had, till their time, been popular and poetical tradition alone. It is very remarkable that the Bretons should have thus received and made their own this fiction, (which, on Mr. Stephens's theory, as well as upon ours, originated with themselves,) after it had changed its very nature, by being made the expression of the national expectation of the Kymry in Great Britain; and in this aspect Geoffrey's version of the prediction merits particular attention. Mr. Stephens supposes that the Welsh poems were occasioned by this prophecy; but we do not perceive the necessity of this. The embodiment of the intense belief entertained by the vanquished people, that they should yet regain their supremacy, in this *realizing* of the poetical fiction, that when the soldiers of Bretagne aided in the destruction of the Saxon power, Cynan was restoring Cadwaladr to his long-lost realm, would naturally be combined with fragments, both authentic and spurious, of poems bearing the venerable names of the ancient bards; and from time to time, according to the taste of the transmitters, and to bring the influence of such dreams to bear upon the exigencies of the day, additions and changes would be made. And when carried over to continental Kymru, by the time that it was perceived that the Britons were not a whit nearer the accomplishment of their hope, now the Normans wielded the sceptre of Lloegria, than when the English bore it, it would necessarily receive a dress especially suited to its new climate; and it is this which we have, in the main, faithfully presented to us by Geoffrey. That the original of this rhapsody should be lost is not surprising, when we consider what desolations have again and again swept over Lesser Britain, since it was written. The very *Mabinogion*, which bear most distinct marks of Breton genius, have disappeared from the soil of their birth; and it is only by translations from the versions of other countries, that it has lately regained possession of them. This consideration,

—that Geoffrey's seventh book gives us the Breton form of this universal desire of the Kymry,—will explain for us another fact, to which we now turn.

We spoke of a manifest reference to Arthur: thus sings the prophet:—"At last the oppressed shall prevail, and oppose the cruelty of foreigners. For a boar of Cornwall shall give his assistance, and shall trample their necks under his feet. The islands of the ocean shall be subject to his power, and he shall possess the forests of Gaul. The house of Romulus shall dread his courage, and his end shall be doubtful. He shall be celebrated in the mouths of the people, and his exploits shall be food to those that relate them." This is little more than the Arturian legend, as Geoffrey tells it; but the mention of the "doubtful end" of the hero, and the successful opposition of the oppressors by his aid, are faint reflections of the popular faith of Cambria. The declaration of his universal fame sufficiently indicates the period of its composition. This was the Armorican testimony to this proverbially vain hope of the Welsh. For earlier than those stories of Cadwaladr and Cynan, was that of Arthur's return. It was peculiarly *British*; and seems to have been essentially *popular*.* The course of this prediction it is not easy to trace; for in the eleventh century, the dream of Cadwaladr's restoration appears most prominently; and Nennius (the only light-giver in the preceding gloom) contains no hint of such a prophecy. Yet William of Malmesbury declares, and he is a most credible authority,—“the sepulchre of Arthur is no where to be seen; whence ancient ballads fable that he is still to come.” And this was, perhaps, literally the fact. “This is that Arthur,” says he elsewhere, “about whom the *Mabinogion* [*nugæ*] of the Britons, even to this day, dote; a man of whom, plainly, not false fables should dream, but true histories tell.” William of Newburgh, almost his contemporary, confirms his statement. “Very many of the Britons are said to be so brutish, that it is averred that they still expect Arthur as if he were yet to come, and will not listen to one who speaks of him as dead.” Peter of Blois also, in one of his metrical letters, wrote, about the same time,—

“Whom if you should ere believe,
We shall see you next expect
Arthur with the British men.”

Joseph of Exeter, too, another literary character of that age, telling of the fall of Troy, in verse that has not yet outshone Homer's, compares some delusion, thus;—

“Such is the Britons' ludicrous faith and credulous error,
Arthur they yet expect, and will expect him for ever.”

Others, in the same vein, and this is perhaps the best testimony to the notoriety of the fact, said, when speaking of what was perfectly hopeless, though confidently looked for,—

“Arthur, that Briton old, shall first return:”

* We must refer our readers to the chapter upon the Arturian romances, for the discussion of the growth of Arthur's fame. He held the foremost place in the heroic legends of both Greater and Lesser Britain, but in this as the ideal of knighthood, in that as the restorer of his country.

or, of a sterile project, whence much was anticipated,—

“ In Arthur’s time its fruitage will appear.”

For a short time, it would seem, the Breton prediction obscured it amongst the poets : but, in the *Avallenau*, the two were combined.

“ Sweet apple-tree ! that mak’st a stately grove,
The wild dogs of the wood crouch at thy root.
Yet shall my song the coming-back foretell
Of Medrawd, and of Arthur ; leader he
Of hosts ; to Camlan’s fight they rush again ;
And from the two-days’ strife but seven escape.
Then let Gwenthwyvar think upon her crimes,
When Cadwaladr shall regain his throne,
And—pious hero—lead his armies forth.—
Alas, my woeful doom ! hope have I none,
For Gwenddydd’s son is slain by my accursed hand !” *

No probable date can be assigned to these spurious poems ; but we do not require such testimony to the constancy with which the heart of the Kymry was fixed on their great Arthur. The more widely his name was honoured, and the more loudly he was extolled, the more assured were they that, though they had so long looked in vain, in the end, before very long, their hope should deceive them no more,—he would return. They never fixed the manner of his coming. He might come forth from the huge cavern in Eryri, attended by his knights of deathless fame ; or it might be he himself, whom the crusader met in Sicily, or Bretagne, a solitary wanderer, waiting his time ; and it was his retinue that the king of England’s foresters had met by moonlight ; or he might, disguised beneath the mortal form of one of their chiefs, accomplish the expected delivery,† and then make himself known. In some way or other, he would surely return. We have better proof of the deep root of this belief, than the verses of those who shared and of those who ridiculed it ;—the discovery (or, as it was more properly called, the “ invention ”) of his remains at Glastonbury ; and the pompous reburial of them there, by Edward I., which we will now describe.

* These last two lines refer to the *Mabinogi* of Myrddin Wyllt, the bard of Gwenddoleu, one of the princes of North Britain ; who in the battle of Arderydd not only lost his patron, but unhappily slew his sister Gwenddydd’s son ; which so affected him that his reason left him, and he wandered in the woods ; whence his name “ the Wild.” Mr. Stephens has successfully identified him with Myrddin Emrys ; but both of them are legendary characters, and consequently the point to be proved,—or rather to be held until disproved,—is that there was one poet Myrddin of those days, whom the “ men of song ” celebrated as Myrddin Wyllt, and the “ men of letters ” as Myrddin Emrys, or Merlin Ambrosius ;—which names were afterwards considered to be those of two distinct persons.

† All these predictions, the most vague as well as the most special, were applied to those whom the Kymry expected to be their deliverers from the English yoke,—Rhys ab Tewdwr, Owain Gwynedd, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, and lastly to Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, of whom Llygad Gwr sang,

“ The bards foresaw for him the royal power ;
Each prophecy shall be fulfilled.”

And, according to Welsh writers, this was frequently done by the command of the princes, “ to spirit up their princes to brave action.”

It seems as if some one of those mischief-making gnomes, which figure so in antique story, had perseveringly devoted himself to the perplexing of the records of the affairs of greatest interest to the Kymry. We have endeavoured to preserve our readers from the bewilderment, which the perpetual jumble of names and persons, causes and effects, and (above all) of dates, has occasioned us; but with all our efforts we fear they have often said,

“Heavens defend us from that Welsh fairy!”

Arthur's body was found at Glastonbury; and it was a piece of the rude state-craft of the times;—this much is certain:—but when the discovery was made, and what suggested it, together with certain circumstances of the remains, such as the epitaph,—all this is discernible only as through a thick haze. Recent writers have added to the mystification, by affirming that Giraldus Cambrensis, to whom we owe so much, was an eye-witness of the disinterment; although he saw only a huge bone; and a leaden cross, which Leland also saw, above three hundred years later; and Camden not only saw, but made a drawing of, later still. Let us tell the tale as clearly and fully as we can; relying most upon Giraldus; and next, upon that anonymous monk of Glastonbury, quoted by Leland, who has in some things copied Giraldus, and in others an old chronicle not consistent with his story; and upon the Annals of Margan, and other such authorities; and lastly, upon more recent story-tellers, whose representations we cannot trace to any older source.

When Henry was on his way to Ireland, in 1171, A. D., he was entertained by the *reguli* or chiefs of South Wales, at Cilgarran castle; and there a bard sang before him, and told him in his song where the mortal remains of the great British hero reposed. Having learned every particular, he liberally rewarded the bard, and resolved to show those who believed the lying fables, that their hope was a delusion. Henry (or Stephen) of Blois, (or of Sully,) his nephew, was abbot of Glastonbury then, and he was charged to use all diligence to find this tomb;—but though he made many attempts, he failed, say other narrators, forgetting how minutely the king had been informed. At last, in 1189, A. D., (according to the more credible of the older authorities; but two, or even *four*, years later, according to others, who give the glory of the “invention” to Richard,) the tomb was found,—the result of the abbot's diligence; or else the abbot suddenly bethought him of a bard of Pembrokeshire, unto whom the exact site, and all the circumstances of the sepulchre, had been made known by a “revelation;” or, finally, it was by accident, one of the brothers of the convent having with great importunity, and a sum of money, gained permission to be buried on the very spot;—in one or the other way, the tomb was found. There were in the grave-yard two strange old pyramids, bearing marks of sculptured ornaments and inscriptions, but so weather-worn, that Giraldus could not trace them with any certainty. William of Malmesbury will, however, inform the curious, what names of kings and men of note were engraven so perishably upon them. Between them, buried sixteen feet deep in the ground, for fear of the Saxons, the relics lay. Wearily the men delved, and at the depth of seven

feet they came upon a broad stone, on the under side of which was fixed a leaden cross, on the side of which *next* the stone was seen,

“ Here lieth buried the renowned King Arthur in the isle of Avalon.”

Thus Giraldus read it, who had the very cross in his hand ; and so did the monk of Glastonbury, after him ; and Leland, and Camden ; and so may we in Camden’s engraving ;—and yet, no fewer than five other epitaphs have been given with unhesitating confidence, as written upon the cross, or on the *plate* of lead, into which the cross itself grew. We will not inquire how they came to think of looking on the side of the cross next to the stone for the inscription ; perhaps it, too, was by “ revelation.” Through nine feet more of earth the now believing delvers toiled, and there, in a hollowed tree, (an oak, says Giraldus, but others, (as Powell,) who knew better, say it was an alder,) were found the bones of the redoubtable king, of incredible bigness. The abbot *told* Giraldus that the space between the eyes in the skull was a palm’s breadth wide ; and that there were ten wounds visible in it, one so wide, as plainly to have been the mortal one, but all were closed up with solid bone ; and he *showed* him the leg-bone, which when placed with its end on the ground beside the abbot’s leg, reached some finger’s breadth above his knee !

Here Giraldus concludes ; but the Glastonbury Chronicle, quoted by the monk, adds Gwenhwyvar’s tomb ; and the Annals of Margan, a third sepulchre,—that of Medrawd. Others have been at the pains to show that it was not the adulterous Gwenhwyvar, whose finely plaited hair, that shone like burnished gold, until it was touched, when it fell immediately to dust, excited the admiration of those who read the story ; but the other wife of that name :—a very needless trouble. What was done with the *traitor’s* body does not appear ; but the chronicle of the abbey represents the bodies of Arthur and his queen as reburied with pious care, in marble sarcophagi, or altar-tombs, as some modern antiquary conjectures ; and on the hero’s, this new epitaph written, which, it is said, Abbot Swansey composed :

“ Here lieth Arthur, flower of kings, of the kingdom the glory ;
One whom probity, manners, commend to perennial praises.”

Here, however, the adventures of the remains of the hero of romance do not end. The popular faith in the restoration of the dominion of the Britons by his instrumentality, was not shaken by a discovery, so devoid of certainty, as this was. It even rose higher, and at the period we have reached in our general narrative, animated the Welsh to martial achievements excelling all they had ever performed. And then Edward I., in 1278, A. D., repeated, with such improvements as experience suggested, his great-grandfather’s state-trick. In the middle of April, as we learn from the monk of the abbey, accompanied by his queen Eleanor, and a goodly train of courtiers, he went to Glastonbury. In the dim twilight the marble sarcophagi containing the bones of Arthur and Gwenhwyvar, richly adorned with their arms and images, were opened ;

and both the king and his train wondered at the huge dimensions of the warrior whose name, at least, as the German poet said, "lived for ever;" and at the cleft in the skull, which showed the wound whereof he died. A writing was found in each tomb, declaring whose relics they were. On the following day, and it was Tuesday, the 19th of April, with great pomp, and amidst a vast crowd of people, the bones, wrapped in costly robes, were committed to the earth again. The stone coffins were made so as not to cover the heads, or rather skulls, which were thus presented to "the devotion of the people." A long Latin writing inside the common tomb, told how on the 13th of the kalends of May, in 1278, A. D., Edward and Eleanor, with dignified ecclesiastics, and nobles of illustrious name, had honourably re-buried the bones of Arthur. And now it might be hoped that rebellions would cease; or, at least, would not any more be raised in *his* name. Alas! for the vanity of such hopes. A hundred years later, John Fordun wrote what some monk afterwards, in his celebration of the praises of the Kymric king, turned into doggrel rhyme, as may yet be seen in "the Red Book of Bath;"—

" But for he 'scaped that battle ye wis,
Britons and Cornish sayeth this;
That he liveth yet perdie,
And shall come and be a king aye.
At Glastonbury in the choir,
They made Arthur's tomb there,
And wrote with Latin verse thus,

HIC JACET ARTURUS, REX QUONDAM, REXQUE FUTURUS."

When, in a former chapter, we spoke of the earliest literature of Wales, in connexion with the name of Taliesin we mentioned his legendary renown, and gave some illustrations of the verses attributed to him. It could scarcely be expected, that when such wonders had been related of him, as the story of his adventures contains, nothing more than "amusement for the young" should be made of his fictitious productions. It would have been all in vain, that the three drops out of the cauldron of Keridwen had fallen upon him; all in vain, that, metamorphosed by his newly found and preternatural power, he had attempted to escape her wrath; if the whole result were only "the consolation of Elphin," his contest with the bards of Maelgwn Gwynedd, "the Mead Song," and poems of this kind. Accordingly we find, that to him also was ascribed the knowledge of the future, and to his verse the "men of song" looked for disclosures of what should come to pass. And this seems to have been contemporaneous with the reverence for Myrddin, which we have seen; and with those more ancient predictions not circulated in the name of any prophet, which assured the Kymry of the restoration of their rule in Britain. Amongst the Laws of Wales, we find it stated, that a chief of song, who was a chaired bard, and had the privilege of ministering to the king sitting, was expected to know what should happen in the future from the lore of Taliesin. And another makes this privilege of those bards who had gained chairs, who knew the prophetic song of Taliesin, and who were otherwise skilled in poetical composition, to be superior when they were seated to those they enjoyed when standing. Mr. Stephens

says, that "the predictions attributed to Taliesin were, among the bards, held in higher estimation than those of Myrddin;" and that the *Avallenau*, and other poems like it, "soon fell into disrepute, and the predictions of the pseudo-Taliesin alone enjoyed the bardic favour;" appealing to the lines of Meredydd ab Rhys, who lived in the fifteenth century, addressed to "an old book of predictions;"—

"A rotten straw I would not give
For a thousand of Myrddin's words;—
In thee are words of meaning full,
The mystery of Gwion Bach:"

which appellation, as we have seen, belongs to Taliesin. Yet all this fame is passed away, and Myrddin is the only seer acknowledged by Wales.

We have alluded to prognostications not assigned to any of the wise of old; one conspicuous example of them, which strikingly illustrates the principal subject of this chapter, is the answer of the chieftain to Henry II. at Pencadair. "Think you," said the king to his Cambrian auxiliary, "that the rebels can withstand my army?" "King!" replied he, "your power may, to a certain extent, harm and enfeeble this nation, but the anger of God alone can destroy it. Nor do I think that in the day of doom, any other race than the Kymry will answer for this corner of the earth to the sovereign Judge." In the Iolo MSS. an account of "the Royal Lineage of Coetty" concludes thus: "These two lordships, [Coetty and Aberavan,] in fact, remained the last in power, like rekindling brands, to preserve from extinction, as it were, the inherent rights of the Welsh race. But those rights we eventually lost, through our sins, by continuing to offend God, until vengeance and degradation deprived us of our power, claims, and rights of supreme prerogative. And now we retain, as a people, nothing beyond a mere name and our language;* but we ought to preserve the latter free from corruptions, accustoming ourselves, through its medium, to all science, accomplishments, and beneficial institutions, so as to regain the approbation of the Almighty, and the praise of men; that by such means, the Prophecy of the Bards may be fulfilled, which declares, that 'The Cambro-Britons shall yet regain their territory, their rights, and their crown; and still be the supreme nation of the isle of Britain; and so continue while the world shall remain a world;' and let every one say—Amen! so be it." All the special predictions relating to Arthur, and Cynan, and Cadwaladr, would necessarily intensify this belief; whilst it would serve as a basis upon which the easier credence respecting the reappearance of one, or all, of those heroes, might be demanded; and the more entire trust would be placed in the sayings of Myrddin and Taliesin, as they were held to be, when they were confirmed by these concurring, though anonymous, declarations.

* The obstinacy with which the Welsh have clung to the use of the Kymraeg, and still maintain it, will require notice subsequently: here we will only observe, that the sentiment of the passage above is identical with that of the stanzas quoted at the conclusion of the chapter on the Saxon conquest, and ascribed to Llywarch Hen; which has also borne the honoured name of Taliesin, and which really belongs to the class of poems treated of in the present chapter.

It has been mentioned, in a note, that the bards applied these predictions to their patrons, and frequently at the command of the princes themselves. This interpretative skill was looked upon as second only to the preternatural foresight which had inspired the prophetic verses; the Welsh having the same feeling as that which prevailed throughout Scandinavia; where ability to read the Runes, and Runic rhymes, was regarded as an awful possession. We meet with many instances of the exercise of this power; and in Diceto, John Marshal, an Englishman, is represented as deluded, along with the Welsh, in 1163, A. D., by the words of "certain false prophets," who had declared that Henry should never enter Wales. A more familiar example is that afforded by Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, who is said to have trusted in a prophecy that he should ride crowned through Cheape, or be crowned at the Tower, or at London; which suggested the insult shown to his head by Edward. In a letter from the mayor and burgesses of Caerleon to the burgesses of Monmouth, written during the rebellion of Owain Glyndwrdu, we have a very remarkable case. They say: "Furthermore we do you to understand, that Owain, when in the town of Caermarthen, sent after Hopkyn ab Thomas of Gower to come and speak with him upon truce; and when Hopkyn came to Owain, he prayed him, inasmuch as he held him to be Master of *Brut*, [that is, able to interpret Myrddin's vaticinations, which formed part of Geoffrey's *Brut*,] he should do him to understand how, and in what manner it should befall him; and he deliberately (*wittliche*) told him, that he should be taken within a brief time; and that the taking should be between Caermarthen and Gower, and under a black banner; * * * * And we do you to understand that all these tidings are sooth, without doubt." And with this we may dismiss this subject, for the spurious poems, which do not contain promises of the renewed reign of the Kymry in Britain, will be noticed when we speak of the bards, and their theosophic system.

We saw, when we examined the legend of Madog's discovery of the Western World, how the effusions of the bards had been, by subsequent writers, treated as historical records. In this chapter, the same fact has come before us, in a more remarkable shape. And thus is suggested to us one principal source of the extraordinary preponderance of the legendary element in Welsh history. It has been forgotten, that extravagant licence is allowed to panegyrics; and on the glowing verse by which the praises of the leaders of the Kymry were celebrated, has been founded narrative as unhesitating as that of which the driest and most authentic annals are the basis. The motto of the bardic system might be—"The Truth against the World;" but implicit reliance, on that account, upon the odes of the bards, would indicate either ignorance, or neglect, of the plainest dictates of experience; and would result in a tale, the furthest possible removed from historic verity. It is not necessary to refer to the many confirmations of these remarks which have occurred in this work; we wish only to show how such monstrous misrepresentations of simple facts, as we have seen, have originated; and to justify the caution with which we have given admission to the stories of the *Bruts*. We may, however, observe, that to the firm trust placed by the Welsh generally in these predictions of the restoration of the ancient British throne, we owe such documents as the

so-called Laws, or Triads of Dyvnwal Moelmud; which, under the appearance of venerable monuments of the past, utter confident hopes respecting the future; and which, if regarded otherwise, can only mislead the inquirer, and involve him in inextricable confusions. And to this we shall recur when we speak of the bards, and of the literature of the centuries which followed the conquest of Wales.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM THE PARLIAMENT OF OXFORD TO THE BATTLE OF EYESHAM.

THE appearance of the nobles at the parliament of Oxford in full armour, was virtually a declaration of war against the king, and for the time it was sufficient for their purpose. But Henry was too weak to perceive what they were aiming at, or to appreciate the earnestness of their conduct; and he was entirely faithless. The French monarch, St. Louis, also, whose reputation for piety had led both parties to refer their dispute to him, had appeared to recognise some shadow of justice in his cause; and the pope readily absolved him from the obligation of his oaths. Very shortly, therefore, there remained only the arbitrement of the sword. Headed by the illustrious Simon de Montfort,—a name which, for his deeds amongst us, we have as much reason to bless, as the French have to execrate it, for his father's ferocious zeal in the Albigensian crusade,—the barons commenced hostilities; and though their leader fell in the strife, and victory, in appearance, declared for Henry, they actually achieved the end they sought. This result was owing, in some degree, to the character of Prince Edward, who was their real antagonist; and to the fact that they *were* defeated; as well as to the wealth and intelligence of the burgesses in the corporate towns;—and it was thus that, six centuries ago, institutions were established here, which indicate a greater advance in the political progress of the nation, than most of the other states of Europe have made at the present hour.

With the incidents of "the Barons' War" we are not now concerned, nor should we have indulged in these reflections regarding it, had it not happened that, in the seeming confusion of affairs, the last of the long line of princes of the Kymry was an ally, and that not in name only, of these combatants for the liberties of Britain; which sheds a ray of real glory upon the brief period of prosperity which he now enjoyed. We shall confine our attention to the part taken by him, and to the share which Wales and the Welsh had, in these commotions, leaving to the historians of England the complete

narrative of the war. We have employed its two most prominent events as the boundaries of this chapter, because they precisely define the season of Llywelyn's greatest triumphs; and the battle of Evesham was almost immediately followed by the final ruin of Cambrian independence; whereby we are once more reminded, that it was solely because of the feebleness and distraction of the English kingdom, that the Welsh were strong and successful.

Matthew Paris, whose laborious compilations have lent us so much aid lately, fails us at the very commencement of this period; and his continuators, the so-called Matthew of Westminster and William Rishanger, most imperfectly supply his place. The Menevian annalist, whose imitation of Cæsar's style we noticed before, does not accompany us quite to its close; and in Lhuyd we perceive more frequent references to those chronicles from which he supplied the deficiencies of the *Bruts*. We have, however, abundant materials in Rymer and the chroniclers of England; and, withal, fewer difficulties to contend with, in the form of gratuitous and inconsistent inventions, although those arising from the mistakes and the imperfect information of our authorities are as numerous as ever.

At the very time that the parliament was sitting at Oxford, and before the Welsh could have learned that peace was concluded, there happened, on the 23rd of June, 1258, A. D., such a dreadful storm, that all the low grounds, from Shrewsbury to Bristol, were completely inundated; and beside great damage done to the lands and farmsteads, to bridges and towns on the river-banks, many lives were lost. An event which could not fail to be regarded as an omen of good for the Kymry, seeing that its consequences fell heavily upon those who had unjustly deprived them of their territories, in the very lands which they had gotten by violence and wrong. With or without this encouragement, a month had not passed after the signing of the truce, when it was broken. On the 8th of July, Henry complained to Llywelyn respecting it; and on the 18th of the next month, James of Audeley and Peter de Montfort were appointed commissioners for inquiring into and adjudicating concerning the violations which had occurred, with full powers till the feast of St. Michael's. Before their term of authority expired, a most flagrant rupture happened, the guilt of which must undoubtedly rest upon the English. Lhuyd asserts that when Henry refused his assent to the proposition of the Welsh ambassadors at Oxford, to submit the offences alleged against them to legal inquiry, he sent Patrick de Canton as seneschal to Caermarthen, and joined Meredydd ab Rhys with him in some kind of commission for the repression of outrages; conferring upon him at the same time the lordship of Kidweli, if he could win it, and keep it when won. He adds that Patrick, in the discharge of his commission, simulating great justice, sent to Llywelyn requesting him to empower some on whom he could rely, to treat with himself respecting peace; meaning to seize those whom he should send and slay them. Llywelyn is stated to have sent his brother Davydd, (and Lhuyd represents him as but recently set at liberty,) with Meredydd ab Owain, and Rhys Vychan, to Emlyn; who, discovering an ambuscade, raised the country and attacked the traitor, who perished with almost all his men. The *Annales* represent the meeting as

casual; and Matthew Paris (whom we now quote for the last time) supplies a credible story of the treachery; and thus the affair seems to have happened.

Davydd ab Gruffydd, with a few followers from Gwynedd, and Meredydd ab Owain, with Rhys Vychan and a considerable army, had been encamped in Maenor for two days; (possibly, invited by Patrick, as Lhuyd asserts;) and on the third night,—on the Tuesday next before the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, or the 3rd of September,—they removed to the neighbourhood of Cilgarran. On that day, Meredydd ab Rhys Gryg, with the Lord Patrick, the royal seneschal, and all the armed men of Kidweli and Caermarthen, of Pembroke, Rhos, and Cemaes, were “assembled in their pride” at Aberteivy. A conference took place between the leaders; and whilst they were thus engaged, one of the English knights, seeing (as he thought) that their party was the stronger both in men and numbers, came to the Lord Patrick, and said, “You, Lord Patrick, are a great baron of the king’s, and are our leader and patron: the Lord has delivered the Welsh into your hands; we are more and better men than they; attack them suddenly and take them; they will be a most acceptable present to the king; victory must be ours. If you do not, I will charge you before the king with remissness in his service.” The seneschal did not require the last stimulus. It was soon after the ninth hour, and the English in order of battle advanced upon Cilgarran. Taken suddenly, many of the Welsh fell at the first onset; but the fortune of the day rested not with the assailants; Davydd led on the Kymry, for he was well mounted, and skilful on horseback, and could use his weapons well; and at length, after a severe engagement, the English were entirely routed. Amongst the slain were the Lord Patrick, Walter Malefant, Hugo de Vynes; and few either of horse or foot escaped. Meredydd ab Rhys, whose faithlessness to his country had troubled the whole of Wales, with difficulty gained a shelter in Cilgarran castle; the adviser of the treachery rode off safely, and thus the day ended.

The year 1259, A. D., was distinguished by few events; but of them, one is significant enough of the influence which Llywelyn had obtained throughout Wales. He is said by the *Annales* to have held a council in Arwystli; at which, on the Tuesday before Pentecost, the 27th of May, Meredydd ab Rhys, in recompence for the part he had played in the autumn before, was convicted by the assembled nobles, and imprisoned by Llywelyn; not being liberated till the following Christmas; when he gave up his eldest son as a hostage, and put the prince in possession of his two castles, of Dinevwr and Castel-Newydd, with their territories. The truce arranged at the parliament of Oxford remained in force till the 1st of August; but before that day arrived, a conference had been held at Montgomery Ford, and Henry had ratified at Westminster the agreement, then made, to prolong it for another twelvemonth, or till St. Peter’s ad Vincula, in 1260, A. D. Matthew Westminster had added an improbable story of an embassy of the bishop of Bangor from Llywelyn and the Welsh nobles, at Michaelmas in this 1259, A. D., to King Henry, to settle peace between the two countries. He says that the bishop was charged to offer sixteen thousand pounds of silver, if the king would conclude an equitable peace, and allow the ancient laws and customs of Cambria

to remain in use amongst the Kymry, and their causes to be heard at Chester. This proposal (the reception of which is not recorded) is quite inconsistent with the events going immediately before and after it; and it greatly resembles that offer of money to Henry and his queen, and to Edward, which we referred to the time of the Oxford parliament. It is, however, possible that this request, and the bribe or tribute accompanying it, may have been proffered, though not at the time when they are recorded in the "Flowers of History." Having no means of correcting the date, we can only state our opinion of its value as it stands in the chronicle, and pass on.

In the middle of January, 1260, A. D., Llywelyn, with a considerable force, marched to Builth, which (says the annalist) the Lord Meredydd ab Owain had yielded to him; and the scattered Kymry of the province having been collected, they cheerfully placed themselves under his protection. Thence he crossed to Dyved, and plundered and destroyed the town of Dinbu [Tenby]. And he had with him in this expedition, according to this authority, beside an innumerable array of foot-men and many unbarbed horses and beasts of burden, two hundred and forty mailed steeds!—A statement which seems to be borrowed from some bard's song of victory, so little is it in keeping with the grave historical account preceding. Such a violation of the truce could scarcely be passed over. At the end of February we find a commission given to certain in the king's confidence to inquire into the subject; and a little later, a safe-conduct was issued for the messengers whom Llywelyn was expected to send to treat of peace; and the time during which they were to be under the royal protection was fixed from Easter to Pentecost, or from the 4th of April to the 23rd of May. We do not learn whether any messengers were sent, nor what resulted from this negotiation; but the Annals tell us, that on St. George's day, the 23rd of April, the lords of Kerry and Kidweli burnt the town of "Trefetland;" which would have counterbalanced all that the king could do, in his now sadly perplexed state, to bring about a settlement of the relations of Wales and England. July came, and the barons on the king's side, with others, flocked to a parliament which Henry had summoned. Amongst them were the bishop of Bangor, sent by Llywelyn to treat of peace, and Roger Mortimer, who reached Westminster on the Sunday before St. Margaret's day. On that saint's day Roger received the unwelcome tidings, that as soon as he had left his border lands, the Welsh prince had appeared in arms there, on the feast of St. Kenelm, which was Saturday; and had ravaged and subjugated his estates;—"because he took the king's part, contrary to his oath," interpolates Lhuyd, as if the Mortimers, by intermarriage with the family of the princes of Gwynedd, had become *vassals* of that house. When the next night was wearing away, the messengers to the "Marquess" added, the garrison he had left turned traitors to him, and "for a great sum of money, out of the infernal hatred they entertained against their commander," admitted Llywelyn and his followers into the hold; who, having thus gained possession, carried off all the military stores they found therein. This happened on the night of the 17th and 18th of July, as King Henry, twelve days later, sorrowfully informed all men; that no blame might be laid upon Roger Mortimer because of it. For when it was first rumoured that the Welsh had

taken Builth castle "without blood-shed," strong suspicions arose that the baron was not faithful to his liege-lord, and inquiry was made; by which he was cleared in the judgments of all, except, perhaps, the young prince;—and even he, in a year or two more, was made sensible of his firm loyalty. By the time the king sent out his royal notice the whole extent of Roger's loss had been learned; which the *Annales* have thus recorded. As soon as the news of the capture effected by Llywelyn was noised abroad, Rhys Vychan with almost all the nobles and armed men of South Wales came together, and by common consent they burnt whatever was combustible in the castle, and razed the building so completely "that one stone was not left upon another."

Llywelyn, meanwhile, was gaining strength continually: in consequence of this exploit at Builth, Owain ab Meredydd and all his retainers swore fealty to him; and Llywelyn released Owain's son Madog, whom he had kept in prison, as it appears, and made him a present of a hundred pounds.* So greatly did his successes alarm Henry, that on the 1st of August, when the truce expired, he once more sent out a summons to all his military tenants to assemble in arms for a campaign in Wales; and appointed Shrewsbury, and the 8th of September, as the place and day of the gathering for those of Hereford and Gloucester; at the same time commanding proclamation to be made through every other county, except those which would be the seat of the war, that all who owed him service in the field should repair to Chester on the same day. Not satisfied with these preparations, he caused the sentence of excommunication to be hurled against Llywelyn from Lambeth, with a further threat of an interdict if the injuries he had done to the English lords were not amply atoned for by the octaves of the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, or the 22nd of August. The great Earl of Leicester, we are told, was nominated to the command of this expedition, and he is said to have been favourable to the granting of a truce rather than to the infliction of the menaced chastisement, which some ascribed to his wary generalship, the season being so far advanced, and others, to his secret inclinations to Llywelyn's cause. Very probably the censure of the church awakened in the prince a conviction that it was not by secular warfare that he could maintain the advantages he had won;—but we only see this, that ten days after the issuing of those orders breathing only hostility, three separate forms in Henry's name, and three others with the addition of Prince Edward's, authorized the bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, (who was also prior of Wenlock,) Humphrey de Bohun, Roger Mortimer, and James of Audeley, with Simon de Passelewe, "our cleric," to treat of peace generally, to prolong the truce, and to make a truce, in conjunction with such commissioners as Llywelyn might name to act in his behalf, at Montgomery Ford, the old "trysting-place" for such pacific purposes, on those same octaves of the Assumption of the Virgin, when the interdict was to have been pronounced against Gwynedd. And "by the same post," as we should say, letters were despatched to those commissioners, giving them instructions and powers to act for the

* Lhuyd states, that from Builth the prince passed through South Wales on his way home to Aber; which is confirmed by the recital of his offences in the *anathema*, soon afterwards pronounced against him, which commemorates his invasion and devastation of the lands of the Earl of Clare, which lay in that region.

king and his son in this affair. The compiler of the more recent *Annales*, not being exactly informed, has inserted respecting this negociation ;—" About the kalends of August, a truce for two years was sworn to between our lord the king and the kingdom, on the one part, and the Lord Llywelyn and his men, on the other part ; but so that the said Llywelyn might defend himself against those who did not agree to the truce, without being guilty of violating it." From Rymer we learn no more respecting it till the 12th of March in the following year ; when Henry, dating from the Tower of London, informed all men that he had inspected the truce agreed on at Montgomery Ford in the preceding August, between the prior of Wenlock, Simon Passelewe, and Fulk de Orby, justiciary of Chester, on his own side, and the bishop of Bangor, with the abbot of Aberconway, in behalf of Llywelyn ; which, in sign of his full assent to it, he proceeded to quote. The terms we will particularize, that they may be compared with those laid down at Oxford, and because they indicate so clearly the positions of the contracting parties, and justify our remarks upon the character of these years for Wales and Llywelyn. The truce of Oxford, the deed states, was to be extended from the 22nd of August, 1260, A. D., to the 24th of June, 1262, A. D. Each party was to keep what he had possession of at the time of the arrangement made at Oxford two years before. Fords, passes, defiles, &c., were not to be obstructed by either. Access to the castles of Diganwy and Diserth by the king, the prince, or their servants, for the purpose of victualling those strong-holds, was to be allowed, but only in two boats, each of twelve or fewer oars, at a time ; and if the weather did not permit this, then, on notice given by the justiciary of Chester, Llywelyn engaged to grant a safe-conduct for the company by land ; any who were incapacitated by sickness in either garrison might be replaced ; and three men at Diserth, and two at Diganwy, were allowed to go to and fro continually, for provisions and necessaries. The territories of those castles were to be as at the time of the Oxford truce. Traders, both English and Welsh, were free to carry on their vocations. Alleged violations were to be investigated by twelve men, chosen by both parties, and sworn to judge impartially and according to the custom of the Marches, who were to be protected in the discharge of their duty, and whose decision the principals on both sides swore to abide by. Beside these, other minor matters, such as the restraining of freebooters, were agreed to ; by which greater security respecting the observance of the truce, it was hoped, would be obtained. One other fact only can we glean from all our sources of information, which we can ascribe to this year, 1261, A. D. ; and that is supplied by the ancient *Annales Menevenses*, and bodes ill for the maintenance of the truce. " On the vigil of St. Lawrence's feast," (the 9th of August,) it is said, " many of the Welsh were slain at Llanhauaden, and the Franks of England were put to flight."

At the beginning of 1262, A. D., we find Llywelyn again pressing the king to make peace ; which anxiety, so contrary to what we should expect from him, and the less reasonable because so favourable a truce had been granted, may be easily explained. It was evident that, in the present state of parties in England, more advantageous terms could be made, than could be expected if either Henry or the barons should

obtain a decided superiority in the kingdom, and be at leisure to suppress the liberties which the Kymry had recovered. However favourable the truce might be, it was but for a limited period; and if a peace could be arranged, the terms of the truce would, as a matter of course, be taken as the foundation for the requisite conditions; and thus Llywelyn had every thing to gain by the formal establishment of a peace, in the room of the continually violated truces, which had lately been so frequent between him and the English monarch. We observed that a double set of documents was issued to the commissioners charged with the conduct of the meeting at the Ford of Montgomery; for if, as was likely, objections should be made to the introduction of young Edward's name, (the Welsh being justifiably exasperated against him,) the plenipotentiaries could treat in Henry's name alone; and thus all difficulties were obviated. Perhaps no objection was made to Edward's being a party to the truce; or if there were, Henry was beginning to feel the new strength which reanimated his cause this year; for on the 8th of January he wrote to the Welsh prince, addressing him simply as "Llywelyn ab Gruffydd," and stating that he neither could nor ought to appoint a day to receive the solemn embassy respecting peace, which had been proposed, without his son's concurrence; that he daily expected his return, and that as soon as he arrived Llywelyn should receive word, for he had himself a great desire for peace. Nevertheless, we hear no more of Edward's coming, nor of the solemn embassy, nor of Henry's desire for peace; the next light-gleam bears date exactly five months later. In a letter of the 8th of June, Henry informed Llywelyn, that he had appointed Humphrey Bohun and James of Audeley to examine the charges which he had brought against Roger Mortimer and John L'Estrange, of breaking the truce by a raid into the lands of Gruffydd of Bromfield; and that they would be at Montgomery Ford a month after St. John the Baptist's day, (which, happening on June the 24th, would put off the redress till late in July,) to attend to the matter. And of this we hear no more, unless a similar commission issued in August, as we shall see, be a continuation of this. Before the month after St. John the Baptist's day had passed, the king, whilst enjoying his recovered power and freedom in his continental possessions, where he was not beset by such difficulties as surrounded him in England, received from Philip Bassett, chief justiciary, under whose care the realm was left, tidings that it was rumoured abroad that Llywelyn was dead. And on the 22nd of July he replied, thanking him for his promptitude, and informing him that, though no confirmation of the rumours had reached him, he had written to Roger Mortimer and others, telling them, that as Llywelyn was not the lawful inheritor of the principality, Davydd, his younger brother, of course could not be; so that he had no claim upon Wales, more especially as the first-born son of Gruffydd was yet living, and the fealty of the nobles of Wales by ancient right belonged to himself; and requiring them to use all their force and wisdom, in conjunction with their fellow lords of the Marches, and their friends, to prevent Davydd from presuming to exercise a lordship which was not his, and to restore the royal jurisdiction. He further informed Bassett that he had written to James of Audeley, instructing him to detach his brother-in-law Gruffydd of Bromfield from Davydd's alliance, and to

secure him for himself; to Hywel, Gruffydd's brother, to the same effect; and to Meredydd ab Rhys, (whose *Anglicizing* tendencies we have seen, and the punishment of them too,) requiring him to prevent South Wales from joining the presumed invader of the royal rights in Gwynedd. The justiciary was also directed, in case Llywelyn should be really dead, to summon the forces of the kingdom to Shrewsbury, on the vigil of the Virgin's Nativity, September the 7th, prepared for an expedition into Wales; and in any case to have all the military vassals ready to go against the Welsh, upon his return. Thus Henry trusted to terminate the long-pending controversy respecting the sovereignty of Cambria; but the rumours were false, and the controversy could not be concluded yet. How this report originated we do not perceive, nor is it of sufficient moment to induce us to hazard a conjecture; the king's letter is valuable, as indicating the ground upon which England carried on the quarrel, and as showing that, notwithstanding the successes of Llywelyn both in arms and treaties, the end of his dominion was at hand. One other document Rymer has supplied us with, from which we perceive that Henry was soon correctly informed about the death of the Welsh prince; for he had received complaints from him of ruptures of the truce; and had commissioned the bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, the bishop of Norwich, Humphrey Bohun, and James of Audeley, to attend at Montgomery Ford on the day after the feast-day of St. Michael; as he informed Philip Bassett by letter, dated the 25th of August.

From the chroniclers we learn the story of Llywelyn's proceedings during the latter part of this year; but what followed the appointment of those commissioners is not related. It was on the vigil of St. Andrew's day, say the *Annales*, that by the care of the men of Maelienydd the castle of Kenenllys was taken and destroyed; Hywel ab Meirig, the commander, with his wife and children, (adds Lhuyd,) being taken, and the garrison slain; and on the same day another castle also was seized and dismantled. Roger Mortimer, to whom one or both of these fortresses had belonged, with Humphrey Bohun, and the flower of the youth of the whole March, soon afterwards came and took possession of the ruins of the former castle, purposing to restore the walls sufficiently to make them defensible. Llywelyn, learning this, led against the place all the nobles of Wales, and blockaded it most rigidly. The bishop of Hereford, in a rather hysterical letter addressed to Henry soon after his return to England, reckons Llywelyn's forces at 300 horse and 30,000 foot! Whilst they maintained incessant watch over the ruins of Kenenllys, they contrived to get possession of the castle of Conoclas; the garrison being so alarmed at the "machines" which the besiegers brought, or threatened to bring, against their walls, that they surrendered, on the vigil of St. Thomas, December the 20th. They also gained three other castles; and then Roger and his company, quite wearied out with hunger, begged permission to depart from their idle defences, which "the pious prince" granted to them; and they departed "without blow struck, or harm received." So says the bishop of Hereford; but Matthew of Westminster avers that Roger, combatting the Welsh in their country's fashion, slew of them some 300, or even 500; but at a loss of 500 of his own followers. Lhuyd states that, after these exploits, the Welsh prince went to Brecknock, where the people

swore fealty to him, and thence returned to North Wales. But this is improbable, or the visit to Aber was but to spend his Christmas festival in a becoming manner; for the letter of the bishop of Hereford gives such a vivid picture of the confusion and terror which prevailed through the March, as could only have been occasioned by the most active endeavours of the prince in person. The country was plundered and burnt, he says, near Webyl, and Erdesley, and the wall of Wigmore; all the folks of his diocese had betaken themselves to the churches, and hardly felt safe there; many knights had held "parliaments," had sold their corn and store, and, it was reported, alienated their lands even; whilst others, whose names he insinuated were known to the king, had departed, leaving their houses empty. He also informed Henry that they had fortified Hereford, and were safe, though he could not tell for how long; and begged him, if he loved the March, and desired it to be preserved as part of his kingdom, to send them forty knights, good men and true, without any delay.

This letter must have been written in the very beginning of 1263, A. D.; for it contains congratulations to Henry on his arrival in England, which we learn took place on the very day that Conoclas castle surrendered. News of the commencement of this invasion met him when he landed at Dover; and he lost no time in despatching to Philip Bassett instructions to be at Hereford on the 9th of January, and to others to meet at Ludlow on the 9th of February. Soon after the middle of January, the king sent a petulant, scolding letter to Edward, who yet lingered in France, communicating the evil tidings of the new war to him, and begging him to return immediately, for he had promised to be back within three weeks after Christmas. Rishanger states, that after St. Vincent's day, the 22nd of January, Llywelyn recommenced his incursions into Edward's lands, which may explain the haste of his father's summons;—and his own speedy obedience, for we find him very soon afterwards directing the preparations for an expedition against the Welsh; and exhorting Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, Lord of Powys, an adherent of the English at this time, to advance against Llywelyn. No invasion, however, took place;—Edward (according to Trivet) made head gallantly against the Kymric chief, who retreated before him to his woods and forests; (which has been magnified into his retirement into the recesses of Snowdon;)—on the 25th of April he wrote to the king, requesting him to command the bishop of Hereford to fortify his castle of Lidbury North, and William de Evereus not to leave his castle of Le Hales; and two days afterwards, we read in the annals of a hundred men being slain under the walls of Clunow, amongst whom fell Llywelyn ab Meredydd, "the flower of the youth of all Wales, strong and brave in arms, large in bounty, prudent in counsel, beloved of all men;"—but the real result of this early campaign is well summed up by Lhuyd, "thither went Edward, and did nothing to speak of." He was, in fact, recalled by Henry to oppose enemies nearer home; for "the Barons' War"* had begun,

* The confusion of the original authorities for this passage of history, is surpassed only by that of most historians who have employed them. By placing the events at the dates when (according to the most trustworthy annalists) they happened; by narrating each but once; and by relating nothing which cannot be authenticated, —we have endeavoured to avoid the worst faults we have alluded to.

and already in the Welsh Marches several strong places had fallen into the hands of the Earl of Leicester. Bridgenorth surrendered on condition that the swarm of Kymry, who accompanied the besiegers, should not be introduced into the town. Shrewsbury opened its gates from fear of a similar swarm, which was seen approaching from a different quarter. The bishop of Hereford, and another of those hateful foreigners, were captured, and confined in Erdesley castle. From April to June, the contest raged in the border-country, and then the insurgent forces advanced upon London.

It was in July, this same year, 1263, A. D., apparently, that, according to the chroniclers of both people, Llywelyn entered into some kind of alliance with the Earl of Leicester; and his movements do not contradict this statement, although they might have originated from the desire to take advantage of the troubles of Henry, by attempting more daring exploits than he had ever before undertaken. About the beginning of August he marched against Diserth castle, which was carried by assault, and immediately levelled with the ground. Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn now joined in the insurrection, and did homage on bended knee to Llywelyn, agreeing to hold his lands as liege-man to the prince. He then, with all the forces of Powys, attacked the castle of Wyrdd-gryg,* captured it, and razed it to the ground. Henry, in the mean time, seems to have deluded himself by an endeavour to treat with the Cambrian chieftain; for on the 22nd of August, he issued commissions (with duplicates, as we saw once before, bearing Edward's name, as well as his own) to the bishops of Worcester and of Coventry and Lichfield, with his nephew Henry, son of the king of the Romans, Simon de Montfort, and John de Warine, to make peace, or to treat respecting peace, with Llywelyn. And on September the 18th, writing to Llywelyn himself, (to whom, as before, he gave no title at all,) he agreed to a truce, to last till the feast of St. Martin, the 11th of November; freedom for merchandisers being secured, and permission to victual "Gannock," by means of *one* boat of twelve or fewer oars; and a safe-conduct given for Llywelyn's messengers to the English parliament, three weeks after Michaelmas day, till the before-named St. Martin's. Diserth, which was taken and destroyed in the preceding month, is not spoken of in this truce; and Diganwy might have been omitted; for, worn out by a tedious and close blockade, during which they were reduced to the necessity of eating the flesh of their horses and hounds, the garrison, on St. Michael's day, capitulated to the Prince of Wales, and the castle (according to other authorities than the *Annales*) shared the fate of Diserth. Whilst these sieges were carried on, the whole earldom of Chester was ravaged, and the boundaries of Gwynedd extended to the Dee, as in ancient times. Still later in the year, it appears that Roger Mortimer, who throughout the war approved himself a warm partisan of the king, ravaged the lands of the Earl of Leicester; who, by his sons, made reprisals on the estates of the loyal baron. Aided by Llywelyn, Simon the younger invested Mortimer in his castle at Wigmore; but the blockade was not main-

* This is called, by some, Mold castle; and its capture, as well as the taking of Diserth and Diganwy, is placed later in the war. We have followed the *Annales* called *Menevenses*, whose narrative is both self-consistent, and in harmony with the documents in Rymer.

tained with sufficient strictness to prevent him from getting away, when, in February,* 1264, A. D., Prince Edward came to his relief, and capturing Hay and Huntington, both castles and towns, with Brecknock also, (according to Rishanger,) gave them into his keeping, as some compensation for his losses in the royal cause. Before this had happened, the Welsh and De Montfort's forces had taken and destroyed Radnor castle with the entire town; and soon afterwards they carried Wigmore. Rishanger asserts that Llywelyn ravaged Leicestershire; but we do not hear from any other chronicler that he ventured so far over the border. Lhuyd has preserved other incidents of this period. Just before Easter, which would be the middle of April, John L'Estrange the younger, constable of Montgomery,† with a number of his fierce retainers, marched by night through Kerry to Cydwain, with what intent save plunder we do not discern. The Welsh, however, assembled in great multitudes and fell upon them suddenly. Two hundred of them they slew outright, but the rest—a miserable remnant—with their leader, escaped. And shortly afterwards, in a rencontre near Clun castle, the Britons were worsted, losing a considerable number of men. We know that mercenaries from Wales served in the barons' army; and we are told by Thomas Wikes, that they were stationed on the hill-tops, and greatly annoyed the king's forces with their arrows, as they passed through some parts of Kent and Surrey; for which many of them, being made prisoners, were beheaded. And by these fragments of story we are brought to the battle and convention of Lewes, in May, 1264, A. D., which made De Montfort *actual* sovereign of England.‡

In the autumn of this year, several of the most powerful Lords Marchers, headed by the Earl of Gloucester and Roger Mortimer, secretly departed from London, and appeared in arms against the Earl, in their own districts. But their sagacious adversary followed them as speedily as his other affairs permitted. The confederates had nothing to counterbalance the presence of the captive king in Simon's camp. The campaign was brief, and to them inglorious. The Earl entered Hereford first, and was joined there by Llywelyn; by whose aid the castles of Hay and Ludlow were in a short time taken, Mortimer's lands ravaged, and the refractory nobles so hardly pressed, that at Montgomery they were glad to submit, and give hostages for their observance of the truce granted them. To this truce reference appears to be made in an official letter, written in the king's name, and addressed to the lords who were fighting in his behalf, dated at Worcester, December the 15th, 1264, A. D. § In it Henry was made to express

* A little before this, it seems that the sentence of St. Louis, respecting the contest between the king and his nobles, was pronounced; and some very brief lull in the war ensued; but it was too prejudiced and short-sighted an award to bind a man of such power as the Earl of Leicester, and it only indirectly affected Wales; this is, therefore, the only notice we can afford it.

† In the following year we find a letter, written by Simon, for the purpose of installing L'Estrange in this office. It is, therefore, *probable* that these two events from Lhuyd should be placed under the year 1265, A. D.

‡ At this time, says Lhuyd, Davydd, whom Llywelyn had set at liberty, "forsook him, and succoured his foes with all his power." It happened, most probably, during this stage of the contest, but the exact time cannot be ascertained. The story of his being defeated, in conjunction with Lord Audeley, at Chester, in the next year, is not related by any of the ancient annalists.

§ Amongst the additions to the *Historia Major* ascribed to the supposititious annalist, Matthew of Westminster, we read, that in 1264, A. D., Llywelyn was compelled to make peace, and that the castles in the northern division

his astonishment at their proceedings, in violation of the peace of the kingdom; especially as Roger Mortimer and others had made a truce, and had gone to Kenilworth to consult Edward (who was then in the custody of one of De Montfort's adherents there) respecting the confirmation and extension of it;—he therefore enjoined them to lay aside their warlike purposes, and conduct themselves pacifically, as they ought. But this was not the whole of what was done to punish their renewal of the war. On the 14th of January, 1265, A. D., at a great meeting of nobles in London,—which the Earl appears to have held preparatorily to that famous parliament, which was the first ever summoned with any recognition of the right of the people to be represented in the national legislature,—it was decreed that the turbulent Marchers should be banished to Ireland for three years; not to return before the expiration of the term, except by permission of the government. They, however, instead of obeying, took refuge in the Earl of Gloucester's lands, and in Prince Edward's castles, and carried on a continual war against the Welsh. Leicester, in consequence, proclaimed them "public enemies," and once more prepared to chastise them. On the 2nd of April, writing, as always, in Henry's name, he required the constable of Montgomery castle to give it up to John L'Estrange, one of his partisans; and on the 25th, "with great pomp," accompanied by the *fainéant* king, and Edward, he entered Hereford; for a week before, the Earl of Gloucester had invited to his banner all who were for Henry, and impunity might encourage him, and provoke imitation. A desultory warfare ensued, in which South Wales experienced its full share of misery; and it was scarcely suspended by a pretended reference to arbitration, on May the 18th. Another division of the king's party landed at Pembroke about that very day; and Simon, fearing that they purposed combining against him, issued in the royal name, on the 20th of this month, monitory letters, which show that he was beginning to feel the difficulty of his position. The Marchers soon found a rallying point; on Thursday in Pentecost week, May the 28th, the prince, whom the Earl thought to be in safe keeping, by the aid of Roger Mortimer and others, escaped from his guards at Hereford, and put himself at their head. And it was upon this seemingly unhappy turn of events, that the consolidation of the constitutional changes, introduced by De Montfort, depended. Two days afterwards, the military vassals of the kingdom were summoned to Worcester, because of the evasion of the prince, and lest a junction between the royalists in West Wales and those in the central March should be effected. But victory had deserted De Montfort; animated by the presence of Edward, and emulating his impetuous valour, the Marchers rapidly recovered the fortresses which Simon's party before had won. On the 7th of June Worcester was theirs, as we learn from an order sent by the Earl of Leicester to the authorities in every county in England, for the arrest of any of the border-barons and other partisans of the young prince, and also for the change of the place of assem-

of the Marches were given up to Simon de Montfort, and those in the southern part to Peter de Montfort and others. The *Annales Cestrenses*, as Carte says, ascribe to Llywelyn the making of a treaty with young De Montfort, on the part of his father, at Hawarden, on the 8th of January, 1265, A. D.; and Chester was given up to Simon by deed during the captivity of the prince; which may be the facts the chronicler speaks of.

bly for the forces to Gloucester. The bridges on the Severn were broken down by Edward's troops, who also seized upon the boats they found on the stream; and in an engagement in the wide estuary, now called the Bristol Channel, they defeated the ships of their great opponent. They were drawing their toils closer and still closer round him; at Hereford he was beset for a time; but whilst some of his followers, driven into Gloucester, submitted themselves to the prince, he broke out, and being joined by Llywelyn, (with whom he contracted a stricter alliance,) attacked and destroyed Monmouth castle, and devastated the lands round about; then throwing himself into Newport, he was shut in on every side.

The alliance he formed now with Llywelyn, who was his chief dependence, was strengthened not only by the promise of the hand of his daughter Eleanor, but by the grant, under Henry's name and seal, of liberties and privileges; which, could they but have been realized, would have raised the principality of Gwynedd to a greater height of power than it had ever before enjoyed. This document, which marks the furthest point reached, under these most favourable circumstances, in the last struggle for independence in Wales, in consideration of a fine of 30,000 marks, declared all the "rancour and indignation" which remained against Llywelyn in the royal breast to be "remitted;" gave up to him not only all that he was actually possessed of at the time of the grant, but also, castle Matilda, Hawarden castle, and "especially" Montgomery castle, when it was taken, to which also the assistance of the king should not be wanting; Ellesmere hundred, (which we remember as part of the dowry of Joan, the wife of Llywelyn the Great, and as resumed, on the first opportunity, by Henry,) the "principate" itself, and the feudal superiority of all the nobles in Wales; and secured this to him and his heirs, in respect of all others concerned, as well as the king. The *lordship* of Whittington castle was added to the other grants, on condition that the actual possessor should continue to hold it; but if he should refuse to perform due service for it, he was to suffer for his default according to the laws and customs of Wales. Furthermore,—and this clause it is of the greater moment to note, because it shows how much the kind of freedom aimed at by the Welsh princes, through so many centuries, has been misconceived,—for all those lands and lordships, honours and possessions, Llywelyn and his heirs were to pay to the sovereign of England such services, "as of old they were accustomed" to render. Thomas Wikes has a little misrepresented this deed, but he adds some facts respecting it, deserving notice. He says that Simon, either by way of payment, or as surety for a subsidy, committed *five* royal castles into the hands of Llywelyn; who levelled those of them by which he had been most annoyed; that the charter conceded to the prince of Wales all the territories his ancestors had ever been possessed of; whence others, writing subsequently, have concluded that Henry agreed, that "the future boundary of Wales should include the country in a direct line from Holt to Shrewsbury." This chronicler speaks also of the increased boldness of the Welsh after this grant; but his chief lamentation is spent, not upon the border district, so savagely devastated, but upon a breach of heraldic etiquette, worthy of one used to the air of the most ceremonious of courts;—this charter, when

only drawn up and sealed, was intrusted by Simon to two *laymen*, for delivery to Llywelyn, "a thing unheard of!"

The Earl at length made his escape from Newport, by night, and almost alone, and returned to Hereford;—for he found it difficult to keep his men together in the Welsh territory; being used (like all Englishmen to this hour) to bread, they could not relish the meat and milk, which were the chief sustenance of the Kymry; and the ways were so beset by parties of the enemy, that none were safe. He was expecting the arrival of his brave son with new forces, when Prince Edward received tidings of their approach, and fell upon them unexpectedly, making almost all of them prisoners. And then came the end;—on the 5th of August was the fatal fight at Evesham. There were multitudes of Britons in Edward's army, the Wigmore Chronicle says, as well as in the Earl's;* but Simon's auxiliaries either lacked the spirit of their nation, or (as is very likely) were disheartened by the numbers of their opponents. Almost before the front ranks could meet in the charge, they turned and fled; others of his foot shared their panic, or were swept away by their disorderly flight; in and around a church near the field of battle, to which many retreated, they were "horribly slain;" others perished in the Dee, which they vainly endeavoured to cross. Leicester himself, in a fruitless effort to retrieve, by prodigious personal valour, this untimely defection, fell in the midst of his enemies. And with them remained the glory of the day. When the heat of the combat had ceased, the victors mangled the body of their noble adversary in a manner too revolting to think of; and one of his feet was sent in brutal triumph to Llywelyn. The people believed that the indignant heavens uttered portentous thunder, at the moment when De Montfort was struck down. And in Rishanger may yet be read long lists of certified, or at least credited, miracles performed by his relics. This canonization by a *plebiscitum* is one of the most remarkable testimonies respecting the part played by this great soldier and statesman, in the history of our constitution; and as a trait both of the people and of the times, possesses not a little worth and interest. In the next two chapters, we shall narrate the fall of the freedom, which had survived in Wales to the middle of the 13th century, which began with that flight and slaughter at Evesham.

* A small incident, preserved by the English chroniclers, shows that the Kymry, like other brave and poor people, were not very scrupulous respecting the justice of the cause they enlisted in, provided battle and spoil could be had. On the Sunday before the defeat at Evesham, on the 2nd of August, some Welsh under William de Berkley, who was at best but a "felon knight," entered and ravaged Somersetshire; and were met at Minehead, near Dunster castle, and defeated with great loss, by one of Simon's adherents, Adam Gordon;—the same who, in the following year, was vanquished in single combat by Prince Edward, in Alton wood, and gained over to his side, by his courage and chivalrous bearing; as we all have read in the ballad of "The Prince and the Outlaw."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM THE BATTLE OF EVESHAM TO THE MARRIAGE OF LLYWELYN AB GRUFFYDD.

THE reducement of Wales had now become as necessary for the existence of the Welsh people as it was for the policy of the English sovereigns. Both statesmanship and philanthropy would have prescribed for the common good of Britain, what the ambition of the Norman and Plantagenet kings sought to effect. It would have been an infinite gain to the Kymry to have shared, even at the cost of a subjection as complete as the Saxons groaned under, the impulse which the Conquest imparted to them; and with them to have been admitted into the great European commonwealth of nations; instead of remaining for so long a time shut out from those advantages, that when they were thrown open to them, national feeling, exacerbated to fanaticism, forbade the full participation; and now, after three hundred years of incorporation with England, no other people of western Europe retain so many features of times long since passed away. But the question which was discussed and settled by this conflict of more than two centuries, was not whether the Cambro-Britons should be degraded as the Saxons had been. After the acquisitions along the March, and in South Wales, which were effected under the pressure of the demands for spoil, made by the armed adventurers, whose swords had raised the duke of Normandy to the English throne, the point at issue was, whether the princes of Gwynedd should retain their ancient sovereignty, acknowledging the Lloegrian monarchs as suzerains, as in former times; or whether they should lose their rank, and as "noble men," (barons or counts,) hold their lands and honours of those kings, and do them homage and stipulated military service in return. The *people* were not so much as thought of by either party in the contest; the enhancement of their own personal dignity was the sole object for which each strove. It must have been regarded by the descendants of Rhodri Mawr, as an intolerable fate for them to become dependents on the will, and frequenters of the court, of the Norman. The barbaric pomp, regulated and enjoined by the laws of Hywel Dda, which reminded them and their subjects of the days when their race was dominant in Britain, was too dear to them to be given up without a struggle. And it is, in fact, this contest for empty personal distinction, maintained against fearful odds through age after age, and renewed again and again after hope itself seemed exhausted, which now so powerfully enlists our sympathies, in defiance of our better judgment, in the cause of Llywelyn. Its influence upon the Kymry, who, though subjected by it to all imaginable miseries, entered

into it as their country's quarrel, can hence be understood. Whilst the tale, if it be read with the remembrance of its numerous parallels in the history of mankind, will afford abundant instruction, immediately applicable to the most momentous affairs in which any people or generation can be engaged.

Henry, having regained his liberty by his son's victory at Evesham, did not all at once leave the Marches; but, under Edward's guidance, took measures to prevent the embers of the recently quenched conflagration from bursting forth into open flame again. One grant of land by Edward is conditioned by a curious proviso, "unless any one personally present on our side at Evesham fight, shall first have taken possession of it." Wherein we read not only the rationale of the power of the Lords Marchers, but also the secret of the triumph of the Earl of Leicester's constitutional innovation, in spite of his own defeat and death. The first glimpse we catch of Llywelyn is given us by a bull of Clement IV., dated Viterbo, the Ides (or 13th) of September, in this year, 1265, A. D., commanding him to restore the royal and other castles he had taken, and to be obedient to the king. This was most probably promulgated before the success of Henry's party was known; and it certainly did not for a short time reach our shores, its bearer being the legate, Ottoboni, who soon afterwards appeared in Britain. On November the 28th, the old monarch having reached Westminster, full powers were given to James of Audeley to treat with Llywelyn respecting a truce, between that time and the following Lent; whence we may safely conclude that the Kymric prince had been soliciting a cessation of hostilities. There was a chance of securing some of the advantages which had been *nominally* granted him during the administration of Earl Simon; and he knew enough of his own weakness, compared with the English sovereign, to prefer this to the almost desperate chance of obtaining all he desired by the continuance of the war. Perhaps Audeley was too exacting, for an appeal was made to the king's decision; and although it was not refused, it was so granted as to make the prince feel that there was no disposition to overlook his intimate relations with the rebellious barons. A safe-conduct was issued on the 14th of December, at the instance of Cardinal Ottoboni, it is said, (for he had then arrived, and had brought with him that paternal monition from the supreme pontiff,) and it was to be valid till the 2nd of February following; but the messengers were forbidden to bring with them a larger retinue than ten followers on horseback, and as many on foot. The progress of this negociation is very obscure, and whether it ended now in a treaty, or was broken off, and resumed at the end of a twelvemonth, we cannot positively state; but we are inclined to believe that a truce was formally concluded at Easter, near the end of March, 1266, A. D. The Annals of Llandaff record, with great brevity, that on the Sunday after Epiphany, this year, Gruffydd ab Rhys was captured in "Kerdivie" castle, and sent to Kilkenny to be imprisoned; which looks like the punishment of one of the sharers in the late insurrection. And the Waverley Annals tell us that about St. Edward's feast, which happens on March the 18th, the king sent Maurice Fitz-Gerard and Hamo against Llywelyn; and that they were put to flight, and scarcely escaped the destruction which befell almost all their followers. It is in the highest degree improbable that this occurred now; or,

if the date be correct, that the narrative is strictly accurate. The authorization of a foray at the very time that negotiations were being carried on for a truce is most unlikely; although the leaders of the incursion may have pleaded the royal sanction. Yet we must observe, that if our belief that a truce was completed this spring be unfounded, nothing is so likely as the permission of this outrage by the irritated monarch. In the same chronicle it is stated, that on the vigil of Pentecost, on the 15th of May, in this same year, the whole army of Roger Mortimer perished near Brecknock, whilst he himself alone scarcely escaped. This is not attributed to the Welsh; but it too much resembles the revenge which they would rejoice in taking on that grasping and relentless enemy, especially as he had been rewarded for his loyalty by larger donations of lands and castles in Wales, for us to ascribe it to any others. And this also we must note as somewhat militating against our supposition of a truce; though how imperfectly the most authentic treaties were observed our readers well know. The only other business of this year, is the injunction of a fresh proclamation of the anathema of the Church against the partisans of the great Earl, by bull from Viterbo, bearing date the middle of September. This censure does not, however, pertain to the hero of our story, if the opinion we have advanced, that he was now in truce with Henry, be correct.

The principal reason for our entertaining this opinion is, that on the 21st of February, in 1267, A. D., the king gave full powers to Robert Walerand to conclude a truce for two, or three, complete years, from the Easter next following, with Llywelyn; and to the same nobleman, in conjunction with Prince Edmund, (his own brother,) to treat with the Welsh chieftain respecting peace. Which to us, comparing the propositions with similar ones in former years, seems to show that a trial-truce of *one* year was then drawing to a close; and that in preparation for its termination these steps were taken. The *Bruts* and the *Annales* are almost blank in these years; Lhuyd's account of the next transaction is derived from the continuation of Matthew Paris, ascribed to Rishanger, and misplaced by a year; beside containing an erroneous account of the circumstances it relates; and may therefore be neglected. For we have in Rymer a sufficient number of documents, (one being of first-rate importance,) to illustrate the whole affair; which, relying upon these authorities, we may thus narrate.

The object of the Welsh prince and the king of England alike, was now *peace*; for truces had failed to produce a right understanding, or to prevent deeds of lawless violence. The presence of the cardinal legate in the island appeared to Henry favourable to the conclusion of a treaty; which, sworn to before the representative of the head of the Church Catholic, or even drawn up by his mediation, would have sanctions that might impose restraint upon the wildest spirit of the sons of the mountains; by this means his own declining days would no more be harassed with campaigns beneath the shadow of Snowdon, and the crusade which his gallant son was preparing could proceed without the interruption of a war at home. At the same time it was evident to Llywelyn, that the more speedily a firm peace was agreed to, the more surely he might expect to keep the honours he had been invested with

by De Montfort. In the autumn, therefore, accompanied by Ottoboni, the king set out for the Marches, and in September he was at Shrewsbury. Rishanger represents this as a military expedition; but groundlessly, we think. There is no reason for supposing that Walerand's mission in February had failed; and though a royal progress to so disturbed a province as the borders of Wales would show more of the pomp and circumstance of war, in the numbers and appointment of the retinue, than was congruous with purposes of peace, hostile intent ought not to be inferred therefrom; and so much the less as no intimations of it appear in the documents in Rymer. From Shrewsbury, on September the 21st, the legate Ottoboni, with Geoffrey de Geneville, and Robert Walerand, and due attendance, was despatched to treat with Llywelyn; armed with full powers from the king, the legate to settle the conditions of the peace, and the barons to swear to them in his name. The preliminaries were soon arranged, and on the 25th, Henry, still at Shrewsbury, assented to the conditions which the cardinal had determined, and issued a safe-conduct for the prince of the Kymry to come to Montgomery to do homage to him; specifying (with a minuteness which shows that such verbal quibbles as are usually supposed to be peculiar to the interpreters of the law,—men of the pen,—in later times, were occasionally indulged in by the men of sword and lance, with similar intent, in those days) that it was to hold good till the *whole* of Thursday, the feast of St. Michael. It also bestowed upon Llywelyn, in common with all the king's faithful lieges, free power of entering and remaining in—and, presumably, of leaving—any part of the royal domain; a power which the prince, anticipating hinderances to his *leaving* the said domain, should he enter it, did not choose to avail himself of so freely as was expected. Michaelmas day came, and there was a grand assembly at Montgomery. Henry was there; and he commissioned Roger de Sumeri, or Gumeri, Hugh Mortimer, and Roger de Hopton, to superintend the completion of the forms of peace, which Llywelyn, with a train of his principal men, waited to swear to. But as if to show us the inflammable nature of these men of the March, these commissioners were duly informed that commands had been issued to all the bailiffs from Chester to South Wales to be upon their guard, and to consider themselves responsible for the keeping of the peace on that day; and that similar commands had been sent to Guy de Brian and another respecting the observance of the peace in South Wales. For, as we learn from another source, the Earl of Gloucester, whose defection from De Montfort to the king's party contributed not a little to the overthrow at Evesham, had changed his colours once more, and was now in the ranks of the "Opposition," (which having no "St. Stephens," nor columns of "a morning paper," wherein, by logic irrefragable, to maintain its views, was fain to show itself armed for the fight, in tented field,) and had in this *constitutional* manner (as it was then deemed,) during the preceding winter, headed a demonstration in favour of the questions for which Leicester had fought and died. Whilst the garrulous churchman is expressing his self-complacent satisfaction at the visible and legible result of his diplomacy; and Llywelyn, kneeling, with his hands enclosed within those of the king, swears according to the wonted form, to be Henry's faithful liege-man; and after-

wards stamps at the foot of the deed his seal, bearing some rude *effigies* of himself, with announcement in misspelt Latin that it is his; in all which he is imitated by his followers, who thus offer their heads in guarantee of the oft-broken word of their chief;—we will make ourselves acquainted with the treaty, which is notable as the last gleam of apparent prosperity upon Llywelyn's cause; and as showing very clearly both the matter of dispute between the sovereigns, and the state of parties and affairs in Wales and on the borders at this period.

It bears date, in the first place, Shrewsbury, the 25th of September, 1267, A. D., Robert Walerand and John de la Lynde swearing to the terms on the part of the king and Prince Edward; and Einion ab Caradog and Davydd ab Einion, on the part of Llywelyn. And in the second, Montgomery, the 29th of the same month, as has been said. After giving loud utterance to his joy, the cardinal, "for an everlasting memorial" of what he had effected, thus specified the conditions. Mutual forgiveness was of course the first. Llywelyn then renounced all his conquests, save Brecon and Gwarthrynyon; and respecting both those he gave up and those he kept, agreed to do justice "according to the customs of the Marches." With the same proviso, the land of "Borget" was given up to him. Roger Mortimer had permission to build a castle in Maelienydd, but was bound to give up both castle and land to Llywelyn, if it should be adjudicated to him. Cydwain and Ceri, or Kerry, were assigned to Llywelyn, subject to the before-named condition. He was also to receive for Whittington castle such service as his predecessors had; but the possession of it was to remain with the knight to whom the king had granted it. The land of Hawarden was to be given up; but Robert de Monthaut was forbidden to build a castle in it for thirty years. Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, who had deserted to Llywelyn, was shielded by the provision that he should not give up any lands he had held before that time, subject to the oft-repeated stipulation respecting the customs of the border-territory. For the purpose of "magnifying" Llywelyn, he and his heirs were to be styled "Princes of Wales;" and to them was to be paid the homage of the *Kymric* barons of Wales, who should all hold *in capite* of them, except Meredydd ab Rhys, to whom Llywelyn was bound to restore his land, to be held by him of the king, under the same conditions as clogged the other tenancies in the Marches. Should Meredydd's homage, however, ever be transferred, the king was to receive 5000 marks. This Meredydd was a "pretender" of South Wales, who is here raised to an equal *rank*, though not an equal title, with Llywelyn, for reasons very manifest; he himself being kept in check by this threat of selling his homage to his rival.* To David was to be restored all that he had held before he joined the king;—if he should not be content therewith, Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, aided by four others, was to say what should be given him; and if still discontented, he was referred to the laws of Wales for satisfaction; it being provided, that whenever the demand was tried, one or two commissioners from the king should be present; and that he should put in his claim before the next Christmas. The Per-

* We shall soon, however, find that Meredydd was made a vassal of the more potent rival of Llywelyn, the Earl of Gloucester.

veddwlad, or the Four Cantreys, respecting which there had been such continual contention, were ceded to Llywelyn, on condition that he should render for them such service as his ancestors had rendered for them. It was agreed by each prince, not to harbour, nor aid in any way, an enemy, or banned foe, or fugitive, of the other. All letters, &c., contrary to this peace, and yet in force, were declared void. And further, the prince of Wales consented to pay to the king, or his agent, 25,000 marks; 1000 within a month, 4000 at the next Christmas, and 3000 annually, on that feast, till the whole sum was paid; at the monastery at Chester. And if the 3000 marks should be left unpaid in any year till the Purification, (Feb. the 2nd,) 100 marks were to be added as a fine, and 50 more for each month that the payment was longer delayed; all expenses which the king might be put to in recovering the amount being also charged. Llywelyn had thus acquired the coveted designation of "Prince of Wales," with the semblance of sovereignty in the homage of his own nobles; his claims to hold Anglesey and Gwynedd in his own right had been tacitly admitted; the homage being performed for the other districts,* which were added to his patrimonial possessions; and the heavy fine (which has been increased to 30,000, and even 32,000 marks, by the chronicles, all to be paid at once) was inflicted to cover, in part, the costs of the expeditions which had been directed against him. Henry had secured him as one of his barons, and was satisfied with that; hoping, possibly, as feeble men are used to hope, that no question would arise as to the *extent* of the obligations of his fiery vassal to his liege-lord. And thence it followed, that as soon as the sceptre was grasped by the vigorous hand of his son, this treaty fell to the ground, and the relations of Llywelyn and his feudal superior had to be readjusted from the very foundation.

Lhuyd, who gives an imperfect and incorrect account of this treaty, adds, as he is accustomed, that Llywelyn faithfully observed it, and that no further outrages between the two people happened during Henry's reign; and Warrington has left us to suppose those five years a halcyon calm, "presaging impending calamities." We should not expect, from what we have seen of the Welsh, that such delusive omens could visit them. On the contrary, we should anticipate the infringement of this treaty, notwithstanding the enhanced solemnity of the oaths taken to observe it, for all parties concerned, by acts of violence, as impolitic as they were cruel; and so indeed it befell. On the 17th of August in the next year, 1268, A. D., Henry commissioned the bishops of Exeter and of Coventry and Lichfield, with other dignitaries of the church, and William Beauchamp, Roger Clifford, and Trahaearn ab Hywel, and others, to go to Montgomery Ford on the festival of the Exaltation of the Cross, September the 14th, to hear and decide upon all matters relating to the treaty, (which he said he desired to have observed,) according to the customs of the March; also to do justice in the March. From which, and we have no other record of this year, we can perceive that neither had the border raids ceased, nor all the articles of the peace been complied with.

* In his letters to the pope and to the English prelates, in the year 1275, A. D., Llywelyn represents the homage as paid for the whole of the sovereignty which he enjoyed in Wales; evidently accommodating his story to the feelings of those to whom he told it.

Things proceeded in the same manner in 1269, A. D. On May the 21st, Edward received full powers, with certain associates, to proceed to that accustomed place of conference; and there, two days later, to hear and adjudicate upon all complaints, according to the tenor of the form of peace and the customs of the March. And on the 23rd of September, his father committed into his keeping the town of Shrewsbury; which, as he was about to set out for Palestine, would of course be left to his agents; and the remembrance of the extortions practised by those whom he set over North Wales, in former years, must have produced not a little uneasiness in the minds of those, whose possessions were contiguous to the district thus put under their control. The chief source of trouble, however, was a feud between Llywelyn and the Earl of Gloucester. Either in this or the preceding year, the Earl refused to attend a parliament, because (says Thomas Wikes) his lands lay next the Welsh territory, and he was afraid to leave them undefended. Nor were his fears groundless; for on the 13th of October, in 1269, A. D., according to the brief annals of Llandaff, but, as we suppose, in the following year,* his castle of Caerphilly, formerly called Senghenydd, was burnt by Llywelyn. The reason for our placing this outrage a year later than the annalist is found in a letter from the king to Llywelyn, dated October 16th, 1270, A. D., in which he acknowledged the receipt of letters from the prince, affirming that he was prepared to observe the peace in every particular, unless he should be unwillingly provoked to depart from it; and complaining that the Earl of Gloucester and others were prepared to commence hostilities against him. In reply he told the prince, that he had commanded the Earl to give up that design altogether, and to appear at the next parliament; and that he, obeying, had informed him, that Meredydd ab Rhys, his vassal, had failed in his allegiance, and was purposing to beset his castle, which was in the Earl's fee, and not in Llywelyn's. The Earl had also, Henry proceeded, made grave complaint before the council of the prince's injuries and transgressions, and had demanded instant redress according to the customs of the March; and that, in consequence, after becoming deliberation, he had instructed the bishops of Worcester and Coventry and Lichfield, with the Earl of Warwick and others, to be at Montgomery on the following All Saints' day, and had given them full powers to investigate all these matters, on the day after the commemoration of All Souls;—the Earl being under obligation to appear before them personally, or by competent representatives; which he enjoined Llywelyn also to do, lest sentence should be pronounced against him by default. And meanwhile, understanding from the Earl that Llywelyn had an army ready to invade his lands, he strictly forbade such a proceeding, not without wonder that he should ever have pur-

* One of the *Bruts* in the "Myvyrian Archaeology" places the capture of Caerphilly castle by Llywelyn in 1270, A. D. We may add here, that the death of Meredydd ab Gruffydd, lord of Hirvryn, is recorded in the same year. Lhuyd has chronicled the death of Meredydd ab Owain, the "defender of South Wales," in 1267, A. D.; two years later, that of Gronw ab Ednyved Vychan, chief of Llywelyn's privy council; and in the year we have reached, the decease of Gruffydd, Lord of Bromfield: appending to this last entry, "*Here endeth the British copy*;" so that he is for the rest of his "Historie" at the mercy of the Saxon compilers, for he seems not to have been aware of the existence of Cambrian annals in Latin. The recent copy of St. David's Annals places the death of Rhys ab Meredydd, and his burial at Ystrad Flur, in 1270, A. D.

posed it. If we have placed the notice in the *Annales Landavenses* at the proper place, the evil which the king desired to prevent was already done, when this letter was written; and by flagrant overt-act the peace was broken. From the same source we learn, that on the 1st of June, 1271, A. D., the rebuilding of this castle was commenced; and shortly after its completion, we are informed by another authority, Llywelyn besieged it, declaring that he would in three days destroy it, if he had not full satisfaction given him by the Earl of Gloucester. As soon as the Earl heard this, he went to one of his fellow "Marquesses," (who has recorded these facts in a letter to his brother,) and proposed to put the castle into his hands, in behalf of the king, until the matter could be tried, according to the forms observed in the March. The bishops of Worcester and Coventry and Lichfield, accordingly, as men of peace, and therefore men likely to prevail, were sent to take possession of it; and they succeeded, but with some difficulty; for the prince persisted in his threats to the very last. He was at length persuaded to break up the siege, and to leave the castle in their hands until a meeting could be held about the dispute; and by Davydd ab Gruffydd* and Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, affixed his seal to a treaty with the bishops, to the following effect, on the 2nd of November. After referring the cause of contest to a conference at Montgomery Ford, when it was to be decided by the usage of the Marches, Llywelyn consented to give up the siege, provided that the castle were intrusted to the actual custody of neutrals respecting the parties concerned and the question in hand. He also engaged to abstain from all hostilities, and to allow free market for the garrison; to which the Earl was also bound. The bishops promised that the Earl's garrison should all quit the castle; that none of his men should on any pretext whatsoever enter it; and that the castle itself should not go out of the king's possession, until a formal decision, after due trial, was pronounced by competent persons; and that royal letters patent should confirm this ordinance. It was also stipulated, that the robberies and outrages of thieves and malefactors, on either side, should not make void the truce then entered upon; such crimes being committed to the consideration of upright men of both nations, to be judged according to the custom of those parts. And finally, in the king's name, the bishops appointed the quindene of the next feast of St. John the Baptist, July the 8th, 1272, A. D., for receiving and doing justice at Montgomery Ford; as had been agreed:—which was surely putting off the redress in a most unsatisfactory manner.†

* This appearance of the versatile Davydd in his brother's retinue again requires to be noted. In a letter bearing date September, 1273, A. D., we shall find him still at Llywelyn's court. Four years ago he was spoken of as an adherent of the king of England; and in that character he will appear again, before his final reconciliation with his brother, out of which arose the occasion for the expedition, by which both perished, and with them the seeming independence of Wales.

† These two documents, with the two others next referred to, we find in a paper in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, October, 1850, which treats of Caerphilly castle; and, but for them, this period would be almost wholly blank. There is another document empowering the bishops of Coventry and Lichfield and Worcester, with Roger Mortimer and Roger Leyburn, to go on the "immediately ensuing" octaves of the Purification, to Montgomery Ford, to hear the Earl of Gloucester's accusations against Llywelyn respecting the truce; and the vice-counts of Shropshire, Staffordshire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire, with the barons, knights, and others owing military service to the king, are required to assist them. The date in the copy is the 25th of June, 1271, A. D.; which we suppose to be a mistake for January; and that would place it at the beginning of 1272, A. D. In this uncertainty we can mention it only in a note.

When the appointed day drew near, the conference was postponed; and, in fact, it never took place at all. Henry wrote to Llywelyn on the 4th of August, putting off the meeting from a month after John the Baptist's day (to which the *quindene* had been extended) to a month after Michaelmas; on the ground that he was going to do homage to the king of France, and could not attend. He told the prince that he understood that he was making warlike preparations against the March; and respecting them gave him grave counsel and warning; assuring him that if he did not infringe the treaty, the blame of its violation would not rest upon him; and that if he attacked the Marchers, he (the king) would not forbid them to resist him. On October the 30th, the day appointed, the moribund old king addressed his turbulent vassal for the last time. He acknowledged his letters and his messages by the bishop of St. Asaph, complaining of the excesses of Gloucester and Bohun; and could not, he said, take any blame for them, as he had frequently sent commissioners to Montgomery Ford to see that justice was done. He was going to France, and Edward was on his way back from the Holy Land, and the meeting must be adjourned to the *quindene* of the next Easter;—meanwhile Llywelyn must observe the peace. A fortnight afterwards, Earl Gloucester stood beside the royal bier; and laying his hand upon it, with a loud voice swore fealty to young Edward; and thus secured the crown to him without a gainsaying word.

The new monarch was ably represented by the members of the regency. Two weeks had not elapsed, when the chancellor, in Edward's name, gave authority to the abbots of "Dore" and "Haghemon" to receive the homage of Llywelyn; and on the same day sent instructions to him, to present himself at Montgomery Ford, on the octaves of the following Hilary, the 20th of January, for the purpose of renewing his allegiance. The Welsh prince had sent very recently one of his annual payments of 3000 marks, which the archbishop of York and the Earl of Cornwall acknowledged on the 25th of November; nevertheless we find them writing on December 2nd in a tone of the greatest urgency for the next instalment. We do not hear that any of the penalties for failing to pay at the stipulated time were enforced; but this "quittance" without mention of fines would lead us to expect wiser and more magnanimous conduct regarding the homage, than Llywelyn manifested. On the day named in the summons, the two abbots, in befitting state, proceeded to the Ford "in good time," as they took care to inform the chancellor, when they related the result of their mission. There "till much beyond the hour of nones," or, as we should say, till about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, they waited; but no Llywelyn appeared, nor any one else. Whereupon, with feelings of seemly indignation, they returned, and sending back to the chancellor the "letters patent," authorizing them to receive the oaths on that day, forwarded with them a statement of the affair, and a confirmatory account from the constable of Montgomery castle, who shared their disappointment and grief. No measures were taken to punish this neglect of duty; and the forbearance shown towards the prince on this and several subsequent occasions, appears to have emboldened him to display greater insolence, until the stroke so long delayed was of necessity fatal. Some fears a brave

man might have entertained respecting a foe of such proved ability as Edward; and some suspicions he might also have indulged concerning the intentions of a monarch, whose interests would apparently be furthered by faithlessness to solemn obligations to himself. But Llywelyn showed more fear than became a brave man, and greater suspicion than was compatible with a keen sense of honour; or more truly, perhaps, he had not wholly outgrown the spirit of barbarism, nor by genuine culture put restraint upon that animal courage, which cannot be persuaded, save by painful and material arguments; and which regards forbearance as weakness, until it is too late to profit by the knowledge, that it is essentially an attribute of overwhelming strength. This is certain, that he provoked the exercise of the power that destroyed him, by a series of insults, which he attempted afterwards to justify by the most puerile excuses; that whilst he was withholding from Edward the honourable acknowledgment of allegiance, he offered his homage in the most fulsome language to the French king; and that not till he felt himself at death-grips with the enemy he had raised up against himself and his country, did his conduct in war in the least correspond to the boastfulness which had imperilled him. In the middle of this same year, he was reported to the regents as being engaged in the erection of a castle, and purposing to establish a market, in the immediate vicinity of Montgomery castle and market. There could be no doubt about the intentions with which this was done; so on the 23rd of June, the prior of Wenlock received a letter forbidding this proceeding for reasons such as we have heard repeated to weariness in defence of the Corn Laws; and he was commanded to deliver it to Llywelyn with his own hand, and receive his answer, so that evasion might be impossible, for it behoved the representatives of royalty to know what to do in a case of this nature. We may assume that the arguments, or what they implied, convinced the prince, and that he relinquished the works.

The refusal to do homage to the commissioners sent to receive it, was the first insult offered to the young king; one of greater magnitude soon caused it to be forgotten. We catch the earliest glimpse of this affair in a letter from Llywelyn, "Prince of Wales, and Lord of Snowdon," to R. de Grey, dated September 3rd, 1273, A. D. He had received, he said, letters mandatory from the king respecting the payment of 2000 marks to Pontius de Mora, and of the 3000 then owing to Edward himself; also an invitation to the solemn festival of the coronation, which was to be held on the octaves of the next Easter, the 8th of the following April; but as none of his council were at hand, except his brother Davydd and the bishop of Bangor, he could not reply before Michaelmas. He promised, however, to send the venison which the king asked, in good time. Edward did not return so soon as he was expected; and about the time that Llywelyn's invitation spoke of, another set of commissioners, Beauchamp, Clifford, Bigod, and others, was appointed to hear and decide on the alleged violations of the peace, at Montgomery Ford once more, on the 6th of May; Llywelyn, and the vice-counts of Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Gloucestershire, being enjoined to be present personally or by deputy; whence we learn that the borderers of both countries were on no more friendly footing with each

other than before. Not till the beginning of August did the king reach England, and the coronation took place, with magnificence enough, on the 19th. After the coronation, as a "Manifesto" issued more than two years afterwards stated, Llywelyn was summoned to do the homage which he owed for "the land of Wales;" whence we may infer his non-attendance at that solemnity, and the willingness of the king to afford him an opportunity of demonstrating his loyalty and obedience. About the same time, two bulls, dated on the 18th of August, must have reached Britain. One was addressed to the archbishop of Canterbury, and shows us the preparations Llywelyn was making for the war which he was stirring up against himself. He had told the pope, by messenger or by letter, that in consequence of the frequent wars and broils, it was not safe for him or his people to enter England, and that they were, nevertheless, summoned to Canterbury for the settlement of all their causes ecclesiastical, and sometimes excommunicated for non-appearance, and their lands laid under an interdict; which was grievous enough. Gregory remembered the long contest which the Cambrian churches had maintained for their independence of the English primate; and which had been so recently composed in the way that was most agreeable to the papal court; and he was not willing to open this wound again. He therefore forbade the summoning of the Welsh to Canterbury, and the employment of the censures of the Church in punishment of such enforced delinquencies, and instructed the archbishop to send commissioners into Wales when the sentence of his court was needed in any matter. And in this manner one weapon, which Edward might have employed against the prince, was wrested from his grasp. The other bull was sent to Llywelyn, to confirm some arrangement, which the bishops of Bangor and St. Asaph had made respecting lands, between him and his brother Davydd, and to constitute those prelates the interpreters of the disputed clauses of that arrangement. This is the commencement of the feud between the brothers; and by appealing to these bishops and to the pope, the failure of Llywelyn from the allegiance which, according to the treaty, he owed to the king, was so openly pronounced, that we can account for the absence of all notice of it only by supposing that it was unknown to Edward until more express defiance of his authority had thrown this into the shade.

In the "Manifesto" we have referred to, Edward speaks of but one act of contumacy on the part of Llywelyn, in the year after the coronation; the documents in Rymer, however, disclose to us other causes of offence, which the king's magnanimity did not notice. The prince was summoned by letter from Northampton, on November the 3rd, to meet the king at Shrewsbury, on the Sunday after St. Andrew's day, the 2nd of December, and perform his act of homage then and there. And by message, apparently, the time was changed to the quindene of St. Martin, November the 25th. But three days before this time arrived, Edward wrote to him from "Clive," informing him that an unexpected attack of illness had, to his great disappointment, made it impossible for him to proceed to Shrewsbury. He reminded him, therefore, that there were 6000 marks owing to him, for the last two years; and 2000 to Pontius de Mora (which we know Llywelyn had been informed of before); and told him to pay these sums; and

that agents had been commissioned to receive his share. The middle of the next year* came, and the prince of Wales had taken no step to show his willingness to attend to Edward's commands; another summons was therefore sent to him, charging him to be at Chester on the quindene of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, the 29th of August, 1275, A. D., for the purpose of taking the oaths of allegiance. And on the 20th of June, which shows us that timely notice was given to Llywelyn, the king informed the vice-count of Shropshire and Staffordshire, that he had thus summoned him, and instructed him to act cautiously, and to hold no "parliament" with him in any unsafe or unfit place; and especially not to offer to make reparation for any alleged grievance, until he had made the needful amends for his own neglect and violation of the treaty. Edward says in his "Manifesto," that he offered him safe-conduct, which he was by no means bound to do; and that Llywelyn did not appear, but by messengers and letters sent "frivolous excuses;"† and in fact some interchange of messages seems to have taken place, for on the 10th of September the English king was still at Chester. On that day, finding that the Kymric chief did not appreciate the consideration he had shown, by appointing the meeting at Chester, and thus imposing upon himself so long a journey, he wrote to him, telling him that having "often," but in vain, commanded him to appear at Chester, he should expect him to go to Westminster, in the course of the three weeks after the following Michaelmas, naming the honourable men who were charged to escort and receive him. Llywelyn began to perceive that affairs were becoming serious; and on the day after Edward had penned his letter at Chester, summoning him to London, he wrote to the head of Christendom, in the hope of arresting the arm of the spiritual authority, if it should have been raised to strike him. This letter is dated from Treddyn, in Flintshire, and therefore it is *possible* that the writer might have received the royal summons before it was written; but it is not a veracious letter, even if that possibility be admitted. In it, after reciting such of the terms of the treaty of peace as were to his purpose, he made complaint to Gregory against Edward, for having kept possession of lands belonging to his lordship, to the prejudice of the rightful tenants as well as of himself; and for having sheltered his foes, and neglected supplicatory letters of his Holiness: he had also, it proceeded, summoned him to an unsafe place to do homage, and would neither come to a safe place, nor send authorized persons to receive his oaths; he, therefore, begged that no sentence might be pronounced against him, in the pontiff's court, during the war. To the same effect, and in almost

* The *Annales Menevenses*, in the recent copy, have preserved the memory of a circumstance which we shall afterwards relate in full. In the beginning of this 1275, A. D., Gruffydd, the lord of Powys, left all his estates, and fled to England, where he was graciously received by Edward; his son Owain was, however, left in a sort of free custody with Llywelyn. We shall discover that it was at this time that Davydd forsook his brother again, —to escape the punishment due to him, for having joined in a plot against his life.

† Thus the king styles them in his "Manifesto;" and the chroniclers have happily afforded us the means of judging whether they were so. Trivet and others (one of whom, Thomas Wikes, has incorrectly connected the story with the summons to Shrewsbury the year before) state that he demanded Edward's own son, the Earl of Gloucester, and the lord chancellor of the realm, as hostages for his safety in going and returning! Either on the 10th or 11th of September, at "nonas," according to the Llandaff annalist, happened "a great earthquake." We are left to imagine the influence it exerted on the minds of Llywelyn and others, who, with him, were now anticipating war.

the same words, on October the 6th, he wrote to all the English prelates, dating from Talybont; and as this letter has been regarded as a specimen of "native simplicity," and a "spirited memorial," we will give it less closely condensed, from Powell's version. It commenced by recapitulating some points of Ottoboni's treaty; the acknowledgment of him and his successors as princes of Wales; the cession to him of the tenancy *in capite*, with consequent homage and service, of all the Welsh barons but one, "for which we and our successors should do homage and fealty to the lord the king and his heirs;" and the agreement not to harbour enemies or fugitives; referring them to the barons, the abbots of Aberconway and Ystrad Flur, for fuller information. Then followed the charges against Edward; he had taken certain barons' lands of Wales into his own hands, and kept one barony which should be Llywelyn's; [the absence of the names of this lordship and of the injured barons, we must remark, as detracting from the weight of this accusation;] he also had received Davydd his brother, and Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, who had (as we shall soon learn) conspired against his life; and he had not attended to any complaints against these fugitives, for robberies and slaughters committed in his land. "Also, which was more perilous, he summoned him to a place not safe for him, amongst his deadly enemies, fugitives and felons, and their spies and murderers, to do him homage and fealty; to which place he could in no way go without bodily danger, seeing that the aforesaid enemies had places at the king's table, and seats in his council, and openly bragged themselves." Nor would the king, when this was represented to him, make any other appointment, in a safe place, although the prince was ready to take the oaths; nor send any to receive them for him. It concluded by begging the aid of the bishops' counsels to the king, lest harm should ensue to both England and Wales, by war, "which might God forbid;" especially as the pope had prohibited war to be waged amongst Christians, all their strength being required against the infidels;—and they must hold him excused, if the king did not take their advice, and trouble should follow. With this vindication of himself we could express no satisfaction, were all the allegations clearly established; and as they are not, we do not wonder that the king should speak of his "frivolous excuses," and express some anger at his conduct. The treatment which the prince received, when he was compelled to submission, will justify our judgment upon his proceedings at this time.

As these letters would lead us to expect, Llywelyn did not present himself at Westminster at the appointed time; "but sent, as before, by no means rational excuses," Edward said. Matthew of Westminster, or the unknown compiler so called, says that he refused to go because he remembered his father's fate. We shall find Llywelyn forgetting that he was the son of Gruffydd at a subsequent period, and returning to Gwynedd in safety; and no better answer to his real or pretended fears than this can be required. Once more, therefore, he was summoned, to Winchester, on the octaves of the next Hilary, the 20th of January, 1276, A. D. During 1275, A. D., other events of great moment had occurred, to which none of the documents we have quoted have made the least allusion, but which exercised no little influence upon the diplomatic contest we have narrated. The promise made to Llywelyn by the great Earl of Leices-

ter, of the hand of his daughter, had not been fulfilled ; and the young lady, under the guardianship of the widowed mother, remained in a convent in France. The prince of Wales chose this time to prefer a formal request to the countess, and to the king of France, whose sanction (by feudal usage) was indispensably needful, that his desire to become Earl Simon's son might be realized. The messengers who were sent to plight his troth to the fair Eleanor, were also charged with a message to Philip ; for it is to this period that we must ascribe a treaty of alliance, alluded to in the following letter, the exact date of which is unknown, the original being still preserved in the archives of France. "To his most excellent lord, Philip," thus it runs, "by God's grace, the illustrious king of France, his faithful Llywelyn, prince of North Wales, sends health, and true and reverent service, as devoted as due. What return shall I make to your excellent nobility for the singular honour and inestimable gift, wherewith you, the king of the Franks, yea, the prince of the kings of the earth, have assigned to me your knight, in testimony of the league between the kingdom of the Franks and the principality of North Wales ; your letters, bearing the golden seal, not less magnificently than munificently anticipating me your faithful servant ? These letters I have caused to be preserved in the treasure-house of the church, like consecrated relics, that they may be a perpetual memorial, and an incontrovertible proof, that I and my heirs, inseparably adhering to you and yours, will be friends to your friends, and enemies to your foes. That, too, I humbly ask and entreat of your kingly dignity, to be by all means royally observed towards me and my friends. And that it may be inviolably observed, having assembled a council of my nobles, and by the common consent of all the princes of Wales, all of whom I have bound together in friendship to you, and this league, by the witness of my seal I promise that I will be loyal to you for ever ; and as I promise faithfully, more faithfully will I perform. Moreover, from the time that I received your sublimity's letters, I have held neither truce, nor peace, nor parley with the English. But, by the grace of God, I, and all the princes of Wales unanimously confederate, have manfully resisted our, yea, *your* enemies, and by the aid of the Lord have by force of arms recovered from the yoke of their tyranny great part of the land, and the strongest castles, which they by fraud and treachery had gotten. In the name of God we hold them thus recovered ; wherefore we, the princes of all Wales, earnestly beg that without us you will make neither truce nor peace with the English ; being assured that we, on no account, nor for any gain, will be yoked with them in any league or peace, unless in consonance with your fore-ascertained good-will." And thereto is yet appended a fragment of the seal, on which Llywelyn's name is distinctly legible. An honourable escort was provided for the bride, and her brother Amaury accompanied her and her retinue, which occupied four ships ; and thus they set out in state for Wales. But Edward considered himself the lady's feudal superior, and therefore her guardian ; whilst Llywelyn had acknowledged himself his vassal in the letter to the bishops : not having been consulted respecting the purposed marriage, and suspecting the relations into which Llywelyn had entered with the court of France, he resolved to interfere ; and aided by the treachery of a knight in Eleanor's train, captured the little

fleet off the Scilly Islands, in the former half of 1276, A. D., as it appears, although the time can be only generally determined. The lady was detained in honourable custody, and in attendance upon the queen;* but her brother was imprisoned in the castles at Corfe and Sherburn, and obtained his liberty, in 1282, A. D., only by the pope's resolute intervention.

The summons to Winchester was treated in the same manner as those before it had been. By letter and messenger, the prince sent "insufficient excuses;" but Edward did not, even now, do more than despatch another command for his appearance at Westminster within three weeks after Easter, or between the 5th and the 26th of April. On the second Sunday after Easter, April the 19th, the dean and chapter of Bangor addressed to the archbishop of Canterbury a letter, the intention of which was to extenuate Llywelyn's contumacy, and by following up the impression of Llywelyn's own letter, sent six months before, to secure the neutrality of the primate, if more could not be obtained. Llywelyn's letter, it will be remembered, spoke of his brother and of the lord of Powys having conspired to slay him, and fled to the English court on being detected. The dignitaries of Bangor informed their superior that Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, and his son Owain, with Davydd, Llywelyn's brother, as "captain," had plotted to depose and slay Llywelyn, although they were all his vassals. Davydd had given his daughter in marriage to Owain, and had promised to endow her with the districts of Cydwain and Kerry, or with the patrimony of the prince; which was, we were long ago informed, some portions of the Four Cantreys. The scheme was, that Davydd should stay at Llywelyn's court till the Purification; (which was the 2nd of February, in 1275, A. D., the year *before* the writing of this letter, it must be borne in mind;) Owain was to lead thither a number of armed knights, who, by Davydd's guidance, would slay Llywelyn in his own chamber. The weather spoiled the execution of this design; and the prince heard of it, and cited his brother into his presence at Rhuddlan; who would not appear unless under the prince's safe-conduct. The accusation of a share in this conspiracy having been formally made against him, and a day fixed for his answering it, before it came, with a multitude of armed men he left his lands, and took refuge with Llywelyn's foes, and began to make incursions into his territories. Owain, the worthy chapter asserted, had afterwards made full confession of all this; and told how the sealed deeds relating to it were kept by his mother in the castle at Poole. Llywelyn, in consequence, sent messengers thither to Gruffydd; who begged them to wait till the morrow, when he would accompany them: but instead of doing so, he cast them all into a horrible dungeon; and then, having garrisoned and victualled his fortress, and burnt all the places round it in preparation for a siege, he also crossed the borders, and did as Davydd had done. Yea, when certain religious men went and besought him, he was as a deaf adder to them, for he heeded them not, but went to Shrewsbury and made common cause with Davydd, and plotted there anew.

* Several accounts have been preserved of sums disbursed for her maintenance; and they are of such magnitude, for that age, as to show that Edward did not seek the discomfort of his fair kinswoman; although, for reasons of state, he postponed her marriage.

This, they assured the archbishop, was known in all Wales; they therefore begged him not to act on the false suggestions of felons, nor condemn their prince unheard; but to let punishment strike those whom guilt bound. It seems to have been in consequence of this letter, that, when the Welsh prince did not appear at Westminster as he was commanded, the archbishop of Canterbury, with other bishops, and several earls and barons, obtained the king's permission to try and induce him to do homage; and sent the archdeacon of Canterbury to Llywelyn very frequently; who, though he used his best endeavours, was able to effect nothing.

Matthew of Westminster says, that Llywelyn could not appear at the parliament in 1276, A. D., but sent messengers to treat of peace, and to offer "not a little money" for the release of his bride; and that the king refused his consent to these proposals unless the lands which had been taken were restored to their proper lords, and the dismantled castles repaired. The authentic account of which may, perhaps, be contained in the "Manifesto," as we have called it, which Edward put forth when, his patience being completely exhausted, he had resolved upon war. It was drawn up on the 12th or 13th of November, and after reciting the instances of disobedience which we have spoken of, it proceeded to "the judgment given concerning Llywelyn ab Gruffydd;" and stated, that in the beginning of October, the Welsh prince had signified by letter to the king, at Westminster, that he was willing to go to Montgomery, or to John Fitz-Alan's White Monastery [Oswestry], to do homage—provided the king would secure his safety in going, staying there, and returning, by the archbishop and the archdeacon of Canterbury, the bishop of Winchester, the Earls of Cornwall, Norfolk, Lincoln, Gloucester, and others; would first, by letter, confirm the form of peace made between himself and Henry, and cause whatever it wanted in completeness to be supplied; and give up "his wife" with her attendants. The "Manifesto" further said, that this proposal and the foregoing statement having been read before the king, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the other lords present on the 12th of November, it was determined, that as Llywelyn had in every way broken the peace, the king, instead of listening to any more excuses or requests from him, should proceed against him as a rebel; that all the military tenants of the kingdom should be summoned to Worcester, on the following Midsummer-day, fully equipped and furnished, unless circumstances should demand greater haste; that the March should be guarded, intercourse with Llywelyn strictly forbidden, and all private truces with him declared void, under penalty of sharing his punishment if they were observed. On the day after this "judgment," the archbishop of Canterbury, with other prelates and barons, wrote to the "noble man, Llywelyn, Prince of Wales and Lord of Snowdon," desiring for him a spirit of sounder counsel; and informing him, that as it was enacted at the council of Oxford, that disturbers of the peace and breakers of the laws should be *ipso facto* subjected to the greater excommunication, they (with great anguish of heart) pronounced him to be under the ban, if, within a fortnight after receiving their letter, he did not make amends. Two days later, Roger Mortimer was appointed "captain" against Llywelyn; for his part of the Marches, as we understand it: and on the morrow,

William Beauchamp, who was "captain" for the county of Chester, had authority from the king, to receive into his peace any of the Welsh, who desired to renounce their connexion with "our rebel" Llywelyn. The summons to the military vassals was not issued till the 12th of December, and then it appointed the octaves of Midsummer day, or the 1st of July following, for the rendezvous at Worcester.

In the old copy of the *Annales Menevenses* it is stated, that a war broke out between the men of Ystrad Tywy and those of Kidweli in this year; and Herveus de Chauris was slain, in the autumn. And it might be on this account that Paganus de Cadurcis was sent to Caermarthen, either late in 1276, A. D., or at the beginning of the following year. He did good service there, it appears; for the newer *Annales* ascribe to him the subjugation of all the land of Kidweli and Cardigan to the king, and the destruction of all the castles of the province; whereupon (they add) all the barons of South Wales went into England and did homage to Edward. Trivet says the Welsh surrendered Strat-tewi castle to Paganus, who ravaged West Wales, whilst Edward was engaged against Llywelyn in the north. Matthew of Westminster tells us that 300 mailed horses were sent, to Bristol, Montgomery, and Chester, to check the incursions of the Welsh; which may be the movement spoken of thus in Thomas Wikes's Chronicle:—About Epiphany, (January the 6th,) the king sent an army to protect the province which Llywelyn was ravaging; and it remained there till Pentecost, which fell in the middle of May. These disjointed notices indicate the bustle of preparation, which filled the long interval between the declaration of war and the time fixed for setting out on the expedition. In Rymer we find, further, a safe-conduct issued for messengers from the prince of Wales, on the 14th of January, to hold good to the middle of Quadragesima, or the 14th of February; but no hint of the nature of the negociations has been preserved. On the 27th of February, the archbishop of Canterbury wrote to the archbishop of York, reciting the monitory letter, which had been addressed to Llywelyn, and stating that messengers were sent to him when he was holding his court, and that he would not receive them; wherefore, after waiting in vain for above six weeks for his answer, the sentence of excommunication had been pronounced, "with bells tolled and candles lighted;" and was threatened against his partisans, if they did not, within a month, make becoming submission to the king. Some gave heed to the warnings of the church, and left the prince; but the number was not great, for Llywelyn did not hesitate to imprison those whose faltering he detected. Paganus de Cadurcis, on Sunday, the quindene of Easter, (either the 4th or 11th of April,) received Rhys ab Meredydd into the king's peace, at Caermarthen, on condition that Edward should, as soon as he had the power, and as far as was just, give up to him Castle Dinevwr, with the districts Maenor Deilo, Mallaen, Caeo, and Mabelven; that Rhys should do homage to him; nor should he, except by his own consent, cease to be a tenant *in capite* of the king; for that was held to be most honourable. Rhys also promised assistance in the campaign; and it was agreed, that if Gruffydd ab Meredydd ab Owain should come into the king's peace, by Rhys giving up the claims he had on Gweinionydd and Mabwynion, the king would make compensation.

On the Nativity of the Baptist, Midsummer day, Edward was at Chester, awaiting the gathering of his troops. He had commanded the barons of the Exchequer, and the justiciaries of the Bench, to remove their sittings from Westminster to Shrewsbury;* that the public business of the kingdom might not be delayed because the prince of Wales was in rebellion. Remembering, too, how wearisome and profitless his father's expeditions had proved, he had engaged the services of a fleet from the Cinque Ports to attack Anglesey; whilst his brother Edmund and that Paganus, of whom we have heard, held South and West Wales; so that when he himself advanced from Chester, Llywelyn would be hemmed in on every side. Ages afterwards, it was remembered at Chester, how the young king rode through the Dee, at Shotwick Ford, on horseback, when he set forth; and Saltney Marsh was pointed out as one place where he had encamped. Flint and Rhuddlan castles were "triumphantly entered," says Thomas Wikes, and rebuilt or fortified; and a military road was opened through a dense and spreading forest, which lay between him and Snowdon, whither Llywelyn and his adherents had, according to their national custom, retired. All Anglesey was reduced by the naval force; Edmund was building a stronghold at Llanpadarn Vawr, to maintain perpetual watch and ward against incursions into the southern parts; and the position of the prince became every day more hopeless. We learn from Rymer that there was some difficulty experienced in keeping the army in West Wales together; for on August the 8th Edward wrote to the leaders, begging them to remain with his brother as long as they could, and to assist him with their best endeavours, for which he would consider himself personally obliged to them, and would not use their prolonged service on that occasion as a precedent to their injury. We find, too, that Davydd was in Edward's camp at this time, in arms against his brother. Trivet says that he was knighted by the king at this time, and enjoyed great favour with Edward "for his probity and faithfulness,"—two of the last virtues we should have ascribed to him, from what we have heard of his proceedings. At Flint, on the 23rd of August, Edward entered into a new alliance with him. Considering all his good qualities and services, he promised (if he should conquer Llywelyn, who had unjustly disinherited and imprisoned his elder brother, Owain, and dispossess him of Wales) to restore to Davydd and Owain a moiety of Snowdon and its valleys, with Lleyne, and a moiety of Anglesey and "Penchyn'"; or (retaining all Anglesey himself) the whole of "Penchyn'" and Snowdon. And should any one else claim Meirionydd, he undertook to adjudicate in accordance with the Welsh laws. Moreover, if he should wish to have any part of the land of Snowdon, and the homage of any of the nobles, he would make reasonable compensation. They were to pay him homage and service, giving as security the eldest son of one of them; and unless illness should prevent it, attend parliament, whenever summoned.

The affairs of the principality of North Wales did not, however, take that form, when the prince was actually brought to submission; which happened in the beginning of

* Orders to pay the charges for the removal of the furniture and paraphernalia of these courts exist amongst the Records.

November. On the day before the feast of St. Martin's, which was the 10th, Edward at Rhuddlan, and Llywelyn at Aberconway, ratified the articles of peace, agreed upon between William of Southampton, one of the eminences of the Order of Preachers in England, Robert Tibetot, and Anthony Bek, on one side, and Tewdwr ab Ednyved and Gronw ab Heylyn, on the other. Lhuyd, or Powell his editor, has greatly misrepresented this treaty, and that account has been followed by others; we must, therefore, specify its conditions.* The first stipulation was, that Llywelyn should pay 50,000 pounds sterling, as a penalty for his disobedience, and to repay the trouble, losses, &c., he had occasioned. Next, he gave up for ever the Four Cantreys, and all other lands that the king had taken possession of, except Anglesey, which Edward, "of his special grace," allowed him to keep; and if he should lay claim to parts of those Four Cantreys not in the king's hands, justice, "according to the laws and customs of those parts," was guaranteed to him. The prince was to do homage at Rhuddlan, having first been released from the censures of the Church. Owain, his brother, who had been in prison for so many weary years, was to be set at liberty; and a form of peace, subject to the king's approval, agreed upon between them; or, Owain should put himself into the king's keeping, and seek redress at his hands, in the course prescribed by the Welsh laws. Rhys ab Gruffydd was also to be released, and put into the same position, as to lands, &c., as he occupied when he treated about coming into the king's peace. Owain ab Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, Davydd ab Gruffydd ab Owain Elis, Madog ab Einion, and all others imprisoned for being on Edward's side, were to be "purely and absolutely" set free. Llywelyn received "for his life" the homage of the second of the last-named prisoners, of the two sons of Owain ab Bleddyn, Rhys (Vychan) ab Rhys ab Maelgwn, and the latter was to have again only the land he actually possessed, but the others all they had ever enjoyed. All others who came into the king's peace were to be reinstated in like manner. "Out of mere grace," Edward granted to Llywelyn, "for his life," his brother Davydd's patrimony, engaging to make compensation to the latter; but at the death of either, all the land was to revert to the king. Anglesey was granted to Llywelyn "and his heirs," for the payment of 1000 marks annually into the royal exchequer. Few changes of feudal service were to be made with the tenants of the king's lands in Perveddwlad. By the laws of Wales, or the customs of the March, all contentions should be settled, according to the place in which they might arise. Gruffydd Vychan was charged to do homage for the lands in Yal, and Llywelyn, for those in Edeyrnion.

* We cannot afford the space to expose the misrepresentations and mistakes to which we refer; and having abridged the treaty itself, it is unnecessary. But a fiction supposed to relate to this war we must insert; and so much the more readily, as the earliest work to which we have been able to trace it, is one of Daniel De Foe's. Either at Chepetow on the Wye, or at Aust Ferry on the Severn, it is said, Edward happening to hear that Llywelyn was on the other side of the river, invited him to come over and confer with him respecting the matters which were in dispute between them, which the prince rudely refused to do; whereupon the king entered a boat and crossed the stream, to go to him. Llywelyn seeing him coming, struck by the generosity and condescension of the act, rushed into the water to meet him, confessing himself vanquished by such extraordinary magnanimity. It is not requisite to show the incredibility of this story at length; our readers will perceive that the two rivals never were brought together on the Severn or the Wye, in such a manner as to permit the occurrence of an incident of this kind.

All lands were confirmed to the prince "and his heirs," except Anglesey and Davydd's patrimony; and Edward pledged himself both to satisfy Owain and Rhodri,—the latter of whom, also a brother of Llywelyn, had been confined by him, and (as Trivet says) had recently broken prison, and resorted to the English monarch for protection,—and to confirm the agreement which was to be made between the three brothers. A safe-conduct was promised to Llywelyn, and the commissioners who arranged the treaty were charged with his escort to the third mile from Rhuddlan, and then the bishop of Bath and the Earl of Lincoln were his protectors to the presence of the king, and during his stay. Furthermore, a day was to be fixed for the prince to repeat his homage at London, under safe-conduct: ten hostages, of the noblest who could be secured without resorting to the penalties of imprisonment and disinheriting, for refusal, (a condition which discloses much of the *real* history of these times,) were to be given up; and the two Welsh commissioners swore by their own souls, and that of the prince, and by the souls of his council, to attend to the treaty. As an additional security,—which shows that all the parties laboured under the delusion, that suspicious oaths might be multiplied until something trustworthy was obtained,—twenty men were to be chosen annually to swear to the observance of this peace, and to renounce their allegiance to Llywelyn, if he failed to keep it. The prince and his council were, moreover, to swear to keep to it. And on the day before named, the king by deputy, and the prince in person, did thus swear, and the deed was sealed in token thereof.

By other deeds, on the same 10th of November, Llywelyn relinquished, in Edward's favour, the Four Cantreys and other lands named in the treaty, assigned out of his own monies 1000 marks, "or less," as the king should determine, to Rhodri, in compensation for his claims; and agreed to pay yearly at Chester, on St. Michael's day, 500 marks, for Anglesey and for Davydd's patrimony, until he had liquidated the debts he owed to Edward's father, and had received a "quittance" for it.* This last engagement may be explained by another deed, given on the same day, *by Edward*, at Rhuddlan, absolving the prince from the obligation to pay the 1000 marks *per annum* for Mona. Holinshed has preserved a "quittance" dated Rhuddlan, the 11th of this November; whence it appears that Llywelyn paid 2000 marks to the king, which may have been an instalment towards that long-standing debt, which one of the minor documents just referred to acknowledges. But Edward was not a hard or tyrannical victor; this very day he forgave Llywelyn the payment of the 50,000 pounds sterling, an act which must be allowed to explain the spirit of the forbearance shown during the insulting contumacy of the prince regarding the act of homage. Six days later, another deed, dated from Aberconway, informs us that Llywelyn, not having any heirs, relinquished the reversion of Anglesey to the king. And now, the conquest of Wales being,

* As an example of the misrepresentations we have charged upon Lhuyd and his copyists, this may be taken;—Llywelyn's engagement to pay, in compensation for Rhodri's claims upon him, whatever sum Edward might fix, within 1000 marks; and to pay to Edward, as rent for Davydd's patrimonial estate, 500 marks yearly, until his debt to the English crown was liquidated, has been converted into a "promise to pay" Rhodri 1000 marks annually, and Davydd 500'

as Edward thought, happily achieved, he dismissed his followers and returned to London. From the Annals of Llandaff we learn, that he gave to Roger Mortimer the castles of Kerry, Cydwain, and Dol-y-forwyn. And by various authorities,—the Chronicle of Dunstable, Knyghton, and Trivet,—we are informed that Davydd, who received “such favour as never Welshman had before,” was not only enriched by the gift of Frodsham, in Cheshire, with the honour thereto pertaining, but was also made seneschal and keeper of all the king’s castles in North Wales, Rhuddlan, Hope, Denbigh, and the rest; and had lands worth 1000 pounds yearly. About this time, too, the king bestowed upon him the hand of Eleanor, the recently widowed daughter of the Earl of Derby. A scutage of forty shillings was levied on every knight’s fee, for which neither knight nor substitute had served against Wales; and, according to Trivet, the people were assessed one-twentieth to pay the costs of the war.

Christmas day was fixed for the more solemn act of homage at London; and in preparation for it, on December the 6th, Edward gave notice that he had taken Llywelyn and his retinue into his protection, until the feast of the Purification; and had committed them to the guardianship of the bishop of Bath and Wells, who was his chancellor; the prior of the knights of St. John, his treasurer; Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, Roger Mortimer, and Roger Clifford. Of the ceremony itself, no account has been preserved; but messengers from the prince were permitted to visit the fair De Montfort at Windsor, and to have “open or secret conference with her freely,” and “honourable treatment.” Thomas Wikes asserts that the king of France interceded with Edward for her release; and as we may well suppose that the alliance, which the prince wrote about with so much enthusiasm, could not lead to active co-operation against the English king, for the French monarch had no desire for war, in no way better than this could he serve his voluntary liege-man. But the visit was not one of unalloyed satisfaction to the Welsh. Although they, with their followers, were lodged at Islington, and other country villages near London, they could not find sufficient supplies of milk; and the wine and beer, and bread too, did not suit their “constitutions;”—but most offensive was the curiosity of the people, who gathered round them in crowds, and were never weary of wondering at their uncouth costume and speech. They resolved, says the Mostyn MS. from which Carte quoted this story, “never to visit Islington again, except as conquerors;” and went home bent upon renewing the war,—the irascible, dyspeptic barbarians that they were. On the same day that permission was given for the correspondence with Eleanor de Montfort, January the 4th, 1278, A. D., Edward appointed commissaries to receive the oaths of the twenty good men and true of Kymru, for that year; and empowered them also to take charge of the hostages; to liberate his prisoners; to superintend the fulfilment of the terms of the peace, as far as he was concerned; to see that certain injuries done to his men in Anglesey, after the making of the peace, were righted; to learn what lands the prince purposed to assign as dowry to his wife; and generally, to use all discretion in maintaining the relations between the sovereigns and the peoples, established by the treaty of the preceding November. Soon afterwards, the prince, to whom only the *name* of all he had striven

for remained, returned to his mountain-home ; well satisfied, apparently, with his position, and with the hopes he was now able to entertain, of recovering his affianced bride :—whilst the king trusted that an abiding peace was at length established. On the 21st of March, when writing to his chancellor, Edward expressed his thankfulness for the condition of his kingdom ; and observed, “ for, behold, Llywelyn, prince of Wales, in these very days, has submitted to the awards of the justiciaries of the March, both in matters of complaint against him, and in those wherein he was plaintiff.” And not long afterwards, he presided at that politic reburial of the bones of Arthur, at Glastonbury, whereof mention has been made in another chapter ; and by which he hoped to secure himself against the most influential *popular* cause of rebellion in Wales.

But before the negociation for Llywelyn’s marriage was brought to the desired close, some slight relapses into his old disposition occurred ; and the manful patience of the king was very notably displayed. Thomas Wikes has related that the prince refused to appear at a parliament held (but *not* at Glastonbury, as some have said) three weeks after Easter, or in the beginning of May, in this 1278, A. D. ; and that Edward, fearing his fidelity was giving way, went with a great force to the March about the beginning of August ; whereupon Llywelyn, desirous of avoiding the imputation of disloyalty and “ prevarication,” received him as his lord, with all honour, and the truce was renewed. In Rymer we find nothing to confirm this ; but instead of it, first,—a letter dated from Westminster, June the 4th, in which the king replied to Llywelyn’s complaint that the justiciaries had wrongfully, as contrary to the laws and customs of Wales, cited him as far as Montgomery, to receive justice respecting some lands he claimed from Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn ;—explaining the English customs regarding lands held, both immediately and mediately, of himself, with juridical preciseness ; adding, that he had sent some who would see that right was done in this case at once. The same commissioners were also charged, said the king, to attend to the prince’s complaint of Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn’s ravages in his lands. He assured the petulant Welshman that he believed only good of him ; and bade him make out a clear case respecting the fugitives he had spoken of, when justice should be done to him. And secondly, another letter from Windsor, dated the 14th of July, wherein the king explained some exhortations he had addressed to him in a former letter, (now lost,) and soothed the fiery spirit he had to deal with in the most judicious way :—all that was intended, he wrote, was that Llywelyn ought to act “ like a prince” towards the bishop of Bangor ; and whilst making the abbot of Basingwerke pay his dues of service, &c., to have respect to his own honour, exacting only what was just, and dealing “ humanely ” with him ; and as to pleas and causes in Wales and the Marches, the terms of the peace could only signify *former* customs :—and thus charmed away the irritation which threatened a new rupture. At Shotwick, (near Chester,) on the 17th of September, Edward renounced his claims upon the ten hostages he had received from the prince of Wales, and appointed the third day from that, and St. Cross church in Chester, as the time and place for restoring them to liberty. And at length, on the 13th of October, at Worcester, both the king and queen being present, Llywelyn was espoused to De Montfort’s

daughter ; and led her away with him, to share the rude splendour of his court at Aber, “not without great exultation of heart.” *

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFFAIRS OF WALES FROM LLYWELYN'S MARRIAGE TO THE SUBJUGATION OF THE COUNTRY.

WITH this chapter our full narrative of Cambrian history is concluded ; and the concise relation of the fortunes of the Kymry and their land, after Edward's conquest had made them an integral portion of his English kingdom, will alone remain. The remarks which have already been offered, respecting the necessity of this event, and the purposes of the principal actors in it, will sufficiently introduce the story to our readers ; and at the same time explain the representation made here of the conduct of the last prince of Wales of the ancient British stock. The most authentic documents of the time, and the acknowledged facts of the case, require us to pay little regard to the panegyrics of the bards, and the regretful admiration of those who, in after ages, derived from them their opinions of Llywelyn, as evidence in his favour ; and not even the interest awakened in his behalf, by his courage in the last agony of the conflict,—which the vast preparations of his conqueror most plainly attest,—can bar the verdict, which upon those grounds must be pronounced against him. Thus peacefully our tale commences.

For more than three years the amicable relations established by Llywelyn's marriage were undisturbed ; and although we are able, beneath the surface of events, to perceive the causes of the final rupture of this friendliness gradually accumulating, the outbreak, when at last it occurred, took the king of England completely by surprise. Edward seems to have put entire confidence in the prince ; and Llywelyn had so far merited that trust, that when he rebelled, it was ascribed to the evil suggestions of his brother

* Amongst the “greeses,” which Llywelyn, in the fruitless negotiations carried on by the archbishop of Canterbury, in November, 1282, A. D., four years afterwards, alleged that he had suffered at the hands of Edward, we find this :—That after he was invited to Worcester, and “in blindest words” his bride was promised him, *before mass* the king required his signature to a document, containing this condition amongst others, “that the said prince should never at all keep in his land any man contrary to the king's will, nor show favour to any ; whence it might happen that the prince would find himself deprived of all his faithful servants :” and that he acceded to the demand, “through such fear as might happen to a stedfast man,” although it was not one of the terms of the peace ; and it was contrary to the peace to enact what was not contained therein. Every other treaty contained an express stipulation for the “extradition” of refugees ; this complaint of Llywelyn's, therefore, lacks even the show of reason ; whilst the time and circumstances of his bringing forward the “greefe” impress us with his lamentable want of good faith in dealing with his sagacious and powerful suzerain.

Davydd, upon whom fell the chief weight of the indignation excited, and the most cruel revenge. In all periods of quiet the Welsh annals are almost vacant, and they are so now. The records which claim our earliest attention are three letters from Eleanor, "Princess of Wales and Lady of Snowdon," to her royal kinsman. The first is dated the 10th of October, 1279, A. D. In it she begged him, since he would not allow one Nicholas de Whatham to "prosecute" the will of her mother, to cause the things bequeathed to be collected into his exchequer, and to inform her of the time and place for receiving her share, lest the last requests of her mother should fail to be observed. The next was written on July the 8th, of the year after; she wished, she said, to hear good news of the king, and would do any thing in furtherance of his wishes; and she entreated him not to credit any report of disaffection on her part, or Llywelyn's, for they both remembered the honour showed to them when they were last at Worcester.* On the 18th of October, in the same year, she sent a very earnest request in behalf of her brother, who had been kept in one or another stronghold of England, ever since their capture off the Scilly Islands. The letter begins with some very graceful compliments; and the fair writer, after having stated that she had heard, that at the next parliament her brother's case was to be inquired into, entreated Edward not to deny to a kinsman the clemency he had extended to aliens. This letter has been endorsed with a summary of the reply;—what could be done in parliament should be, the liberation of the prisoner being "near to the king." Notwithstanding which, we may add, that he lingered in confinement nearly two years longer. These three letters are dated from different places, and manifest a gentleness of spirit, which we should scarcely have imagined could have been found in a descendant of the fiery De Montfort's. In the summer of 1281, A. D., the princess died in giving birth to a daughter, who, being taken, with her nurse, at the downfall of Llywelyn, was sent into England, and with her cousin Gwladys, Davydd's daughter, lived long years in the convent at Sempringham. An inquiry respecting these princesses was ordered by the king on September the 2nd, 1289, with a view to a "parliamentary report." Piers Langtoft, in his rhymed chronicle, has given us the fullest information concerning them. He says, under the year 1337, A. D.,

" More than a year before he [Llywelyn] met his shame,
 A daughter was him born, Wencilian [Gwenddolen] her name.
 In her cradle young to England she came;
 Through counsel of the king was brought to Sempringham;
 And there was she in four and fifty year,
 Nourished with wyne [joy], nun and secular.
 Nor have we new tattles, dead is Wencilian,
 Llywelyn's daughter, of Wales, that on England ran.
 Her death was much mentioned, for she was full courteous,
 Amongst the ladies gentle they tell of her loss.
 The seventh day of June, Whitsun even the time,
 Died that lady, between undern and prime."

* This should be observed, as it shows that Llywelyn's complaint of the agreement he was made to sign upon that occasion, was an after-thought, and was appealed to in justification of a revolt it had no share in provoking.

Gwladys, we are told in verse of a similar quality, died the year before. Llywelyn's daughter is named by others—Catharine Lackland, and is said, but we know not on what authority, to have been married to Malcolm, Earl of Fife. The death of Eleanor we may mark as one of the circumstances which led to the renewal of the war; for Llywelyn lost the tie which connected him with the English king.

The Annals of St. David record a great mortality in the years 1280 and 1281, A. D.; and those of Llandaff state that in the latter year almost all the sheep of Glamorgan died. To these incidental notices, whence we may infer the condition of the people, may be added, were it only to confirm the opinion we long ago expressed of the story of the failure of the strange currency, in which the tribute demanded by King Edgar was paid; a licence given to John Giffard of Brimnesfield, [Brimfield, in Herefordshire,] to hunt wolves, and dated November the 6th, 1280, A. D.; and an order to destroy all the wolves in the parks, &c., in Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Salop, and Staffordshire; issued on the 14th of May, in the year after. Rymer has also preserved the memorandum of an exchange made between Edward and his brother Edmund, on the 10th of November, 1279, A. D.; when the latter gave to the king his lands and castles in Caermarthen and Cardigan, and received others not in Wales. This, which increased the personal influence of Edward in the Principality, must be observed, in our estimate of the causes of his complete success, when the princes rebelled against him. Carte quotes a Mostyn MS. as authority for the statement, that in the Four Cantreys, which were now in the hands of the English king, the tenants had the option of holding their estates subject to English, or to Welsh customs, and that they chose the latter; and, moreover, that the regular institutions for the administration of justice, which had been set up when that district was his before,—to the great disgust of the Kymry, who were “roving disorderly blades” as well as patriots,—were now revived. These courts, in which the prescriptions of the sages of the council at the Ty Gwyn were altogether neglected, and mere fair-play, without favour or delay, aimed at, were extremely distasteful to the Welsh; who had always been used to identify justice with the laws of Hywel Dda, and to consider English law as equivalent to injustice; and when Llywelyn rose against Edward, the people joined him mainly because of their abhorrence of them. Another cause of the popularity of Llywelyn's rebellion has been referred to in a former chapter:—as soon as the king returned from his pacification of Wales, he recalled the clipped and debased coinage, and the fractions of pennies which had circulated as half-pence and farthings; and threatening severe punishments against those who should debase or clip it in future, sent out a new coinage; which brought to mind an old stanza ascribed to Myrddin, which foretold the coronation of the prince of Wales in London, when the money should be “round,” and excited the Cambrians to hope that their long-lost dominion in Britain would soon be restored. Here, too, we may mention a letter of the king's, addressed to Llywelyn, on the 9th of June, 1281, A. D., wherein he promised that, as he had heard the result of a jury and inquisition, lately held before the bishop of St. David's, Reginald de Grey, and others, respecting the laws and customs used in former times in Wales and the Marches; and had in-

spected the rolls of briefs and pleas, and found them agree with it,—those old customs should be observed; and further signified, that the cause pending between Llywelyn and Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn should be decided in accordance with these customs; adding, that he had instructed his justiciaries to act upon this determination, and to end the suit speedily. This contest was referred to in a letter in the last chapter; wherein we saw Llywelyn refusing to obey a summons to Montgomery, and Edward soothing his chafed spirit with the blandest words, as he does in this communication also. These facts must be noted, or we cannot rightly judge the value of the representations made by the Welsh in justification of the rebellion that broke out early in the next year, to which we will now direct our attention.

The charges, or complaints, which we speak of, were made at a time, when the affairs of the Welsh prince and his adherents had become desperate;—a circumstance which is apparent in every part of this very remarkable set of documents, and which lessens the value of them for all historical purposes, since they do not (in consequence) faithfully picture even the discontent which prevailed amongst the Kymry before the final war began. Never losing sight of this fact, however, we may use them now to show the spirit which was cherished in Wales, during these years of outward tranquillity; and when we come to the period at which they were exhibited against the English king, some further notice will be taken of them. The tone of exaggeration, which we attribute to the date of their composition, is the first characteristic which strikes the reader; and next, is the complete mistake, which Llywelyn, Davydd, and in fact all who utter these complaints, had made respecting their actual position, and their relation to the monarch of England. Edward's clemency and generosity, which had been so signally displayed to both the princes, appear to have confirmed them in the delusion that they were, as the *Bruts* described their ancestors,—independent sovereigns; they did not understand that they were vassals, and, except in name, feudal dependents upon the king, such as the proud barons—then the glory of the land—would scarcely have acknowledged as their “peers.” The necessity of carrying out, as far as the welfare of the realm demanded, in the lands recently subjected to the crown, the plans which experience and policy suggested, could not, of course, be seen either by the princes or the people of Gwynedd. And the measures themselves would appear to be palpable violations of the recent peace, for they were not part of the laws and customs of Wales. But there were, also, justifiable causes of irritation; which we could imagine would never be wanting, where, after so many centuries of strife, one party boasted itself victorious, whilst the other did not believe itself vanquished; and in an age when rude violence, and the right of the strongest, settled more questions than laws and treaties. We must further observe, that we have, in these complaints, an imperfect account of the affairs spoken of; and that the neglect with which they were treated, would alone lead us to conclude that they did not *come home* to the conscience of the king.

Llywelyn, it appears, whilst Edward was yet at Rhuddlan, had laid claim to some lands in Arwystli. He does not state that the “defendant” was Gruffydd ab Gwen-

wynwyn, but we do not think we can be mistaken in supposing that it was; and we can, in this case, "hear the story of the other party," having already given Edward's letters. The king agreed to the trial of the claim by the laws of Wales; but delays occurred; the prince—who never doubted the soundness of his claim to every inch of the entire island, and who therefore considered this a trifling demand, one which ought to occasion no hesitation—grew indignant, he was summoned to places to which he ought not to have been summoned; and at length he said, justice was wholly refused him, "by the king himself, at London," unless he would consent to the adjudication of the question according to the *English* laws. The royal justiciary, Reginald de Grey, was next accused of proceeding against some of the king's newly-acquired subjects, in the Four Cantreys, for offences committed in the time of Henry; and of having brought into that district many new customs; although the peace had provided for the remission of all previous offences, and had secured the continuance of the tenures by which the lands had before been held.

The offences, which are not denied, we may conjecture to have been committed when Edward was lord of that territory in his father's life-time; and as the new customs introduced were, as we know, courts for the administration of speedy justice, and did not relate to the tenure of land at all, we suspect that the offences punished were not political, but of that more vulgar class, which at all times deserve nothing but summary justice. Besides, having been given up to Edward, Llywelyn could have no legitimate "grievances" arising from the domestic affairs of Perveddwlad. Powell has, in his translation of these "records," beside manifold blunders, been guilty of a little too vigorously improving upon the originals. Under one head, Llywelyn complained that, whereas it had been settled that the law of the Marches should be used for offences committed in them, and Welsh law for offences in Wales, the king's justiciaries had come to Montgomery, and had not tried men by the laws of Wales there. Montgomery was undoubtedly in the March, and so the complaint was groundless; but Powell has represented them as having gone to *Anglesey*! In another part, the prince declared himself aggrieved by the demand made for "gold," in some payments due to the crown; because the peace did not name "gold," Henry had never asked it, "nor any king of England." The righteousness of the claim for payment is not disputed, we observe; and as the Welsh laws often speak of the tribute paid by the king of Aberfraw to the king of London, Llywelyn might have known that "gold" *had been demanded* by other kings beside Edward. He was further injured by the claim, made by the queen mother, for some 2000 marks, which remained unpaid of what he had covenanted to pay Henry; and by the threat of something resembling "distrain" if the debt was not discharged; and he seems to have forgotten entirely how forbearingly his former irregularities in payment had been dealt with, and what sums Edward had, so short a time before, forgiven him. The justiciary of Chester had also, Llywelyn stated, seized fifteen pounds of honey belonging to him, and horses and men to boot, and had made several of his traders ransom their boats and cargoes at Liverpool, on the ground of some "wrecking" which he had done before the war; and he thought that the peace had cancelled all

penalties incurred up to the time of its signature, and that it also allowed him that booty, because all his ancestors had been "wreckers;" and it never occurred to him that this was not one of the offences contemplated in the peace, nor that "wrecking" was incompatible with security to property,—nor that in such things, as a vassal of the English crown, he was obnoxious to the laws, by which the king of England endeavoured to maintain that security. The last "plaint" of Llywelyn's which we can quote, (for we have, in another place, mentioned the "supplement" to the peace which he signed at Worcester,) still more singularly illustrates the manners of the times, and his feelings at this juncture of affairs. Certain men of Geneur-Glyn had stolen some goods from their neighbours, and carried them into the lands of the prince; whereupon some of the king's people went and recovered the stolen property, and refused to yield it to the prince's men, who demanded it of them; and attempting afterwards to rescue it by force, they were worsted, one being killed and the rest taken prisoners; and Llywelyn "never could get any justice for the said goods." It does not appear that he once considered, that the *recovery* of stolen goods is not robbery inflicted on the thief, nor that the protector of the actual robber should be the last person to complain if he does not receive "justice" for his crime. "No one ought to wonder, therefore," he concluded, "if the prince gave his assent to those who began the war, because, in the things spoken of, the oath which Robert Tibetot had sworn by the soul of the king was not kept; and chiefly, and especially, since the prince was forewarned by those worthy of credit, that he was to be taken prisoner by the king when he next came to Rhuddlan, and would indeed have been so captured, if the king had come thither after Christmas, as he had proposed!"

Davydd's complaints were less reasonable than Llywelyn's; for he had lived long enough at the English court to understand the customs of the social relations he had entered upon, when he became a vassal of Edward's. But in one affair he was hardly dealt with, if his tale be correct:—for when he had caught and hanged some outlaws, he was accused of *harbouring* them! And possibly he had done so, until it was unsafe to do so any longer, and then having hanged them, thought he had acquired a title to speak as a very ill-used man. He ends his grievances with a story as ridiculous and irrelevant as that used by Llywelyn for a conclusion to his tale:—he had been *told*, he wrote, that when Reginald de Grey returned from court, the castle of Hope would be taken from him, and his children seized as hostages; and as he had done very much for the king, and could get neither justice nor favour at his hands, he had determined to take up arms in his own defence. The men of Rhos and Englefield, in their list of woes, show that they had overlooked the fact of their being *subjects* of King Edward. Some things were very justifiable causes of complaint, others were mere imaginations; no complaint, however, was made, nor any hint of dissatisfaction given to the sovereign, till the revolt occurred; and this is the only excuse they put forward for the course they had adopted;—Reginald de Grey had threatened, as they had been *told* by one who was in his confidence, that if he caught any messengers of theirs going to complain

to the king, he would cut off their heads, "for neither could tongue tell, nor pen write, how greatly they had been aggrieved."

Gronw ab Heilyn, a man of wealth and rank in Rhos, in his own name presented a catalogue of griefs, which discloses to us a very strange phenomenon,—a Welshman of the thirteenth century, who had a greater taste for law-suits than for fighting, and who had unwillingly resorted to the sword, being unable by other means to get what he deemed right done. We will give his story at greater length, for the sake of the social sketches it contains. A "villein" of this Gronw, it began, had been wrongfully cited into the royal court, and he appeared to defend him, demanding "truth" for him, or the law which his countrymen were used to; but he obtained neither, the "villein" being sentenced to pay 27 pounds and 3 "oboli." Gronw then went to London for redress, spent 5 marks and 4 shillings, and got the *promise* of justice, but unfortunately nothing more. This was bad, but worse followed; a "noble," who had brought up Gronw's son, was killed, and the murderer, being taken, was confined in Rhuddlan castle; Gronw and some of the kindred of the murdered man went and demanded justice; but instead of obtaining it, the homicide was discharged, and some of them imprisoned. Once more Gronw went to London, at a cost this time of 20 marks, 3 shillings, and 4 pence, and the king promised him "plenary justice," but after his return he could never obtain it. Not a whit daunted, Gronw went a third time to London, about both these grievous wrongs, and spent 18 marks, 6 shillings, and 8 pence, "good and lawful money;" and the king "explicitly" promised him justice; but when he fully expected to receive it, then came Reginald de Grey, and loudly declared that by royal charter he had the rule of all those parts, and to prove it, took away a whole bailiwick from Gronw, which the king had given him, and sold it; and Gronw, although he appealed to the king, never had right done him. Not yet were Gronw's sorrows ended;—being thus summarily ejected, he hired Penmaen and Llysvaen of Godfrey Merlyn, for four years, at a stipulated rent. Then came Robert de Cruquier, with horses and arms, to take forcible possession of this land; and because Gronw would not suffer himself to be dispossessed till the end of his term, he was summoned into court to answer for it. Thereupon Reginald de Grey came, with four-and-twenty armed knights, to take Gronw, or even to behead him; and not being able to effect either on that day, for Gronw was accompanied by a gallant band of friends, they caused him to be summoned on the morrow to Rhuddlan; but Gronw took advice and did not go; and being afterwards cited to appear at Caerwys, he would not have dared to comply if the bishop of St. Asaph had not taken him under his protection, for Reginald and his armed followers were there. "And because of these wrongs, for which he could obtain no redress, but had only to take trouble, and expend 2 pounds, 4 marks, and 9 pence, since he dared not in person go to the court, Gronw sent a messenger with two letters, one to the king, and another to his brother Llywelyn, assuring the king that he would lose the whole country, and Gronw too, since he had not done as he had promised them. And as the men of Rhos and

Englefield could get no justice, and the king would not correct these evils,—because of this he *did* lose the whole country.” Thus thought and wrote Gronw ab Heilyn, falling into the common mistake of supposing his desires to be facts; for Edward did not lose, but, on the contrary, *gained* the whole country, which has remained in the hands of his successors ever since.

In the same spirit the “noble men” of Ystrad-alun complained of the deeds of Roger Clifford, and Roger Croskill his deputy; and the men of Penllyn of the violence done them by the constable of the White Monastery and his followers. There are twenty “items” in the list of “articles” given by the latter; and the weight of the grievances may be judged by the following examples; which will show us the temper of the people, and how inevitable was that struggle, which was now impending over Wales. “Ednyved ab Gruffydd was condemned to pay 27 shillings; nor was there any reason, except that he had sold a mare, a mile out of town, as had been their custom, when they came to market, from time immemorial.” “Two servants were fined 2 marks, because, they said, they had not paid the toll, when they had paid it.” “Einion ab Ithel was taken and beaten, and despoiled of two oxen worth 24 shillings and 6 pence, for no other reason than that the cattle, by his connivance, had gone from one street into another.” These are, at least, curious particulars to appear amongst the grounds of a war, which had become internecine. Llywelyn ab Gruffydd ab Madog next appears with a narrative of evil deeds, but it does not tell us any thing beyond what was of daily occurrence in the Marches. South Wales also contributed its statements of grievances. Rhys Vychan of Ystrad Tywy contributed four accusations of unendurable wrong, two of which related to the profanation of churches; that of St. David’s, at Llangadog, having been sacrilegiously used as a stable, and for viler purposes still, and then robbed, the houses belonging to it being burned, and the chaplain left half dead near the altar, from a sword-wound in the head; and those of Dyngad and Llantredav, with many others, being plundered and burnt. Llywelyn and Hywel, sons of Rhys, complained that the provisions of a “form of peace” made between Henry and the prince, at Rhydchwnna, had been broken. And, lastly, the sons of Meredydd ab Owain brought forward their charges; one of which was that “wrecking,” although a privilege of their ancestors, was forbidden them; and that, contrary to both custom and law, they had been fined 80 marks for engaging in it, and the goods they had acquired had been taken away from them. They concluded by stating, that all Christians had laws and customs of their own, in their own lands, and that in England the very Jews had theirs; whilst they, who with their predecessors had enjoyed unchangeable laws and customs, after the last war, had been deprived of them all by England. And this will suffice for the exhibition of the feeling, that grew up during the period of external quietude by which the downfall of Wales was preceded.

The rebellion was begun by Davydd, whose obligations to Edward have been spoken of already. Grafton represents him as playing the part of a spy at the English court, until “he had that he waited for,” when he departed secretly to Wales; but he does not say what it was that he waited to obtain. The Welsh, who do not appear to have

any *original* narrative of this war, which was of such intense concernment to their country, represent Davydd as reconciled to his brother, at the entreaty of the chieftains of Gwynedd; and requiring from him, as the price of his reconciliation, an assurance that he would never again submit to Edward, or cease to hold him for an enemy. The considerations, that Davydd was the offender, that he had twice been in arms against the independence of his country, and that it was himself, and not Llywelyn, who had shown most disposition to yield to the blandishments of the English monarch, would discredit this account of the movements preliminary to the out-break, even if there were authority for it, which there is not. The fact seems to have been, that Davydd, who regarded himself as a sovereign prince, found himself treated as a liege-man of Edward's, and was led, by his mortified pride, to the commission of an act of unusual violence; whereupon he was joined by Llywelyn, in whom the same feeling had rankled; and that both knew, as soon as they heard of the preparations made against them, that they had staked more than their own empty titles upon the issue of the war. But all that preceded the rupture, excepting what is represented in the complaints we have noticed, is uncertain and conjectural; and however confidently expected, the actual beginning of the revolt must appear before us in history, as it came upon those who lived when it occurred, without any warning.

In the darkness of the night following Palm Sunday, March the 22nd, 1282, A. D., Davydd, with a band of trusty followers, surprised De Clifford's castle at Hawarden, wounded and captured the baron himself in bed, and carried him off as a prisoner into the natural strongholds of Eryri; and slew Fulk Trigald, we are told, with many others of the garrison. Llywelyn immediately joined his brother, and they directed their united force against the royal castles of Flint and Rhuddlan, and killed many masons, carpenters, and other artificers, whom the king had employed at one or both of those fortresses. As if by concert with the princes of North Wales, the chieftains of South and West Wales rose at the same time. And the Annals of St. David's even declare that Davydd took part in the exploits, which they ascribe to Rhys Vychan, son of Rhys ab Maelgwn; Gruffydd and Cynan, the sons of Meredydd ab Owain; and Gruffydd and Llywelyn, sons of Rhys Vychan, lords of Ysgennen, (some of whose names have appeared amongst the complainants against English rule,)—namely, the destruction of the castle at Llanbadarn, and the capture of those of Llanymddyvri and Carreg-cennen, four days after that Palm Sunday. Edward had gone to Devizes, to keep his Easter there; and though surprised at the tidings, he instantly took fresh measures to prevent the recurrence of these interruptions to the peace of the kingdom; an end which all his efforts hitherto had failed to accomplish. He first sent off to the Marches a few of the knights and men-at-arms whom he had in attendance upon his person, upon whom he relied for keeping the rebels in check, until he could assemble the military power of the whole country, and utterly extinguish the revolt. On the 28th of March, the day before Easter-day, he wrote to the archbishop of Canterbury, requiring him to pronounce sentence of excommunication against the evil-doers, who had raised disturbances in Wales, for so, he said, he trusted that the "secular sword" would be

made more effectual to repress them. Matthew of Westminster's narrative accuses the Welsh of great atrocities; they slew, it avers, both old men and young, women and infants in their cradles, and afterwards, by fire and sword, ravaged much of the border land. On April the 6th, Edward summoned his barons to meet him at Worcester, at Pentecost, the 17th of May; and about the same time he made arrangements with the minister of the church of St. Edmund's, for the performance of due orisons for the success of the expedition, to this effect, (as we learn by an undated letter from the minister, given in Rymer,)—fifty monks, who were priests, were to sing at the rate of 2500 masses a year, and monks of inferior grades, 500 psalteries; secular members of the chapter would sing 500 masses; secular clerks, 300 psalteries; no reckoning was to be made of solemn processions, and similar methods of propitiating Heaven;—thus should services be performed for the king, the royal family, the army, &c., so long as the army was in Wales. The aid of the fleet of the Cinque-Ports was again required; and on the 13th of April, Gregory de Rokesby, the keeper of the exchange, received commands from Edward to cause 4000 quarrels for cross-bows to be made, also to "liberate" the barons of the Cinque-Ports who were about to join the Welsh expedition, and to give 1000 quarrels to each, charging the cost to the exchequer. The barons of the exchequer, and the justiciaries of the bench, were ordered to hold their sittings at Shrewsbury; and the requisitions for auxiliaries were made to the very extremities of Edward's dominions; to Scotland on the one hand, and to Gascony and Biscay on the other;* and many thousands of active and hardy mountaineers, accustomed to that kind of warfare which had wearied out and defeated so many English armies, were by this means added to the host which was assembling against Gwynedd. Edward also wrote, early in May, to the king of Castile, excusing himself from aiding him against the Moors, because of this insurrection; and to the king of France, alleging it as a reason for his being unable to take part in his war with the king of Spain, and recommending him to make peace. From Worcester, on the 20th of this month, by the advice of his barons, as we may believe, the king issued commands to the prelates and abbots, who held lands subject to military service, to send their contingents to Rhuddlan, by the 2nd of August; those of the barons themselves were summoned four days afterwards. In the beginning of June, Edward was at Chester; and now he began to make reprisals upon the Welsh, and by the help of those who were around him, to beat back the rebels to their wild mountains. One day, it was the 16th of June, a sad reverse occurred; a party of young knights, attracted by the hope of some richer booty than they had hitherto won, carried their raid too far into the hostile

* We have not only the testimony of Matthew of Westminster to this fact, but in Rymer is a letter from Alexander Comyn, excusing himself from obeying the requisition, because he had been sent, in the service of the Scottish king, to the extremity of the adjacent islands; and another from Gaston de Bearn, offering his services against the Welsh, if Edward would accept them. Apparently they were declined; and perhaps it was by Edward's advice that he afterwards tendered the use of his lance and sword to Alfonso of Castile. These letters are dated in July of this year. On the 4th of April, 1283, A. D., too, the king addressed from Aberconway letters of thanks to the mayors and public men in various cities of his continental possessions, for their aid in this war.

territory, and fell into an ambuscade. William de Valence the younger, heir of Pembroke and Ystrad-tewy, Richard de Argenton, with others, perished, and very few of them escaped.* Hope castle surrendered about the middle of the month, as soon as the king came before it. Thomas Wikes states that a parliament was held at Worcester at Midsummer, and that the rendezvous at the beginning of August was appointed there; but there does not appear any thing to confirm this. In the commencement of the following month, the siege of Rhuddlan was raised, and Llywelyn and his army were driven towards Snowdon. On July the 15th, Edward wrote from Rhuddlan to the vice-counts of several counties, for a supply of men practised in felling wood, requiring one large, strong, and good axe to be furnished to each man; they were to be at Chester by the 9th of August, ready to join the army on the Sunday after. He had proved the advantage of clearing a way through the thick woods, for the advance of the army; no ambuscades or surprises being possible, when this plan was adopted. But it was costly work, and in this same July Edward was compelled to send word to his seneschal in Gascony, that he could not let him have any money because of the Welsh war.

The English army was now assembled, and ready for action; and Edward had bestowed on several of his most distinguished followers, estates out of the lands which had become his by right of conquest. Llywelyn, Davydd, and the rebel army of North Wales, had retreated into Snowdon; the natural strength of which was increased, as it appears, by the fortification of the entrances to the principal passes; so that from the Four Cantreys, over the Conway, it was inaccessible. To provide against this difficulty, the Cinque-Ports fleet had been engaged, and it was now sent against Anglesey. But the progress towards victory was very slow; and confused accounts exist of councils summoned and held, and new taxes † imposed, from which we may gather that at times both distress and discouragement were to be found amongst the English invaders. Edward's letters are dated from Rhuddlan, Ruthyn, and Llangernyw, during August, September, and October; which is an indication of restlessness without advance; Rhuddlan was, however, the "head-quarters" throughout the war. Anglesey was at length subdued, and a part of the army firmly established in it. "There goes the finest feather in Llywelyn's tail!" said Edward, exultingly, when he heard of the success. And now all hands were busied in the construction of a means of access from the island to the mainland; that, being attacked on two sides at once, the last strong-hold of the Kymry might be forced, and these wretched wars ended. One who in these days stands on the shores of the Menai Strait contemplating those two vast and enduring monuments of human skill, which span its waters, might profitably contrast them, the high-ways of peace, with that frail bridge, whereby our first Edward in the earliest days of November, 1282, A. D., sought to pass these seething waves; and it

* This skirmish has received the usual embellishments at the hands of the Welsh narrators. It is an attack upon "a detachment" of the army; "fourteen ensigns" are said to have been taken: and the king, "defeated and in disgrace, retired, in consequence, to Hope castle!" But we must not reflect severely upon a people, who in this manner alone could console themselves for their irreparable overthrow.

† On October the 2nd one was imposed upon Ireland, to aid in defraying the cost of this war.

would not be an uninteresting or futile inquiry, which should try to determine how necessary to the triumphs of Telford and Stephenson here, was this unsuccessful attempt to carry a military road across the same channel five centuries and a half before. Turning away, however, from such reflections, and leaving the English army at work upon the floating bridge, under the protection of the fleet, we must notice another engine now brought to bear upon the Welsh. Upon more than one occasion, we have seen Llywelyn endeavouring to persuade the archbishop of Canterbury to regard him and his cause with favour; and as it appears that the menaced excommunication was not yet pronounced, we may conclude that his efforts were not altogether fruitless. Edward was no doubt aware of the prelate's feeling; and either allowed him, or prompted him, to employ whatever influence he possessed with the Welsh leader, to induce him to submit. In this way alone can we explain the fact that the archbishop was able to open a negociation with Llywelyn at all; his statement that he did so "against the will of the king, whom his undertaking *was said* to have greatly displeased," we may interpret to signify that he was not an acknowledged ambassador on this occasion; for Thomas Wikes says that Edward sent him, and shows that his errand was known to the army. This journey has been represented by some as the *second*; but it was not till several days afterwards that he went again; and then, as we shall see, in the name of the king.

With or without the king's sanction, he now, on November the 3rd, presented himself in the last retreat of British independence, and delivered his message in the form of a document* divided into seventeen articles; whereby he intimated his well-known concern for the good of those he advised, both in spiritual things and temporal; assured them that he came of his own accord, and could not remain amongst them long, and that they would not find another who so greatly desired for them a firm and honourable peace; and exhorted them by all sacred things, to agree with the English king quickly. He next threatened them with the high displeasure of the supreme pontiff, and the full weight of Edward's power;—and charged them with being guilty of greater cruelty than the Saxons had shown, for they would release their prisoners for ransom, whilst the Welsh had slain those even whose ransom had been paid; and accused them of beginning their war in Lent. Then, exhorting them to repentance, he desired to be informed how they proposed to restore peace to the kingdom, and in what particulars they had been aggrieved (concerning which he administered the deserved rebuke, that, granting they had been injured, they ought not, as judges in their own cause, to have impugned the king's majesty); and finally threatened, that if peace were not made, they would be proceeded against with the assent of barons, and hierarchy, and people too. Three days the prelate remained amongst the rebels; and the English nobles began to suspect, says Thomas Wikes, that his return was delayed by treachery. They therefore "privately, but foolishly," resolved to attack the Welsh in their intrench-

* Powell's translations of these highly interesting "records" are so full of blunders, arising from ignorance, carelessness, or design, and there are so many omissions, that they are worse than useless. Warrington's transcripts of the originals are exceedingly incorrect. Both are almost without dates; and a different arrangement has been adopted by each author. We are glad to see that the Welsh MSS. Society has promised accurate and accessible copies of these and other "state-papers," preserved in the library at Lambeth.

ments, to rescue, or to revenge him. Matthew of Westminster, and the other chroniclers, do not speak of this motive to the attempt which ended so disastrously. The bridge of boats was almost completed; but either it was not securely moored to the mainland, or else was not carried out sufficiently far to reach the shore at high water; had it been finished, it would have been a serviceable structure, and the whole army, both horse and foot, might have crossed the strait upon it; although we can scarcely suppose it to have been (as has been reported) wide enough for sixty men to march abreast upon! It was on St. Leonard's day, the 6th of November, that a considerable number of men—seven bannerets, with 300 men-at-arms, Hemingford states—went over; but instead of attempting to force an entrance to the mountains, they wandered about idly, until the tide was in, and the end of the bridge had either drifted away from the shore, or did not reach it, being too short for the increased breadth of the channel. As soon as the Welsh, who had watched the insulting movement from the higher ground, perceived that their retreat was cut off, they rushed down from the hills, in countless swarms, with the most discordant cries, and fell upon them, whilst they were bewildered by the difficulty of their position. Thirteen knights, amongst whom were Roger Clifford, (whose release from the Welsh we had not been informed of,) William Lindeseye the younger, John Fitz-Robert, Lucas de Thony, William de Dogingeseles, and William de la Zouch; seventeen pages, and about 200 of their followers, were slain by the enraged Kymry, or drowned in their vain endeavours to reach the bridge.* Lord William Latimer, alone, is said to have swum to it, or quite across the strait, his horse being of high courage and great strength. Llywelyn was naturally full of triumph at this signal success over his victorious enemies; and carousing with his subordinate chieftains that night, he is said to have expressed his exuberant gaiety in a quatrain, not in the most refined style, which is still extant. On the other hand, it is related that Edward neither completed the bridge, nor renewed his attempts from that side upon Llywelyn's camp; but others state, that whilst he "almost raved" at his loss, he made a more determined attack upon the Welsh; and place at this time the entire subjugation of Anglesey.

More authentic is the assertion, that the archbishop now returning, his journey into Snowdon having proved entirely fruitless, uttered the sentence by which the Welsh prince and his followers were cut off from the church, and, as all persons then believed, from every spiritual good, both present and to come. Whether this censure was pronounced before or after Llywelyn's formal reply to the archbishop's "articles," we have no direct information; but as Llywelyn does not allude to it, except as a menace, it is evident that he was not aware that he had been cut off from the body of the faithful. In Powell's translation, that reply is dated from Garth-Celyn, or Aber, on the feast of St. Martin, November the 11th; but in the Latin copy, given by Warrington, there is no date. After having expressed his thanks to the prelate for the trouble and

* Another account gives fifteen knights, thirty-two esquires, and one thousand common soldiers, as the number of the slain. And another raises the tale of the common men who fell to two thousand, and refers in support of the statement to the authority which makes them two hundred!

discomfort he had undergone, for the sake of the Welsh people, Llywelyn professed the greatest readiness to be at peace with the king, provided that he would duly and truly observe the peace towards them; assuring him that they would be obedient in all things, except the renunciation of their rights and laws. The charges of cruelty and violence he rebutted by accusing the English of most horrible slaughters, rapine, and sacrilege; he also insisted on the necessity of beginning the war when they did, their very lives not being safe; but he carefully distinguished himself from those who so began it, as we have seen he did in his list of grievances. An avowal of willingness to make amends, after fair trial, for all the evils they had wrought by the war, provided the same was done by the English, followed; but he expressed himself as hopeless respecting any abiding peace, since the former treaties had not been observed; catalogues of the instances in which they had been violated, he told the archbishop, would be presented with that letter. It ended by complaints of the rapacity of Edward's justiciaries and bailiffs, and by requesting the archbishop not to receive all that their adversaries alleged against them, for as they had oppressed them, and still did, so they defamed them too, accusing them of whatever crimes they chose. This letter, just as the stories of "grievances" accompanying it, betrays the weakness of the writer's cause, and exonerates Edward from blame in this transaction. Llywelyn had again and again taken the oath of vassalage; had as often broken it; and after being subdued by arms, had been forgiven. The last time he swore to be a true and faithful liege-man to the king, it was under such circumstances, that, had Edward declared his life forfeited, he would have been justified. Instead of treating the humbled vassal with severity, he only curtailed the estates he granted him; and actually remitted the whole burden of fine and tribute, which Llywelyn had voluntarily taken upon himself. How gently Edward had dealt with him subsequently we have learned from the letters preserved in Rymer; and the character of the grievances is such as to show us that the impressions derived from these sources are correct. Llywelyn, in fact, plainly avows that he had expected to be treated as if he was the peer of the English monarch; and that on such a footing of equality alone, would he, the revolted vassal, submit to his justly offended lord, whose power, he well knew, was far too great for him to dream of successful resistance. This is the very insanity of faithlessness; and it proves that all those woes, of which such mournful plaint was made, were mere pretexts for the indulgence of habits of turbulence and brigandage, which the royal rule had strongly repressed; and for the endeavour to verify that old wives' fable, that "the Prince of Wales should soon be crowned with the diadem of Brutus." It will not be needful to give any further illustration of the "complaints" which were sent with this letter; those inserted in the former part of this chapter will be more than enough for the purposes of history.

Having received these documents, as the archbishop himself states, he humbly entreated the king to amend those grievances, or at least to hold the Welsh excused to the extent of the provocation afforded by them. Edward replied, that they were surely to be excused so far, and that he had always been ready to do justice to every one who

asked it of him. The prelate, emboldened by this declaration, besought him to suffer the Welsh to come and plead their own cause before him, and to have full freedom to return again. The king, who understood the case much better than the churchman, assented, with this reservation, that their free return should depend upon the verdict of justice respecting their deserts. With this message the indefatigable mediator set out, the second time, for the rebels' camp in Snowdon; and earnestly set himself to bend the minds of the princes, and their followers, to "some rule of humility," promising them that so they should obtain the royal clemency. After much conference, Llywelyn declared himself willing to submit to the king's pleasure in all things, except these two,—his conscience as to the duty he owed his people, and the state which became himself. These exceptions confirm our view of the ground taken by the prince; for he *really* was in title only a prince, being in fact a vassal of Edward; and he was under no obligation to aid the people he had ceded to Edward, to rebel against him. Edward's answer may be imagined;—he would treat of peace on no other condition than that of the unqualified submission of both princes and people; but as the ambassador knew that submission would not be brought about by such a declaration, he obtained the king's leave to consult with the nobles present; and by their consent certain articles were proposed, and sent in writing to the prince by brother John, the Welshman. These articles were to be publicly stated;—no questions were to be raised respecting the Four Cantreys, nor about the lands recently acquired and granted to the English nobles, nor about Anglesey;—the people of the Four Cantreys were to submit unconditionally, and the nobles promised to use their influence with the king, to obtain for them merciful treatment;—and in the same way, with no stronger guarantee, was Llywelyn called upon to submit himself. But in private* it was promised, that if Llywelyn gave up Snowdon peaceably they would endeavour to persuade the king to grant him a barony, worth 1000 pounds sterling, in England, and to provide honourably for his daughter;—that if he should marry again and have a son, they would try to secure that barony to him and his heirs for ever;—and that the king should act in the most merciful and honourable way towards the people then subject to Llywelyn. To Davydd it was also to be promised privately; that if, for "the honour of God and his own honour," he would take the cross, and not return to the kingdom without the king's permission, he should be provided for in a manner suitable to his rank, and the nobles would also entreat the king, with the best hopes of success, to make provision for his family also. Brother John and his companions, of their own accord, added a few remarks respecting the horrors of war, and of the subjugation and rooting out of a people; and especially concerning the weight of the sentence ecclesiastical, which could not but be aggravated by the contumacious resistance of the prelate's offers. The

* We have followed Powell in supposing these articles, and the one addressed to Davydd, to have been submitted to them "privately;" but in the Latin given by Warrington there is no intimation that this was the case. And the translator, by a most capital blunder,—making certain suggestions offered by the ambassadors, of their own accord, with a view to forward the aim of those who sent them, and the replies to those suggestions, integral parts of the *secret* message to Davydd, and of his answers,—has justified the suspicion that no such diplomatic manœuvring was attempted in this affair.

reply was not delayed long: Llywelyn said they could not agree to those terms, but they yet entreated the good offices of the archbishop for the formation of a becoming, honourable, and settled peace; it being more for the king's praise that they should hold their hereditary lands, than be ejected, and the lands given to aliens. They then proceeded to answer the propositions in full:—the prince's advisers would consent to no peace, except the Four Cantreys and Anglesey were treated of, since they had belonged to the principality of Wales ever since the times of Camber, the son of Brutus; as the letters patent obtained by Ottoboni, the legate, showed:—the Welsh holders of lands universally refused submission, for the king did not keep his treaties, and his agents afflicted the church, and they were the prince's tenants, and he was ready to do service to the king:—as none of them dare submit unconditionally, so they would not agree to the submission of the prince:—nor would Llywelyn accept the proposed barony in England, for the land in Wales was his, and belonged to his ancestors before him, from the time of Brutus; besides, he should only get into trouble in England, where the laws, language, and manners were all strange; and it was not likely that the king, who envied him his barren mountains, would give him fertile lands in England;—the prince had not the power to give up Snowdon to the king, nor would the people of Snowdon consent to do homage to a stranger, after what they had seen of the treatment of the people of the Perveddwlad:—as for Davydd, when he desired to go to the Holy Land, he said, he would go of his own accord, for the sake of God; and if he should thus go, he thought that his children ought rather to be protected in their inheritance, than disinherited:—then insisting that it was the English who began the war, and reciting in very exaggerated style the evil deeds committed by them in it, they protested against the fulmination of the censure, and against the proposal to disinherit the princes, and therewithal ended. On the 14th of November, the archbishop wrote his rejoinder:—after reciting his own painful services in their behalf, and magnifying the good disposition of the king, the worthy prelate laid hold of those remarkable arguments in Llywelyn's letter, built upon Geoffrey's famous "History," and going into the matter at some length, showed them that it was not very creditable to be sprung from one of the defenders of the adultery of Paris, with sundry allusions to that looseness of manners, for which the Kymric people had always been notorious;—he then showed them, that having been guilty of *lese majesté*, according to both civil and canon law, all their hereditary right had expired, and that actually nothing remained for them but the royal clemency:—the imputations upon the king's character he most vehemently answered, heaping up a story of acts of insult and rebellion against them, as high as they had piled their tale of wrongs, and crowning it by ascribing the laws of Hywel Dda to "the authority of the devil!"—if they were minded to live honestly, he said, they would not fear to be transferred to England; and it would be as well for them to change their manners a little, inasmuch as they had not at all cultivated the gracious gifts, which they, in common with all other men, had received from God; neither defending the church against the enemies of the faith, nor adorning the clergy, except in a very few instances, with learning:—sharper objurgations succeeded, for it was more

than even an archbishop could endure, to see such blindness, or rather madness, and to know that it *would not* be enlightened, nor taught reason; and he wrote, as he said, "in the bitterness of his heart;" but as a last word of kindness might not be thrown away, he promised never to close his bosom against them, nor to refuse such help as he could give, if they should determine upon any wiser course than the one they were then pursuing. These "records" terminate with a notice of Llywelyn's more daring hostility, and of his death *within a month* after he had put away from himself the only effectual help which was ever offered to him.

Meanwhile the war in South Wales had not slackened. The Earl of Gloucester "made great ravages" amongst the Welsh, with his soldiers, who were used to this rude warfare. One pitched battle was fought near Llandeilo Vawr; in which the Earl lost five knights, but the Welsh were almost all cut to pieces. The king purposed to hem Llywelyn in on the southern side of the region of Eryri, as he had on the eastern side and towards the coast; and on the 12th of November, he addressed a circular letter to a number of his military tenants, who had been engaged in those parts; thanking them for their past services, and commanding them to join his uncle, William de Valence, on the 6th or 13th of December, for the sake of proceeding more vigorously against the rebels. On the 24th of November, a further levy of troops was ordered in the various counties of England, so that by the end of the following January, advantage might be taken of the first days, which would allow the campaign to be recommenced, and the Welsh be visited with the ills of war again, before they had recovered from the privations and rigours of the winter.* But Llywelyn, encouraged by that slaughter at the Menai bridge, which his followers looked upon as a miracle wrought in their behalf, in the beginning of December, left his brother in charge of the camp in Snowdon; and with a strong force marched to the south, (whence the Earl of Gloucester had by that time withdrawn,) and ravaged Cardiganshire, and the lands of Rhys ab Meredydd, who was on the king's side, in Ystrad-Tewi. Thence he went to Builth;† and on December 11th, having posted the main body of his followers on an eminence near the Wye, and stationed a guard at a bridge, called Pont Orewyn, he left them and went down,

* To these sufferings, apparently, reference is made in the *Annales Menevenses*, which record in this year "a great murrain amongst men."

† The discrepancies between the different accounts of the death of Llywelyn are greater than can be well imagined. We have kept to the letter of the most trustworthy historians; and will here add one or two of the traditional accounts of incidents connected with it. The prince is said to have had a house, called Aber-edwy, near the Wye, and to have gone thither to arrange a diversion in his favour, with some of the Welsh lords of the district. Their treachery betrayed him; the newer copy of the *Annales Menevenses*, in one of its latest and briefest entries, says that he fell by the treason of his own people. But the most romantic story represents him as moving back upon Builth, before a superior English force; and tells how the people of that place were afraid to admit him, whence came their common designation, *Brachdyr Buallt*, "the traitors of Builth." Llywelyn then had his horses' shoes turned the wrong way, to mislead his pursuers, for the ground was covered with snow; but Madog Goch Min Mawr, the red-haired blacksmith, informed the English of the trick. It was in vain that he broke down the bridge, they found out the ford called Caban Twm bach; and in an action, or skirmish, which occurred when they overtook the prince, he fell, at a spot still named Cwm Llywelyn. His body was buried at Cevn-y-bedd, or Cevnbedd Llywelyn, near the river Irvon. The old copy of St. David's Annals states that he was killed "near Llanveyr in Builth." The name of the bridge, at which Llywelyn stationed his guard, is very differently given by different authorities.

unarmed, and attended by but a single esquire, to the valley beside the stream, for the purpose, as it has been conjectured, of meeting some of the barons of that part of the country, who had represented themselves to be disaffected towards the king. Whilst he waited in concealment, the guard at the bridge was attacked, and it would seem, without success, by the English under Edmund Mortimer, and that John Giffard who had licence given him to hunt the wolves in Herefordshire; but one Helias Walwyn directed Mortimer to a ford, across which he immediately led his men. Hearing the clamour, the prince bade his attendant see if his men still held the bridge; and being informed that they did, he exclaimed, that he did not fear all England on the other side. The uproar increasing and growing nearer, both Llywelyn and his esquire rushed out from their hiding-place; and seeing that the English had passed the river and overpowered the guard at Pont Orewyn, they turned and fled towards the hills where the army was. One of Mortimer's knights, named Adam, or Stephen, de Francton, perceiving them, and regarding them as Welshmen merely, spurred his horse after them, and overtaking Llywelyn, thrust his lance through him, and rode off to his companions, leaving the unfortunate prince stretched in mortal agony on the ground. The Kymry on the mountain were looking out for the return of their lord; but instead of him they saw the soldiers of Mortimer and Giffard advancing from the valley; and after a short contest, they broke and fled;—great numbers being slain; and the rest dispersed far and wide, without a rallying point or a leader. As the victors returned to their quarters, De Francton remembered the Welshman he had speared at the beginning of the fray, and galloped to the spot to see if there was any booty to be obtained from his person. He was not yet quite dead; and some of the men-at-arms told him that he had asked to have a priest sent to him. Looking at him closely, he recognised the prince; and cut off his head immediately, and carried it away, as the richest trophy of the day. A list of names, disguised or fictitious, (and therefore to the archbishop, who sent a copy of it to the bishop of Bath, suggestive of treason,) with his private seal, were found in Llywelyn's pocket.* Edmund Mortimer had these relics; but the gory head was presented to the king at Rhuddlan, in token of his unlooked-for victory. The body could not be buried in consecrated earth, as the prince had died excommunicate; but Giffard's wife, Maude de Longspée, (who was distantly related to Llywelyn,) begged so fervently of the archbishop (who wrote an account of all these things to Edward, from Pembroke, on the 17th of December) to remove the censure, that he made inquiries

* In the following year, on the 25th of June, the king made jubilant proclamation, that there had been given up to his justiciary, Reginald de Grey, the *Croesenydd*, or piece of the true cross, which St. Neot originally brought to Britain, and which Llywelyn had regarded as one of his most costly treasures. The man who gave it up was to be exempted for ever from military service beyond the limits of the Four Cantreys. And on the last of April, in 1285, A. D., the precious thing was, with great pomp, deposited in Westminster Abbey. In Matthew of Westminster, other spoils, which fell into Edward's hands at the same time, are enumerated; the jewels, with Llywelyn's golden torque, were solemnly offered by the king's eldest son, Alfonso, to adorn the shrine of the sainted Confessor, in 1284, A. D.; but what became of Arthur's veritable crown, we are not informed. The body of the father of the emperor Constantine, Matthew moreover says, was discovered at Caernarvon then, and, by Edward's command, was honourably interred in the church. These were the *spolia optima* which Edward won; the other and more valuable trophies will be spoken of subsequently.

respecting the signs of penitence, and heard how, before he expired, the prince had asked for a priest. Full certainty, however, being required in so momentous a case, he searched further, and found that on the very day on which he was killed, a White monk had sung a mass for him, from whom Sir Roger Mortimer took his vestments for his pains. The absolution, we are left to conclude, was consequently pronounced, and the maimed corpse of the last prince of Wales laid to rest with the observance which became the burial of a brave, though unstable man. Edward sent the head of Llywelyn to London; and the citizens, having received notice of its coming, went out to meet the bearer of it, with trumpets and shouting. It was placed in the city pillory for that day, crowned with ivy, (says Matthew of Westminster,) or a silver crown (according to later writers); a horseman also bore it on the point of a lance through Cheapside, and in the evening it was set up over the gateway of the Tower; and in this way, writes Knyghton, "the prophecy which foretold that he should ride crowned through Cheap, which made him think that he should be king of England, was fulfilled." Thus fell Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, on the 11th of December, 1282, A. D. With him the last shadow of the Principate of the Kymry in Wales departed; and the name itself perished in the next year;—how it was revived and has continued to the present day, we will tell in another chapter; and to a subsequent page we must refer for examples of the lamentations of the bards over their hero; whilst we briefly narrate in this place the few facts respecting the subjugation of the country which remain untold.

The archbishop, when writing to Edward, and to the bishop of Bath, expressed the greatest anxiety about the priests who were in the camp of the rebels in Snowdon. "Some clerics," he stated, "were hung every day at Rhuddlan, in company with robbers and other evil-doers;" and he begged his suffragan to use his best care in this business. This lamentation incidentally informs us of the summary measures taken with those found in arms against the king; and after all Edward's experience of the Welsh, it is not to be wondered at, that he should use the extremest severity with participators in an insurrection like this; nor that he should pay no more respect to the priest's gown than to the peasant's jerkin, when both were caught in the very fact of treason. The prelate did not view the subject in this light. "Know, sire," he wrote to the king, "that God will defend you from ill, if you do not displease him; and remember, that to grant what one has the power of refusing, is true grace. For this reason we pray you to suffer the priests, who are in Snowdon, to depart with their goods, and seek their fortunes in France or elsewhere; and since we believe Snowdon will be yours, if during, or after the conquest, harm be done to the priesthood, God will hold you responsible, and your honour will be sullied, whilst we are regarded as cowards. Should you be pleased to make known to us your will on this matter, we will duly attend to it, and either go ourselves, or take other effectual steps." How he prospered in his urgent suit, we do not know; nor is it of very great moment that we should; the illustration of the spirit of *caste* afforded by the entreaty is the only point deserving notice. From various sources we learn, that a scutage of 40 shillings a shield was levied at the end of the year; and that the common people gave a thirtieth, and

the clergy a twentieth, in aid of the costs of the war. On the 1st of February, 1283, A. D., the king, who had spent his Christmas at Rhuddlan, authorized the raising of a subsidy amongst the clergy of the province of York; and appointed a commission to inquire about the fines due for services not rendered, and on other accounts, beyond the Trent. For money was greatly needed to bring the war to a satisfactory termination; and to make such insurrections impossible for the time to come. Before he left Rhuddlan to open a new campaign, on the 7th of March, he also enacted the famous *Statute of Rhuddlan*, by which he put his seal upon the subjugation of the people; an account of which will be found in the next chapter. About the 25th of March, the English host had established itself in Snowdonia, and the Cistercian convent of Aberconway was the king's head-quarters for a time. Davydd had held a meeting of the Kymric nobles, (but not "at Denbigh," since he had not access to that town,) and had persuaded them to consider him the prince of Wales; and, what was more to the purpose in his desperate circumstances, he had strengthened the castle of Bere, which was situated in the midst of a morass, in the heart of Snowdon, and with but one way of approach, and garrisoned it as a last refuge. Edward's troops were drawing closer from all sides to Eryri; and he is said to have finished the bridge of boats now, and by it to have brought over his men from Anglesey, but the authority for this statement is doubtful. Easter, which fell on April the 18th, he kept at Aberconway; and about the same time an entrance into the defiles of Snowdon was forced by the Earl of Warwick; who fell upon the Welsh unexpectedly in the night, and by dispersing his archers in the spaces between his horsemen, was able to bring both lances and arrows to bear upon them at the same time, and slew a vast number; the remainder fleeing, and leaving the way open for the advance of the assailants. Bere castle was blockaded, and at last taken, by the Earl of Pembroke, the garrison surrendering; and Edward dates his letters from Dolwyddelan in May. About Midsummer, the unhappy Davydd, who had been lurking in the woods ever since the attack upon his last stronghold, with his wife, two sons, and seven daughters, was captured by the treachery of Einion ab Evan, and sent to Rhuddlan in fetters, to be kept in ward, until he could be judicially punished for his rebellion. On the day after St. Michael's feast, the last day of September, a great "parliament" was convened at Shrewsbury to try him. All the magnates of the land had been summoned; and the vice-counts had been instructed to send two knights from every shire of England; London and the other great cities and towns were in like manner to select two each, of their fittest and wisest citizens; and other notabilities of the realm had personally received requisition to appear. Davydd was brought before this solemn assembly; and as there was no question of his guilt, nor any (we must add) of his being wholly at the mercy of the sovereign, he was sentenced to undergo that savage punishment, which still remains upon our statute-book as the doom of high-treason. Within a week afterwards, he suffered it at Shrewsbury; and the parts of his dismembered body were publicly exposed at Bristol, Northampton, York, and Winchester;* his head being placed on the Tower at London, beside that of his brother.

* The *Annales Monacenses* name Shrewsbury and Lincoln, instead of Northampton and York.

As soon as the capture of Davydd was known, the other rebel chieftains,—Gruffydd and Cynan, sons of Meredydd, Rhys Vychan, son of Rhys ab Maelgwn, Gruffydd and Llywelyn, sons of Rhys Vychan, with others whose names we have mentioned before, surrendered to the English, and were all imprisoned in the Tower. Rhys ab Meredydd, lord of Ystrad-Tewy, because he had taken the king's part, not only retained his lands, but had others granted to him.* All those who had taken part in the revolt were dispossessed of their estates; and many found an honourable asylum in France. The Cistercian house at Aberconway was removed, and a castle reared in its place, as the badge and security of the conquest; and preparations were made for the building of other fortresses. At the end of the year, Edward recrossed the March to Chester, for his work in Wales was finished; the last ray of the ancient glory of the Britons was quenched; nor was one of those, who in after years attempted to rekindle it, ever able to succeed; until Henry, Earl of Richmond, the grandson of Owain Tewdwr, came;—and he, by his victory on Bosworth field, not only put a period to the calamitous dissensions between the houses of York and Lancaster, but also, as the bards had foretold, restored to the progeny of ancient Brutus the throne of the island of Britain.

CHAPTER XXX.

LITERATURE, RELIGION, AND SOCIAL STATE OF WALES IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.—THE LORDS MARCHERS.—THE LAWS; AND THE STATUTES OF RHUDDLAN.

WE will collect into this chapter such notices of the monuments and records of the intellectual and social condition of the Kymry, during the latter half of the thirteenth century, as may give to our sketch of this period as much completeness as the materials and the limits at our command will allow. And we will add a few particulars respecting the Lords Marchers; and an account of the statutes enacted by Edward at Rhuddlan, by which he consolidated his conquest of North Wales, and for ever overthrew the sovereignty of the ancient rulers of Britain. The observations we have made, when introducing the former portions of this division of our history, make it needless now to explain the general principle on which we have selected the facts, by which we

* This Rhys, on the 20th of October, received from the king at Acton Burnel, a rebuke which deserves notice here, as exhibiting the manners of a *loyal* Kymro. It had been complained that, having received a grant of land, he took possession of it in his own name, and not as if it was a *grant*, which was insubordination to his liege-lord. He had also seized the lands of Llywelyn ab Owain, who, as a minor, was under the king's protection. And though in consideration of his recent services he was pardoned, the restoration of Llywelyn's lands and better behaviour for the future were declared to be absolutely needful

would illustrate our subject; and the particular matters treated of require no preliminary elucidation. It is only necessary to add, that the sole surviving fragment of ecclesiastical information is classed under the head of manners, which it in fact exemplifies; and that in the next chapter, under the bardic system, something more of the *religion* of the Welsh at this time will be exhibited.

The first poem we quote from is an ode addressed to Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, by Llygad Gwr;—it is divided into five parts, and betrays far more of the professional than of the poetical spirit in its composition.* Welsh critics have considered it valuable as “a historical document;” our readers will be able to judge whether it can be so or not from our extracts. Thus it opens.

“To God, the source of joy, of every good
 The fount exuberant, of majesty
 Transcendent, first I look, and lift my voice.
 Next let the tribute of my song proceed
 To extol Arllechwedd’s hero,
 The blood-stain’d prince, from kings in story famed
 Descended. Like to the famous Cæsar’s
 Is the renown in arms of Gruffydd’s heir.
 Matchless in courage and in bravery;
 His lance is crimson’d with his foemen’s blood;
 Their lands to ravage is his dear delight.
 Pillar of princes! generous! from him
 Never with empty hands have I return’d!
 My glorious prince, I never would exchange;
 England he ravages; wide is his fame.
 From noble stock descended,
 His foes he routs; Llywelyn of Gwynedd,
 The mild and prosp’rous ruler, Britain’s boast,
 And glory in the field; with sceptred hand,
 And gilded sword, the lion of Cemaes,
 Fierce in the onset, on th’ ensanguined plain
 Our bulwark; he with strangers will not make
 Allegiance, but their lands impetuously
 Will ravage. He shall prosper in the end.
 About Diganwy has he spread his sway.
 His foemen flee from him with maiméd limbs.
 Blood flows in streams about thy soldiers’ path;
 Dragon of Arvon, of resistless might,
 With all thy noble, well-train’d battle steeds,
 The Saxon shall not tear one foot of land
 From thee: no Kymro can thy equal be.”

* Every line in the first part, and they are thirty-six in number, either ends with a word that would rhyme with *Gwynedd*, or has such a word as the last “foot” but one in it: in the second part they all rhyme with *Eryri*; in the third, with *Gruffydd*; in the fourth, with *maith*; in the fifth, with *barau*. Beside this, ten consecutive lines begin with the letters *Ll*; eleven with the letter *T*; and seven with *Rh*. Pedantries like these have been the great boast of the eulogists of the bards of Wales; but a more correct view is taken of them by Mr. Stephens, in his “Literature of the Kymry.”

In the second part occurs the following illustration of one use of the "pretended prophecies," noticed in a former chapter.

"The bards foretell for him the sovereign power
And rule; each prophecy shall be fulfill'd."

Llywelyn, who is called a "ruler of people of four languages," is declared to have led his men into various fights from Pwllfordd to Kidweli; a battle "to obtain his patrimony," is said to have taken place on Cevn Gelorwydd, of which Evan Evans says, it "is the name of some mountain, but where it is situated I know not;" others, in Bryn Derwyn, at Eiddionydd in Caernarvonshire, and Drws Dauvynydd, (of which last place Evans confesses, "where it lies, I know not,") are mentioned, but without any particulars; forays in the borders near Chester, and in Rhos and Pembroke, are also spoken of, but not a single incident is introduced. The whole of the poem is in the vague and declamatory style of the passage already given, and of these concluding lines; and the formality of the figures and comparisons would almost induce us to believe that some of the Triads, which contain *recipies* for all manner of poetry, were of the age assigned to them by the indiscriminate believers in the antiquities of the Kymry. And thus the ode ends.

"Then son of Gruffydd, man of noble soul,
Who generously distributes gifts for songs,
His shining shield and lance extended meet
The quickly rushing streams of foemen's blood.
Like a sovereign prince he layeth tribute
His enemies upon, and claims their land.
The nobly-born, he fortresses attacks,
His furious rage, like Flamddwyn's, reaches far.
A prosperous chief is he, with princely gifts,
Bards grace his generous board. Him have I seen
Scattering his wealth around, with lib'ral hand;
His mead-horns foam with wine.
Long may Llywelyn live; with his sharp sword,
Like Arthur with steel lance, his land to guard.
The lawful king of Kymru, princely lord,
At God's right hand may he be blest at last."

The following stanzas are from an ode to Owain Goch, Llywelyn's brother, whom he so long kept in durance; its author was a South Wallian, Prydydd Bychan, and it was composed during the time that Owain was the chief of the princes of North Wales.

"O Gwynedd! famed for princes and for songs,
No shame from Gruffydd's son
Will soil thee;—hawk of battle,
Perveddwlad's glory, he.

A ruler bold is Owain, resolute;—
Round him the ravens flock.
All praise him, bold in conflict,
From ancient kings descended.

Daring in battle's tumult; unperplex'd
 In trial, Gruffydd's son,
 Hawk of Kymru, fierce and strong,
 Men will bring thee what is thine.

Eagle whose prey is golden Owain is;
 Spreader of carnage, hawk
 Of conflict; he, trained to wars,
 Fraw's fierce dragon, harms the Franks.

Known to the foes is Owain, hero keen
 Of London, his war-shout
 Sounds like a lion's roaring;—
 Help of weakness, Gwynedd's hope."

It was, perhaps, the best feature in these men of song, that they did not eulogize the fortunate alone. In behalf of this same Owain, whilst he remained in confinement, Hywel Voel addressed Llywelyn in some lines, which are eminent amongst the pedantic writings of the bards. Twenty-two, from the beginning, commence with the same word, *Man*, or (in two instances only) *Manly*; and seven others with the word *Since*; and yet he seems to be in earnest in his request for Owain's liberation. We have given here only those lines which will best exhibit the poetical character of the piece; for the connexion is so slender that the omissions do not spoil the meaning.

"He in the tower, who long has pined,
 The princely hero, royal hawk,
 The leader bold, the ruler praised,
 Who shone in fight like Rhodri Mawr,
 One clad in golden mail, is miss'd.
 Him has Eryri's ruler bound;
 If free, like Beli, son of Rhun,
 Lloegyrr should not spoil his land;
 He led the multitudes in war,
 He could the battle regulate,
 Gold without stint he, lib'ral, gave.
 To the true God, who bade the moon
 Enlighten us, who bade the sun
 Not stay his course, I make appeal,—
 Heaven knows how truly,—may he die
 Now, if in youth he doomed be!
 Llywelyn, thou art lord of Kedwli,
 Since God allow'd his only Son
 To die, and go into the grave;
 And thou believest that he rose
 Again, and saved us by his wounds,
 Why dost thou not deliver him,
 And own th' imprisonment unjust?
 Thus do, Llywelyn, wrathful chief,
 Arm'd dragon of the satin tents,
 God only should thus punish man."

A brief dirge upon a fellow-bard, Davydd Benvras, by Bleddyn Vardd, will give a little variation to the monotony of these panegyric odes.

“The good are passing from Gwynedd away,
 Alas! for us who need them;
 Two at a time they perish now,
 Yea, in one hour, will three depart.

Death has been busy with our friends: regret
 Profound and new has seized me,
 Davydd without reproach is gone;
 We sorrow for the good and wise.

Whilst Davydd lived, his manners blameless were;
 His arm was strong in battle;
 Free, and stout-hearted in distress;
 In wisdom simple; humorous.”

The same poet wrote an elegy upon Llywelyn ab Gruffydd; but before we quote from it, we will insert a translation of two rival epitaphs on that prince, one by a Welsh monk, the other by an Englishman. Thus wrote the former;—

“Here lieth he who tormented the English; the guardian of Gwynedd;
 Prince of the Kymry, Llywelyn, of manners the rule; and of monarchs
 Gem of his age, and of those before him the flower, the pattern
 For all to come; of the people, leader, law, glory, and light.”

Which the latter travestied in this wise;—

“Here lies the prince of errors; the robber of men; and to England
 Traitor; mischief’s dull-burning torch; ring-leader of felons;
 Wallian idol; chief ferocious; slayer of good men;
 Dross of the Trojans; root mendacious; cause of all evils.”

After these examples of monastic poetry, which are not worsened in our imitations, the bardic verses will appear to advantage; although in the original almost every line commences with the same word.

“Her manliest hero now all Kymru mourns,
 His sword was swiftest of her glittering blades,
 Dark is his face in death; alas! my loss.

Brave lion he, of gifts so bounteous.

The ardent hero, leader of the host,
 Of tents green-coloured, and encampments fix’d,
 The manly son of Gruffydd, in giving

Reckless, as Rudd and Mordav counsell’d.

Warrior of the crimson lance, like Priam
 Earnest and good, king of a joyous host,
 His meed of praise he gain’d; a freer hand,

In his longest course, the sun sees not.

Destructive was his anger; courteous prince,
 Sincere in grieving, as in loving true,

Perfect in knowledge, wise, a choicer man
 Lives not from Môn to fair Caerleon.

“ May he who bore the sins of all the world,
 And suffer'd the severest punishment,
 My prince most virtuous, and ruler, take,
 And make partaker in the joys of heaven.”

Gruffydd ab Yr Ynad Coch composed a much longer and finer lamentation on Llywelyn's fall; but it is filled with the artificial graces of the poetry of the period; and as these cannot be transferred to an English version, we shall be the better able to show what beauties, of a more enduring fashion, characterize it, in our extracts; which we are compelled to abridge by the omission of some of the verses.

“ Cold is my heart, with sorrow stricken,
 For Aberfraw's kingly diviner;
 Worthy of the diadem was he:—
 Llywelyn lives not, to reward me.
 Alas! the lordly hawk, and blameless;
 Alas! his dire misfortune, and alas!
 My mournful loss, his doom so woeful,
 Lord of countless flocks, we have not thriven;
 Life eternal now he shall enjoy.
 'Tis mine to mourn the Saxon treason;*
 Mine to complain that death would seize him;
 Mine at my great loss to be humbled;
 Mine it is to praise him ceaselessly;
 To meditate and mourn him ever;
 To grieve, to weep, my lord thus slain.
 Victorious till the eighteen all had fallen; †
 My gentle lord, whom the still earth holds;
 Lion-like, whom th' elements obey'd,
 Praiséd in song, as Emrys ‡ did foreshow,
 Does not the grave hold him, who rightly
 Ought to hold, and rule o'er Aberfraw?
 Our hero fell by a stranger's hand;
 His age was not respected. Candle
 Of sovereignty, lion of Gwynedd,
 Whom well became the chair of honour!
 Alas! wide Britain mourns her chieftain!”

“ Frequent, as once at Camlan, now is heard
 The voice of woe; and frequent flow the tears.
 The stay of Wales is fallen, gen'rous lord,
 Slain is Llywelyn, no care for the rest
 I feel; cold is my heart with horror,
 He who was so glad, now lieth pale.
 Do ye not see the storm of wind and rain?”

* Our account of the prince's death will explain this allusion.

† This is supposed to contain an unnoticed “historical fact;” but it is so vague, and agrees so little with any one of the various stories of Llywelyn's fall, that no use can be made of it. This is not an unfair specimen of the greater number of “historical facts” contained in the bardic remains.

‡ Emrys is *Myrddin Ambrosius*. This is another instance of the application of the pretended prophecies to Llywelyn.

Do ye not see the oaks together hurl'd ?
 Do ye not see how ocean spoils the land ?
 Do ye not see the sun bend from his course ?
 Do ye not see the stars rush from their spheres ?
 O ! foolish men, why not believe in God ?
 Does not the end of all things now draw near ?
 To thee, O God ! I cry ; why does not now
 Earth sink ingulf'd, our agony to end ?
 No place is there, we, sick at heart, can seek ;
 No place is, where we wretched ones can dwell ;
 No counsel have we, and no last resource,
 No way by which our mournful fate to shun."

The concluding lines are suggested by the decapitation of the prince's body, and the exposure of his head at London to the indignities we have mentioned before. The following are the most remarkable.

" Head, by the Kymry unavenged ;
 Head, which in death should guarded be ;
 Head of a warrior renown'd ;
 Head crested with a dragon's head ;
 Head of Llywelyn fair, profoundly fear'd ;
 Oh that the spear should pierce it !
 Head that ruled o'er nine hundred lands ;
 Head of wolf-like kings, and war-like ;
 Head of Christian kings ;—may heaven be his !
 Blest prince, the splendid army's chief ;
 Blest army, conquering to Llydaw ;
 Aberfraw's true and rightful king ;
 Heaven's blest land may he inherit !"

Some extracts from the sacred poems of this age will illustrate the condition of both literature and religion. These passages are from the author of the last-quoted verses. Gruffyd ab Yr Ynad Coch.

" May Father, Son, and Holy Ghost my heart
 Freely protect ; and, for his passion's sake,
 May Jesus keep me, he who mercy loves,
 And discipline, and his disciples loves.
 May the cross guard me ; cross of blessings full,
 Which, for his creatures' sake, did God endure,
 Lest they should sink into hell's black abyss,
 And share the doom of unbelievers there.
 May Mercy keep me safe from enemies,
 And Mary blessed, with her virgin train,
 And may the great archangels me protect."

" Seven deadly sins are the sins of men,
 In the Bible they are shown ;
 And those truly seven deadly sins
 The Paternoster's seven prayers will cure.

Seven kind gifts there are, I know their spring ;
 Seven splendours, ne'er be they forgot ;
 Seven verses blest,—that, ere the cross he felt,
 Christ with his lips did sing,—
 Let the five ages ponder, which these verses save."

" Ever, then, grant me,
 To commune, confess,
 And to read books ;
 All good, and needful,
 And fit things ; Amen ;
 And as is most good,
 Commune with God ;
 Not being gluttonous,
 Lazy, nor fearful,
 Never a worker
 Of wicked deeds ;
 Never censorious,
 Quarrelsome never,
 Not being unkind,
 Planning deceit ;
 Never unfortunate
 By others' doings ;
 And, when death comes, not
 Unwise. Amen."

The following, by Madog ab Gwallter, a monk of this period, are worthy of the name of *religious poetry*.

" A Son is given,
 A kind Son born,
 With honours great,
 A Son of glory,
 One to save us,
 Of sons the best ;
 A Virgin's Son :—
 Teaching mercy,
 And precepts good ;
 No fleshly father
 Had this free Son,
 This freest gift.
 Meditate we
 Now, and wonder
 At these marvels ;
 Nought more wondrous
 Will again e'er
 Ask praise from us.
 Both God and man ;
 And God is man ;
 With the same powers ;
 Giant great—little ;
 Powerful—puny ;
 Feeble to see ;

Poor, and yet rich ;
 Father, and brother ;
 Author of being ;
 Jesus, whom we
 Patiently wait for ;
 King of all kings ;
 Humble, exalted,
 Emmanuel ;
 Honey of souls ;
 With ox and ass,
 Of life the Lord
 In manger lies :
 Silk he needs not,
 Nor ermine white,
 To cover him ;
 And round his bed,
 Not linen fine,
 But rags are found."

" Save me, O Lord, yea, now do thou protect ;
 Weak am I, strengthless, be thou my support ;
 Thou who hast rescued many, rescue me ;
 Help to the feeble ;—ah ! should'st thou not love !
 And thou, my soul, lead me not into sin,
 Turn thee from error's ways, while yet thou may'st ;
 While yet thou canst, the footsteps of the mind
 Guard 'midst the webs and pitfalls of deceit.
 The Perfect, fairer than the finest gold,
 Design'd and form'd thee, as thou canst believe,
 Upon thee his own form he did impress,
 And granted thee his image fair to wear.
 Jesus ! dear Jesus ! to me show thy face,
 Veil not nor cover it from me,
 Thy features veil not, and do thou look down
 Upon thy servant, and with love.
 Cheer me, mysterious Ruler ! whilst I live,
 To thee I turn, O, turn thou not from me,
 Let me not into evil courses slide,
 Nor end my days in chase of vanity.
 Emp'ror, Creator, do thou strengthen me,
 My faith, and my religion, strengthen thou ;
 Hold thou my hand in thine, and guide me well,
 Lead me along in ways of righteousness.
 Thee will I praise, kind Ruler of the skies !
 Who, of all those that know thee, would not praise ?
 Thy praise from church-bells shall resound ; and books ;
 And from shrill harp-strings of melodious sound.
 When thou shalt come to judge heaven, earth, and hell,
 Give me a sign, by which I may be known,
 Thou would'st not place my soul amongst the lost,
 Then, let me stand beside thee, and the Lamb !"

Our notices of the literature of the forty years ending with the conquest of Wales, must conclude here; for we are not able to determine what portion of the Triads, *Bruts*, and other prose compositions were written now. Yet we cannot but believe that the age was not wholly destitute of authors of a less ambitious character than those who boasted the gift of sacred song. We will, therefore, pass on to our next topic, the Lords Marchers, by means of a story from the old copy of the *Annales Menevenses*, which bears upon both the religion and the manners of the times.

In the year 1247, or 1248, A. D., the cathedral of St. David's was robbed of many of its treasures, such as costly embroidered sacerdotal vestments, and valuable articles of church furniture; and as the keepers of the church could give no account of the loss, no small suspicion fell upon them. They therefore suppliantly entreated God and St. David, that some demonstration of their innocence might be afforded them; and in not many days, after the dinner, Madog, the sacrist, went from his lodging to the church, and, amazed at seeing the door wide open, entered. In the midst of the place, where all the ornaments of the cathedral were preserved, he found a man standing, with one of the golden chalices in his hand; and wondering thereat, he exclaimed, "Thou unhappy thief! what art thou doing here? What ill-luck led thee hither? Didst thou carry off the vessels and robes we lately lost?" "Truly I did," replied the thief; and the sacrist, springing upon him, wrested from him a knife which he carried, and haled him forth, that both the clergy and the people might judge him. The stolen property was found hidden in clefts in the rocks overhanging the sea-shore; and the clergy and the people, praising God and St. David for so astonishing a miracle, celebrated the event with hymns and canticles.

Of the Lords Marchers, who play so prominent a part in the last two centuries of Welsh history, we have already, in a former chapter, briefly spoken; and have pointed out the fact, that the almost kingly state ascribed to them, was really nothing more than permanent "martial law," which was the only law possible in the circumstances amid which these lordships on the borders of Wales were first won. Our history must have made it clear to our readers, that by no other means, in those ages, could any kind of order have been maintained; for we have seen these estates lost and recovered again and again, as the fortune of war inclined to the Normans or the Kymry. The only tenure which could be imposed on the lords of such uncertain possessions, would be that which bound the Lords Marchers;—homage (with military service) to the English sovereign, and inability to pardon treason. When once the custom of granting baronies, to be gained and maintained "by the sword," was firmly established, and some kind of rule had fashioned itself respecting these completely irregular lordships, then others might be granted immediately invested with the same privileges. This was the case, we are told, with some of the fiefs in Powysland; and by that fact, the fabulous marvels which comparatively modern authorities have related on this subject, are exhibited in their true light. Another fact, on the other side of the question, is also valuable as defining the matter under consideration;—whatever lands, in the border territory, were conquered by the sovereign, were amalgamated with the kingdom,

and subjected to English law, and not to the "martial law," which prevailed in the rest of that debateable region. From which, we may remark in passing, arose the greater part of the "grievances," complained of by the people of the Four Cantreys, and at least two wars. Writs issued in the king's name were of no authority in the Marcher lordships; only such as bore the signature and the seal of the baron of the district, could be served; and many examples of such documents remain, to attest the affectation of *jura regalia*, which characterized these lords. An anecdote preserved by Matthew Paris, connected with this privilege, is amusing. It was in 1250, A. D., he says, that Walter de Clifford, who was not the least wealthy or powerful of the semi-regal nobles, was accused of having violently and indecently constrained a messenger of King Henry, *to eat the royal letters*, he had brought to him, *seal and all!* But this stretch of audacity could not be suffered, and the baron was heavily fined. The contests with these Marchers were very frequent; but as they were united, and could not be dispensed with, except in the case of so flagrant an insult as that of De Clifford, the king had usually to give way. This happened when an inquisition was made, under Edward I., into their titles to their estates;—" *Quo warranto?*" said Earl Warren, drawing his trusty battle-brand before the astonished men of law, "by this sword; and by it I purpose to keep possession:"—it is added, that the commission was recalled. The act by which Wales was finally incorporated with England, 27 Hen. VIII. cap. 26, at § 23, thus describes the privileges of the lords of the border:—they shall enjoy the profits of their tenants, which they have been used to receive, and shall hold and keep within the precincts of their lordships, courts-baron, courts-leet, law-days, and all and every thing to the same courts belonging; and also shall have waif, stray, infangthief, outfangthief, treasure-trove, deodand, goods and chattels of felons, wreck-de-mer, wharfage and customs of strangers, *as they had in times past, as though such privileges were granted them by point of royal charter.** Which incidentally, but clearly, establishes our position, that the peculiarity of the lordships of the Marches was the consequence of the manner in which they were acquired, and grew up insensibly out of the circumstances in which those barons were placed. It must not however be thought, that nothing more than privilege was associated with these baronies; they had duties connected with them, by implication at first, and afterwards by statute; being regarded as the outposts and exterior defences of the country against the forayers of Wales, whose ravages along the border the *Domesday* survey had every where attested. At first this duty was implied, we said; for the holding of the lordships compelled the resistance of the armed hordes, which might seek to "make roads" into England; and independent courts, with power of summary jurisdiction, were permitted them, to facilitate their service. Afterwards, as under Edward III., they were reminded by statute, that they were to act under orders from the English court, and not to yield obedience to any one who might chance to be "owner of Wales;" and under Henry IV., that

* As a compromise, the "temporal Lords Marchers" were by this act allowed the half of the forfeitures on recognizances. And it was, § 27, specified that no former act for the trial of treason, homicide, and felony, done in any of those lordships, was by it to be made void.

they were bound to maintain effective garrisons in their strongholds, and "watch" as well as "ward." The office of "Warden of the Marches," which has often been mentioned in our narrative, as we remarked when noticing these subjects before, was also manifestly intended to secure the practical responsibility of the Marchers to the king. Edward IV., in honour of the Earldom of March, which several of his ancestors had enjoyed, re-established this royal superintendence of the lords of the border-land, in the form of a president and council of the Marches; and appointed Ludlow as the place where the meetings should be held. This court remained until the privileges of the Marchers were finally suppressed. The statute of Henry VIII., to which reference has been made above, shows us that these lordships had ceased to be of any real utility, and required extensive reforms. They lay between the shires of England and Wales, the act declares, and were no parcel of any county where "the laws and due correction were used and had;" whence it had come to pass, that every species of outrage was committed there with impunity, and felons of deepest dye found ready harbourage; wherefore, as most of them had come, one by one, into the king's hands, (and hints are given that they had been acquired for the very purpose of bringing them under the jurisdiction of the royal courts,) it was enacted, that they should all be allotted to shires in England or Wales. In other respects, the liberties and the pre-eminence of the Lords Marchers were guaranteed by this statute; as they also were by statutes passed in the reigns of Edward VI., and Philip and Mary; and it was not till after the "Revolution of 1688," that these antiquated and worse than useless relics of the feudal ages were put an end to for ever.

Further to confirm our view of these Lordships Marchers, we may refer to the *palatine** *jurisdictions* of the counties of Chester, Durham, Pembroke, and Lancaster; which (with the exception of the last, raised by Edward III. to a county palatine, in the same manner as some lordships in Powys were invested with the privileges of those of the March) originated in precisely the same manner, and were long maintained with the same object. Like the barons of the March, the holders of these counties palatine enjoyed *jura regalia* within their territories; and were subject to the king only as suzerain. The "state" of the Earl of Chester we have incidentally noticed; and the expression—"the honour of the sword of Chester" is well known. They differed from the Lordships Marchers, however, in that they were more extensive, had courts of Chancery and Common-Pleas, and, *so far*, more of regal dignity. But also, if we may rely upon a statement respecting the county of Pembroke,—the palatine power of which was taken away by the act of Henry VIII. already quoted,—that the royal writs *could be* served and executed in it, and that it was regarded as a part of England, and called "little England," from the times when the Flemings were planted in Rhos,—if we may confide on the dubious authority of the *private* MSS. cited by Owen and Warrington, then the Lords Marchers were higher in rank than the Counts Palatine. And this is curiously confirmed by the fact that the *Marchio*, *Mark-graf*,[†] or "Marquess,"

* The origin of this designation was the courts held at the residences (*palatia*, "palaces") of the counts of such shires.

is to this day a higher title than that of *Count, Graf*, or "Earl," with us. In support of this appeal to a foreign title of honour, we may add, that the learned in heraldry have said, that both dignities originated in the continental forms of the feudal system, and were brought by the Norman conquest into England.

Before we speak of the Statute, or more correctly, *the Statutes of Rhuddlan*, we will say something of the Welsh laws generally, in addition to what was remarked upon them in a former chapter. In a note to a subsequent notice of them, we suggested that, *possibly*, the brief Latin versions might represent the original editions of Hywel's code; and that the vernacular versions, which are so much fuller, might be the translations. The mention made of the reasons for writing the laws in *Latin*, which occurs in the *Welsh* copies occasioned this suggestion; and beside this reason, which ought to be allowed its due weight, we may appeal to the fact that the Kymric version is much the fullest, and contains much that is avowedly of a later date, nothing of which can be found in the Latin; which has been called a condensation, or abridgment, in consequence; and to this other fact, that the Latin versions, as Mr. Owen, in his preface, correctly states, present the *Dimetian* code;* which is exactly what we should expect, if the story of Hywel Dda's legislation were founded in fact, for he was prince of Dimetia, and if (as we suggest) this version represented the earliest editions, from which the vernacular translations were made. The absence of all reference to princes after Hywel Dda, and the age of the MSS., the 13th and 14th centuries, also confirm our view of the character of these "*Leges Wallice*," as they are entitled in Mr. Owen's edition. But though we assign them an earlier place than that taken by the Welsh versions, we would not have it supposed that we regard them as *transcripts* of the original code, drawn up at the White House. For, in the first place, no two of the three copies given by Mr. Owen agree exactly, either in order, division, or words. Some enactments distinctly imply a later date than that of "the Justinian of Wales;" as, for example, the reason assigned for there being no legal price affixed to a trained hunting hound, or harrier, that there were none in Wales in Hywel's days; which the *Kymraeg* version changes into an enactment that such dogs should be appraised:—the reference to the Book of "Knauc," (or Cynog, as the vernacular of the Code of Dyved spells the name,) to prove the non-liability of the keeper of a house, if a thief should break through the walls; which "Book of Cynog" is, avowedly, the 8th book of the Miscellaneous Welsh Laws in Mr. Owen's edition, and (as we might expect) does not contain that judgment;—the statement of a change in the punishment of theft after Hywel's time; he having enjoined the thief to restore double, which "doom" was mitigated, and in the code of Gwynedd is attributed to Bleddyn ab Cynvyn:—and the following, respecting which we cannot tell whether it refers to what precedes or to what follows it—"these are the judgments constituted in the time of Hywel Dda, and re-

* Not only do these Latin versions speak of Dimetia most particularly, as the territory in which they were held to be *law*, but they scarcely mention a place out of Deheubarth; and when referring to Gwynedd or Powys, do so as to strange lands. These facts strongly corroborate Mr. Owen's opinion.

lated orally in his old age by Justinus, when he had no wish to deceive." Of this veridical jurisconsult we hear nothing more.*

We promised to give some further account of the "Anomalous, or Welsh Laws," of Mr. Owen's edition; which are distinguished from those peculiar to Gwynedd, Dyved, and Gwent; and we will do so here. These collections of miscellaneous laws, examples and illustrations of pleadings, "plaints," and elucidations of earlier laws, have been taken, for the most part, from the same MSS. which supplied the "Codes;" along with which they were mixed up, or to which they were appended. But the Triads composing the so-called Laws of Dyvnwal Moel-mud were derived from *the Myvyrian Archaiology*; a source which casts some additional doubts upon them.

We will speak of these first, having postponed some remarks to this time, because whatever historical value they may be supposed to possess relates to the latest ages of Welsh history, and in no respect to the fabulous period to which they are ascribed. Mr. Owen states, that "their antiquity is very dubious, but in their present form and phraseology they may be attributed to the 16th century." † One feature in them is remarkable, they never allude to any possessions of the Kymry beyond the borders of Wales, which betrays a sad deficiency on the part of the author; for, according to the legend, Dunwallo was a king of all Britain! Some of the Triads, for the whole book is in that form, will be referred to when we speak of the bards; the following, which are selected for their brevity, are sufficient as specimens; and there being no order, analysis is impossible.

"There are three social motes; bardism, metallurgy, and the science of a harpist."

"There are three motes of imminent attack; the inroad of a border-country enemy, the cry or the horn of murder and waylaying, and a hamlet on fire; for assistance is required from every body."

"There are three motes of pursuit; after a wolf, after thieves, and after a mad dog; and all who shall hear the cry are to assemble together."

"There are three common motes of departure; a desire of gain, the avoiding of punishment, and the lack of privilege."

* But in the Code of Gwynedd, one Iorwerth ab Madog is frequently appealed to in the same manner. It was he, says the section on "the Privileges of Arvon," who "on the authority of his own information," determined who should fill the post of honour in the expedition against the men of North Britain; but albeit that happened in the days of Taliesin, and Nudd Hael, and Clydno Eiddin, he is represented as collecting various laws from books written by some of the sages of the council on the Tav, and as adding to Hywel's laws, enactments respecting the worth of buildings, furniture, &c. This anachronism throws doubt upon the story of the origin of the "Privileges;"—it also proves to us that much "judge-made law" in process of time got incorporated with Hywel's statutes; and more than hints that the completeness in the codes of the Principality, which we have admired, has resulted from the labours of many, who in the name of some "Iddno the aged," but really "on the authority of their own information," sought, and not without success, to supply what was lacking in them. In the copies of the ancient Saxon laws, on the contrary, we have the very "dooms" of Ethelbert, Ina, and Alfred; for, although popular fictions have ascribed to the latter, whatever in the English constitution seemed most effectually to guard the liberties of the subject, there was no bardic class with "*truth against the world*" for its motto, to interpolate and falsify the records of his Institutes.

† The date of the MS. from which it is stated that this copy was taken, is given by the alleged copyist,—Thomas ab Ivan, of Trev Bryn,—as 1685, A. D.

Four and thirty triads of this kind treat of "motes, and carmotes;" and two hundred and forty-eight more, "of the social state and federate state;" being, as they announced themselves, "the ancient triads of the privileges and customs of the kindred of the Kymry, before they lost their privilege and their crown, through the rapacity, fraud, and treachery of the Saxons." These are examples of the latter.

"Three foundations of a social state; privilege, possession, and law."

"Three foundations of law; security, punishment, and honour; in respect to what shall be done for the benefit of a country and kindred."

"Three protections and securities of a social state; protection of life and person, protection of possession and dwelling, and protection of natural privilege."

"Three things that defend a social state; love, fear, and mutual advantage."

"Three elements of law; knowledge, natural right, and conscientiousness."

"Three embellishments of a community; the sciences of wisdom, useful arts, and a courteously conducted magnificence."

"Three things without which a country is not a good one; wood, stones, and springs of water."

"Three common persons against whom there is not to be a naked weapon; an unarmed man, a man before growth of beard, and a female."

"There are three gentlemanly arts; arms, horsemanship, and hunting; and there is not any one of these free but to an innate Kymro."

And in this fashion they proceed, often repeating the laws ascribed to later times than Hywel; and in one triad giving "the ten words of the law, the Gospel of John, and the blessed cross," as "three relics to swear by," introduced "after" certain others of a more primitive kind. As we read them, the conviction grows upon us, that if they be really as old as the 16th century, they are (as we have already said) the expression of "confident hopes respecting the future," rather than "venerable monuments of the past," and bear just such a relation to the apocalypse of Myrddin, as the description of the restored state and temple of the Jews bears to the rest of the predictions, embodying the assurance with which the fulfilment of those prophecies was expected. Mr. Owen says, that, "as explanatory of many obscure passages in the laws, they are of the greatest importance;" but we think, that as representations of the universal hope and dream of the Kymry, in the ages when revolt after revolt only fixed the English yoke more firmly upon their necks, they are of infinitely greater worth; and in this aspect alone can we regard them.

The other miscellaneous laws are, some of them, mere repetitions; but others, and those the greater number, are alterations or modifications of them. Many of them can be discovered to be so only by comparing them with those in the codes, and very few tell us the period when the change was made. Thus we are informed, that after the conquest of Wales, the maiden-fees were paid to the English king, because he was then lord of Wales; and that the strange fine for killing a cat,—a heap of wheat which would hide the tip of her tail, she being held up by that with her nose touching the granary floor, was commuted for the payment of four pence; and from these it may be

discovered that it would not consist with the purpose of our undertaking to attempt to particularize them. Two specimens of pleadings we will give in a condensed form.

If a person claim property as lent, let the claimant say, that the property (naming it) was lent to such a one; and that, if it be doubted, he has those who know it. If the defendant deny it, let the claimant prove it. If the defendant say, "God knows, I am not to answer to thy claim, because the property was lawfully returned to thee by me, without claim, or surclaim, on, after, or before it; I appeal, therefore, to the law, that I am not to listen further to thy claim, for I have those who know that what I have said is true." If the claimant acknowledge that, let him rest with what he had. If he deny it, let the defendant prove it. If the claimant say, "God knows, I do not deny the return of the loan which you say is returned; but the loan I claim, you have consumed, or sold, so that I have been unable to obtain it; and I have those who know that this is true." If the defendant acknowledge that, let the loan, or legal compensation, be restored. If he deny it, let the complainant make good his proof. If the defendant assert that he has paid for the loan, and the claimant acknowledge it, let the suit drop; if he deny it, let the defendant prove that he has.

Whoever shall prosecute for theft, is to proceed in this manner; name the person whom he charges, describe the thing stolen, and the quantity of what is stolen, and by the four words of the loser he is to proceed, according to the law of Hywel, and that at large. After that, each word is to be denied separately, and separately testified to; and if cast in a word, then judgment on a word. Thus speaks the prosecutor, naming the person and his father, "Thou hast removed my (here he will name the animal, if such it were) from its water and its grass, and hast travelled day and night with it, and knowest thyself to be guilty, or accessory, and hast wrought shame and scandal to my lord, and loss and damage to me; with forfeit of life to thyself by thy guilt; and that through the impulse of theft, felony, and their accessories; and thou hast traversed wood and field, free and tangle, wet and dry, hill and dale, country and border-country, law and not law, union and disunion; and if thou doubttest it, I will prove it against thee." If the other deny it, asserting that the prosecutor states what he has not seen; then the prosecutor shall offer to bring those who did see; and if the other still deny, the informant is to be summoned before the judge, and being sworn upon the relic, is to state, that he saw that thief (naming him) in light of open day, commit the theft charged on him, as the prosecutor had said, the sun being high and shining; and he is to avouch that he speaks against him neither for hatred, nor malice, nor wrath, nor reward, nor for kindred, nor love; but from knowing and seeing it, and its being true. Then the other is to make the legal objections, and if the witness cannot stand, the suit is lost; but if the objections fail, the judgment-book contains the proper sentence.

And now we may turn to *the Statutes of Rhuddlan*. The preamble to this set of enactments, which extinguished the actual independence of the people of Wales, after reciting the fact of the conquest, stated that the king had caused the laws and customs, up to that time in force in those parts, to be read over before himself and his nobles; and that, having clearly understood their nature, he had, by their counsel,

abolished some, permitted others, and others still had corrected; adding also to them, certain statutes which were to be observed for ever, as given there.* It next provided for the government of the country by vice-counts, crown-officers, and bailiffs, marking out the boundaries of the jurisdiction of each of the first-named authorities; and thereby, in fact, constituting the counties of Anglesey, Caernarvon, Merioneth, Flint, Carmarthen, and Cardigan, but with borders very different from those at present existing, as the omission of Denbighshire will show. The Cantreys and *cymods* were left unchanged in their ancient "meers." To the justiciary of Snowdon was intrusted the chief custody and government of the region acquired by the death of Llywelyn,—Snowdon and the parts adjacent. The statutes themselves treated of the office of the vice-counts, and of the "coronators;" gave directions for the proceedings of the latter with a malefactor who had taken refuge in a church; showed the form of a commission to the justiciary for holding sessions; with various examples of briefs, and processes, respecting debts, agreements, &c., &c., not one of which is of a kind to be extracted. It concluded with "given at Rhuddlan, on the Sunday in the midst of Quadragesima, in the eleventh year of our reign," or the 7th of March, 1283, A. D.; exactly a year earlier than the common accounts relate.† The effects of this legal "revolution" or reform, will be apparent in the summary of events in Wales, till the incorporation of that country with the kingdom of England, which we shall give in one final historical chapter; to which we direct our readers, being prevented by our limits from tracing them in detail in this place.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BARDS AND BARDISM.—LEGENDS AND INVENTIONS.—THE TRIADS AND BARDIC REMAINS.—
WELSH POETRY.

WHEN, in an early chapter, we spoke of the "religion of the ancient Britons," after giving a particular account of the Druids, we promised to notice "the growth of poetry and song" in the "chapters upon Bards and Bardism." Of the bards, *personally*, enough has been said, from time to time, under the general head of literature; we therefore purpose, in this place, to treat as fully of the traditions and legends, and the historical

* Whence we learn that from this document alone, invaluable though it is, we cannot fully discover the legal position of affairs in Wales: and we are not aware of the existence of any record of the changes made in the old Welsh laws, to which this preamble refers.

† The date of these statutes, which we give from the copies of Ellis and Owen, is confirmed by the documents in Rymer. The origin of the mistake might be shown, but its correction is all that is necessary.

fragments and documents which have come down to us, as will enable our readers to judge for themselves, respecting the correctness of the representations commonly made of *Bardism*, as a secret system of science, poetry, and theosophy. We might shelter ourselves from the anathemas, hurled by Edward Williams, (Iolo Morganwg,) *Druid-Bard*, against the sceptical on this head, by appealing, before we begin, to names not undistinguished amongst the Kymry; but after the reiterated proofs we have given, in this work, of a disposition to believe all that could be credited, and to hope that much was fact which we could not believe to be so, we do not think we need to apologize for discriminating between authentic statements and unproven assertions, nor for relying on the former rather than on the latter in reaching any conclusion on the subject. And it is solely in justification of the presumption we have manifested, in thus venturing upon an inquiry which has necessarily led us out of the beaten track; instead of keeping to that, and repeating once more the authorized accounts of this mysterious matter; that we refer to the numerous instances, in which we have been forced to admit, that historical accuracy has not been, with the Welsh writers of the times before our own, so much an affair of conscience as to warrant our receiving what they have said without investigating its sources.

We shall begin our collection of facts with the testimonies of the oldest and most unquestionably genuine authorities,—the classical historians and poets; who, though they refer particularly to the customs of Gaul, have been regarded by the most cautious critics as describing a state of things, not greatly unlike that which prevailed in Britain. This diminution of their weight we are bound to mention at the outset; for as we purpose to conduct our readers step by step, in the order of time, over the evidence which exists, so that the actual facts of the case may present themselves, without the disguising effects of glosses and comments derived from quite recent sources;—whatever may be detracted by this admission will be more than compensated when we see that the succeeding testimonies from Britain exactly agree with them. We would gladly have introduced some of the Triads here, but in the absence of all knowledge of their real dates, or even of the MSS. whence they were originally derived, we could not, without weakening our proof, employ them in it. We shall place them by themselves apart, for they contain much that looks like primitive and credible tradition; and thus whatever confirmation they may afford to the conclusions established by other witnesses will be more valuable, the lighter the stress laid upon them. It will be seen, as we proceed, that we are indebted to Mr. Thomas Stephens's "*Literature of the Kymry*," for some valuable suggestions and proofs of our argument; a circumstance which ought to be allowed its full influence in our favour, by those who deem the correction of such misrepresentations as have been accredited and circulated regarding Bardism near akin to sacrilege.

Poseidonius the Stoic, of Rhodes, who travelled in Gaul about 100, B. C., is the first who mentions the bards. He describes them as "parasites," who attended the Celtic warriors, even on their warlike expeditions, to celebrate their praises; and when speaking of the wealth and liberality of the father of Bituitus the Arvernian chief, he says

that "one of the poets of the barbarians," having received a gift of extraordinary munificence, sang that

"From the track of his chariot-wheels sprang up gold and blessings to mortals."

Julius Cæsar does not name the bards, although he has given a very minute account of the Druids, and their religion and learning. It has been thought, that because he speaks of the innumerable verses, which their disciples learnt, and which contained all their wisdom, he included the poets, as members of an inferior order, under the general denomination of Druids. But this does not harmonize either with what Poseidonius has said of them, or with other statements we have yet to quote. It seems more likely that he did not look upon the professional singers and poets as deserving such notice as he gave to the ministers of religion, and passed them by altogether. About the same time with Cæsar, Diodorus the Sicilian, from whom we took the legend of the Hyperboreans, wrote. Thus he speaks. "There are amongst the Gauls makers [poets] of verses, whom they name bards. These, singing to instruments resembling lyres, praise some, but defame others. There are also certain philosophers and theologians, exceedingly esteemed, whom they called Druids. They have also prophets, and hold them in great veneration." And then follows an account of their manner of discovering future events, and of sacrificing, which has been noticed in the chapter on the Druids. He adds, that "not only in peaceful affairs, but even in war, both friends and enemies very greatly defer to [the prophets and philosophers], and to the makers [poets] of songs;" and declares that they have "oftentimes" interposed between armies just ready to join in battle, and have "appeased their wrath as men tame wild beasts." The bards here are, as in Poseidonius, verse and song makers, and all their power resides in their poetical gifts. We next turn to Strabo, the geographer, who follows at a short distance, but still before the Christian era. "Amongst the whole of the Gauls," he testifies, "three classes are especially held in distinguished honour, the bards, the prophets, and the Druids. The bards are singers and poets. The prophets are sacrificers and physiologists. But the Druids, beside physiology, practise ethical philosophy." He then describes the offices of the Druids, and the mode of vaticination, in almost the same terms as those employed by Diodorus and Cæsar; but does not seem to include the bards in it. One sentence is very remarkable: "To their simplicity and ferocity are added much stupidity, vain-boasting, and love of ornament." There is nothing in this to contradict the representation of Poseidonius: but it is to be remarked, that instead of *Mantis*, employed by Diodorus, Strabo uses the word *Vates*,* for the "prophets;" and that by "physiology," was intended (as Cicero, speaking on the authority of Divitiacus the Æduan, has shown) the study of nature for the purpose of predicting future events. We have no special cultivators of "science and medicine,"

* The want of a letter *V* in the Greek alphabet compelled Strabo to spell this word, *Ovates*; the use of *Mantis* by Diodorus sufficiently explains its meaning. Giving too easy credence to the writers on Bardism, we spoke in the chapter referred to above, of "the Ovates, Eubates, or Vates," as if the former were a genuine Celtic word. The error we thereby committed we now formally declare and recant.

alluded to by these contemporaneous writers. Pomponius Mela speaks of the Druids alone, and so does Pliny, and neither make the least reference to song or verse. Lucan, in his *Pharsalia*, thus apostrophizes the class whose functions and character we are investigating :

“ You also, bards, who, spirits courageous, fallen in battle,
Keep in men’s memories living, prophet-like, through the long ages,
Poured forth verses extempore, numberless.—”

And next he addresses the Druids, as the ministers of “ barbaric rites, and a perverse custom of sacrificing ;” but not a word does he say of the “ soothsayers,” unless the ambiguous designation of the bards as “ prophets ” refer to them. This is quite in accordance with the old Rhodian’s story ; and the same may be said of the *Barditus*, “ Bardism,” or recitation of songs, by which Tacitus avers that the Germans were wont at the same time to animate their courage for the fight, and to augur its unknown issue. Three hundred years later, Ammianus Marcellinus, the last of this group of witnesses, repeated this representation. “ The bards,” he wrote, “ sang the deeds of illustrious men, described in heroic verses, to the sweet measures of the lyre.” And thus we sum up this branch of the evidence. There were amongst the Gauls, and presumably amongst their kindred the Britons also, a class of men called bards, who cultivated lyrical or ballad poetry, and by the exercise of their gifts acquired not a little influence amongst those rude people, who felt that their future renown rested with these poets, who could hand down their names covered with praises, or with shame. And there were, besides, the ministers of the gloomy and ferocious religion of the Celts, the prophets and the Druids, of whom enough has been said on a former occasion.

Before entering upon the consideration of the earliest Kymric authorities, we must state that we rigidly exclude all the literary forgeries in the names of Taliesin, Myrddin, and Llywarch Hên ; which (as we have shown in other places) were very numerous. And having done this, there remains nothing save what forcibly reminds us of the Troubadours of some five centuries afterwards ; Aneurin and Llywarch Hên were warriors, beyond the possibility of doubt ; and Dr. Owen Pughe himself confesses that Llywarch was such a bard as Dan Chaucer’s squire, and no more. We do not need to repeat the eulogies we have pronounced upon the Gododin, and the other poems of the same age ; we have only to state that there is nothing in them to contradict the conclusion we deduced from the classical accounts of the Celtic poets. For it was inevitable, that, in the course of time, the chieftains should learn to repeat the songs of the bards, and even to imitate them. And the professional ballad-makers would not lose in general esteem, when warriors did not disdain to handle their unwarlike instruments, and to emulate their peaceful skill. Here, therefore, we need not linger, but we may pass on to Gildas, who, in his famous letter, amongst other invectives against “ Maglocunus,” or Maelgwn Gwynedd, charges him with neglecting “ the praises of God, uttered by the sweetly modulated voices of Christ’s disciples, and the breath of church-melody,” for his own praises, (“ which were nothing,) roared out, bacchanal-wise, by the mouths of scoundrel-bawlers, foaming with lies and wickedness.”

Those who are accustomed to the coarse exaggerations, which are used by uncultivated persons, and in rude ages, to express anger or dislike, will recognise Poseidonius' "parasites" here. And it is particularly to be noted, that in this passage we first light upon the signs of the deadly feud, which raged to the time of the Reformation itself, between the monks and the song-men, to which we have alluded in the first chapter of British legends. The mention of Talhaiarn, Taliesin, Aneurin, and their fellows, in the history known by the name of Nennius, which has been quoted in another place, requires only a passing reference, as it merely speaks of them as having "flourished in British poetry at the same time." And thus we are brought to the laws of Hywel Dda.

We purposely omitted specific notice of the enactments bearing upon our present subject, when we treated of these laws; for they bear a very small proportion to the whole mass of judgments and decrees, and can now be given almost in full. This is the more desirable, because we are certified by the dates of the MSS. respecting the ages to which these laws belong; and as the codes are so vexatiously minute, as we have seen, we may the more rely upon what we discover in them, as incontrovertible testimony concerning the position, the privileges, and the functions of the bards. We shall not pretend to discriminate between earlier and later statutes in this place, but shall regard them all as pictures of this class of society from the 10th to the 13th century. The so-called "Laws of Dyvnwal Moel-mud," with "the privileges of the Men of Powys," will be considered afterwards.

Amongst the four-and-twenty officers of the court, we find a "Bard of the Household;" he is placed eighth in the code of Gwynedd, and eleventh in those of Dyved and Gwent. One of the Latin versions designates him merely "Poet of the Family;" and another, in a part telling of the customs of North Wales,— "Poet of the Chamber." The laws speak also of a "Chief of Song," or, according to the Latin versions, "Chief Musician;" whom the Venedotian code entitles an officer of the court "by custom and usage," but the Dimetian code declares *not* to be an officer of the palace. Of the former it is said, that he was to have his land free, and a horse; with his woollen garments from the king, and his linen clothes from the queen,— "thrice a year," adds one of the Latin copies. The clothes of the steward, at the three principal festivals, were his by right; and his own clothes were the perquisite of the door-keeper. On his appointment, the king gave him a harp, or an ivory throw-board, and the queen a ring; and he was never to part with those gifts;—he, in like manner, was bound to give the judge of the court a ring. The compensation granted him for injury (*saraad*); the "were," or *galanas*, paid if he was killed; and the *ebidiw*, or fine which he paid on taking possession of his inheritance, were, respectively, six cows, and sixscore (or *ounces* in a Latin copy) of silver; sixscore and six cows (with or without augmentations, for usage seems to have differed); and sixscore (or ounces) of silver:—and herein he was placed on the same level with fourteen other officers, including the candle-bearer, the cook, the foot-holder, and the chambermaid. Similar laws existed respecting the *amobr*, *cowyll*, and *agweddi*, of his daughter. He had the power of giving "sanctuary" whilst leading one who sought it to the Chief of the Household,

or, as others said, from his first song in the hall till his last. He sat in the lower part of the hall, on one side of the Chief of the Household, with whom also he was lodged; and he was bound to sing to him, whenever he was asked; in return for which, apparently, at the three principal festivals, the Chief of the Household placed his harp in his hands. When he accompanied the "household" on a foray, he was entitled to a "good ox," or a cow, from the spoil, (if present at the taking of it, says the Latin version,) and during the preparation for the battle, or in the fight, or after it had taken place, and whilst the booty was being shared, (for so do the codes vary,) he was to sing "the Monarchy of Britain." When he went with other bards,* by the law of Gwynedd, he was to receive the share of two;—and if he begged a boon of the king, was to sing only one song; if of a nobleman, three; but if of a "villein," he might sing till he could sing no longer.

The "Chief of Song," or "Chief Musician," (or "Chief Harper" in the *Anomalous Laws*,) seems to have been an *unattached* officer; and whilst in some respects placed lower than the Household Bard, in others was much superior to him. His land was free; and the king gave him a harp, in Gwent; a fine of twenty-four pence was paid him by every woman on her *first* marriage; and the "maiden-fee" of the daughters of "the minstrels under him" was his by law. Twenty-four pence were due to him also from every minstrel who had finished learning of him; and he was bound by the Gwentian code to give the disciple a harp. To him a double share of the common gains, when he "solicited" in company, was due; and a third of the gains of his disciple, in Gwent; and he was exempted from the operation of any enactment forbidding minstrels to beg. He might, too, prevent another bard from soliciting any thing throughout his jurisdiction, unless it were a bard from a border-country. In Gwynedd he could give "sanctuary," and his *saraad* and worth were fixed at the same amount as the Household Bard's, but the *galanas* was without augmentation;—in Gwent, however, both were fixed at a half more, and the *galanas* had three augmentations. In the hall, he was placed in the upper part next the heir to the crown, (in Gwynedd, next the judge of the court,) and with him he was lodged. If the king desired songs, the Chief of Song was to sing, "at the entrance of the hall," first, a song in praise of God, and next, one in honour of kings; and after him, the Bard of the Household was to sing a third, or three songs. If the queen wished for music, the latter officer was to attend in her chamber, and there, in a low voice, so as not to be heard into the hall, to sing "love songs," or "three elaborate songs," or "a song respecting Camlan," or songs "without limitation," according to different copies and codes. "A Chief of Song is one who shall have gained a chair," says the code of Dyved: and in that of Gwent we read, "When a bard shall take a chair, the judge of the court takes the bugle-horn, and the gold ring, and the cushion that is placed under him in his chair." This plainly refers to some honour conferred on him in connexion with the court, and is explained by the enactment in the Venedotian code concerning "appropriate places," which says, "there are fourteen *chaired* persons

* This refers to some kind of professional itinerancy, such as afterwards was described as an annual, or triennial, "progress," and was called *clers*; the holding of assemblages during such progresses being called *cymhortha*.

[officers privileged to sit on *chairs*, and not on benches] in the palace," and amongst them enumerates the "Chief of Song," under the designation of "*the Chaired Bard*." Another indication of the position of this "Chief Musician," is the fact that his harp, and *plectrum*, or "tuning-key," were appraised at the same value as the king's, six-score pence, or half a pound, for the former, and the latter twenty-four or twelve pence; while a nobleman's harp was worth but sixty pence, and his "tuning-key," twelve or four pence; the Household Bard's harp not being named at all.

A few miscellaneous enactments relating to our subject will complete the picture. These are from the *Codes*. In Gwent, the *canghellor*,* if the king were holding a court in his *canghellor*-ship, received on entering into office a gold ring, a *harp*, and a throw-board, from the king. In Gwynedd and Dyved, one of the three "indispensables" to a noble was his harp: and, answering to this, a villein might not, without permission from his lord, have his son instructed in poesy, (according to the Latin version,) or the art of the bards; and if he should learn it, he might not exercise it: but if, it is added, the lord did not interfere until the bard was "graduated in song," he could not afterwards enslave him. Scholarship and smith-craft were also interdicted to the villein's son. The following are from the *Anomalous Laws*, and are of uncertain date. In the division of property amongst the members of a family, the harp went to the youngest son. If the harp were pledged, it might be used by the holder of it; and so might a milch cow, and a throw-board; neither was it ever forfeited, except by the consent of him who pledged it, a privilege it shared with a yew pail, and a plume of feathers! A bard is reckoned one of "the three covered ones of the court." But we are venturing into the region of fable, although we have set the *Molmutine Triads* aside; for next we read what takes us at a single step to the 14th or 15th century:—"Three officers minister to the king sitting; the judge, the foot-holder, and the chief of song, that is, a chaired bard, who shall know what is to come in future, from the lore of *Taliesin*." And;—"three persons are of superior privilege while sitting, than while standing;" the judge, the foot-holder, and a "chief of song, that is, a bard that shall have gained a chair, and who knows the prophetic song of *Taliesin*, and the worth of every poetical composition." So near do fact and fiction lie in these curious records. These *Triads* we may leave out of our estimate; and then, our conclusion from the undoubtedly authentic laws will be, that minstrelsy was so highly esteemed amongst the *Kymry*, that if any serf succeeded in acquiring it so as to receive a testimonial of skill, he could not be treated as a bondman again; that in different parts of the country some one harpist was privileged to sit at the king's table, whenever the court was held in his neighbourhood, who had in consequence the monopoly of instruction in the kindred arts of poetry and song; and that attached to the court was an officer whose special duty was to delectate the ears of the royal household at the feast, and to fire the souls of the royal warriors in the fray; just as there were other officers, judge and priest, cook and brewer of mead, groom and smith, to discharge other duties, whereby the be-

* *Chancellor*; but even Mr. Owen attempts to show that this is a *Welsh* word!

coming state of a British prince might be maintained. Song, and playing on the harp, like the minstrels of the ages of chivalry, who have been so fortunate as not to have had their functions misrepresented, these were their arts; and if most of the monuments of their skill have perished, enough yet remain to invest them with abundant interest for us, and to make it quite needless to attempt to snatch for them a false renown.

Before we refer to the poetical remains of the centuries to which these laws belong, we will once more resort to our highly-esteemed Giraldus; whose testimony to the musical tastes and habits of the Welsh of his age, we did not insert when we quoted from his "Description of Cambria." We shall find that he exactly confirms the views, which the authorities hitherto cited have presented;—"Their musical instruments," says he, plunging into the midst of the matter at once, "charm and delight the ear with their sweetness, and are borne along with such celerity and delicacy of modulation, producing such a consonance by the rapidity of seemingly discordant touches, that"—in short, our good archdeacon is quite beside himself with enthusiasm, and can find no vent for it, save by a quotation from his own book on "Irish Topography," in which, by conceits equal to any that Welsh bard ever disguised sober sense by, he attempts to show that they played in chords, and always ended as they began, on *one* key-note,—their harps, we conclude, not being furnished with apparatus for changing the pitch. All of which, as it relates solely to playing on the harp, and represents principally the self-complacency of our author, we may pass by. "They make use," he proceeds, "of three instruments, the harp, the pipe, and *crwth*. In their rhymed songs, and set speeches, they are so subtle and ingenious, that they produce in their native tongue ornaments of wonderful and exquisite invention, both in words and sentences." Some of these marvellous "ornaments" we have spoken of; and a few examples of others will be given in this chapter; we are, however, too well acquainted with Giraldus' affectations and artifices, puns and antitheses, to overvalue this praise. It must have made him wish that his Latin afforded the same kind of facilities that Welsh did for rhetorical tricks. "Hence," says he, and this passage must be noted well, "hence arise the poets, whom they call bards, of whom you will find many in this nation, endowed with this faculty, as the poet said,

'Then did the bards, thick-standing, pour forth numberless verses.'

But they make use of alliteration in preference to all other ornaments of rhetoric; and that particular kind which joins by consonancy the first letters or syllables of words." And on this he enlarges with something like regretful fondness, and quotes Cicero, to establish some casual remark. "In their musical concerts," he adds, "they do not sing in unison, like the people of other countries, but in many different parts; so that in a company of singers, which one very frequently meets with in Wales, you will hear as many different parts and voices as there are performers." They all end on the key-note, he further says; and then tells how, north of the Humber, the folks sing in two parts; and that in Wales even children sing in parts; and concludes that the English derived this custom from the Danes and North-men, who long held the

districts where only it prevails. In the chapter in which we gave an account of the social state and manners, as described by Giraldus, we spoke of the musical contests, and of the custom of entertaining guests with harp-playing, which showed how general amongst the Kymry was skill in music and verse; and we do not repeat those passages. The only mention of the bards here, casts great light upon the obscurities of the laws relating to the "Chief of Song," and a few examples (which we give afterwards) of the "ornaments," which stirred up the admiration of our rhetorician so greatly, will render sufficiently apparent the nature of "the bardic art" in these ages, which the villein might not learn, and of the instructions imparted by the "Chaired Bard" to his "disciples." Yet, lest any difficulties should remain, we will refer to the *Meister-singers* of Germany, in the middle ages; for a more elucidatory parallel than these corporate guilds for the cultivation of the "trade" of poetry, with their apprenticeships and by-laws, cannot be imagined. Not that we suppose the Welsh bards to have had so perfectly organized a system as the Germans had; but that in the *Meister-singers* we see what the *professional* bardism of the centuries we have reached in this survey was tending to; as the observations of Mr. Hallam, in his "Literature of Europe," will show. After speaking of the *Minne-singers*, he says, "a new race of poets, chiefly burghers of towns, sprang up about the reign of Rodolph of Hapsburgh." "These prudent, though not inspired, votaries of the muse, chose the didactic and moral style, as more salutary than love-songs, and more reasonable than the romances. They became known in the 14th century, by the name of *Meister-singers*, but are traced to the institutions of the 12th century, called 'singing-schools,' for the promotion of popular music, the favourite recreation of Germany. What they may have done for music I am unable to say; it was in an evil hour for the art of poetry that they extended their jurisdiction over her. They regulated verse by the most pedantic and minute laws, such as a society with no idea of excellence but conformity to rule would be sure to adopt; though nobler institutions have often done the same, and the Master-burghers were but prototypes of the Italian academicians. The poetry was always moral and serious, but flat." And in a subsequent part; "The *Meister-singers* were sufficiently prosaic in their original constitution; they neither produced, nor perhaps would have suffered to exhibit itself, any real excellence in poetry. But they became, in the 16th century, still more rigorous in their requisitions of a mechanical conformity to rule; while at the same time they prescribed a new code of law to the versifier, that of theological orthodoxy." The applicability of some of these remarks will appear as we proceed; and our readers will observe, that, since the days of Poseidonius, these obscure intimations of their recognition, as a class, by law, with another fact mentioned casually by Giraldus, in the same work we have quoted from, are the only innovations in the functions and standing of the Celtic bard. The fact to which we refer is this;—from being the ballad-chroniclers of the deeds of the brave, and from having engagements as household officers in the courts of princes and nobles, arose their practice of keeping notes of the genealogies of their princes; and thus says our author:—"This also seems worthy of notice, that the Welsh bards, and singers or reciters, have the genealogy of

the before-named princes in their ancient and authentic books, and keep the same in memory from Rhodri Mawr to B. M., and further deduce the pedigree lineally from Sylvius, Ascanius, and Æneas, and to them from Adam."*

It will be perceived that, as we are now using none but evidence of most unquestionable authenticity, so we confine our comments upon it to the display of what it establishes. Had there been aught beneath, or beyond, poetry and song, in bardism (with the preservation of genealogies by the household bards) up to this time, it must have appeared. We shall soon point out the earliest hints of what was long afterwards elaborated into a theosophic system; and in the next class of authorities, which we distinguish as *legendary*, we shall see the process by which from these hints have been fashioned such *inventions* as the Laws of Dyvnwal Moel-mud, and the Bardism of the Iolo MSS. and of Dr. Owen Pughe. And now we turn to the poets who flourished from the revival of literature in Wales, in the 11th century, to the destruction of the independence of Gwynedd at Llywelyn's death.

At the first glance we are reminded of the Troubadours and Minne-singers of Provence and Germany. It was not by the instructions of any "chaired bard" that most of those pieces were inspired. Towards the close of the period we meet with more of those tricks of verse, which bespeak the professional bard. But Gwalchmai, Owain Cyveiliog, and Hywel ab Owain, Cynddelw, Davydd Benvras, and Madog ab Gwallter,—for these men, the "bardic art" was a hinderance, which the spirit of song within them, alone, enabled them to overcome, and to use as a means for the expression of their inward life and beauty. Gwalchmai, Owain, Hywel, and Davydd were warriors, and sang of the joy of battle, as men of "the lyre and the sword" only can. The household bards, on the other hand, beside *encomia*, as Poseidonius said, and elegies, frequently offered to their patrons what they entitled "Atonements,"—poems of repentance, or remonstrance, or humble entreaty, when they had given offence, and sought to recover the favours they had lost; and by these we learn that the position, ascribed to them in Hywel's laws, was such as they actually held, and the necessity of distinguishing between the born poets and those who followed poetry for a living, though both are included in the common name of bards, becomes most apparent. Both the laws, and numerous expressions in the poems, show us, that these professed bards occasionally left their patrons' courts and exercised their skill for others' delight, or for mere profit; and sometimes they may have been the bearers of messages of courtesy, or of state, between the princes. And it was in these excursions that they laid themselves open to the censure, which an impartial critic has pronounced upon them. "It is to be feared," says Mr. Stephens, that the code of bardic morality "permitted the bard to become the advocate of whoever paid him. He stood in the same relation to his chieftain as a lawyer does to his client, and seems to have been the willing advocate of whoever honoured him with his patronage." "From their positions, the bards had

* We have already, when treating of the legends of Britain, spoken of the origin of this custom of tracing lineages to the father of mankind. "B. M." is supposed to signify *Belinus Magnus*, "Beli the Great." Some copyists have introduced a change or two,—making the books "most ancient," and moreover "*written in Welsh*."

much power for good or evil. They might have raised the standard of moral and intellectual greatness among their countrymen, and have pointed out more becoming pursuits than those in which they indulged; but instead of preaching peace, they were too frequently the abettors of war; instead of healing dissensions, they were prone to widen the breaches already made; and instead of leading the way to grander views and principles of conduct, they have on too many occasions been the echoes of popular prejudices, and the tools of ambitious chieftains. This is a light in which their conduct is seldom presented; it is nevertheless the truth." We have, when we spoke of the fictitious prophecies of Myrddin and others, noticed the remark of Evan Evans; that—"It was the policy of the British princes to make the bards foretell their success in war, in order to spirit up their people to brave actions." This more correctly represents the relation of these poets to the princes at whose courts they resided. And of most of them we can see, that the expectation of their hire, or of *largesse*, determined the exercise of their gifts. That enactment restricting the number of songs to be sung, when "soliciting" the king, or a nobleman, by itself would justify no higher expectations respecting the results of their labours, than those Mr. Stephens laments.

In the section devoted to the *Mabinogion*, (and this quotation will carry us onward to the latter part of the period under consideration,) the same writer, contrasting those romantic fictions with the poems of the professed bards, but attributing greater reality to the bardic system than we have yet seen grounds for believing it possessed of, observes;—"Artificial systems, which impose upon the mind the decrees of individuals and associations, which prescribe rules for taste and criticism, and which claim for themselves every imaginable perfection, cannot reflect the spirit of the times, must be at variance with the dictates of nature, and tend to sink man below, rather than to elevate him above, mediocrity. Such was bardism; which dissociated from, and in opposition to, natural promptings, degenerated for the most part into a tame representation of the more tangible and transient thoughts of the day; and measured intellectual capacities by rule and compass:—it wanted life, elasticity, and truthfulness. From all our bardic remains we learn but three facts—that the Kymry loved war, mead, and music; but we learn from the *Mabinogion*"—other facts respecting their national character, which do not require to be detailed now. Then, after showing that the education of the ecclesiastics of those days peculiarly enabled them to idealize the warrior, and depict him as he appears in the *Mabinogion*, Mr. Stephens continues:—This "never appears to have entered the minds of the bards: the tumult of conflict, the excitement of warlike life, and the contemplation of actual every-day scenes, were all that could interest those matter-of-fact personages; and they never attempted to analyze their own minds and feelings, to endow a sublime creation with the ardent promptings of their own nature, and to represent as actual existences—beings which the ambitious minds of able men had alone considered possible to exist, and hoped themselves to be. Pictures of immutable truth, and of the deep workings of the soul, were things too pure and sublime, ever to have subsisted in a literary atmosphere contaminated by the arbitrary rules and conventional regulations of the bards, and could only have been developed where

the vivacity of the people had been heightened by the contemplation of Divine attributes, and their feelings chastened by God's goodness and loving mercy."

The *Mabinogion*, certainly, do generally exhibit the influence of a spirit very different from that which we can trace in all genuine Kymric productions. As we observed when we discussed their origin and growth, "the germs are British; but the development is not." The contrast between the *Mabinogi* of Taliesin, various portions of which have been given in this work, and which is attributed to a Welsh writer of the middle of the 13th century,—the contrast between this and "the Lady of the Fountain," and the story of "Geraint ab Erbin," must have struck all the readers of Lady Charlotte Guest's noble book; but few, perhaps, have perceived that the secret of the difference was, that the former is, both in subject and treatment, British; whilst, in the latter, the heroes are in name alone Kymry, their characters and adventures being depicted with taste and skill, which nothing but communion with the genius of the age could impart. This must be borne in mind, because, in some of the bards of the times we now speak of, there are vague allusions, which we might otherwise consider to be indications of acquaintance with the works of the "men of letters," which are the only forms of these fictions that have been handed down to us. Thus regarded, also, it will not appear contradictory, that along with such allusions should be others, equally vague, to matters which, in subsequent centuries, the "men of song" made peculiarly their own, and which have been confidently appealed to, in proof of the unbroken continuity of what was afterwards designated *Bardism*, from the 17th century backwards to those distant periods, on which only the *ignis fatuus* of legend pretends to cast any light. We may here indicate this as one unfailing source of error regarding the remoter past,—that it has been customary to view all that could, by any canons of interpretation, be made to look like an obscure reference to any subject largely developed in more modern days, as a certain proof that this development was *held* then; for we now, for the first time, meet with expressions in genuine writings which seem to countenance the common bardic theory; and beside this, the following remarks may aid us in finding our way through this very needlessly entangled labyrinth.

There did exist in these times, for they have reached our own day, traditions of very great antiquity, widely different from those of later invention, being exceedingly simple and inartificial; and, moreover, confirmed in the strongest manner by the results of the most modern researches in history and ethnology:—and it is inconceivable that these traditions should have been preserved, without the intervention of the bards, who were the only class in the least interested in them, after the Romish priesthood became dominant in Wales, able to keep them. For it must be noted here, and for the purpose of explaining, in some degree, the feud between the priests and the bards, also, that the majority of the former were aliens in blood, and that all were aliens in spirit, from the latter, who preferred the cause of Kymru to the narrowest Catholicism, which could be held in connexion with the Church of Rome. To these sole cultivators of ancient learning which the middle ages knew,—the scholars of the cloisters,—we may also attribute, without any fear of erring widely, the spread of some confused notions of

the old Celtic Druidism, derived, with many mixtures and corruptions, from those classical authors, who had seen or heard, and had recorded it in their works, something of its rites and speculations. By all these means, after that revival of regard for literature which appeared in Wales, near the close of the 11th century, the minds of the bards were strongly bent back upon the legends and the stories of earlier days; and as we can believe that their *Meister-singer* corporation was gaining a surer footing amongst them, and a completer organization, now, they would have an inducement to study and pry into those dim revelations of the past, quite sufficient for the production of such consequences as we witness. And, lastly, it was precisely in these times that the pseudo-prophecies, circulated in the name of Myrddin, Taliesin, Golyddan, and the other hero-poets of the Arturian age, were most extensively manufactured and most implicitly believed:—a fact which will tell us more truly the kind of spirit that was abroad amongst the bards, than any other to which we could appeal. We will give now, from Davies' "Mythology of the Druids," and Mr. Stephens' "Literature," a few passages* which will show, that causes such as these had been in operation, and that with *some* of the bards a beginning was made for those pretences which the brave old Iolo, sixty years ago, on no other ground than that put forth by one of the amenders of the laws—"the authority of his own information," supported by Dr. Owen Pughe, stood always ready to defend against all comers.

Of Cynddelw we have observed before, that beside bardic allusions, his verses contain frequent references to the Arturian legends, and are in consequence very obscure; the following are examples of the former.

"None know, save God, this land's diviners, and
The Druids sedulous,
The splendid, gold-adorned race,
Our numbers in the streamlet's waves."

"Judges of excellence, the bards are set;
Thee will they praise; yea, Druids of the circle,
In fourfold language, from four regions come;
From the steep mount, a bard will sing thy praise,
Cynddelw, the first object in the gate."

"How strictly with Ogyrven's bards do I,
Who justly guide and hinder not, conform!
Keridwen's songs, how wondrous were their ways!
In their true sense, how needful to be known!"

Cynddelw also sang, amongst the fourteen "privileges of the men of Powys," this most remarkable one,

"To the warriors, freedom from fair gifts to bards,
Fair battle-hawks, given with grace."

* Some passages are quoted and translated by Davies, respecting which we strongly suspect that they are spurious or interpolated; and the translations (*with glosses*) of some others, (which Mr. Stephens has adopted without remark,) are plainly made to favour his hypothesis of the meaning and mystery of Druidism. This we regret, but the extracts we can give will sufficiently illustrate our assertions regarding Bardism in these centuries.

And it was he, who, when threatened in his mortal illness with excommunication by the abbot of Ystrad Marchell, and was told that if anathematized he could not be buried in consecrated ground, replied by a stanza, which does not merit so much admiration as it has received, but which may remind us of the irreconcilable discord which prevailed between the bards and the "religious;"—

" Since against me, no covenant can be shown,
As the pure God well knows,
Becoming were it for the monks
To ask, not to reject me."

Seisyllt is said to have uttered the following stanza, when contesting with Cynddelw the position of *Pencerdd*, "Chief of Song," in Powys :

" The Chief of Song am I by right,
A Culvardd [' bard of the circle '] I, of the true line and tribe ;
But great Cynddelw, giant he in song,
His race no bards have yielded."

An allusion to the "chair," which the "Chief of Song" was privileged to use in the court, occurs also, in the following lines of Phylip Brydydd :

" The chair of Maelgwn was for bards prepared,
For bardlings never was it meant ;
And if unto that chair they did this day aspire,
By truth and privilege they'd prove unfit ;
Britain's grave Druids would the honour win,
Not these, though their wings ached with fluttering."

Llywarch ab Llywelyn shows considerable acquaintance with the *Mabinogion*, and the fictitious prophecies. The term "primary bard" occurs in the Triads, and will be seen below.

" Judgment on Britons does my tongue pronounce,
From one to other sea of Britain ;
Without contention, I my honours wear,
For I accompany the primary bards."

" The Ruler, God, a ray of genius gives,
Like drops from cauldron of Keridwen."

" My lord will I address with courteous song,
Keridwen's dower, chief of bardic art,
Like Taliesin, when he Elphin freed,
And bardism, like a bard, protected."

" Myrddin has said, that yet a king shall come
From out of the oppressed Kymry.
Druids have said, the liberal shall be born
Unto the eaglets of Eryri."

Elidir Sais, who styles himself in anticipation of the judgment of posterity, "a primary bard of learning," says;—

"Flowing is my bardic song as Myrddin's;—
Fluency is from the cauldron of genius."

Mr. Stephens concludes from these and other passages, in opposition to Celtic Davies,—who received them as links in the evidence that Druidism had been preserved, as a form of religion, from the earliest times to modern days,—that "the Druidism of the 12th century was confined to the bards," Cynddelw being "the high priest of the new hierarchy;" and "that the institution was of recent origin." But these very bards, in other compositions, use language which the most orthodox Catholic could praise; and these Druidical allusions have rather the appearance of a new style of poetical ornament, adopted all the more readily, perhaps, because it seemed to claim for the poet mysterious attributes, than that of the terminology of a religious system, whether old or new; and we are persuaded that if a faithful translation were made (which the diversities between the existing literal ones, and the subordination of historical development to bardic theories and vagrant etymologies, in Dr. Owen Pughe's Dictionary, renders somewhat hopeless) there would be no more thought of regarding these, either as intimations of even a pretended reception of the old faith, or as a revival of it in such a form as the age could bear. We may therefore state, that the evidence relating to bardism, which we have now received, shows it as an increasingly formal system of verse-making, with vocal and instrumental music; especially characterized by the prominence given to traditions and legends of the old times of Kymric supremacy in Britain, and to invented predictions of its return, which were all that the slow but sure march of events, inauspicious in the last degree to the freedom of Wales, had left as bulwarks against national despair.

The remainder of this division of our subject we must discuss more briefly. One of the most striking characteristics of the poetry of the ages succeeding the subjugation of Wales, is the great predominance of love-songs; the fierce and sanguinary disposition which distinguished that of the ages preceding, seems to have departed. This fact brings the actual bardism of these times, so far, within the realm of ordinary criticism; Iolo himself would have been puzzled to know what position in his system to assign to Davydd ab Gwilym.* Another feature, noticeable before, but now much more so, is the cultivation of the pretences of prophetic gifts, from the study of the *Bruts* and of "little Gwion." Dr. David Powell, who edited Lhuyd's "Historie" in 1584, A. D., says in his prefatory matter, with incorrectness on one or two points, which will cause us no amazement;—"This word *Bardd* in Cæsar's time signified, as Lucan testified, such as had knowledge of things to come, and so it signifieth to this day." This evidence is of great value, and will be referred to again. The antipathy between the bards and the clergy seems, too, to have manifested itself more positively than ever. A few

* We do not forget the story that this "Ovid of Wales" gained "a chair;" we refer to the mystic, not to the ritual, part of Iolo's system.

illustrations, in addition to those which have appeared in the chapters on literature and religion, may be introduced here. Some of them, we must, however, add, are of earlier date. In the mysterious poem called "the Victims of Annwn," the writer says "the monks pack together" in their choirs, like dogs, or wolves,

"From their meetings with their witches ;"

and reproves them for their ignorance of natural science, apparently. Davydd ab Gwilym reproaches them for their "false form of holy life." And Lewis Glyn Cothi, in his Elegy on Einion ab Ieuan, ridicules them in this fashion ;—

"Little glass images one sells,
Another out of alder wood
A garbless relic carves ; one hides
A grey St. Curig 'neath his cloak,
Another bears St. Seiriol,
With cheeses nine, beneath his arm ;
Or, by demonstrating at length
The unity in Trinity,
A load of wool, or bag of meal."

And one writing in the venerable name of Myrddin, just as we have seen Taliesin pressed into the service of Anglicanism against Rome, declares,—

"I will not the communion
From hateful monks receive,
All in their gowns and girdles ;—
May God to me communion grant !"

On the other side, thus sang Sion Kent, "half-bard, half-monk ;"

"Two active impulses there are
I' th' world ; and manifest their course ;
One is from Christ, O ! joyful theme,
Tending to good, and powerful.
Another, indiscreetly sung,
Of falsehood and of omens base ;
This has been chosen by the men of Hu,
The usurping bards of Wales."

Glimpses of a lower division in the great tribe of bards have caught our attention at intervals ; and it would be very strange, if there were not found amongst the Kymry formerly, a class corresponding to the Norman *jongleurs*, just as we have seen analogues to the Troubadours and *Meister-singers*. Against such cultivators of music and song we may consider several of the edicts of the English sovereigns, which have been customarily regarded as directed against those, in whose souls were—

"The vision and the faculty divine,"

to have been aimed. Two examples, the most familiar ones, will suffice to prove this.

Amongst the "Ordinances of Wales," dated the 18th of March, 2 Henry IV., or 1401, A. D., which was after the outbreak of Owain Glyndwrdu's rebellion, occurs one forbidding gatherings, or *cymhorthau*, to be made in North Wales; and prohibiting "Minstrels, Bards, Rhymers, Westours, and other Vagabonds" from levying contributions on the people there, under pain of a year's imprisonment. And in the same disreputable company do we find these professors of the *gai science*, in the Statute, 4 Henry IV. cap. 27, which we date after the battle of Shrewsbury in July, 1403, A. D.; "To eschew many diseases and mischiefs, which have happened before this time in the land of Wales, by many Wasters, Rhymers, Minstrels, and other Vagabonds; it is ordered and established, that no Waster, Rhymer, Minstrel, nor Vagabond, be in any wise sustained in the land of Wales, to make Commorthies, or gatherings, upon the people there." We find that amongst the classes of bards, there existed feelings of as great hostility as prevailed between the bards and the monks. In the *Mabinogi* of Taliesin,* the following lines occur in a satire, or invective, against the bards of the court of Maelgwn Gwynedd, to which time this story avowedly relates; the writer speaks as an *unattached* bard might; and we could almost imagine that he had read what Gildas said, in his scolding way, of the poets of "Maglocune."

"In their false custom minstrels persevere,
In songs immoral do they take delight,
Tasteless and vain the praises that they sing,
Falsehood at all times dwells beneath their tongue,
Those who are innocent they ridicule;
Those who believe them do they bring to shame;
Drunken at night, they sleep throughout the day,
And gladly eat the bread of idleness.
Birds cleave the air, and fishes in the depths
Swim, for their food; bees gather golden stores,
Far ranging; even worms will creep; yea, all
That lives will travel to obtain its food,
Minstrels alone except, the useless ones.
Not learning do I scorn, nor minstrelsy,
Both gifts from heaven, they, to lighten thought;—
Be silent then, ye luckless rhyming bards,
Not between truth and falsehood can you judge."

One of the men of *song* must have been the inventor of this next tale in disparagement of the men of *strings*.

"When Maelgwn Gwynedd to Cardigan went,
He bade the rivals all swim through the stream;
And when they landed on the other bank,
The harps with wetted strings were nothing worth,
But still the bards could sing and poetise;
Therefore to these the honours were decreed."

* This *Mabinogi* may possibly be the work of a monk, and in that case we could more easily explain this satire.

We cannot afford the space which would be required to show, by quotations, how the obscure hints, and merely poetical ornaments, alluding to Druidism and to mysteries, which we noticed before the end of the 13th century, grew into more substantive pretensions; neither are we satisfied that all the poems, and parts of poems, conveying such pretensions, are genuine; and we know not of any means for determining that question satisfactorily. This, however, is certain, that not before the 15th century do we meet with authentic expressions, bearing much likeness to the Bardism of Iolo and Dr. Owen Pughe; and there is a doubt cast upon the correctness of interpretations of these even, which would bring them into accordance with it, by a very remarkable fact, of great weight in our present inquiry; in speaking of which we pass beyond the period, to which we have in the last few paragraphs confined our attention, and enter upon the consideration of the 16th and 17th centuries. The authority of Humphrey Lhuyd's "History of Cambria," edited (as we have said) in 1584, A. D., by Dr. Powell, has always been rated very highly by the Kymry; far more highly, in fact, than our investigations have permitted us to regard it; this witness, therefore, is unexceptionable. If old Iolo's system of bardism existed as a reality at or before this time, Lhuyd and Powell must have known of it, and could not have avoided the mention of it in some part of this "History." *Now, Powell's definition of a bard, (as we have seen in this chapter,) is one who "had knowledge of things to come;"—there is nothing in Lhuyd's share of the work which evinces the least suspicion of the existence of a bardic theosophy;—and there are several traditions inserted, which are entirely irreconcilable with the belief that, up to that date, such a system had ever been heard of!*

This conclusion is strongly corroborated by another fact, the credibility of which no one whose opinions we are controverting will deny. In the 14th century, there gradually comes to light a custom amongst the bards of Wales, of holding meetings for trial of their skill, for the discouragement of ignorant pretenders to the art of song, and for the maintenance and extension of those poetical pedantries, whereof we have heard. Such meetings were called *Eisteddvodau*, and in the legends of bardism they occupy a prominent place. One of them is entitled to particular notice, because it was the last ever held, until, in late years, the enthusiasm of the Welsh for their language, and for the ancient usages of their country, occasioned their revival;—it was celebrated at Caerwys, in Flintshire, on the 26th of May, 1568, A. D. The proclamation addressed, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, by the lord president and the council of the Marches, to various notabilities of North Wales, recited "that vagrant and idle persons, naming themselves Minstrels, Rhymers, and Bards, were lately grown into intolerable multitude in the Principality, so that not only gentlemen and others were oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, by their shameless disorders, but also the expert Minstrels and Musicians, in Tongue and Cunning, thereby much discouraged to labour in the practice of their knowledge, and also not a little hindered of livings and preferment; the reformation whereof and the putting of these people in order, the said lord president and council had thought very necessary;" and so, in short, had appointed the

notabilities mentioned in the commission to hold a congress, and to give "the Silver Harp" as prize to the most able "of that faculty;" to receive the names of those intending "to maintain their living" as minstrels, rhymers, and bards; "to admit such and so many, as by their wisdom and knowledges they might find worthy, into and under such degrees (in use) in scrutible sort to use, exercise, and follow the Sciences and Faculties of their professions, in such decent order as might appertain to each of their degrees, and as the discretions and wisdoms of the commissioners should prescribe unto them;" and straightway to admonish the rest "to return to some honest labour and due exercise," under penalties. Pennant has given a list of the successful candidates on this occasion; and skill in song, and in instrumental performance, *alone* are taken note of. This commission exactly confirms the meaning we have put upon some expressions employed concerning the "Chief of Song" in the laws, and upon the distinction elsewhere ascribed to some as having "graduated in song." We further hear of a private congress, or one unauthorized by the sovereign, held in South Wales, by Sir Edward Lewis of the Van, in 1580, A. D.; and of another, in 1681, A. D., under Sir Richard Basset, at Bewpyr Castle, in Glamorganshire;—which two are the earliest authenticable sources of the bardic system to which its recent hierophants appeal. And now we will give the *Legends* of Bardism.

We begin with the Triads, and we repeat what we have already said, that very probably some may contain vestiges of the primitive traditions of the Kymry; although, as it appears, the best copy now in existence bears no earlier date than 1601, A. D. We forbear from all comment beyond what is absolutely needful.

"The three Inventors of Song and Record of the Isle of Britain;—Gwyddon Ganhebon, who was the first in the world who made vocal song; and Hu Gadarn, who first applied vocal song to the preserving of memory and record; and Tydain Tad Awen, who first conferred art on vocal song, and system on record: and from what was done by these three men originated bards and bardism, and the arranging of those things into a system of privilege and custom by the three primary bards; namely, Plenydd, and Alawn, and Gwron." From another Triad we learn that one of "the three primary Great Achievements of the Isle of Britain," was "the Stones of Gwyddon Ganhebon, whereon might be read all the arts and sciences of the world." Of Hu Gadarn mention has already been made in this work. Tydain Tad Awen is praised as one of "the three Primary Inventors," for conferring "order and system of memorial and record upon vocal song and its appurtenances." "The three Primary Bards" above-named, are celebrated in a separate Triad, for having "projected the privileges and customs which appertain to Bards and Bardism;" "nevertheless," it is added, "there were Bards and Bardism before, though they were not under a licensed system, and they had neither privileges nor customs, other than what may have been obtained through civility and courtesy, before the time of these three." "The three Primary Baptized Bards; Myrddin Emrys, Taliesin, chief of Bards, and Myrddin ab Madog Morvryn." "The three Men of Illusion and Phantasy [or 'mysterious and secret

Science'] of the Isle of Britain; Math ab Mathonwy, and he disclosed his secret to Gwyddion ab Don; and Menw* ab Teirgwaedd, [or Son of the Three Cries,] who taught his secret to Uthyr Pendragon; and Rhuddlwm Gawr, who learned his illusion from Eiddilig Gôr, and Coll ab Collvrewi." These relate to legendary persons celebrated in the *Mabinogion*, and with them we may class another, although there is great ambiguity in the meaning of one of the words. "The three (*Galovyddion*) Hostile Ovates [or Regulators of Hostility, or Heralds] of the Isle of Britain; Greidiawl Galovydd, and Envael ab Adran, and Trystan ab Tallwch; and they had the privilege that none could oppose them, wheresoever they wished to go in the Isle of Britain, so that they did not go unlawfully."

By some, the *Eisteddvod* is said to have been established by Cadwaladr, the last British king, who assembled that congress to regulate the bardic institutions; on which occasion, a minstrel who had played an inharmonious and displeasing air, was commanded, under severe penalties, never to perform again before skilled hearers unless he adopted a tune, or species of melody, called *Mwynen Gwynedd*. No hint of this, however, appears either in Geoffrey of Monmouth or in Lhuyd, those great storehouses of fictions. When we spoke of Alfred's biographer, Asser of St. David's, we mentioned Dr. Owen Pughe's proposal to identify him with a very legendary personage, known as Geraint Vardd Glas, or "the Blue Bard of the Chair." To this bard, whether he was Asser or not, others have ascribed the first *Eisteddvod*; and this must be noted, because the mere possibility of such discrepancy, or uncertainty, would be an argument in favour of our view. Geraint is also represented as leading into England "many bards of song and string," who were appointed by King Alfred to various posts, chiefly amongst the remaining British population of Saxondom, "and from that," it is modestly added, "arose an improvement in learning and knowledge amongst the Saxons." Maelgwn's freak of making the harpers and singers swim a river before a musical contest, transferred from the Teivi to the Conway, is said by other writers to have taken place at an *Eisteddvod*.

Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, Cadwgan his son, and Gruffydd ab Cynan, princes of North Wales, with Rhys ab Tewdwr, and his son Gruffydd, of South Wales, are the next heroes we meet in the legendary history of bardism. The first is said to have revised and enforced Hywel's laws respecting bards; but as we have seen good reason for regarding him as an amender of those laws in one or two instances only, and as the reformer's name is not associated with any of the regulations affecting the bardic officers of the court, which alone in that code relate to bardism, we may safely reject this story. Mr. Stephens, however, and apparently on the authority of the Iolo MSS., says, that "it is pretty well ascertained that Bleddyn ab Cynvyn held an *Eisteddvod* in 1070, A. D., and issued some regulations for the better government of the [Bardic] order." Cadwgan, Bleddyn's son, one of the *Bruts* tells us, made a great feast

* It is chiefly on the ground of the likeness of this legendary name to that of *Menu*, that a parallel has been run between the bardic and the Indian philosophies; and the superiority of the former in antiquity, completeness, &c., satisfactorily demonstrated!

at Aberteivi, in the year 1107, A. D., inviting all the nobles and gentlemen of Wales. All the bards and best minstrels were also invited; and those who were successful in the contest of skill which took place, received "Chairs;" and Cadwgan "gave them customs and privileges, and honourable presents, and dismissed them, rewarded with gifts and privileged with honour, each one to return to the place he came from." Gruffydd ab Cynan, about 1137, A. D.,* according to Powell, for Lhuyd does not mention this, and neither of them tell of Cadwgan's congress at Aberteivi, reformed the disorderly behaviour of the Welsh minstrels by a very good statute, extant in Powell's day. The bards constituted, as it appears, according to this statute, one class; and were makers of songs and odes, which required not only skill, but the gift of poesy too. They were intrusted with the preservation of gentlemen's pedigrees and arms also. The players on instruments, the harp and the *croth*, were a second class. The music of the Welsh, for the most part, says Powell, came from Ireland with Gruffydd, who was an Irishman on his mother's side; and being born in Ireland, brought over with him from that country many cunning musicians into Wales, "who devised, in a manner, all the instrumental music that is now there used, as appeareth by books written of the same, and also by the names of the tunes and measures used amongst them to this day." Another class was made up of *Atcaneaid*, (or *Arcaneaid*, or *Dadgeiniaid*, for the learned ones are not agreed respecting it,) who recited or sung to others' playing; and were found in Wales in Powell's time. "This statute or decree," the commentator continues, "not only prescribes and appoints what reward any of these minstrels ought to have, from persons of different ranks, but also of what honest behaviour and conversation they ought to be," forbidding all such evil conduct in them, as, from what we see of the street musicians of our own degenerate country and generation, we might conclude them to be especially addicted to; and authorizing any man "to arrest and punish" offenders, "yea, and to take from them all they might have about them." They were also forbidden "to make any song of any man" without express permission from himself. And it is alleged that this statute was frequently allowed by the chief magistrates of the country, "as appeared by sundry commissions directed to divers gentlemen, in that behalf." In the "Life of Gruffydd ab Cynan," he is represented as doing all this at an *Eisteddvod*, at which he rewarded a Scotsman (for musicians came to it from both England and Scotland) with a silver pipe, for excelling in the use of that instrument, which the Welsh did not like; and as not attempting to make his regulations binding in South Wales, because it was in the possession of strangers; for which reason, likewise, the minstrels of North Wales were exempted from the necessity of obeying the princes of South Wales.† We might have introduced this decree amongst the authentic

* Mr. Stephens assigns this *Eisteddvod* to 1100, A. D., and complains of Mr. Price for not accepting that year. This uncertainty adds to the legendary character of the story.

† Evan Evans, in his *Dissertatio de Bardis*, has another account of Gruffydd ab Cynan's Statute, which is referred to, even by Mr. Stephens, as authentic, (except in its date,) although it differs materially from Powell's, and is not verified by so much as a reference to any authority. "About the year 1170, A. D.," he writes, "Gruffydd ab Cynan, Prince of Wales, enacted a law for the bards, wherein it was provided that they should practise no art but their own, and both rewards and penalties were appointed. He also divided them into three classes,

evidence; the legendary parts of it seem so easily separable from the rest;—and it stands in such direct contradiction to all the legends most approved amongst the Welsh writers on bardism, and is found in Powell, who has given (as we have said above) no indication whatever of acquaintance with those legends. Of Rhys ab Tewdwr* we hear, from Vaughan of Hengwrt, what we related in a former chapter, that he, as well as Bleddyn and Gruffydd, made diligent search for traditional histories, pedigrees, &c., &c., and that whatever discoveries were made, were by the bards “digested into books.” And Gruffydd ab Rhys (so says one of the *Bruts*, and the Iolo MSS.) kept up for forty days, (the canonical period,) in 1135, A. D., a feast, for which “he prepared every thing that was good in meat and drink, wise conversations, songs, and music,” and to which “he welcomed all poets and musicians;” “and the bards, musicians, learned men, and performers of every sort, were honourably rewarded.”

One more bardic festival is recorded in the *Bruts*. In 1176, A. D., or later, the Lord Rhys held a great feast at Aberteivi castle, one Christmas-tide, “and amongst deeds of arms and other shows, caused all the poets of Wales (makers of songs, and preservers of pedigrees and arms, of whom every one was entitled to the name of bard) to come thither, and provided chairs for them, to be set in his hall, where they should dispute together to try their cunning and gifts in their faculties;” and great rewards and rich gifts were appointed for the victors; amongst whom they of North Wales won the prize; and amongst the musicians, the men of Lord Rhys’s own household were accounted best. Thus Lhuyd;—but another version differs from him both as to the date and in other particulars. The explanation of the “chairs” of honour enjoyed by some of the bards, which we gave above, is confirmed in a very remarkable way by this account; and it is on that very point that the other version does not agree with it. This narrative might also have been inserted amongst the authentic testimonies, had we not deemed it most advisable to lay no stress upon evidence which was not clearly indisputable. For an account of three *Eisteddodau*, said to have been held in the reign of Edward III., we must refer our readers to the Iolo MSS. And we may mention here, the assertions made respecting the revived attention to bardism, after the accession of Henry

Prydydd [the Poet], *Tewdwr* [the Household Bard], and *Clerwr* [the Itinerant]; and settled the stipend of each, according to his rank.” Being unsupported, it is not necessary to discuss this version of the legend. Mr. Stephens, after repeating this classification, states, that “he also was the first to order the formation of chairs, for the victors in bardic contests, who were ever afterwards honourably distinguished as Chair Bards.” “Chaired Bard” is one of the titles given in the laws, as has been shown, to the “Chief of Song;” and we do not meet with any such mention of these distinguished minstrels as the statement contains, except in the pure *inventions*.

* In the Iolo MSS. it is stated that Rhys ab Tewdwr, when he returned from Brittany, “brought with him the system of the Round Table, and restored it as it is with regard to minstrels and bards, as it had been at Caerleon upon Usk, under the Emperor Arthur;” and held an *Eisteddod*, conferring degrees on chiefs of song, and making gifts and presents to them, “as in the time of the Emperor Arthur.” Robert, Earl of Gloucester, is said by the same authority to have placed “the Roll of the Round Table in a hall of his, in the custody of the bards of the Island of Britain; and from that the two systems were united, namely, that of the White Stones and that of the Round Table, as they exist there at present, so that with the bards of the chair of Tir Iarll, more especially than any of the poets of Wales, are the principal systems preserved in their completeness, to this day:”—a tale which will look like a mere *invention*, rather than a legend, when we have seen Iolo’s pretensions in behalf of himself and the bards of Glamorgan. This wedding of bardism to the Arturian epopee, is a curious example of resort to desperate means in the maintenance of a cause.

VII., and the researches conducted by those zealous for the honour of Wales, and the congresses held to verify and establish the results of those researches, until, by the meeting at Bewpyr in 1681, A. D., the needful sanction was given to the recension, or edition, of Edward Davydd, of Margam; which was thenceforward to be regarded as the authentic record on this subject:—for fact, legend, and pure invention all meet at this point, and from it we can turn to the consideration of the latter.

We must abridge this as much as possible, lest we should extend this chapter to a length disproportioned to the prominence of the subject in the history of Wales; and we will begin with the Triads of Dyvnwal Moelmud. In this remarkable collection (the character of which, with Mr. Aneurin Owen's judgment respecting its date, have been given in a former chapter) some of the enactments of the genuine Welsh laws (but nothing relating to bards as officers of the court) are repeated; and much is merely a formal arrangement of facts, which have been noticed in the course of our inquiry; we shall, therefore, speak only of what relates to *the bardic system*. "Bardism" is declared to be a "social mote;"* and "those who have the privilege of bards" are a mote, which is "to have support and maintenance, wherever it comes." "Bards proclaiming peace," are a "respectable mote;" and one of "consociation," are "bards as teachers of sciences." A "mote of support" pertains "to bards in their circuit of minstrelsy." "The progress of bards to competent session" is a "privileged mote;" and "the approach of border-country bards to a session under the privilege and custom of the bards of the Isle of Britain," a "privileged mote-resort;" "bards with their wards of noviciates," form a "pre-eminent mote;" and "proclaiming on the exigency of a country and kindred," a "hovering mote." A bard is a "privileged person, against whom there is not to be a naked weapon;" and a "session of bards," a "privileged place in which no weapon is to be produced." "A session of bards" (and it is needful to mention that each of the other kinds of "session" is also termed a *gorsedd*) is said to be "the oldest in origin," and "privileged;" "every one doing it homage is to abide its judgment, who shall seek emolument by song and the art of bardism;" from it "all sciences emanate;"—"the privilege and office of those protected by the session, being to maintain, preserve, and diffuse authorized instruction in the sciences of piety, wisdom, and courtesy," beside preserving records, genealogies, &c., &c., and acting as heralds; but "the accordance of country, and federate country, and supreme kindred," is required for "disseminating new sciences and regulations" in such a session, for very conservative reasons indeed, but too long to quote. Every man "assuredly cognizant" of bardism, is privileged with "five free *erws* of land, and immunity to each of them;" which is more than the power of changing a serf into a free-man. For "a bard who is a teacher, genius from God, instruction from a teacher, and the authorization of a session," are declared "indispensable;" a "presiding bard" is "not to be compelled to bear arms," and no bard is "to engage in war." There are "three branches of the art of bardism; first, the primary, or chief bard, licensed by privilege,

* It is not easy to gain or to give any clear meaning of the word thus translated by Mr. Owen. It is by others rendered, without greater distinctness, "convention."

having his degree, &c., by discipleship," and whose functions have already appeared in the legends; "second, the ovate, having his degree under the privilege of genius, and commendable sciences, which he shall exhibit authenticated, and for which he shall give satisfactory reasons before a session (*Gorsedd*) of bards, or before a lawful and authorized congress (*Eisteddvod*), under the patronage of the lord of the territory." "Third, the Druid-bard; who is to be a presiding bard, graduated and warranted as to wisdom and sciences, and of elocution to demonstrate judgment and reason in respect to sciences, and his function is to be under the privilege of a grant by the discretion and induction of a customary session, authenticated by the vote of the session by ballot (*Coelbren*). And his function is to diffuse instruction, and to demonstrate the sciences of wisdom and religion in the session of the bards, and in court, and in church, and in the household wherein his office is performed." There are other Triads which speak of bardism, but they do not add any new features to the picture, which is the simplest of the imaginary ones;—a fact which gives considerable probability to Mr. Owen's opinion of the date of these so-called laws. Our readers will perceive that, in addition to minstrelsy and the preservation of family records; history, science, and the public functions of heralds, are assigned to the bards; they are made men of peace, with something of sacredness attached to them for their office's sake; great importance is assigned to their meetings, which are not, however, made to differ in kind from the meetings of a political character,—and to their degrees, which are put on a level with "genius from God:" and the three classes spoken of by Strabo and Diodorus, as revered amongst the Gauls, are imitated, though their functions are not described in the same way, and the name of one of them (*Vates*, in Greek letters, *Ouates*) parodied, by the employment of a Welsh word, (*Ovydd*,*) the signification of which is entirely different.

For the next stage in the development of the fiction we go to the Iolo MSS.; for the authenticity of most of which we have only Iolo's assurance. And now we find ourselves in the land of fable indeed. The three classes are the same, and bear the same names, but their functions are more strongly marked, though all are pronounced "co-equal in dignity;" they have also appointed to them distinctive dresses,—the bards' being blue, the Ovates' green, and the Druids' white,—and other tokens of their various offices; and beside them, there are the "disciples," with their distinctive badges. The simple session (*Gorsedd*) of the Molmutine Triads, is replaced by the *Gorsedd* of the bards of the Isle of Britain, held in a conspicuous place, "in the face of the sun and the eye of light," with "conventional circles" of stones, and their three "station stones;" † and endless formalities;—and by the *cadair*, or "chair," a minor

* In Rees's Encyclopædia the meaning of *Ovydd* is honestly given as "artisan," "mason;" but in Dr. Owen Pughe's Dictionary, the bardic meaning alone is permitted to appear. The employment of *Mantis* by Diodorus sufficiently explains the *Ouates* of Strabo, and forbids the supposition that it was intended to represent a Celtic word; whilst the great diversity in the etymologies of *Ovydd*, maintained by different writers, and the examples we have met with of the substitution of Kymric words of nearly the same sound, but with perfectly distinct meanings, for such terms as "chancellor," "commote," "Aetheling," &c., go far towards demonstrating the real origin of this pretended title of a class of bards.

† Iolo seems to have been a little puzzled by the consideration, that if these *Gorseddau* had been observed

provincial meeting. Then we have other "chairs," or provincial *guilds*, (as we might call them,) with mottoes and insignia;—and rewards called by that name, and seemingly made in that form; and a "chaired bard" is now one who has obtained such a prize. Four days are nominated for holding these *Gorseddau*, the solstices and the equinoxes, (which do not agree with those of the Gregorian calendar, certainly, being on the 10th of December and June, March and September, respectively,) and the four days of the moon's quarters are appropriated to meetings of a subordinate character. Degrees are conferred by more complicated forms; and we hear for the first time of the "*secrets*" and "*mysteries*" of bardism. Claims of the most extravagant kind are put forth for the bards; and "*The Truth against the World*" is represented not only as the motto, but as the law, and the character of every bardic work.* The traditions are recited in the *Gorseddau* for authentication and preservation; improvements (or, as we should deem them, new pedantries) in verse are examined and approved or disallowed; and the whole wears the aspect of an institution of not ignoble aim, but suited only to a rude people, or to a rude state of society, and possessing no power to reach its aim—even on paper.

The most remarkable sign of this second stage is, however, the *Coelbren y Beirdd*, "the Bardic Alphabet," a set of signs to represent the sounds, both primary and derivative, of the Welsh language, formed by various combinations of straight cuttings on the sides of short square sticks, capable of being inserted by the ends into a wooden frame, of which as much mystery is made as of the rods, or of the letters themselves. Several of the MSS. in this volume treat of these symbols; one is ascribed, but not with the usual formulæ, to Llywelyn Sion, who lived near the end of the 16th century. A poem by Rhys Goch of Snowdon, who flourished near the end of the 14th century, which seems to speak of one part of the *Coelbren* legend, is also quoted; and another by Gutto'r Glyn, half a century later, which is interpreted so as to make it corroborate the assertion, that there was *an* alphabet of this kind formerly. Taliesin Williams, better known as Ab Iolo, *Druid-bard*, gained the prize at a recent *Eisteddvod*, for an essay on the *Coelbren*. But neither he nor his father succeeded in producing any testimony to prove that the signs which Iolo cut upon four rods, and presented to the university of Oxford, were *the* alphabet which the "men of letters" amongst the Kymry anciently used; nor did either satisfactorily establish the fact, that they employed any such alphabet at all. The Druids were said by Cæsar to have used Greek letters; Dr. Owen Pughe rejoiced that these resembled those of the old Etruscans, and

from time (literally) immemorial, with these ceremonies, on many a hill-top circles of stones ought yet to be seen: and he has disposed of the difficulty, in one of the notes to his poems, by stating that the stones needed to be no bigger than might be carried in the pocket! It would be well if child's play like this were the only blameworthy point in the treatment of this subject. No open-air *Gorseddau*, Dr. Pughe avers, were held after the death of Llywelyn; we need not say that we have no genuine records of any, either before or after that date.

* It is in vain to attempt the propagation of falsehood in verse, says the undaunted Iolo; and then, bethinking himself that there are a few things in Kymric verse which are neither truth nor fact, he roundly declares that all fables and superstitions in the Welsh poetical MSS. are to be ascribed to the *monks* of the 15th and 16th centuries, and not to the bards! This is "*The Truth against the World*" indeed! The following is very instructive. The editor of the *Trusthodydd*, a literary and religious Magazine of this day, being on one occasion at a loss for materials, exclaims with the utmost frankness,—"*How useful would a bard, capable of creating facts, be in this case; for to the historian it is perfect darkness!*" Vol. v. p. 344.

certainly more unlike Greek characters they could not well be. Dr. Pughe also extolled the scientific completeness of this alphabet, and *himself added five letters to it*, in "the class of derivatives;" and *no one before Iolo Morganwg seems to have known any thing of it*. But beside all this, it is a matter of no moment, beyond the question whether Iolo attempted to palm his own invention upon the antiquaries, as a recovery of a fragment of Druidic art. No learning of any kind has been transmitted by any rods so carved; no obscure allusion in any work of undoubted antiquity is cleared up by it, and neither for divination, nor for secrecy, nor for any other purpose, is the *Coelbren y Beirdd* of the least utility now. Celtic Davies, who at first received it, afterwards gave it up as spurious. One of the most distinguished of the true bards of our day, the Rev. J. Jones, (*Tegid*), in his notes to the poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi, has avowed it as his belief that *Iolo invented it*;* and to that conclusion we have been driven, as much by the kind of evidence adduced in favour of the alphabet, as by the strength of the objections to its genuineness.

Thus we are brought to the final development of bardism, as a system of theosophy, presented in Iolo Morganwg's poems, and in Dr. Owen Pughe's preface to Llywarch Hên's poems. These writers do not agree on every point, both of them improving, in his own way, upon the common stock of information, which Iolo communicated to Dr. Pughe, as Edward Davydd's copy of Llywelyn Sion's compilation, approved by the *Gorsedd* at Bewpyr in 1681, A. D. In all the rites and forms prescribed, this stage is the same as the last; but some of the functions and characteristics of the bards, and of the system generally, are heightened a little; bardism being founded on "universal peace," and bards forbidden to be parties in any kind of dispute. Their word is to be taken before that of all others, they are exempted from the payment of taxes, and are to be maintained wherever they go; and the institution itself is represented as depending on the compact made between the members, and not on articles of faith, for its object is (so says Dr. Pughe) the *investigation* of matters pertaining to truth and wisdom, and its motto a most paradoxical interpretation of—"To believe nothing, to believe every thing." In primitive times, it is also said, the opinions of the bards were patriarchal, and indeed they received them from the patriarchs;—a hint which succeeding writers have not been slow to take. But the chief feature is the strange theosophic scheme, which these two mystagogues have developed out of the scanty authentic and traditional accounts of the Druids, and the mythological poems of the middle ages. They teach the existence of the one God, the Creator and Governor of all things, and dwell upon the aphorism, "God cannot be matter; what is not matter is God." The earth, they say, is permanent, but subject to violent changes. The soul is pre-existent and immortal; and they hold the doctrine of metempsychosis, in the following form: All creation originates at the lowest point of existence, they say, and that is called *Annon*; gradually it reaches humanity, each stage being less and less evil; the position

* In one of the notes to his poems, Iolo, vindicating the genuineness of his alleged primitive traditions, very strenuously *asserts* (for the proof could not be attempted) that *letters* cannot transmit knowledge so correctly, &c., as *oral* tradition!

of man is in the mid-point, where good and evil are balanced, and where, in consequence, liberty exists, and probation is possible. The punishment for yielding to evil is, a return at death to a lower grade, and a renewal of the ascent; the reward for obedience to good is, continuance in the upward progression, the grades above humanity increasing in goodness continually. The limit opposite to *Annum*, attainable by created things, is not, we observe, so much as spoken of. Consciousness of the former states of being is said to be retained; and in favour of the souls which have reached an elevated stage above humanity, the general law is violated,—they may return to a state of manhood, but they cannot again partake of its evil, and thus are they a blessing to the world. A singular exception occurs,—*fishes* are not subject to the great law! But why, we are not told; nor can we imagine. It is declared allowable to destroy what might cause man's death. Sacrifices are propitiatory, according to Dr. Pughe; but Iolo shows that they assist the animals sacrificed in rising towards the grade of humanity; and beside that, good is not to be sought by the infliction of evil and pain upon others. Human sacrifices of criminals Dr. Pughe also regards as propitiatory. And Iolo introduces the name, at least, of our Lord into his outline of the system, as the Manifestation of the Infinite God.

This right marvellous "theory of the Universe" neither requires nor deserves discussion: Davies, in his "Mythology of the Druids," in vindication of his own Helioarkite hypothesis, has already sufficiently exposed it; we will therefore notice one or two other points in these inventions. We are assured that a schism occurred when Christianity was first introduced into Britain, and that the dissidents, being encouraged by Beli Mawr, were named *Beirdd Beli*, or "Beli's Bards." But unhappily Beli Mawr must have lived some fifty years *before* Christ, so it might be from Beli ab Rhun, "shortly before the time of Cadwaladr," that the epithet was taken, or perhaps, after all, these *Beirdd Beli* were "bards of warfare;" those, namely, who, contrary to the pacific character of the institute, interfered in war! Thus have they speculated upon the meaning of this expression, which, as we suppose, casually met with, long years ago, and preserved without its context, now witnesses against the fiction it was first cited to support. Upon the ascription of bardic regulations to Prince Arthur, we need not remark; it could not but be, that he, the *ideal* of legendary characters, should be associated, even though at a late period, with this story. One of the most astounding of Iolo's assertions, is that of the continued existence of what he named a "Chair," or local society, in Glamorganshire, from the imaginary palmy days of the institution to his own times. North Wales, he says, not thus blessed, knows nothing of genuine bardism. He states, nevertheless, that the "regular professors" were regarded, even in Morganwg, as "conjurers;" and further declares that this "chair" divided from the main body, at the congress of Caermarthen, in 1450, A. D., when Davydd ab Edmwnd would have introduced "heterogeneous principles;" and that Henry VII. authorized its members to maintain their separateness. This is all pure assertion, not a shadow of proof is, or could be, vouchsafed. We have once or twice spoken of the true meaning of Strabo's *Ouates*, and of the conversion of this Greek spelling of *Vates* into a Celtic

title for one of the sacred orders,—“Ovate;” for which *Ovydd*, an “artisan” or “mason,” (according to Rees, *sub voce* “Bards;”) was given as the real Kymric. We suspect that herein lies one clue to the origin of whatever of this bardic system had been imagined before the end of the 17th century. In James the First’s time, *Freemasonry* had gained great renown in this country; it had even been patronized by kings. Now the growing pretensions of the bards to uncommon, if not supernatural, knowledge, through the prophecies of Myrddin, and the lore of Taliesin, and the resemblance of the misspelt word *Ovate* to *ovydd*, a “mason,” would easily suggest to minds, so ready to discover and to appropriate whatever could be turned to the glory of their country, as we know the Welsh to have been, a new representation of bardism; and when it had been so changed in appearance, that the old bards would never have recognised it as the object of their affection, and the boast of their self-complacent patriotism, nothing could be more easy than to follow up the thought, by adding to it some puerile formalities of the kind that excites vulgar admiration at the last of the Secret Societies, which has been tawdrily parodied in the rituals of associations of a meaner sort, with marked effect. And as if to impart strength to this suspicion, and to convert it into conviction,—the advocates of this bardic invention declare that *Freemasonry* is an imitation of it! This we strongly suspect to be *one* of the sources of this fiction; another is without question to be found in the *Skalds* of Denmark, Norway, and Iceland, and their literature,—as distinguished from the *Sagas*, and from the literature of the *Eddas*. The striking resemblance of the offices and characteristics of the *historical* bards, to these Scandinavian “song-smiths,” naturally suggested the completion of the parallel, by the ascription to those, of all the studies, acquirements, and honours, which were said to distinguish these. And the analogy between them, which, as far as the facts go, is sufficiently remarkable, has been rendered far more so in the legends and inventions, which have usually been mistaken for the genuine history of the bardic institutions. It is not at all improbable that the first hint of the *Coelbren y Beirdd* was taken from the Runic characters, and from the *Rim-stocks*, or *Rune-stocks* (as the “Clog-Almanacs” were called,) of the “Black Pagans.” Our space does not allow us to do more than indicate this very instructive comparison; but we may with the less concern leave it thus, as the recent edition of Mallet’s “Northern Antiquities” will enable our readers to pursue it satisfactorily for themselves.

Two other fictitious stories are yet unnoticed. The first is that of the massacre of the bards by Edward I., “who caused them all to be hanged,” says Sir John Wynne, in his *History of the Gwedir Family*, “by martial law, as stirrers up of the people to seditions.” Had not Gray indited his famous ode, this would have been inquired into, instead of being credited and repeated, until only very timid doubts were hinted concerning it. Mr. Stephens, in his “*Literature of the Kymry*,” has, however, extinguished it for ever. The other, which the same critic has engaged with and silenced, is that of the burning the Welsh MSS. at the Tower. For just as with the bards, the succeeding age shows so goodly a list, that a wholesale application of martial law is incredible; so is it with the MSS.; for though many in all the collections are modern,

and are interpolated, or to be suspected, yet fully as many *ancient* MSS. relating to Wales exist now, in proportion to the extent of the country, &c., as we find belonging to any other land, or people; and perhaps there are even more. Mr. Stephens traces this fiction to a verse of Gutto'r Glyn, in the middle of the 15th century.

"Cambria's books and destroyer
To the White Tower went hidden;
Cruel was it in Yscolan
To throw the books into the fire."

And he considers the last two lines to refer to the tradition of some contest between St. Columba, whom the Kymry called Ys Colan, and the maintainers of the old paganism, in which the saint, after approved examples, burnt the records of the false religion; which the bard, regarding himself as one of the later followers of the Druids, regretted and denounced. Sir John Wynne speaks of records of Welsh affairs, which, having been removed from Caernarvon to London, were then in being, although dilapidated by age and neglect. William Salesbury, in the preface to his Grammar, published in 1567, A. D., represents the political prisoners from Wales as obtaining leave to read "such books of their tongue as they most delighted in;" and in the Tower, he adds, "certain were burned;" whilst the residue "at the commotion of Owain Glydwrdu, were in like manner destroyed," so "that there escaped not one that was not incurably maimed, and irrecoverably torn and mangled." The Scotch likewise accused Edward I. of destroying their ancient chronicles; and as that has been satisfactorily disproved by Sir David Dalrymple, so we may conclude with Mr. Stephens, in this case, "that though Kymric MSS. might, under the circumstances stated, have been taken to the Tower, we have no evidence to sustain the belief that any were there destroyed;—*the evidence being the other way.*"

This, then, is the general result of our inquiry. There were amongst the Kymry, as amongst every other people, from the earliest ages, a class of men held in high honour, who cultivated the arts of music and song, and who, from celebrating the praises of those to whom they were attached, or by whom they were rewarded,—and of their ancestry,—came to be the recorders, in ballad-chronicles, or lyrical romances, first of the events of their warlike expeditions, and afterwards of such history as was possible in those times. These minstrels and poets subsequently increased their influence, by means of schools for the instruction of those who desired more than amateur skill, and by availing themselves of the passionate fondness of their fellow countrymen for music; and later still, using the traditions which the clergy (with whom they were in ceaseless feud) had preserved, as well as those which their own fraternity had handed down, and adapting themselves to the circumstances of their nation,—which were growing so desperate, that he was sure of honour, who even pretended to have discovered a remedy for despair,—they confidently announced, in the name of those sages, whose fame, seen through the mists of the past, appeared to those around them gigantic, the return of happier days, and the restoration of the reign of the Britons; and advancing yet far-

ther, hinted that to them had descended the mysterious wisdom, which could pierce the darkness of both past and future, and grasp the secret of the universe. During this protracted process of development, men of God-given genius had frequently appeared, who, being claimed by the fraternity as belonging to them, had lent the lustre of their names to that sapless institution ;—and on the other side a vagrant rabble of harpists, crowdiers, and pipers, some “ graduated ” in the schools of song, but most not, had brought such disrepute upon the orderly practitioners, as the names of the genuine poets, and the pretences to more than mortal knowledge, barely served to countervail. The methodical habit of the Kymric mind was meanwhile busied in discovering the formulæ, by which poets inspired, professors of the art of song, and rascal rhymers, might be arranged under one general classification, and, with all their wide diversities, reduced to the semblance of parts of one hypothetical system of bardism ; and in proportion as poetical life grew fainter, and success emboldened those who thus speculated, by appropriating facts from the histories of other nations, and by inventing what they wanted for completeness’ sake, and could not find already existing, this “ system ” grew continually ; until, after a long interval of rest, and comparative neglect, there arose a more daring inventor, and more skilful systematizer,—and Iolo Morganwg, assisted by Dr. Owen Pughe of easy faith, encouraged and abetted by almost every Welshman, and followed without inquiry by not a few of the most eminent of other countries, put the finishing hand to the work, which has for the past sixty years stood, a fiction rivaling in bigness, though not in beauty, the fame of Arthur ; and we do not suppose can yet be overthrown.

A few specimens of the didactic compositions and the metrical peculiarities of the bards, which are necessary for the right understanding of much that has been said, we will insert here, and bring this long chapter to a close. The observations which we have on former occasions made, respecting the uncertain date of the Triads,* will apply not merely to them, but to most of the other illustrations now given ; this is, however, of comparatively trifling importance, as they are but specimens of different kinds of composition, of which numerous examples exist. We begin with some Triads.

“ There are three branches of wisdom ; wisdom towards God, wisdom with respect to every fellow man, and wisdom with respect to oneself.”

“ The three primary qualities of goodness ; to speak the truth in spite of every thing, to love every good, and to suffer with fortitude for all truth and all good.”

“ In three things will be seen the primary qualities of the soul of man ; in what he may fear, in what he would conceal, and in what he would show.”

“ The three divine teachers of man ; worldly calamity, bodily ailment, and unmerited enmity, and there is but through God alone a deliverance from them.”

“ Three things which a Welshman ought to love before every thing ; the nation of the Kymry, and customs and manners of the Kymry, and the language of the Kymry.”

* Our readers will agree with us, that we ought rather to have spoken of the assuredly *recent* date of these Triads ; especially when they hear that Iolo Morganwg is the sole authority for the most suspicious looking of the number.

“ Three things of which the nation of the Kymry possess the best of their kind in the world ; bardism, law, and instrumental music.”

THE CIRCLE OF THE MORAL WORLD.

“ Poverty causes exertion,
Exertion causes prosperity,
Prosperity causes wealth,
Wealth causes pride,
Pride causes contention,
Contention causes war,
War causes poverty,
Poverty causes peace,
The peace of poverty causes exertion,
Exertion brings round the same circle as before.
Cattwg Ddoeth.”

THE NULLITIES OF CATTWG.

“ Without a teacher, without instruction ;
Without instruction, without knowledge ;
Without knowledge, without wisdom ;
Without wisdom, without piety ;
Without piety, without God ;
Without God, without every thing.”

“ The Seven Questions proposed by Cattwg Ddoeth to Seven Wise Men in his College at Llanveithin, with their answers.

“ 1. What constitutes supreme goodness in a man ? Equity. *Talhaiarn the bard.*

“ 2. What shows transcendent wisdom in a man ? To refrain from injuring another when he has the ability. *St. Teilo.*

“ 3. What is the most headstrong vice in a man ? Incontinence. *Aruwn ab Cynvarch.*

“ 4. Who is the poorest man ? He who has not resolution to take of his own. *Taliesin, Chief of Bards.*

“ 5. Who is the richest man ? He who coveteth nothing belonging to another. *Gildas of the Golden Grove.*

“ 6. What is the fairest quality in a man ? Sincerity. *Cynan ab Clydno Eiddin.*

“ 7. What is the greatest folly in a man ? To wish to injure another without having the power to effect it. *Ystyfan, Bard of Teilo.*”

Of the poetical pieces we insert only detached stanzas ; and as they are not connected except by their general title and purpose, no injury is done to their meaning by presenting some separated from the rest. From “ the Sayings of the Crow,” attributed to Cattwg, we select the following :

“ The crow her sayings in a valley sang,
 Whilst seeking for her grain,—
 Learning not followed, learning is no more.

The crow her sayings with the dawn thus sang,
 To such as sought her nest,—
 Matters not his no wise man e'er will touch.

The crow her saying solitary sang,
 And far was heard her voice,—
 The brave man every chance will overcome.

The crow her saying to her young one sang,
 Of such as lived together,—
 All things will love and follow with their kind.

The crow her saying prudently would sing,
 To those who heard not reason,—
 Useless a candle is unto the blind !”

Of similar structure are the *Gorwynion*, or “ Glisterers,” a poem which used to be attributed to Llywarch Hên, but is now regarded as not earlier than the 13th century.

“ Glister the buds of the ash tree, stately,
 In the grove overtopping its fellows,—
 Longing the plaint is of the tortured breast.

Glister the willow tops ; i' th' lakes the fish
 Upleap ; blusters the wind in the branches ;—
 Nature o'er art-bestowed learning prevails.

Glister the furze-buds,—on the wise rely,
 But from the foolish keep thyself afar ;
 None but God only does the future see.

Glisters the holly, opening golden leaves,—
 Though all the watchmen on the wall should sleep,
 God slumbers not, when purposing to save.

Glister the brake-tops, birds are their fair gems,
 The radiant light, the long, glad day bestows,—
 Mercy, by God the most beneficent, was formed.”

A few examples of “ the Sayings of the Wise ” have already found their way into our pages ; there are a hundred and sixty triplets in the Iolo MSS. thus entitled ; with four and thirty other wise sayings of various animals. We give the following from both sets.

“ Hast thou heard what Illtud said,
 Studious golden-chained knight ?—
 Him, who ill does, will ill befall.

Hast thou heard what Cadgyvroold,
 Reading the book of Cato, said ?—
 No good man, not a Kymro.

Hast thou heard Bedwini's saying,
 Good and humble bishop, he?—
 Think on thy word, before 'tis said.

Hast thou heard what Arthur said,
 Emperor, mighty sovereign?—
 Nought like deceit can devastate.

Hast thou heard the saying, in which
 Word of folly none can find?—
 Uniformity alone is fair.

Hast thou heard what the old man, poor,
 Vainly asking alms, should say?—
 He who has meal, meal shall have.

Hast thou heard what said the ant,
 In the winter, from its hill?—
 Summer's sleep brings winter's want.

Hast thou heard what said the toad,
 Its baby whilst it caressed?—
 Every thing loves its own likeness.

Hast thou heard what said the lark
 In the sky, at dawn of day?—
 The pious—ill will not harm them.

Hast thou heard what I said myself,
 When I finished all these sayings?—
 No wisdom like choosing the best."

Amongst the "tricks" of Welsh poetry, not one is so frequent as the commencing of line after line with the same word, or words, or with derivatives or compounds of the same word. We have mentioned this on more than one occasion. And next in frequency is the adoption of some one termination; so that very many lines together will rhyme with each other. Illustrations of these peculiarities are not required: the following, from Iolo Morganwg's Poems, will exhibit another characteristic rhyme in Welsh verse; it will be observed, that, beside the alternate rhymes resembling our own, the word in the *middle* of every second line rhymes with that at the *end* of the line preceding it.

"We wisdom seek, and calm content,
 They both frequent our dwelling;
 From these a deathless comfort springs,
 The joys of kings excelling.

There's one who rules this earthly ball
 Bestows on all his favours;
 His providence we firmly trust
 To crown our just endeavours."

Another variety presents stanzas of four lines rhyming together, but the rhyme of the

first line occurs in the *penultimate* foot, instead of at the end ; and sometimes, apparently by the necessity of the verse, this occurs in poems not divisible into stanzas. This example will illustrate the structure of a stanza thus framed.

“ Gwynedd ! for princes gen’rous famed—and songs,
By Gruffydd’s son unshamed
Thou art ; he, hawk untamed,
Is praised where’er thy glory is proclaimed.”

Far more complicated is the following :

“ Fair as flowers at spring’s renewal,
Blithe and sportive, never cruel,
Glancing brighter than the jewel ;
Alas, the jewels !
Alas, the jewels !
Jewels are a false adorning,” &c.

Another triplet being succeeded by a reiteration of their last word, in a vein of affected lamentation, and the next triplet commencing with the same word. But what Giraldus so greatly admired, and deemed such an “ornament” to their poetry, was the practice of “alliteration,” or *Cynghanedd*, as the Welsh call it. Few languages will admit of this to the same extent as the *Kymraeg* ; for it abounds with compound words. And yet the bards, in their determination to secure this beauty, have filled their poems with lines characterized solely by affectation, bombast, or nonsense ; for none but a genuine poet could move with gracefulness and power, when fettered by such a conventionalism as this. This stanza from the first Canto of Childe Harold will exemplify in the most favourable manner this favourite ornament :

“ Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear ;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post ;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career ;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host
Who can appease like her a lover’s ghost ?
Who can avenge so well a leader’s fall ?
What maid retrieve when man’s flush’d hope is lost ?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil’d by a woman’s hand, before a batter’d wall ?”

And now we must take our leave of the bards ; for the “Triads of Embellishments,” and other canons of their art, their twenty-four metres, with their varieties, and for all other information respecting them, we refer to Mr. Stephens’ oft-quoted work, and to the volumes of “the Cambro-Briton,” in which more than enough to satisfy most inquirers will be found. Saving, perhaps, in a passing mention of the true poets of the ages after the subjugation, we shall not have occasion to recur to this subject ; and gladly do we turn to matters of larger and more human interest.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SUMMARY OF THE CIVIL AND LITERARY HISTORY OF WALES, FROM ITS SUBJUGATION TO THE PRESENT DAY.

THE inevitable consequence of the downfall of the Cambro-British principality, was the extinction of those peculiar interests which gave to Wales a history of its own. The tale of its futile endeavours to recover its independence alone belongs to it, rather than to its conqueror, England, after that event. The blue waters of the wild mountain-torrent have fallen into the wide and deep channel, in which the powerful but often turbid stream of English story flows; and though not all at once overborne and lost, they are henceforward inseparable from it; and it only remains for us, as we hasten along its winding shores, to point to the whirling eddies, and flashing spray, that tell of their resistance to the might by which they are being swept away. Of the affairs of the times immediately following the Conquest, we shall of course speak more fully than of those of succeeding years; and shall bestow greater attention upon the revolts and insurrections against the rule of the "Saxons," than upon those events which are, by locality chiefly, or alone, connected with Wales. Our notices of the literature of nearly six centuries must necessarily be very imperfect; but in many foregoing chapters will be found remarks upon several of the most characteristic features of the intellectual products of these ages; and they may be regarded as supplementary (by anticipation) to the scanty account, which is all that our limits will permit us now to give.

With the execution of Davydd ab Gruffydd as a traitor, Edward's victory was completed; he had already consolidated it by the "Statutes of Rhuddlan;" and by converting the monastery at Aberconway into a castle, and by the erection of other strongholds in the very heart of Gwynedd, had demonstrated his purpose of maintaining his hold upon the sovereignty he had won. In the year after these events, 1284, A. D., he returned to the scene of so many conflicts, and commenced a progress through the country, hoping, we can well believe, by the pomps of peace to efface from the minds of the vanquished Kymry some of the recollections of his former visits, every one of which had been of a warlike character. And at the same time the archbishop of Canterbury visited the Welsh churches, for the purpose of setting the ecclesiastical arrangements of the land in order, and putting them in motion again. The fair Eleanor accompanied the king, and the first notice we have of their arrival in Wales is the birth of a prince, named after his father, Edward, at Caernarvon castle, on the 25th of

April;* an occurrence which caused the greatest joy throughout England, and more especially in London, say the chroniclers. Near the end of June, Rymer shows us the king at "Baladeuclyn," ordering restitution to be made to the ecclesiastics who had suffered in the war; and refusing it to laics, except in the case of the poor, to whom he promised compensation, "from a feeling of piety;" which, we think, might as well have prompted him to do justice to all. About the same time, the archbishop, from Bangor, set on foot an inquiry respecting the injuries done to churches and religious houses; and also wrote to Edward, urging him to make full restitution of all losses to the clergy, by the use of arguments such as we can without difficulty imagine; and classifying the laics, whose property had been harmed, as "innocent," who ought to be reimbursed; "rebels," who ought to suffer; and "those who had been made afraid by the memory of former tyranny," whom he commended to the king's mercy. Acknowledgments of sums, varying from 250 pounds to 17 pounds 10 shillings, and dated in the months of October and November, assure us that the monasteries of Bangor and St. Asaph, of Ystrad Flur and Rhuddlan, actually received some compensation for the damages they had experienced; and we may hope that others, with the "innocent" and the "fearful" of the laymen, were in like manner recompensed. June and July the king seems to have spent at Caernarvon; and on August the 1st he celebrated at Nevyn a "Round Table," says Matthew of Westminster; or, as we are used to call it, a tournament; and we may picture to ourselves the effect produced upon the semi-barbarous mountaineers by the prowess and skill displayed in the lists by England's chivalry. We cannot avoid the conclusion that Edward expected, by this pacific exhibition of the might of his panoplied warriors, and by the association of the show with the darling and the hope of the Kymry,—Prince Arthur, the legendary institutor of that military game,—to expedite the settlement of his con-

* We are compelled to place in a note, the well-known story of the deception practised upon the chieftains of Gwynedd, by the crafty monarch of England; when finding (say certain historians of recent date) the Welsh extremely dissatisfied with the rule of an alien, he sent for his beloved Eleanor, who expected soon to become a mother; and she, travelling on horseback, "in the deep of winter," to Caernarvon, was there safely delivered of a son; and having convened the leaders at Rhuddlan, and skilfully inveigled them into a promise to obey a prince born in Wales, unable to speak a word of English, and irreproachable in life, he presented the new-born infant to them, as fulfilling exactly all these conditions. The earliest authority we find for it is our oft-quoted Powell's edition of Lhuyd, published in 1584, A. D.; Stowe, who is usually referred to, is later, his "Annals" being dated eight years afterwards. Holinshed, in 1577, A. D., does not mention it; nor is it found in Fabyan, Grafton, Hardyng, nor in one of the earlier chroniclers; nay, the assertion, and seeming quotation, in Lingard and Turner, that "the Welsh rejoiced greatly" at the birth of young Edward in their country, is not justified by the writers they refer to. The title of "Prince of Wales" (as we have already showed, and shall soon show again) was not bestowed upon Edward till the 29th year of his father's reign, 1300-1, A. D., and when it was given to him, the compiler of the continuation of the "Flowers of History," usually known by the appellation of Matthew of Westminster, states that "it pleased the Welsh much, because he was born in Wales." In the face of this testimony, we cannot ascribe the degree of probability to this tale which would allow us to insert it in the text; but we regret that we are unable to show how, out of the statement of Matthew of Westminster, last referred to, and the fact of the general joy at the birth of a second son to the popular monarch, this generally credited story has been fabricated. It is some satisfaction to have traced it to Powell, rather than to Stowe; and if we were (in our present state of information) to hold him to be the *inventor*, we should be able to vindicate ourselves, for it is his custom to place in the margin the name of the chronicler, from whom he has borrowed the different parts of his narrative, but the margin near this incident, which especially required authentication, is *blank*; and we are once more reminded of the jurist Iorwerth, and "the authority of his own information."

quest. We can trace the movements of the king by the documents in Rymer, and other authentic notices: he was at Chester in the middle of September, at Hope castle in the commencement of the next month, and at Caernarvon again before its close; on Sunday, the morrow of St. Catharine's day, or November the 26th, with his queen, he presented himself as a pilgrim at St. David's shrine; and having arranged the garrisons and keepers of the acquisition which had cost him so much,—and prescribed the use of weights and measures like those of London,—he went to Bristol, and there kept his Christmas, and held a special parliament; and, leaving his children, in the beginning of the next year went to London, which he had not seen for three years, where he was received with the greatest joy. On the 2nd of January, 1285, A. D., the burgesses of Rhuddlan,* Aberconway, and Caernarvon were exempted by royal letters from payment of "toll," or some other charge upon internal traffic, throughout the kingdom. About the same time, also, the town of Haverford West, before the justiciaries of the king at Haverford, recovered its liberties; but whilst the judges who gave that sentence were yet sitting, say the Annals, William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, spoiled the town, and kept it in his possession, and long afterwards; such superiority over the pen had the sword, in those days, and at that place. And the king, out of gratitude for the services rendered him against Wales by his military vassals, excused all who had not 100 pounds in rent from their land, from such service for the future.

In the year 1287, A. D., the first insurrection broke out in Wales, and in this manner, according to Powell, whose account seems (in this instance) to be supplementary to those of the *Annales*,† and the English chroniclers, instead of contradicting them. Rhys ab Meredydd had done the king good service and the prince great harm, in the preceding war, and hoped for great rewards. We have met with one fact indicative of the extravagant character of his expectations; we are, therefore, not surprised to learn that he considered himself injured when the king's officers summoned him into the usual courts, just as they did all the other lords of the district. Alleging his ancient privileges, and forgetting his vassalage, (or more probably, as Thomas Wikes says,) encouraged by the long stay which Edward made in his continental dominions, he refused obedience to their summons; was proceeded against in legal form,—for it is the Englishman, and not the Welshman, in whom reverence for *law* is an instinct,—and replied, according to the custom of the country, by commencing a "private war" against the justiciary. This happened in about the end of May, "when the woods were nearly come into fresh leaf." Edward is said to have written to Rhys as soon as he was informed of the matter, promising him redress, and requiring him not to break the

* Edward desired to make Rhuddlan the see of one of the Welsh bishoprics, instead of St. Asaph; but the pope forbade the innovation, which was suggested by mere secular craft. So the castle was strengthened, and "Master Richard Barnard, the Parson," was gladdened by the advantageous sale he effected of some land contiguous to it, which was needed for the improvement.

† The more recent copy of the *Annales Menevenses* ends at the year 1286, A. D., with the record of the destruction of some buildings at Ystrad Flur, by fire. At the same point there is a change in the hand observable in the older copy, which terminates two years later, the entries being written by two or three different persons, and with different kinds of ink.

peace; notwithstanding which condescension, he persisted in his rebellion. In the beginning of June, having been joined by a great number of the Welsh, he took the castles of Llandovery, Dinevwr, and Carregcennen; and before the end of the month had burned the towns of Swansea, Oystermouth, Llanbadarn Vawr, and Caermarthen to the very gates. On the 14th of June, however, the great military vassals of England were summoned to be at Gloucester, within three weeks after Midsummer-day, that, under the Earl of Cornwall, they might advance against the insurgents. On the 16th of July, the Earl, writing from Gloucester, commanded several who owed such service to the king, to meet him at Llanbadarn Vawr, without delay. A week afterwards, writing from Hereford, he summoned his own vassals to assemble at Monmouth, on the 28th of July; and amongst other preparations, appointed Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hereford, captain over some part of the armament. "Deresloyn," or "Drosolan," castle, belonging to Rhys,* was besieged about the 1st of August; and after a time carried by a mine; in which exploit, however, Lord Stafford, Lord Montchensey, and others, were killed by an unexpected fall of earth and masonry. The "New Castle," or Emlyn castle, on the Teify, was also taken, and the other strong holds recovered; but Rhys escaped with a few attendants, and the rest of his followers were admitted to the king's peace, about Michaelmas time. On the day after the festival of All Saints, November the 2nd, being Sunday, Rhys retook New Castle, making its governor, Roger Mortimer, prisoner; and continued his partisan warfare through the winter; although Edward appealed to his great lords, as soon as the loss of Emlyn was known. But about the end of the following March, Robert Tybetot, justiciary of Caermarthen, once more took that fortress, by surrender, Wikes says, but it was not before many of the Welsh garrison were slain; and Rhys, being proclaimed a traitor and banished, went to Ireland; where he took refuge in the lands of the Earl of Gloucester, who was commonly said to have assisted him thither. Four years afterwards, in 1292, A. D., on the 2nd of April, Rhys, having returned to Wales, was captured by Tybetot, in an engagement in which four thousand of the Welsh were slain; and being carried to York, was tried and executed for his treason. His estates had been, on July the 13th, 1290, A. D., committed to the keeping of his victor, from the following Michaelmas to Easter, and thenceforward for four years complete; which helped to fire the zeal and to nerve the arm of the justiciary against the rebel.

About two years after Rhys had suffered for his insurrection, in 1294, A. D., occurred a more formidable revolt. Taxes were needed for carrying on a war with the king of France; and Edward, who, in prospect of a voyage to Gascony, had commissioned Reginald de Grey, justiciary of Chester, and Robert de Staundon, justiciary of North

* Wikes states that Rhys, having taken one of the royal castles, put his wife with a strong guard into it, and betook himself to the woods to play the brigand; and that it was for the sake of the shadow of an excuse, which else he had not, that the story of violating the liberty granted him, by proceeding against him according to English law, was afterwards got up. This castle it was, says Wikes, that the Earl of Cornwall besieged; and Rhys, having secretly, by night, led out his wife, and all the garrison, through a private passage, caused the death of Montchensey, and the others, by his treachery. Some parts of this representation appear much more to resemble facts, than the more common accounts given in the text.

Wales, to exercise sway in his name over the last-named province, had sent Roger de Pulesdon to collect the sum imposed upon the Kymry. At Michaelmas, Madog ab Morgan, who boasted his relationship to Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, (and was, according to some, his illegitimate son,) rose against the tax-gatherers in North Wales; Roger and several of the English officers were hung, and the corpse of Roger beheaded. The usual ravages were committed, and Caernarvon town was burnt, being attacked (it is said) during a fair, at which numbers of the English, confiding in the peace, were present. Simultaneously with this outbreak, Maelgwn Vychan began to burn and slay in Cardiganshire, Pembrokeshire, and Caermarthenshire: and Morgan, (whom we suppose to be the son of Iorwerth, who had been lord of Caerleon till he was dispossessed in 1282, A. D.,) in South Wales, drove out the Earl of Gloucester, and regained his ancestral lands, &c. As soon as the tidings reached the king, he sent with all haste to Portsmouth, where Edmund, his brother, was waiting an opportunity to embark for Gascony, and ordered him to proceed at once against Madog; and he, acting with greater promptitude than precaution, marched immediately, and on the day after St. Brice's day, the 11th of November, encountered the rebels near Denbigh, and was defeated with great loss. The Earl of Lincoln, who was hastening to defend one of his castles, shared in this repulse. Edward himself, as soon as he had collected an army, followed; and Madog retreated into Snowdon. Owing to some unusually high tides, however, the king was unable to get all his force over the Conway; and the Welsh, perceiving his scanty numbers, besieged him in Aberconway, and having the command of all the roads, cut off his provision convoys, and reduced him to greater straits than he ever before experienced, for there was only the coarsest meat to eat, and nothing to drink except water sweetened with honey. But he kept up the spirit of his followers with great skill; refusing (for example) to use some wine, which was found in some unexpected place, declaring that as they had all things else in common, so he would not have better diet than they. By the weather, the enemy, and other means, he lost a thousand men; but the enemy lost many more, and they could not so readily recruit their strength. When the army at length succeeded in crossing the swollen river, they drove off their undisciplined foes, and captured Cynan, "the worst robber of the whole," who was sent to Hereford, and executed as a traitor, with two others. In the beginning of December, in the same year, Anglesey was reduced, and a castle planned, if not begun, at "Beau-Marish;" whence arose *Beaumaris*. The Earl of Warwick now also, using the same combination of mounted horsemen and cross-bow-men, which had proved so effective before against the Welsh, utterly routed them; and so the king was able to keep his Christmas at Conway in peace. In the beginning of the next year, 1295, A. D., as it seems, Madog burst out of his hiding-place, attacked Oswestry and took it, twice defeated the forces brought against him by the Marchers, and ravaged their lands; but was finally himself defeated on Cevn Digoll, near Caurs castle. In the beginning of August Madog fell into the king's hands; but the authorities differ widely in their account of this matter, some stating that his own men betrayed him, others, that he was taken in battle. Matthew of Westminster says that both Morgan and he, finding that

they were on the losing side, submitted voluntarily, and obtained peace; Madog, who had been styled "Prince of Wales," being imprisoned in the Tower, which is improved by another account into perpetual imprisonment. Morgan is said to have been beheaded at London. A different story from all these is contained in Powell's history,—after carrying on the war a long time, Madog submitted, and was pardoned on condition of subduing Morgan, which after a time he did, and was then admitted into the king's peace. These variations show us that Welsh history retains its peculiar character to the very end. Some changes were made in the tenure, by which certain lands in South Wales were held; and shortly afterwards, Edward, having cut down the woods, which gave harbourage to robbers, strengthened the fortresses on which he relied for the repression of insurrections for the future, and punished the murderers of Pulesdon, took hostages of those whom he suspected of hostile designs, and returned to London.* We catch sight of French intrigues directed against England through Wales, in this war. Thomas Turberville, (who was very probably sprung from one of Fitz-Hamon's followers, and so had peculiar relations with Wales,) a prisoner in the hands of the French, was promised his freedom, if not (as the continuator of Florence of Worcester states) the dominion of Wales itself, if he succeeded in raising an effectual rebellion there. But he failed, indeed he did not even reach the country, and therefore, in the early days of this October, was "drawn by horses and burnt" at Paris. Gallic intervention in our insular affairs was frequently practised through Wales now; just as afterwards Scotland, and recently Ireland, have been the weak points assailed.

In the 29th year of his reign,—extending from November the 20th, 1300, A. D., to the same day, in 1301, A. D.,—Edward gave to his son, Edward of Caernarvon, (as he was named from his birth-place,) along with the earldom of Chester, the principality of Wales, which, says the compiler called Matthew of Westminster, "pleased the Welsh much, because he was born in Wales." As we have remarked above, Fabian, and the *English* chroniclers, have followed this account; and not one of them knows any thing about his investiture when only two or three days old. This account is strongly confirmed by a passage in one of his own letters, written before he was king, in which he says, "the land of Wales" was granted to him in the 29th year of his father's reign. Powell, too, has a story, (which does not agree very well with his legend of the presentation to the chiefs at Rhuddlan castle, but does with this statement of our chroniclers,) that in this year Prince Edward came to Chester, and that the freeholders of Wales met him there and did homage to him; and he gives a list of those who thus owned him as their liege-lord. And the truth of this representation is made apparent by comparing the mention of young Edward in the documents contained in Rymer's *monuments*, which also tell us almost the exact time of this appointment. The first time that he is called "Prince of Wales," is in a letter dated the 4th of April, 29 Ed-

* The Annals of Worcester place in this year, 1295, A. D., a visit of Edward to Ystrad Flur, and state that the abbot foolishly promised him, that on a given day and place he would restore to him the allegiance of the whole county of Cardigan. Not a Welshman, however, made his appearance when the time came; so, in wrath at the disappointment, "Burn!" said the king; and "fire, which never says 'enough,' involved both the abbey and the country."

ward I., or 1301, A. D. But Pope Boniface VIII., who was elected on December the 24th, 1294, A. D., writing of him on the kalends of March, in the 7th year of his pontificate, or March the 1st, 1301, A. D., does not give him that title; evidently from not having been then informed that it was bestowed upon him. After this date it is almost always given to him, and to his successors, in the letters, &c., collected in those volumes. This must be allowed as a sufficient disproof, not only of the tale of Edward's deception, practised at Rhuddlan, but also of that of his having himself received this title from his father, Henry III.

We continually meet with indications of feuds, and marauding expeditions, in Wales; in every quarrel between the great English lords, the Welsh are found taking part, apparently from that pure love of a fray so characteristic of the Celtic disposition; and ceaseless vigilance was requisite on the part of the sovereign, to prevent the growth of a rebellion out of the most casual brawl. This is a remarkable comment upon the observation of one chronicler,—that after the suppression of Madog's insurrection, the Welsh began to adopt English habits, and to cultivate the arts of peace, "collecting treasures, and taking interest in preserving them when collected." Which could not have happened, except in a very few instances, wherein unrecorded circumstances had obscured or obliterated that obstinate spirit of nationality, whose fruits differed so widely from those of true patriotism. We must, however, observe that in the wars carried on by the English kings in France and Scotland, the Welsh, some of whom were always found in the English armies, were (*with some exceptions*) by no means the least loyal or effective soldiers; and the general impression respecting them, (but after the restoration of the sovereignty of Britain to the British, as they regarded it, under Henry VII.,) is embodied by Shakspeare in his famous Captain Fluellen, whose enthusiasm for Harry of Monmouth is not a caricature of that which we have repeatedly seen exhibited in favour of their own princes by the Kymry of history.

The story of the petty revolt of Llywelyn ab Rhys, whom his admirers called Llywelyn Bren, or "king," in the beginning of 1316, A. D., will show us much of the character of the times and of the people, of which we now speak. After Gilbert de Clare, the young Earl of Gloucester, fell at Bannockburn, his patrimonial estate in South Wales was retained by the feeble King Edward II., who sent an agent to manage it for him; and he, not well acquainted with the hasty temper of the men he had to deal with, provoked them unendurably, by displacing certain from offices they had held under the Earl. Other causes of discontent may have been active then; and there was always present to the minds of the Welsh that source and sum of all grievances,—the suppression of their national laws and customs. Llywelyn was one of the superseded officers, and he was so indignant at the loss of his authority, that "he could not speak peaceably" to the man who had usurped his place, but publicly threatened to bring him low. Receiving a monition from the king not to break the peace, he presented himself at court, and instead of praise or conciliatory words, as he perhaps had expected, received a much sterner warning. Wherefore, returning in secret whilst his anger at this reception was yet burning, he first attacked the constable of

Caerphilly castle, and carried him off as a prisoner; then made a violent raid on the lands held by the author of the original affront; and in a short time had (they say) a force of ten thousand men at his command; who, removing all their portable wealth, and especially their cattle, into the mountains, lurked in the caverns and forests, and spread terror far and wide beyond Glamorganshire. Powerful levies were speedily raised against the rebels, and headed by warriors of experience, or whose personal interest in the suppression of the revolt was a pledge that they would exert themselves to the utmost for that end; and after being repulsed in several encounters, Llywelyn, who was not lacking in generosity, offered himself to the Earl, and endeavoured to make good terms for himself and his followers, promising compensation for his fault; but being required to surrender unconditionally, he did so, and was sent as a prisoner to the Tower, where he remained from July in 1316, A. D., to June in the following year. Eighteen of his chief adherents, who appear to have been taken at the same time with him, were reinstated in their possessions, in a few months. Llywelyn, too, was restored to liberty by the king; but the Spencers, who occasioned such trouble to England, seized him a year or two afterwards, carried him to Cardiff, and caused him to be put to death there with the barbarous formalities of a traitor's doom, in opposition to all justice; and by an act of treason on their own part, for they usurped the functions of royalty by so doing,—for which, ere long, they themselves suffered the like fate.

Undismayed by so many examples, six years after this revolt in South Wales, Sir Gruffydd Llwyd rose in North Wales. He is said to have carried the tidings of the birth of the prince at Caernarvon to Edward at Rhuddlan, and to have been knighted in acknowledgment of the service; and it is certain that he enjoyed the favour of the king. But he was at heart a Welshman, and the English yoke was intolerable. The old complaints of oppression and wrongs inflicted by the royal justiciary, who happened to be a Mortimer, and lord of Chirk, are repeated; but no particulars are afforded by which we can judge whether any new injuries had actually been inflicted upon those whose unhappy case is said to have moved Sir Gruffydd so deeply. He first endeavoured to form an alliance with Sir Edward Bruce, hoping to be aided by him by forces from Ireland; but in this he failed; so, feeling himself committed, he raised what men he could in Wales, and by the suddenness and violence of his outbreak, for a time carried all before him in North Wales and the Marches; taking Mould, Chirk, and other castles; and intrenching himself at Tregarnedd, and at the *Ynys Cevni*, in the morass of Malltraeth, in Anglesey. But his army had not the steady valour needful for the achievement he proposed; the Welsh could not deliver themselves from the power of the English, and therefore could not be delivered;—besides, we can perceive *now*, that he had set himself in opposition to the appointed order of events, against which no man can make head;—and he was soon vanquished and taken, and is supposed to have lingered out the remainder of his life in Rhuddlan castle. The traces of his vain fortification in Anglesey yet remain; happily, no such stimulus to loyalty as the tale associated with them must give, is needed by the people of North Wales now; but whilst it was fresh in men's memories there befell the greatest and most nearly

successful of all these profitless endeavours to re-establish the independence of the Kymry—the revolt of Owain Glyndwrdu.

Before we notice this, however, we must speak of the emigrations into France ; which are a remarkable feature in the history we are relating, and to us of considerable interest, from their connexion with that long-standing, and as yet undetermined, rivalry between England and France, by which so many minor nations were involved in their movements. It seems that after the death of Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, through the whole of the 14th century, and especially after the failure of the insurrections which have been spoken of, many of the most distinguished Welshmen sought refuge from the strong arm of the law against traitors, or hid themselves from the sight of what they deemed the woes of their country, in France. Thierry has published some documents which show, that Yvain de Galles, (as the French called Owain of Wales,) a descendant of the last princes of Gwynedd, whose bravery and generalship are celebrated in Froissart, was not the only Kymric leader in the Gallic service ; and by which the patronage they received is connected with the jealousy of the power of the English king, manifested by every French ruler from the time when the vassal of the sovereign of France, William Duke of Normandy, won for himself and his descendants so much more brilliant a crown, in this island. This Yvain fought in the French ranks at Poitiers ; and served under Duguesclin in the war respecting the possession of the throne of Castile, between Peter the Cruel and Henry of Transtamare. In the course of this war it happened that the Earl of Pembroke and some of his knights were made prisoners by the French ; wherefore Yvain, hearing of it, went and taunted the Earl, by inquiring if he had come to do homage for the lands he held in Wales, whereof he declared himself to be the lawful heir, but deprived of them wrongfully by the king of England. Pembroke, enraged at this inquiry, which was addressed to him in French, asked of the speaker who he was ; and was told that he was Owain, prince of Wales, disinherited by the king of England, but expecting, by the grace of God and of his most dear lord the king of France, to recover his rights ; and, added he, “ if ever time and place shall serve, I will prove by my lance, that you and your ancestors, and those of the Earl of Hereford, have done injustice and treason to me and mine.” Thomas St. Aubin, also a prisoner, immediately sprang forward, and replied to this gasconade, by defying Yvain to throw down his gage ; which the Welshman excused himself from doing, alleging the condition of his challenger ; but he promised to say more about it when he should be free. Six years afterwards, in 1372, A. D., on the 10th of May, a treaty of alliance between this Yvain and Charles V. was signed at Paris ; in which Yvain acknowledged the loan of 300,000 “ and more ” franks of gold, advanced by his “ most powerful and most redoubtable lord,” Charles, to aid him in regaining possession of Wales. No attempt to carry this purpose into effect seems to have been made ; perhaps the successes of the French against our Edward III. in their own land, made such an expenditure of men and money unnecessary ; and in 1378, A. D., Yvain was assassinated by a Frenchman, who was, they said, bribed by the English, and allowed a refuge with them after the commission of the crime. The Earl of Pem-

broke and his brave knight had not then been liberated, so that Yvain had neither opportunity nor occasion to remember his pledge. There were other military leaders of Welsh refugees in France, beside the pretender to the Principate; and documents exist recording the names (in French spelling) of Iehan Win, Robin ab Ledin, Edouart ap Yvain, and Yvain Greffin, and of their "companies." We also hear of Welsh deserters from the armies of Edward III. formed into "free companies," and of a Welsh leader of a horde of mercenaries of every nation, which made itself both feared and famous,—named by the French, the Chevalier Ruffin. It appears, too, that emissaries from the king of France were more than once detected endeavouring to excite a rebellion in Wales; or, at least, that indications of their presence, and threats of an invasion, called for increased vigilance in the governors of the royal castles, and in the Lords Marchers, so that the designs were defeated. Very probably, in most instances, nothing more than a feint was intended; and the employment of the care and the forces of the English kings at home, rather than in the recovery of the territories their predecessors had enjoyed in France.

We must pass by the incidents of the betrayal and capture of Richard II., because, although they befell in Wales, they belong especially to the history of England; and shall now notice the rebellion of Owain ab Gruffydd Vychan, better known, from the name of his principal lordship, as Owain Glyndyvrdu, or Glyndwrdu, and in English as Owen Glendower. The original documents illustrating this series of events are so numerous, that we must give only an abridged account of it; and we may remark, that notwithstanding the number of those authentic sources of information, more than one point of importance is involved in great obscurity, through the conflict of testimonies. This chieftain, as it appears, united in himself the blood of the royal families of Gwynedd, Dyved, and Powys; and was directly descended from the lords of Powys, who were conspicuous in the Norman period. This was sufficient to make him a man of great note amongst the Kymry, though his patrimony was not extensive. The spirit of the age had so far made itself felt in Cambria, that Owain was sent to London to study the law; and in process of time became "an outer barrister." Soon, however, exchanging the coif for the helmet, which was more congenial, he was admitted as an esquire into the service of Richard II., or of some one of the barons of his court; was engaged in military duties in France and Ireland, and was present at Flint castle when the unhappy king was taken and his household broken up. We next hear of him as disputing with his neighbour, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, the possession of a piece of common land, lying between their lordships. This, we are told, was an old quarrel, and during Richard's reign Owain was "too hard" for Lord Grey, his friends being in power; but after the usurpation of Henry IV. Grey "was better friended," and took possession of the land. The Welsh chief first endeavoured by legal means to recover his right, and even petitioned parliament* for redress; nor was it till his suit was contemptuously

* It was on this occasion that the bishop of St. Asaph urged the necessity of using temperate measures with a man of such influence as Owain, lest the Welsh should be driven into a general insurrection; and the proud nobles of England exclaimed that "that they were not afraid of those bare-footed scrubs."

dismissed, and all justice refused him, that he thought of taking his cause into his own hands. Other injuries were heaped upon him before he resorted to the sword. Thus, it is affirmed, that Lord Grey was intrusted with a summons addressed to Owain, requiring his presence and aid in an expedition against Scotland; and that he kept it back until after the day of the assembling of the troops, and then gave it to the king again, as if Owain had refused to obey the royal mandate. After that, they say, Grey, being encouraged by the king, invaded Owain's possessions, and appropriated all he was able to seize of them, Owain himself being proclaimed a traitor; and then it was that the Kymro cast all his prudence to the winds, and making war upon the invader, retook the lands he had lost, and much of Lord Grey's demesnes as well. The news of this proceeding soon reached the court, where Grey was; and he was sent, with Lord Talbot, to take Owain, and punish him summarily. So secretly and expeditiously did they execute this commission, that they had beset his house before he had heard of their arrival; and he was indebted solely to the darkness of the night, and his familiarity with the by-paths round it, for his escape. This occurred, as we conjecture, in the autumn of 1400, A. D.

Owain was now committed to a contest with the English monarch; and on the 20th of September, he delivered his first blow, by making a sudden attack, with a band of desperate fellows, upon Ruthyn, whilst a fair was being held there. He plundered the town and set fire to it, and then retreated to his natural strongholds, the woods and mountains, again. We are informed in very indefinite terms, that Henry, in pursuance of a design formed as soon as the rebellious spirit of Owain was manifest, now entered North Wales with the military force of the kingdom, and advanced as far as Anglesey, Owain withdrawing before him into the heart of Snowdon; and that in a very short time he returned to England, being unable to effect any thing against an enemy who never showed himself, in the late autumn, when the weather was most unpropitious to an army invading the country. Certain it is, that on November the 8th, all the lands which Owain possessed in Wales were granted by the king to his brother, John, Earl of Somerset, on the ground of their forfeiture by the treason of their former lord. And on the last day of the same month, he offered to take into his protection any of the Welsh who should, when parliament next met, submit themselves at Chester to his son Henry of Monmouth, and remain faithful to their allegiance. The Ordinances respecting Wales,* which have been spoken of in the last chapter, were passed at the parlia-

* By these Ordinances, the Welsh were prohibited from purchasing lands in any of the towns lying in the Marches; or representing any place in parliament; or holding any corporate, or other, office of trust:—in a suit between an Englishman and a Welshman, the former was not to be convicted save by the judgment of the English justices, or the verdict of all the English burgesses, or by inquests taken in the English towns and boroughs of the lordships wherein the suit lay:—all Englishmen married to Welsh women were disfranchised, and rendered incapable of holding any office in Wales or the Marches:—meetings for counsel were forbidden to the Welsh, save by licence of the lord of the place, and in the presence of his officers:—no victuals or ammunition might be imported into Wales except by permission of the king or his council:—no Welshman was to have the charge of any defensible place:—and they were forbidden to keep their children at learning, or to apprentice them to any occupation, in any town or borough in the realm. We may excuse, and even approve, when Powell calls these statutes—"unreasonable and unconscionable laws, such as no prince among the heathens ever offered to his sub-

ment assembled in January, 1401, A. D., and they show us the extent to which the insurrection had spread. Their tendency was to send back into the Principality all the Welsh who had settled in the towns on the Marches, angered by the infliction of an undeserved sentence of confiscation. And there was no need for inflaming the minds of the Kymry to a higher pitch of indignation,—on the 21st of February, complaint was made to the parliament that the Welsh scholars had departed from Oxford and Cambridge to their own country; and that working men who had migrated into England, and settled in various parts, had stealthily provided themselves with armour and weapons, and escaped to Wales; and there could be no doubt that they had gone to swell the ranks of the insurgents. For the prophecies which had so often been employed to raise the hopes of “the wild and indiscreet Welshmen,” and had never failed to betray all who trusted in them, were once more consulted by the studious, and loudly proclaimed by the bards, who struck their harps with bolder hands again, and forgetting the soft amorous ditties in which they had of late rejoiced, sang the terrible exultation of the shock of battle, and the glory which could be won only amid the clash of arms; and announced that “the heir of the prophecy” was at length come, and that soon the kingdom of Brutus should be restored to the offspring of Camber.

Whilst the rebellion was thus gathering strength, we find opposed to the insurgents in North Wales, in the opening of 1401, A. D., no less renowned a warrior than Sir Henry Percy,—Hotspur; who was justiciary of that district and Chester. Four letters from him inform us of the progress of the war in that region. Till the beginning of May, all was quiet submission, except that Conway castle was in the hands of the rebels under William ab Tewdwr; and Rhys ab Tewdwr held the inaccessible mountains. The young prince had been at the siege of Conway, and was concerting measures for its successful prosecution; and the peasantry had presented themselves before him, and had thanked him for obtaining a gracious pardon from the king; only they desired to have it under the great seal, and were willing to pay a considerable sum for that assurance. For at various dates, between the 10th of March and the 8th of July, in this year, pardons were offered, generally, to the Welsh of the counties of Caernarvon, Merioneth, Anglesey, Denbigh, and Flint;—of the lordships of Ellesmere, Chirk, Bromfield, and Yale;—of Oswestry hundred, and other parts; and at last bearing specific names;—but Owain Glyndwr and Rhys ab Tewdwr are always excepted, and William ab Tewdwr is excepted in all but the last, by which he is forgiven by name, having given up Conway, we suppose. Before the end of May, however, Hotspur expresses himself less hopefully; the stubborn obstinacy of the insurgents had defeated his expectations. And yet more hopeless are his tidings in the beginning of June, although he told of a successful expedition he had made to Cader Idris, and of a repulse of Glyndwr by the lord of Powys. This gleam of light then vanishes; but the allusions to operations in South and central Wales direct our attention to those quarters. And we find that

jects;” tending to keep those under them in “perpetual thralldom and misery.” “Let any indifferent man judge and consider,” adds he, “whether this extremity of law, when justice itself is mere injury and cruelty, be not a cause and matter sufficient to withdraw any people from civility to barbarism.”

Owain, in this same spring, had encamped with a detachment of his forces at Plylimmon, whence he was able to attack, at pleasure, any part of the English settlements; and also to threaten an invasion of England; as the king stated in his orders issued for a general muster of his military tenants. How Montgomery was ravaged, and its towns robbed or burnt;—how Cwmhfr abbey was plundered;—how Radnor was destroyed, and many other fortresses and towns more or less injured;—our readers must imagine. It was during these expeditions that the exploits mentioned by Harry Percy were performed. The Flemings of Rhos were especially the objects of Owain's ire; and they resolved to dislodge him from his eiry, whence he had spread such desolation around. At Mynydd Hyddgant they encompassed him with fifteen hundred men; and it was only by a desperate effort that he, and his five hundred followers, cut their way through and escaped. In June, it seems that Henry once more entered Wales, having secured the co-operation of a fleet; but this expedition was as fruitless as the former one; although he stayed till late in the autumn, nothing beside the burning of the abbey of Ystrad Flur, the proclaiming of Owain as a rebel, and the summons of another army, having been effected. A yet later campaign appears to have been undertaken, but no account of any thing which happened in it has been preserved. During this year Owain addressed a letter to his "very dear and entirely beloved Henry Don," a gentleman of Cheshire, which so accurately pictures the hopes and purposes which he cherished, and the spirit in which he entertained them, that it deserves insertion, especially as it is brief. Thus he wrote: "We inform you that we hope, by God's help and yours, to be enabled to free the Welsh race from the bondage of our English enemies, who have now for a long time past oppressed us and our ancestors. And you may from your own observation perceive that their time is ending, and that victory inclines to us, according to God's appointment from the beginning; so that no one can doubt that a good end will arrive, unless by indifference and discord it be lost; and that the whole Welsh nation is in uncertainty and fear concerning the subjection under which we have heard our fore-named enemies can place us. Accordingly we charge and require and entreat you, with such preparation as you have made, to come to us with all boldness, as speedily as you can, to the place where you will hear that we are consuming our enemies by oppressing and attacking them; and this, by Divine assistance, will be shortly. And this you must not neglect, as you would have freedom and honour for the time to come. And wonder not that you received no warning of the first rising; for we were forced to rise without warning, because of the too great fear and danger. Farewell; may God keep you from harm. By Owain ab Gruffydd, Lord of Glyndyvrwy."—Henry Don obeyed this summons, and was in South Wales with his "friend" at the time of the battle of Shrewsbury.

The year 1402, A. D., found Glyndwrdu's strength greatly increased; and a comet "showed itself through the world, for divers betokenings of what should befall soon after." The campaign was opened by Grey of Ruthyn, who was defeated (at the Vyrnwy, say the Welsh, but more probably near Ruthyn) and taken prisoner. Henry of Monmouth, in the month of May, conducted a marauding expedition from Shrewsbury

against Owain's dwellings at Sycharth, and ravaged Glyndyrdwy after the most approved border fashion; and, as he exultingly assured the council in his despatch informing them of his exploit, put to death "a great gentleman" who was one of Owain's chieftains, although he offered to pay five hundred pounds for his ransom, within two weeks. But in spite of this, Owain's power grew; and with it grew the wild hope of being the Arthur or Cadwaladr, of whom the bards sang. Powell says,—“These things being laid before Owain by such as were very cunning in Merlin's prophecies, and the interpretation of the same, (for there were in those days, as I fear there be now, [in Queen Elizabeth's time,] some singular men, who are deeply overseen in these mysteries, and hope one day to measure velvet upon London bridge with their bows,) brought him into such a fool's paradise, that he, never weighing what title he might pretend, nor what right he had, proceeded and made war upon the Earl of March, who was the right inheritor as well to the principality of Wales as to the kingdom of England.” Sir Edmund Mortimer, to protect his nephew's lands, threw himself in Glyndwrdu's way, as he was advancing towards Herefordshire and Shropshire, and on June the 12th, in Maelienydd, was overthrown and made prisoner. The Welsh then crossed the border, and entered England as far as Leominster, burning and plundering; and after a short time, departed as suddenly as they came. It was after the battle in Maelienydd that the brutalities, which Shakspeare said could not be, “without much shame, retold or spoken of,” were perpetrated on the dead bodies of the English. Beside these events, we read of an attempt on Owain's life, by his cousin Hywel Sele, made whilst they were conferring amicably with the abbot of Cymmer, who hoped to reconcile them, which Owain (according to local tradition) revenged by casting the assassin, alive or dead, into a hollow tree. The cathedrals of Bangor and St. Asaph were destroyed by fire, in this year, and Caernarvon besieged;—and many of the houses of distinguished Welshmen, who did not take part in the insurrection, burnt. And about this time it was, that Glyndwrdu's movements changed their character again; they had before grown from a private quarrel to a national revolt, and now, from being those of a Welsh partisan against all the English, they became those of an adherent of the Plantagenet party, (which yet believed Richard II. to be living,*) against Henry IV.; a circumstance very memorable, inasmuch as it shows how impossible it was to resuscitate Cambrian independence.

Henry, seeing England itself thus “invaded and infested by the frantic and wavering Welshmen,” says Halle, summoned his army again, and prepared to invade Wales in the autumn. And at the end of August, or in the beginning of September, he crossed the frontier, the insurgents retiring before him to their natural fortifications, which had so rarely been forced. But though the Welsh refused to fight with the king, he met with resistance enough; for the heavens seemed to be in league with the rebels, and a succession of storms and tempests rendered marching and encamping alike difficult and dangerous. Every story which had been told to ridicule the rebel

* This faith was so general about this time, that a proclamation was made, declaring him to be dead.

chieftain, and the pretences put forth by his followers in his name,* seemed to the invading army now proved to be truth; and the weather was ascribed to the potent art of "the great magician, damn'd Glendower." Retreat was the only wisdom, and even that was not effected without great loss.

Glyndwrdu, who, as he returned from his inroad into England, had ravaged South Wales, burning the castles of Llandaff, Penmarc, and Tre'r Twr, the town of Cardiff, and other places; after the king recrossed the border, called together his adherents at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, and was there recognised as the Prince of Wales. He narrowly escaped assassination upon this occasion; for Davydd Gam, an *Anglicizing* Kymro, had contrived a scheme for putting down the rebellion by the death of its leader; but it was discovered in time, and the traitor's life being spared at the entreaty of Owain's friends, he was closely imprisoned for several years. On the 10th of October, in this year, Henry empowered certain commissioners to treat with Owain for the ransom of Lord Grey; and it was arranged that 6000 marks should be paid on the ensuing feast of St. Martin, November the 11th; and the prisoner's eldest son and other hostages given for the payment of 4000 more; which being effected, the baron was released. It is not a little strange, that after such a feud ending in such a captivity, and the demand of so great a sum for his deliverance, Lord Grey should form a close alliance with Owain, and espouse one of his daughters.† But this was not the only instance of the kind. Mortimer, also being desirous of recovering his liberty, applied to his sovereign for the necessary permission, which was refused. For Henry regarded him, it was thought, as a bar to the final establishment of his own claim to the throne, and considered it an advantage to himself that he was not at large. An unwise proceeding, as it proved; for Mortimer thereupon made an alliance with Owain, and also married one of his daughters; and on the 18th of December, announced to his tenants that he had joined the redoubted Glyndwrdu, for the purpose of restoring King Richard, if he were alive, and if he were dead, of making his nephew, the Earl of March, king of England, and giving Wales to Owain. We do not know when negotiations with the Percies were first opened by Glyndwrdu and Mortimer; but it is probable that it was in the latter part of 1402, A. D., since the discontent of Hotspur originated in the seeming forgetfulness of his services, manifested by the demand for the prisoners he had taken at the battle of Homildon Hill, on the 14th of September. And it is quite certain that the coalition, which had resolved on a tripartite division of England, when it should be conquered, must have existed many months before the king discovered it, which was a scant week before the battle of Shrewsbury, by which it was overthrown. In the beginning of March, 1403, A. D., young Henry of Monmouth was appointed lieutenant of Wales and the bordering counties, but only for the purpose of opposing the confederacy between Mortimer and Owain. And after that, we imagine, the treaty

* Shakspeare has made most of these popular beliefs familiar to all Englishmen; and it is not necessary to narrate the others at length.

† Halle says that Owain "made De Grey marry his daughter, and yet kept him in prison till he died," which is notoriously incorrect.

was signed at the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, to which reference was made when we spoke of the firm faith reposed in the prophecies ascribed to Myrddin. In that treaty we notice, that neither the hereditary claims of the Earl of March, nor the probability of Richard being alive, were considered; Sir Edmund Mortimer, if the fortune of war should show him to be *the wolf* of the predictions on which they relied, was to have the southern division of England for himself, as his share of the realm, which he would have helped to win. In the earliest days of July, Owain was in South Wales. To those who witnessed the panic occasioned by the ruin which marked every step of his progress, all seemed lost; although the lord of Carew castle inflicted a defeat upon him. The archdeacon of Hereford, whose heart was none of the boldest, wrote direct to the king, imploring him to rest neither day nor night, till he had led all the power of the country thither, for their salvation:—the “lowly creature,” as he signed himself! But braver hearts than his might have trembled now; for the constables of the royal castles surrendered them without a stroke, in their fright; and abbeyes and churches, as well as towns and castles, were burnt; and not to receive the terrible chief with open arms was as surely punished, as to resist with armed might.* When Henry received this terror-stricken epistle, which was written on Sunday, July the 8th, he was in full march for the north, where he expected to join the Percies, and with their aid to drive back the Scots, who had entered England beyond the Tweed again;—on the 16th, he directed measures to be taken by the lieutenant of Gloucester against an apprehended descent of Glyndwrdu, who was, he said, now greatly pressed by want; and on the same day proclaimed his discovery of the treason which had been hatched so secretly, and turned his course westward, that he might, if possible, prevent the junction of Hotspur, who was marching in the same direction, with his Welsh ally. In this he succeeded; and though it was not needful for the fiery Percy to engage him, before the arrival of other forces from the north, he did so, in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, on the 21st of July; where his army was most disastrously routed and himself slain. His uncle was taken and beheaded a few days afterwards, and the Douglas also made prisoner, but released subsequently, at the request of the prince; who gained great renown by his conduct in this fight, and was now commissioned to prosecute the war, and empowered to pardon those who should submit.† Mortimer did not take part in this battle; nor did Owain, but not because he was “overawed by prophecies,” nor because he feared to advance from Oswestry, choosing rather to watch the result of the day from a tall tree-top: it is now incontestably proved that he was occupied in South Wales, far enough from the field, and not informed of Henry’s intercepting march to Shrewsbury. Very soon after the departure of the king to pursue the other rebels, he showed himself in the Marches, and ravaged them most piteously; but when Henry returned, in September, Owain was driven into the Principality again;

* It was at this time that Owain consulted the “Master of Brut,” as he esteemed him,—Hopkin ab Thomas of Gower, who falsely foretold his speedy capture, as we related in a former chapter.

† Amongst the rebels pardoned after the victory at Shrewsbury, was Sir John Oldcastle, who was the prototype of Shakespeare’s Falstaff, and was afterwards burnt for Lollardism

and during the remainder of the year, we only hear of the efforts of the English monarch to repair the insurgents' devastations, by the rebuilding and strengthening of the castles; and of the pardon of those who had been in arms with the rebels, but had repented of their treason.

No military operations of note distinguished the year 1404, A. D. Glyndwrdu was left in possession of the whole of Wales; and he not only plundered at will those who yet held out against him, but in the month of June, crossed the borders into Herefordshire, making terrible havoc; and Prince Henry, who remained almost inactive at Shrewsbury, or Worcester, all the year, contented himself with driving him over Offa's Dyke again. The principal occurrence was the formation of an alliance between Owain and Charles VI. of France. Some correspondence, now lost, must have passed, before ambassadors, furnished with formal powers to treat with Charles, were sent to Paris. On May the 10th, Glyndwrdu signed, at Dolgelly, the appointment of Doctor Gruffydd Yonge, an ecclesiastic, and John de Hanmer, as his representatives to the French monarch. The document is drawn up in regal style, commencing,—“Owain, by the grace of God, Prince of Wales;” and dated “in the 4th year of our Principate.” The treaty, conceived in such terms as may be imagined, was signed at Paris by James de Bourbon, the Count de la Marck, in behalf of Charles, on the 14th of the following month; and on the 14th of July it was completed on the part of the French. They at once endeavoured to send succours to the Welsh; but both commanders and men appear to have preferred making descents upon unguarded points of the English coast, where booty could be gathered without hard fighting, to entering seriously upon the fulfilment of the design with which they were sent out. Yet some must have reached Wales, for we read of at least two attacks on Caernarvon, in the beginning of the next year, in which French soldiers were concerned. It was not till the 12th of January, 1405, A. D., that Owain himself signed the treaty, at Llanbadarn.* And with that confirmation the proceedings of this busy year commenced. Harlech and Conway castles were attempted in January; and early in March, the Lady Constance de Spenser, keeper of Caerphilly castle, contrived and effected the liberation of the young Earl of March and his brother from Windsor; where Henry kept them well guarded, knowing the use that could be made of the Earl's right to the throne against his own. Edmund Mortimer, of whom we hear nothing after the “tripartite indenture,” must have laid aside his own dreams of sovereignty, and returned to the assertion of his nephew's claims. But though the youths escaped, they were retaken before they reached Wales, and stricter watch was set upon them. This disappointment was followed by one of greater account. On the 11th of this same month, the young prince,

* On the last day of March, Owain, writing from Pennal, begged the assistance of his French ally, in the rehabilitation of the bishopric of St. David's, in its ancient metropolitan rights and privileges. It is scarcely probable that so good a son of the Church as “his most Christian Majesty” always was, when the relations of other than himself to the Roman pontiff were concerned, would sympathize with the Welsh prince, in this desire. But the victories of the English soon made it unnecessary to stir in that matter; and we notice it only that we may mark the obstinate independency of the spirit of the Kymry, which has ever been manifested as much in things ecclesiastical as in things secular.

with a much smaller force, engaged an army of eight thousand Welsh, near Grosmont in Monmouthshire, which they had destroyed; slew a thousand of them, and put all his prisoners to death, save one "great chieftain," whom he reserved for the king to pass sentence upon. Four days later, at Mynydd-y-Pwll-Melin, in Brecknockshire, Owain's forces were again defeated by the prince; his son Gruffydd being taken prisoner, and his brother Tewdwr, with about fifteen hundred others, slain. These reverses in the end ruined Glyndwrdu's cause, and produced remarkable effects immediately. His principal adherents deserted him, and he was compelled to secrete himself in the rocky caverns of Snowdon, known to very few, where some faithful friends supplied him with food, and hoped for better times. At least so runs the tale. In July the French auxiliaries, in number twelve thousand, and well commanded, actually arrived at Milford Haven. Haverford West was burnt, but the Earl of Arundel maintained himself in the castle; and they left him in possession. At Tenby Owain joined them, once more at the head of ten thousand men.* They took Caermarthen, and ravaged the whole line of their march across South Wales; but on the borders of England met with a complete check. Henry had raised all the forces he was able, when he heard of the invasion; and the failure of de Bourbon, who, a short time preceding the landing at Milford, had essayed to make good his footing on the southern coast of England, must have made him sensible of the importance of ample preparations and sleepless vigilance against such a contingency as now occurred. In September he met the united army of the French and the Welsh in Herefordshire; but no general action ensued. In the daily skirmishes, however, the French lost so many men, and their provisions ran so short, that they retreated to their ships; and there found that the Cinque-Port fleet had burnt fifteen of them, or else that their own crews had set fire to them in their fear, when they saw the enemy approaching; that every reinforcement and supply despatched from France had been intercepted; and that if they would not themselves be cut off, they must return immediately. This course they adopted, and the Welsh were left to carry on the war in the best way they could. The young prince was now besieging Llanbadarn, or Aberystwith castle; and the king, in the course of October, marched to his aid. The castle was taken, but Glyndwrdu recovered it almost immediately; and the Welsh rejoice in stating that Henry found the weather as unpropitious now as he had done formerly, that he lost some fifty of his baggage-waggons, and was forced to return before the time he had fixed. Finally, Sir Francis à-Court, lord of Pembroke, was compelled to purchase a truce of Owain, in November.

The remainder of the story of this rebellion may be more briefly told; for it never recovered from the blow at Pwll-Melin, and the defeat of the French auxiliaries. Charles made an attempt to send another army in 1406, A. D., but the Cinque-Port fleet dispersed it, and captured its provision ships. Prince Henry continually gained ground in South Wales; and by judicious displays of mercy made his severity more effective.

* Some say it was at Caermarthen that Owain joined the French. The accounts of this year's transactions are exceedingly perplexed; and we are not sure that we have assigned every one to its proper place. The general current, however, took the course we have ascribed to it.

In the end of this year, and in the following, he removed his head-quarters to North Wales. Owain lost Harlech and Aberystwith castles, but retook the latter. In 1408, A. D., nothing deserving notice was accomplished on either side. In the year after, however, Owain made great efforts to retrieve his cause. The bishop of St. Asaph, who had first been on his side, and then on that of his enemies, and had now returned to him, was charged by royal manifesto with an active participation in his rebellion. Rhys Ddu and Philpot Scudamore, two of Glyndwrdu's adherents, overran Shropshire, but were defeated and taken, and the former, if not both, executed as traitors at London. Owain gradually fell from the rank of a rebel to that of a mere outlaw; he no longer had armies at his command, but only bands of desperadoes; and annoying though the dashing exploits of these brigands were, the force of the kingdom no more needed to be called out to oppose them. In 1412, A. D., Davydd Gam was released, Henry having interested himself in procuring his liberty;* and Rhys ab Tewdwr and his brother—ancestors (it is said) of Owen Tudor, whose descendants held the crown of England a hundred years afterwards—were taken and executed at Chester. The Welsh themselves were at length wearied of their last native prince. He was left almost alone, for son, and wife, and daughters had all fallen into the hands of his enemies; but he never confessed himself conquered. In the middle of the year 1415, A. D., Sir Gilbert Talbot was commissioned to treat with him, but to no purpose, that we have read of. He died in obscurity, on the 20th of September, in that year; the submission of his son Meredydd was received (it is said) early in 1416, A. D. And thus ended the last revolt in Wales. Fifteen years afterwards, the House of Commons, in a request for the enforcement of the forfeiture of his lands, stated that, had he succeeded, the English tongue would have wholly and for evermore perished; which plainly proves how deep an impression of fear he had made upon the people of his day. We will not quote the *encomia* of his domestic bard, Iolo Goch, for they could not be regarded as impartial; but will dismiss him with the praise which our own great dramatic bard has pronounced upon him;—

"In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and bountiful
As mines of India."

The turbulence of the Welsh, and the affrays in the Marches, did not cease on the death of Owain Glyndwrdu. But we should add nothing to the stock of historical facts, nor to the knowledge of the Kymry and their neighbours, by the detail of any of these brawls and maraudings. We therefore do not dwell upon these features of the times; neither will it be needful to relate the story of the wars of the Roses; for although, as the writer of the preface to a late edition of the poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi remarks, many obscurities in the accounts of that period might be cleared up by means of the

* All English histories tell of the part taken by this Welshman at Agincourt. The boast made by the Kymry of this partisan of their conquerors is unaccountable.

writings of the contemporaneous bards, the whole belongs to English and not to Welsh history; nor does a single fact require mention, unless it be the siege of Harlech castle by the Herberts, and its gallant defence by Davydd ab Ieuan ab Einion for the Lancastrian party. Pennant's account of the difficulties of the march of Sir Richard Herbert, to assist his brother, which is borrowed from one of Glyn Cothi's odes, is familiar to all readers of the tale of those times. That post of peril and of honour was surrendered to the Yorkists in August, 1468, A. D. When we spoke of the execution of Rhys ab Tewdwr and brother, for participation in Owain Glyndwrdu's treason, we alluded to the brilliant fortunes of their descendants. Owain, the son of Meredydd ab Tewdwr, was attached to the court of Henry V., and was reckoned one of the most handsome and accomplished men in it. So at least thought Catharine; and after Henry's death she thought so still more. It is said that Owain, having been asked one day to dance for the amusement of her and the ladies of her household, in performing some step of peculiar grace, stumbled, and fell into the queen's lap. As neither was hurt, there was of course much merriment, and the ladies of her household, in performing some step of peculiar grace, stumbled, and fell into the queen's lap. As neither was they rightly presaged the consequence of that happy accident, for Owain and the queen dowager were secretly espoused. He and his two sons, Edmund and Jasper, fought under the banner of the Red Rose; and at Mortimer's Cross he was taken prisoner, and his brother beheaded by Edward's command. Edmund had died five years before, and his son Henry, who succeeded to his titles, was made a sort of state prisoner by Edward IV. He obtained a temporary release when poor Henry VI. was restored in 1470, A. D., and it was then that the old monarch uttered the prediction which Shakespeare has made memorable.

"Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me."

His uncle Jasper assisted him to escape into France, when Edward, who regained the throne, put him under surveillance once more. And during the tyranny of the Duke of Gloucester's protectorate, or of his reign as Richard III., he was chosen the leader of the refugees. How the Earl of Richmond landed at Milford Haven, after many anxious intrigues; and how Sir Rhys ab Thomas,* who had sworn to the king not to let him pass, save over his body, joined him, and kept his word by crouching under

* A "Life" of this man, written in the 17th century, compares him with—nay, sets him above—Hannibal, and every warrior of classical renown; and wishes that a drum had been made of his skin, since the sound of it alone would have secured the victory in every battle to the British. Wales must be the Gascony of England, for such things to be said in good faith there. The allowed exaggerations of the bards had taken deep root in the people's minds, or it would have been impossible to turn Sir Rhys ab Thomas into a hero.

the arch of a bridge as the Earl rode over it ; and how by the accession of the Stanleys on the field of battle, Richmond defeated and slew Richard at Bosworth Field ; must be read in other works : we are solely concerned with the popular belief, that by this victory, the prophecies of Myrddin were all fulfilled, and the rule of the Britons in the Isle of Britain restored. " Insomuch," says Halle, " that men commonly report that, seven hundred and ninety-seven years past [before], it was by a heavenly voice revealed to Cadwaladr, last king of Britons, that his stock and progeny should reign in this land, and bear dominion again ; whereupon most men were persuaded in their own opinion, that by the heavenly voice he [Henry VII.] was provided and ordained long before, to enjoy and obtain this kingdom."

It was most appropriate, that by a sovereign of the house of Tudor Wales should be finally and completely incorporated with England. We have already referred to the statute effecting this,—27 Henry VIII., cap. 26, enacted in 1536, A. D., when speaking of the Lords Marchers ; a more particular notice of it is demanded now, as by it the " History of Wales " is brought to an end. It commenced thus : " Albeit the dominion, principality, and country of Wales justly and righteously is, and ever hath been, incorporated, annexed, united, and subject to and under the imperial crown of this realm, as a very member and joint of the same, whereof the king's most royal Majesty, of mere droite and very right, is very head, king, lord, and ruler ; yet, notwithstanding, by cause that in the same country, principality, and dominion, divers rights, usages, laws, and customs be far discrepant from the laws and customs of this realm ; and also because that the people of the same dominion have, and do daily, use a speech nothing like ne consonant to the natural mother tongue used within this realm ; some rude and ignorant people have made distinction and diversity between the king's subjects of this realm, and his subjects of the said dominion and principality of Wales ; whereby great discord, variance, debate, division, murmur, and sedition have grown between his said subjects :—his Highness, therefore, of a singular zeal, love, and favour, that he beareth towards his subjects of his said dominion of Wales, minding and intending to reduce them to the perfect order, notice, and knowledge of the laws of this his realm, and utterly to extirpe, all and singular, the sinister usages and customs differing from the same, and to bring about an amicable concord and amity between English and Welsh ;"—*declares Wales incorporated with England, with like liberties to subjects born there as in England ; and the extension of the laws of inheritance, and other English laws, to Wales.* The statute then proceeded to annex the Lordships Marchers to counties already constituted ; or to divide them into counties, and so to establish the shires of Monmouth, Brecknock, Radnor, Montgomery, and Denbigh :—to appoint the sole use of the English language in all courts ; and to interdict the enjoyment of every kind of office throughout the king's dominions, to persons using the Welsh tongue, on pain of forfeiture, unless they adopted English speech. It appointed commissions to divide certain shires into hundreds, and to inquire into the laws and customs of Wales which might fittingly be preserved :—settled the parliamentary representation of the country ; secured the privileges of the temporal Lords Marchers ;—inserted a proviso

in favour of the customs of the three shires of North Wales;—and in short, broke down almost all the formal barriers to the complete union of the two peoples, who had through so many centuries regarded each other as “natural enemies.” This statute is said to have been in part suggested by a memorial addressed to Henry, in which the Welsh solicited a union with England, and the introduction of the laws, against which their forefathers had so often rebelled; in which, too, they even promised to study English, “were it but to learn how they might better serve and obey his Highness.” The Incorporation was completed by the suppression of the Lords Marchers, in 1689, A. D.; and by the Statute, 1 Wm. IV. c. 70, regulating the administration of justice in Wales.

Of events since the incorporation of the country with England, there are scarcely any of historical importance which belong specifically to Wales. The siege and capture of Ragland castle, by Fairfax, in August, 1646, A. D., when the library, containing a great treasure of MSS., was destroyed, has been the subject of much lamentation; and the opprobrium of the deed has been laid (as is usual) upon Oliver Cromwell, who was not in the least concerned in it. He *was* concerned in the extinction of a Welsh Presbyterian-Royalist rising, two years afterwards; which, as it was a national movement, although forming part of the events of the kingdom in general, may be spoken of. We will borrow the words of Cromwell’s most faithful biographer.—“Wales,” he says, “has been full of confused discontent all spring; this or the other confused Colonel Poyer, full of brandy and Presbyterian texts of Scripture, refusing to disband till his arrears be better paid, or indeed till the king be better treated. To whom other confused Welsh colonels, as Colonel Powel, Major-General Laughern, join themselves. There have been tumults at Cardiff, tumults here and also there; open shooting and fighting. Drunken Colonel Poyer, a good while ago, in March last, seized Pembroke; flatly refuses to obey the Parliament’s order when Colonel Fleming presents the same.—Drunken Poyer, in Pembroke strong castle, defies the Parliament and the world: new colonels, Parliamentary and Presbyterian-Royalist, are hastening towards him, for and against. Wales, smoking with confused discontent all spring, has now, [about the beginning of May, 1648, A. D.,] by influence of flaming Scotch comet or army of forty thousand, burst into a general blaze. ‘The gentry are all for the king; the common people understand nothing, and follow the gentry.’ Chepstow castle, too, has been taken ‘by a stratagem.’ The country is all up or rising: ‘the smiths have all fled, cutting their bellows before they went;’ impossible to get a horse shod,—never saw such a country! On the whole, Cromwell will have to go. Cromwell, leave being asked of Fairfax, is on the 1st of May ordered to go; marches on Wednesday the 3rd. Let him march swiftly!

“Horton, one of the parliamentary colonels, has already, while Cromwell is on march, somewhat tamed the Welsh humour, by a good beating at St. Fagan’s: St. Fagan’s fight, near Cardiff, on the 8th of May, where Laughern, hastening towards Poyer and Pembroke, is broken in pieces. Cromwell marches by Monmouth, by Chepstow (11th May); takes Chepstow town; attacks the castle; castle will not surrender,—he leaves Colonel Ewer to do the castle; who, after four weeks, does it.

Cromwell, by Swansea and Caermarthen, advances towards Pembroke; quelling disturbance, rallying force, as he goes; arrives at Pembroke in some ten days more; and, for want of artillery, is like to have a tedious siege of it."

Not till the 11th of July was the town and castle given up. On that day, "Drunken Colonel Poyer, Major-General Laughern, and certain others, 'persons excepted,' have had to surrender at mercy; a great many more on terms: Pembroke is happily down;—and the Welsh war is ended."

Other incidents of the Civil War connected with Wales merely as the place of their occurrence, we do not mention; nor is there, indeed, any other event of sufficient importance, and so peculiarly related to our subject, as to deserve insertion here; wherefore, we may proceed to give a rapid glance over the literature of the six centuries we are reviewing in this chapter.

We have noticed the change in the character of the poetry of Wales, which took place after the fall of Llywelyn ab Gruffydd. Rarely, after that event, was it marked by its ancient spirit, or did it touch upon the themes to which it had been almost exclusively dedicated. We agree with the remarks of Mr. Stephens, respecting the productions of the times after the conquest,—that petty "insurrections irritate, but do not stimulate the intellect," and that those revolts which we have narrated "probably gave rise to many paltry poems, which have left no traces in the literature of the country." Yet the works which remain raise our opinion of the poetical gifts of the Kymry, far above the position, to which the general character of the bardic relics of the time of independence would lead us to assign them. And though they did not throw away the crippling forms which the traders in song had invented as a substitute for genius, they lighted them up with the true fire; so that we hardly regret the presence of peculiarities, which stamp the verses with the mark of the ages, and of the people, by whom they were produced. We cannot insert any more examples of the inspiration of the Welsh muse; but some of the most eminent names from the crowded lists of the children of song, who adorned the Principality in the 14th and following centuries, we must give now; but rather as illustrations of the wealth of the Kymry in this respect, than as selections for especial praise, except in the cases of those which are known amongst all cultivated readers:—Gwilym Ddu, Casnodyn, Rhys Goch ab Rhiccert, Davydd Ddu o Hiraddug, Rhys Goch Eryri, Davydd ab Gwilym, Sion Cent, Iolo Goch, Lewis Glyn Cothi, Meredydd ab Rhys, Gutto'r Glyn, Guttyn Owain, and Tudur Aled: William Lley, Dr. Edmund Prys, Twm Sion Cati, Rees Prichard, and Huw Morus. The choice of representatives from the recent and living aspirants to bardic fame, is encumbered with endless difficulties; and yet it would be injustice to our subject, not to attempt to indicate the extension of the numbers of those, whose ambition has been aroused to illustrate their country, by the cultivation of that species of literature, which she has made so distinctively her own. Not as perfect, therefore, do we offer this list, but as a species of proof that the Kymric *Awen* yet breathes powerfully in the souls of the Cambro-Britons. We begin with Thomas Edwards, the famous *Tom o'r Nant*; Goronwy Owen, known by the bardic appellation of *Goronwy Mon*,

Evan Evans (*Prydydd Hir*), Edward Williams, our old friend *Iolo Morganwg*, B. B. D., Dr. W. Owen Pughe (*Idrison*), and Edward Jones: and after them we notice, David Owen (*Dewi Wyn*), the Rev. William C. Williams (*Gwilym Caledfryn*), David Thomas (*Davydd Ddu o Eryri*), David Richards (*Davydd Ionawr*), W. E. Jones (*Cawrdav*), the Rev. John Blackwell (*Alun*), Taliesin Williams (*Ab Iolo*), John Parry (*Bardd Alaw*), Thomas Lloyd Jones (*Gwenfrod*), John Thomas, Edward Williams (*Iolo Mynyw*), the Rev. Walter Davies (*Gwallter Mechain*), the Rev. John Jones (*Ioan Tegid*), the Rev. Daniel Evans (*Daniel Ddu o Geredigion*), Owen Jones (*Owain Myvyr*), the Rev. Evan Evans (*Ieuan Glan Geirionydd*), Griffith Williams (*Gutyn Peris*), Thomas Price (*Carnhuanawc*), Robert Davies (*Bardd Nantglyn*), the Rev. John Williams (*Ab Ithel*), the Rev. W. Rees (*Gwilym Hiraethog*), the Rev. Morris Williams (*Nicander*), Ebenezer Thomas (*Eben Vardd*), the Rev. Thomas Pierce, the Rev. David James (*Dewi o Dyved*), A. J. Johnes (*Maelog*), the Rev. W. Ambrose, W. Jones (*Gwrgant*), Dr. Davies (*Cuhelyn*), John Jones (*Talhaiarn*), David Griffith (*Clwydvardd*), the Rev. Edward Hughes, Thomas Parry (*Llanerchydd*), Morris Jones (*Meurig Idris*), Andrew Brereton Jones (*Andreas o Fon*), Thomas P. Evans (*Mabon*), Morris Davies (*Meurig Ebrill*), Owen Owens (*Owain Lleyrn*), J. Richards (*Iocyn Ddu*), T. Watkins (*Eiddil Ivor*), Robert Hughes (*Robin Ddu o Fon*), Lewis Humphreys (*Llywelyn Idris*), David Hughes (*Eos Iâl*), the Rev. Joseph Hughes (*Carn Ingli*), Edward Davies (*Iolo Trefaldwyn*), the Rev. Richard Parry (*Gwalchmai*), &c., &c., &c.

The translations of the Old and New Testaments are the most important prose works of these ages. These were ordered by parliament as early as 1563, A. D.; but, eventually, were not brought out, either at the time, or in the manner appointed. William Salesbury, one "learned in British lore," assisted by Richard Davies, bishop of St. David's, and Thomas Huett, published the New Testament in 1567, A. D.; and twenty years elapsed ere the Old Testament appeared. This was rendered into Welsh by Dr. William Morgan, of Llan Rhaiadr, (afterwards bishop of Llandaff, and then of St. Asaph,) with the help of Dr. Powell, (editor of Lhuyd,) Dr. Gabriel Goodman, the bishops of Bangor and St. Asaph, Dr. Edmund Prys, Dr. Richard Vaughan; and was sent forth in 1588, A. D. Dr. Parry, bishop of St. Asaph after Morgan, finally revised the whole; and that version, first published in 1620, A. D., has been the standard translation in the Kymraeg.

The other works are more modern, and are principally theological and polemical essays, written for and appearing in periodical magazines. Several prize essays on questions of history and antiquities have been published under the auspices of the societies established for the investigation of those subjects; and the *Hanes Cymru*, "History of Wales," by the late Rev. Thomas Price of Crickhowel (*Carnhuanawc*), is a work of higher pretensions, and far greater value, than any other which the Principality can show of its own growth. It is a fact of great significance, that there was not a printing-press in the whole of Wales, till about the year 1735, A. D.; and of equal significance is the contrasted fact of the production of the splendid volumes of Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, at the Llandovery Press, of Mr. William Rees, in these last few

years. The revival of the *Eisteddvodau*, though it cannot give life to the bardic system, may promote a healthier and sounder spirit of research amongst the Welsh antiquaries, than they have commonly preserved,—and indeed, it has already done so;—and many works might be referred to as indicating the progress of a catholic and critical, though genial, method of inquiry into the alleged records and the undoubted memorials of the past, which even if it should prove unable to bring it back to us living and human, will surely prevent the mixture of fiction with fact, and the consequent misrepresentation and destruction of both, which have hitherto characterized all essays towards the history of Wales. The *Archæologia Cambrensis*, of “the Cambrian Archæological Association,” and the publications of “the Welsh MSS. Society,” claim specific and honourable mention, although we cannot particularly refer to the essays,* or collections, which bear in them most promise for future historians of the Kymry. A sign of still brighter hope we discover in the custom now (may we say?) *established*, of writing works of wide and perdurable interest, concerning Wales, in English; and of accompanying the editions of ancient records by *English translations*. Nothing has contributed so effectually to involve in impenetrable darkness the story of the affairs of Kymru, anterior to the conquest by Edward I.; or has so hopelessly condemned her choicest poetry to remain, to this hour, unknown to those who would most heartily have appreciated it, as the jealousy with which they have been held imprisoned in the *Kymraeg*,—a language, that to us of Saxondom, most unlike the walls of convent or seraglio, has afforded not the slightest hint of the worth and the beauty that were hidden behind it. Not to compete with the classic history and literature, with which all ages and lands have replenished our stores of intellectual wealth, do we desire to see the possessions of Wales rendered accessible to the English student; but because we know that every addition to such treasures enhances the value of those already accumulated; and also, because the owners of the unexamined hoards have been, these many generations, so intimately united with us, that until we have made them our own, we lie under the censure of that judgment of Cicero, which was selected as the motto to “the Cambro-Briton”—*Nulli quidem mihi satis eruditi videntur quibus nostra ignota sunt*; “I can esteem none as well informed, to whom matters pertaining to their own country remain unknown.”

* We must be permitted to break our self-imposed rule in favour of an essay by the Rev. W. Basil Jones, of Queen's College, Oxford, entitled “Vestiges of the Gael in Gwynedd;” which, had it appeared before the earlier part of this work was in print, would have been gratefully used for the elucidation of certain passages of history and legend, of which we regret to say we were able to give only the most unsatisfactory account.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NOTICES OF THE MINERAL, AGRICULTURAL, AND MANUFACTURING RESOURCES OF WALES;
AND OF SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE WELSH.

NEITHER the limits nor the scope of this work demand a very extended notice of the subjects of this chapter; but it would be unfit to omit them altogether. We have therefore collected, from various recent sources, some facts, which may serve as a counterpoise to the sketch of the physical geography and the geology of Wales, with which we set out. And we have added to them certain observations respecting the people, which may serve to bring the different parts of our history together, and to give it, as we terminate it, a oneness, which could by no other means be secured. In another aspect these subjects have a peculiar interest and appropriateness for the conclusion of this work. Containing an account of the principal material springs of the wealth of the Principality, and exhibiting the most striking elements of the Cambrian character, as it has been displayed in the events and in the records of history, from the earliest times to the present hour, it may be employed as a look-out, whence to scan the future, as it draws near; and to learn something of the forms, and the courses, in which the coming fortunes of Wales may be expected to run. And in this view also it is needful for the completeness of our story. These observations will serve as an introduction to the matters which we now place before our readers.

For a general account of the metals, minerals, and rocks, which are mined and quarried in Wales, we refer to the first chapter, in which they are spoken of at sufficient length. Here we regard them as giving exercise to the skill and the industry of man. From this point of view the iron mines and works are of the greatest consideration, and at the head of them stand those whose centre and capital is Merthyr Tydvil. The mines do not differ from those in other parts of Britain; but the furnaces (about one hundred and fifty of which are in operation) take rank amongst the foremost, for magnitude, and for the quantity of metal smelted at them. About 700,000 tons of iron (nearly a third of the entire produce of Great Britain) are furnished by South Wales annually, and most of it by Merthyr. In North Wales, but a small quantity, comparatively, is obtained in a year. The copper-smelting of Swansea and the Vale of Glamorgan is peculiar to that district. The abundance of coal, the ease with which it is procured, and its excellence for the purpose, have gradually drawn not only all the copper ore of Wales and Cornwall to Swansea, but all that is brought from every part of the United Kingdom, and from Cuba, Australia, and other foreign countries, also.

The quantity of ore yielded by Wales and Cornwall far exceeds that brought from all other places; and the average quantity of metal extracted yearly, falls but little short of 20,000 tons. Lead ranks next in importance. Flintshire and Cardiganshire are the chief seats of this branch of industry. The annual product of all the mines is about 15,000 tons. We do not reckon the silver, which is extracted from the ore of some lodes, which is very rich. The zinc ore has been spoken of before. At Cwm-eisian, in Merionethshire, there was lately a gold mine,* sufficiently productive to be worked. Of all these, the iron works are most steadily progressive; the statistics of Merthyr Tydvil indicating a growth as rapid and remarkable as that of many of the most famous emporiums of commerce, and seats of industry, in England.

Flintshire and Glamorganshire are the two principal coal-districts. It is also worked in Pembrokeshire, and in Anglesea. Glamorganshire is, however, the chief region for coal-mines. The account we gave of the upheaval, contortion, and fractures of the strata, and the notice we took of the different kinds, or qualities, of the coal found there, leave us little to remark; except that, owing to those violent changes in the position of the beds, many of the mines here are constructed and worked at so cheap a rate, comparatively, as to account both for the formation of the copper-trade of Swansea, and for the astonishing progress of the iron metropolis of South Wales. Beside the shafts and pits of the ordinary kind, tunnels are driven into the hill-sides, which penetrate in succession the iron-stone, the lime-stone flux, and the coal; and safety, as well as economy, characterize the working of these extensive and productive mines. Nearly 6,000,000 tons of coal are raised annually in this single field.

The aspects of the principal localities of mining operations in Wales resemble those in England;—there are the same forests of chimneys, and the same twinned towers for smelting the ore; the same everlasting mantle of smoke by day, and infernal glare of countless flames at night;—there are the dreary heaps of slag and ashes, and the surface of the earth is cracked, and sinking, and even on fire, in consequence of the workings below; and you hear the unceasing clank of the engines at the pits' mouths, and the roaring and groaning of the blast-furnaces;—all these and similar sights and sounds characterize the coal, iron, and lead districts of the Principality. Around Swansea, beyond the immediate reach of the soot, and out of sight of the copper-works, the pestilent vapours driven off during the reduction of the ore, have smitten the earth, and vegetation seems blasted:—a spectacle more provocative of reflection, than the occasional sight, in the iron-districts, of what once was a fair and smiling farmstead, but now is a blackened, half-fallen hovel, with perhaps the bare, dead ribs of the old vine clinging to it still; and a croft beside it, on which the cinder heaps are continually encroaching, in which yet stands, but blooms no longer, an aged white-thorn; planted in the days, when living forests furnished fuel for the hospitable hearths of Britain, and Milan, Ferrara, or Toledo, and the dwarfs of Scandinavia, wrought the iron and the steel with which her sons hewed out their blood-stained paths of victory. Although

* At Gogovan, or Ogovan, near Pumpsant, Caermarthenshire, are manifest traces of a Roman mine; which in the opinion of the officers of the Geological Survey was worked for gold.

war has not ceased, peaceful conquests characterize these times, in which utility tramples down and devastates our smiling fields and valleys; and from such causes spring the promises of richer harvests. The adjacency of the peculiar scenery of Wales,—the mountains and the ruins of castles or abbeys, gives to many of these fuliginous scenes of Cyclopean labour, an interest which attaches to nothing of the kind in other parts of Britain.

The only quarries that deserve particular mention here, are the prodigious excavations in the sides of Snowdon, whence are procured the most valuable kinds of slate. The Penrhyn quarries greatly surpass in extent those at Llanberis, and form one of the most splendid theatres conceivable. The solid rock, for about a mile in depth towards the heart of the mountain, has been cut away into a series of giant stairs, (the levels are ten in number,) and the chasm is being made deeper continually. Till lately, a huge pillar of untouched rock remained to indicate the original height of the surface. But the sides of the prodigious opening indicated that with clearness enough; and the worth of the slate in the column was reckoned in thousands of pounds; so the needless and too costly memorial was removed. The spectacle presented by this quarry is one of most bewildering interest. The stupendous magnitude of the work; the swarms of workmen (upwards of two thousand) busily engaged on every side; the medley of confused sounds,—the clink of hammers, the rattle of heavily laden trains, along tram-roads and rail-roads, from one part of the quarry to another, or off towards the port for embarkation of the material; the uncouth human voices; the explosions which occur sometimes in a rapid succession of shots, and anon in what might be mistaken for a simultaneous discharge of field-pieces; the orderly bustle;—the possibility of danger, in spite of the numberless shelters provided; the persuasion that grows upon one that it is *gold*, not slate, that really is dug there, and in such masses too,—all join in making it a scene of excitement and marvel, unequalled. After this sight, the smaller quarries, and those of limestone, marble, mill-stone, and other valuable rocks, which are wrought in Wales, cannot be thought of,—except economically; and in that light they have been noticed before.

Agriculture affords occupation and subsistence to about half the families in Wales. Of the nearly 5,000,000 of acres which the country contains, rather less than half is pasture and meadow-land; much less than a quarter is cultivated, either as fields or gardens; about an eighth is waste, but might be improved; and the whole area of unimprovable land in this region of mountains is not a quarter of the whole. From this statement, a tolerably correct general estimate of the agricultural condition of the Principality may be formed: a more particular account we will give on the authority of the Prize Essays of Rowlandson and Trimmer, in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, and of other recent works.

Notwithstanding the great portion of the population depending on agriculture for the means of life, it is far from being in a flourishing condition. Want of capital is perceptible at every turn,—the farms are generally small; the rents are higher, in proportion, than in England; some half of the occupiers cultivate their land themselves,

and live very hard, employing no labourers at all; in ploughing, and at shearing and harvest time, they interchange the help of horses and hands; there are very many small land-holders; and not only is the husbandry, generally, of the rudest description, but drainage, artificial manures, and the implements of modern geponic art, are almost wholly unknown. The large area of the pasture land, compared with that under the plough, as well as the character of the farming, makes Wales unable to supply its inhabitants with corn, which is imported into every county. North Wales is, even more than the southern division, essentially a pastoral district; many of the farmers there do not grow a handful of any kind of grain, nor cultivate so much as a potato patch. Much of the meadow-land in North Wales is of a very inferior quality. The pasture lands are often held in common by the occupiers of the adjacent farms. The cattle and sheep are usually driven from the hills in the winter time, but the homesteading is, for the most part, very insufficient, in every respect. In some parts the rents are entirely paid by sheep, or black cattle; which, with pigs, are the stock most generally kept here. The mutton produced is considered better than the wool; but "Welsh flannel" enjoys a great reputation, and indicates a note-worthy fact in relation to the comparative progress of the Cambro-Britons, and of the English, who now make almost all the flannel manufactured, from wool of their own growth, or imported from the continent, or Australia, but continue to designate it by the name of the country which used to be famous for the best fabrics of the kind. Many similar instances might be referred to. Cheese and butter are made in considerable quantities; some is shipped for London, and other parts; and some is sent to the border and midland towns of England, and sold there. The cattle and ponies bred for sale, are usually driven to the border fairs; but some find their way to Smithfield. Notwithstanding the numbers of cattle, &c., grazed, the manure is scarcely taken any account of.

In many places, the thinner and poorer soils on the sides of hills, are preferred to the deeper and richer soils of lower situations, because of the natural drainage of the former. The neglect of draining is one cause for the backward state of agriculture. "If God had intended the land to be dry," some of the farmers have said,—when asked why they did not drain their fields, or get their landlords to do it,—“it would have been so by nature.” One man, seeing the agent engaged in draining a large tract of fine, but wet, alluvial land, exclaimed, “Upon my word, he will spoil all our farms;—we shall have no rushes to thatch with!” A kind of six-course rotation of crops prevails in some parts;—wheat, barley, potatoes or turnips, then barley with clover, lying for two years, or wheat and beans;—or, as it is carried out by others, wheat or oats, potatoes or turnips, wheat or oats, and then laid down with grass seeds, and a grass crop taken for two years. Another rotation a correspondent of Mr. Rowlandson gives thus: first, oats, after one ploughing, and no more; next, potatoes and weeds, for weeding was considered waste of time; then, wheat, and immediately afterwards, barley; being seldom laid down with grass or clovers. And we are indebted to the same sarcastic observer for the following variations;—oats, potatoes, and barley, with grass and clover; or oats, potatoes, barley, oats, “and then left to chance.” After land

has lain in grass for two or three years, it is broken up for a grain crop : and many grow potatoes for two or three years together, and then try wheat, or barley ; or they would substitute oats for the potatoes, and manure for the second crop.

In Anglesey, the practice of agriculture is far in advance of that of Wales in general. Artificial manures have been brought into use there ; and there the best herds of black cattle are found. This example, and the influence of the Agricultural Society, is beginning to tell upon the Welsh farmers. The growth of flax has been recently introduced, with great prospects of success ; and many other indications of a transition to a better state have been noticed, and by the judicious employment of manures, and alternations of the crops, full use will in time be made of whatever capabilities the soil of Wales possesses. One sign of improvement of a very marked character, is the enclosure of wastes, which is proceeding at a rapid rate now ; whilst in the uplands there are being planted long and dense belts of larch and fir, for the protection and shelter of the recovered lands.

Of the chief manufactures of Wales, we have spoken under the head of mines and quarries ; for by far the greatest amount of industry is devoted to the various departments of the iron, copper, and lead works ; to the production of the numerous and varied articles, for use and ornament, at the slate quarries of Snowdon ; and to the construction of mill-stones, &c. The dairy produce of the farms must be reckoned as another branch of manufactures. Of the same kind with those usually so designated, we find flannels, coarse woollen cloths, stockings, and gloves. The former, as we have observed, were formerly the staple production of the Welsh looms, but of late years they have considerably declined. The working people in South Wales are for the most part clothed in the frieze which is woven there. The other goods are of a strong kind, and fit for rough wear ; and are scarcely known beyond the districts in which they are made. Beside these various occupations, the shipping, and timber and building yards, at the ports deserve to be mentioned ; and the fisheries, which, in several of the rivers, and in Cardigan bay, are of considerable value, although they now can scarcely be said to add to the wealth of the country.

From these things we turn to the people. One very singular fact has been noted by ethnographers ;—the population of South Wales (quite in opposition to the conclusion we should have formed, from its earlier conquest, and consequently, greater chance of alien mixtures) is generally more purely Cambrian than that of North Wales ; the red hair and blue eyes in the latter district indicating, it is said, the infusion of a Belgic element. To this has been ascribed the more obstinate resistance offered there to the English arms ; with other peculiarities of their history, customs, &c. Iolo Morganwg, and his supposed predecessors in the “ chair of Glamorgan,” would, by this, seem to have good ground for their boast over the bards of Gwynedd and the Pereddwlad. We, however, find this statement hard to believe ; and should incline to attribute the non-Kymric features to the remnants of the Gaelic population ; which history, tradition, and other concurrent testimonies (according to the ingenious and satisfactory argument of the Rev. W. Basil Jones, in a recently published essay to that effect) tell us possessed North Wales, until the Kymry, driven thither by the Saxon

invaders, dispossessed or enthralled them, at the commencement of the (British) historic period, as we have noticed in a former chapter of our work. It is unnecessary to observe, that the upper classes have almost entirely lost the Cambrian characteristics; and are generally undistinguishable from persons of the same social rank, belonging to other parts of Great Britain. On the other hand, in some places of South-western Wales, the descendants of the colonies of Flemings remain, almost as distinct in language, manners, dress, and appearance, as their ancestors were, when originally planted amongst the impetuous and untamed people of Dyved and Gower.

The popular customs, and relics of ancient religious or superstitious observances, (which (we may, in passing, say) do not confirm the stories told us of the bardic institutions,) are not more singular than those of other provinces of Britain, equally remote from the metropolis, and from the great centres and high-roads of trade. Nor does the spirit of nationality appear to have seized upon them so vehemently, for the purpose of expressing itself, as it has upon the language; which is in every rustic district, and in many others, the symbol of the unconquerable hope of Kymru.

We have, in many passages of our history, spoken of the obstinacy with which the Welsh cling to that last broad distinction between the British and the Saxon races. Nothing, perhaps, more eminently marks a Welshman of patriotic feeling at the present day, than his determination to maintain the use of the Kymraeg in Wales; and to overlook, not only the manifold disadvantages which that resolution subjects the labouring classes to, and the numberless advantages and blessings which the adoption of the English tongue would bring to them,—but (what is most wonderful) the *certainty*, also, of the eventual disuse of that language. The disappearance of the Norman-French, which, though the dialect of the nobility, was that of a small minority of the population, is an example which may be appealed to as proof of this. Had the Welsh possessed any thing beside their language to distinguish them *gratifyingly* from their conquerors, they would not have been able to keep it to the present time. The inconvenience and injury of its retention are not felt by those who now are keeping alive the desire to retain it, as the speech for the people. Circumstances have made it, for most of them, but *one* tongue out of many, which they can employ; and it is not even their common, or general, conversational medium. For the labouring classes to be shut up to the use of a language, which, however ancient and copious, however harmonious and exact, is *not* the repository nor the vehicle of the thoughts and the emotions, which are the intellectual life and wealth of the classes above them, and of their nearest neighbours and fellows in society,—and which *cannot be made so*, is, in effect, for them, and their children after them, to be condemned to their state of social degradation, and their mental darkness and narrowness, for ever. We neither wish, nor fear, the extinction of the Kymraeg; it has literary treasures hidden in it sufficient to keep any tongue from being forgotten. But we do desire, and earnestly hope, to see it speedily supplanted—*the dead language* that it literally is—by living English; that Wales may receive into her very heart, such good as her subjugation by England was intended to convey to her, and which she has not yet had, nor can have, until all the riches of poetry and

philosophy, science and history, religion and learning, heaped up in the Saxon speech, and both inaccessible and unimaginable to her at present, are made as free to her as are the scanty, and strange, and unennobling means of mental culture, now at her command.

“By cause that the people of the same dominion [of Wales],” says the famous statute of Henry VIII. quoted in a late chapter, “have and do daily use a speech, nothing like ne consonant to *the natural mother-tongue* used within this realm; some rude and ignorant people have made distinction and diversity between the king’s subjects of this realm, and his subjects of the said dominion and Principality of Wales, whereby great discord, variance, debate, division, murmur, and sedition, hath grown between his said subjects.” Most truly so;—albeit that the *Welsh* tongue was and is “the natural mother-tongue” of the Welsh people. “‘*Dim Saisenaeg! Dim Saisenaeg!*’ said the astonished Thomas Carlyle,” we are told, on one occasion of his visiting the Vale of Glamorgan, “‘*Dim Saisenaeg!* [No English] from every dyke-side and house corner! I think the first thing the poor bodies have to do, *is to learn English.*’”

It is almost needless to speak of the “under-world,” as it has been well designated, in which the common people of Wales have lived, and still live, in consequence of their inability to acquire English thoughts by reading or conversation. “Cut off,” says a recent acute observer, “from, or limited to, a purely material agency in the practical world, [the Welsh workman’s] faculties, so far as they are not engrossed by the hardships of rustic, or the intemperance of manufacturing life, have hitherto been exerted almost exclusively upon theological ideas. In this direction too, * * * he has moved under the same isolating destiny, and his worship, like his life, has grown different from that of the classes over him. Nor has he failed of tangible results in his chosen province of independent exertion. He has raised the buildings and maintains the ministry of his worship, over the whole face of his country, to an extent adequate to his accommodation.” And again, “Most singular is the character which has been developed by this theological bent of minds, isolated from nearly all sources, direct or indirect, of secular information. Poetical and enthusiastic warmth of religious feeling, careful attendance upon religious services, zealous interest in religious knowledge, the comparative absence of crime, are found side by side with the most unreasoning prejudices or impulses, an utter want of method in thinking and acting, and (what is far worse) with a wide-spread disregard of temperance, wherever there are the means of excess, of chastity, of veracity, and of fair-dealing.”

Severe as this sentence is, and acrimoniously as it has been controverted, its substantial correctness might be demonstrated by the admissions of those who have written to disprove it; and more convincingly, from the condition of similar classes in England, which exhibit moral (or rather immoral) phenomena of exactly the same kind,—with this difference always evident, that they have some living relation to the world of English notions and ideas, whilst the Welsh are absolutely excluded even from the knowledge of its existence. After those quotations it will be unnecessary to speak of education in Wales, and the other topics, which range under the general head of social state: nor will it be needful to discuss the growth of Dissent in the Principality, or the advisableness of

making acquaintance with Kymraeg an indispensable qualification for the possession of sees and benefices, and even of curacies and schools, in Wales. The one task, imperative for all, to whom capability or opportunity is given, is, by means of Welsh, where English is utterly unknown, to teach the latter tongue, so that it, by the next or following generation, may become "the natural mother-tongue" of the Kymry; and by that means to open to them the possibility of such a future, as their most inspired and patriotic bards never dreamed of, as awaiting the down-trodden children of the primeval lords of Britain.

Our remarks have borne chiefly, or alone, upon the manners of the lower orders in Wales; and we have been careful to indicate the limits of their applicability. There are other idiosyncrasies of the Kymric mind, which are not confined to the labouring classes, nor do they display themselves in common life so broadly as the traits of character which have produced the social ways we have spoken of. To these we will call our readers' attention, because of their intrinsic importance, in respect of this inquiry; and also because they are brought to light and exhibited most palpably, by the documents and monuments which are now preserved, as the genuine and trustworthy sources of the history of Wales. We present them in the special form under which they have occurred to us, partly to avoid even the appearance of invidiousness, and in part for the sake of making our closing observations pertinent to our general subject. It will not be necessary to refer to the preceding pages, in which illustrations of these characteristics have occurred; nor yet particularly to point out the influence which they have exerted in moulding the story of the Kymry into the shape which it wears, both in the popular notions, and in the numerous summaries given by Welsh writers upon all conceivable topics, involving the least allusion to the history of their country.

The effect of the zealous construction and preservation of personal and family pedigrees, deserves notice in the foremost place. *Pride* of ancestry is the only feeling which perpetuates the study of heraldry; mere desire to know who one's progenitors were is not sufficient. In almost every instance, after a few generations, doubt settles upon the most vital parts of the genealogical tree; and unless authentic history afford clear confirmations, very soon the connexion of one name with another is broken, and the whole series is dissolved. Conjectures and fictions then take the place of recorded facts; and supply the links which have been lost, or which never existed. One *law* of human-kind is of itself enough to prove, that however carefully cultivated, (and indeed, so much the more, the more industriously it is cultivated,) the heraldic faculty is essentially uncritical and credulous;—and that is, the continual falling off and extinction of effete families, and the rise of entirely new ones,—upon which, in great things and in small, the progression of the race depends. The pedigrees of the decayed and the departed are useless, for there are none to glory in them, the men who have taken their places have no pedigrees; and so upon the old trunks, the new branches, with their thick foliage and flowers and fruits, are grafted; and every trace of the recent junction is in time effaced by the corrugations and the mosses of age. Age itself, without any other influence, will often effect in heraldry as much as study can in changing the meaning

and the value of facts. How many of the barons of England carry themselves as proudly as if they, at least, "came in with the Conqueror," when, in fact, they came in (so to speak) with "the merry monarch," some poor two hundred years ago, and by a very left-handed route into the bargain. "Uncritical and credulous," we said,—the words are exactly descriptive of the spirit, which guided the choice and the keeping of the materials for the history of Wales.

But the Welsh are not only heralds, they are poets also. Whatever they have seen they have completed *in imagination*, according to their ideal of perfection; and then have transferred (in their minds) to the actual thing, the qualities, &c., of the ideal representation. The Triads display this most remarkably. We know that, in point of fact, all things in heaven and earth, and in the thought of man, do not arrange themselves in threes; nay, the Triads witness to it, in spite of themselves; and yet, so obstinate has the habit of seeing triplicity every where become, that the merest verisimilitude has frequently been compelled to give way, that it might be indulged. In the laws, this habitude of ascribing an imagined completeness to what does not in reality possess it, shows itself in other ways; and from the finish which they have received from successive labourers, with this poetical file, it has been inferred that the spirit of law reigned peculiarly in Kymru, and that social rights were customably honoured there as amongst no other people. We need not apply this observation to the history in general, its bearing upon it will be recognised at once.

This power of imagination has displayed itself in another and a more perplexing way still. The known function of the poet is to give, by becoming words, utterance (that is, outward being) to emotions and thoughts which he has conceived within; for the purpose of moving pleurably, or exciting sympathetically, the minds and hearts of his auditors. Facts are to him but the raw material, from which, in fancy's loom, he weaves the glorious garments with which he clothes the fantastic actors in his airy pomps. They are transubstantiated by his marvellous power, and are common-place facts no longer. Yet is not deceit intended thereby; nor may any one who is deluded blame the poet, but his own dulness rather. On the other hand,—and into this error the Welsh have fallen,—a too fervid imagination, or poetical temperament unbalanced by the perception of the worth of facts, mistakes the poet's glittering pageant for sober reality, and knows no world of trivial every-day truthfulness, even as your Bœotian knows not that higher world of truth, from which poets bring their fire. For the Welsh, all the splendid exaggerations of their bards have been matter-of-fact; and history, in consequence, has partaken of the vagueness and mutability of dream-land.

One other characteristic we have repeatedly mentioned, but not in connexion with our present theme,—the intense nationality of the Welsh. We have seen it appropriating both persons and events from the histories of its neighbours, and claiming for itself the origination of their most peculiar movements. Lhuyd's compilation from the so-called Caradog of Llangarvan, Matthew of Westminster, Nicholas Trivet, Thomas Walsingham, and others of the English chroniclers, it always refers to by the designation of "*Welsh Chronicle*." It makes historic impartiality impossible: what does not

add to nor enhance the supposed glory of Kymru, it at once pronounces to be false, and rejects without examination; it accepts as self-evidently true, whatever seems to extol the praises of Cambria. But its most wonderful effect is that of bringing what happened long ago into such close and vital communication with the present, as to feed the passions of the passing hour, with the recital of stories of wrongs, real and imagined, the actual perpetrators and sufferers of which have, centuries before, mouldered in their tombs. Thus, a well-informed Welshman was heard, not twelve months since, execrating the deceitfulness of Edward, who, at Rhuddlan, tricked the chieftains of Gwynedd into accepting his infant son as their prince; and rejoicing in the tardy recompence, brought by the victory of Owen Tudor's grandson, at Bosworth field. There are passages in the history of every people, involving questions of living political, moral, or religious interest; and we are accustomed to the warmth which always accompanies the narration of them, by writers of every nation, holding any definite opinions respecting them. But all Welsh history resolves itself, for the Welsh, into the one question of—Saxon or Kymro?—and is discussed with the same hardly suppressed fire, that blazed out into insurrection, again and again, in the 14th and 15th centuries.

It must not be supposed, that because we have most insisted upon the unfavourable influences of these characteristics of the Kymry, in the past and at the present time, we therefore conclude that only unfavourable influences can flow from them in the time to come. It would, indeed, be contrary to the analogies supplied by universal history, to expect that the Welsh people, such as the settled Kymric inhabitants of the Principality now are, should of themselves, even could they, by familiarity with the English tongue, obtain a share in the intellectual inheritance of their neighbours, rise from their degradation, and achieve such a renown as could rank with, or surpass, the triumphs of these ages. Yet are they not, therefore, to be regarded as having no hopes concerning that future, which shines so brightly, through clouds and storms, for the other nations of Europe. Seeing how clearly defined a character they have wrought for themselves, by the help of such circumstances and means as we have described; and how, in the only field left open to them—that of independent ecclesiastical effort,—they have so heartily laboured as to have “raised the buildings and maintained the ministry of their worship, over the whole face of the country, to an extent adequate to their accommodation,”—as is testified by one, who could take no comfort from that fact;—we cannot refuse to behold, in their warm and ardent poetry, in their habit of bringing into connexion with things that are, thoughts of the glories and the reverses of the days that are gone, in their boast of distinguished ancestry, and especially in that entire absence of sophistication, which their virtues and their vices alike demonstrate, the promise of triumphs and praise for them, beyond all that their ancient bards attributed to their greatest heroes, of the old times before them. But this promise requires that, instead of living in the past, they should reach forward to and live for the future; which their history also would teach them to do. And, no longer striving vainly against their appointed lot, they must admit that what God's high providence has done, points out for them a path of action, sure of leading to great and desirable

ends. The instinct of race is, after all, one of the lowest that can be suffered to dwell in human breasts; and when it induces men to quarrel with their manifest destiny, and to attempt to traverse the general course of events, no feeling that can be indulged is more pernicious. The overthrow of the last remains of national independence in the 13th century, and the gradual spread of the English language, and of English manners, in spite of the most embittered hostility, from that time, have intimated what may happen;—whilst the continually increasing mixture of the English with the Welsh in the fields of their most productive industry; and the yet more amazing example afforded of members of Kymric families, who, by long sojourn in England, and intermarriage with the Saxons, have nothing left, save their names, to distinguish them from those of the Teutonic race, with which they have become so inextricably intertwined, unless it be, a dash of more generous and open-handed hospitality, of more courageous daring, and of that nobler spirit of self-sacrifice, whence whatever is to be best in the world in the ages to come must assuredly arise,—whilst these “glaring instances” plainly tell what shall be, and declare the way by which it shall be brought about.

And thus, at length, with the expression of hopes far fairer than those which were built upon the predicted return of Cadwaladr and Arthur, and with suggestions for their realization, involving no new humiliation for the people whom they most intimately concern, we take courteous leave of our readers, and of the History of Wales.

THE END.

INDEX.

- AARON and Julius, martyrs, 81.
 Abberley hills, height of, &c., 2, 4, 8, 14.
 Abeinion castle, 286, 347.
 Aber, Caernarvonshire, 374.
 Aberavon castle, 270.
 Aberconway abbey, 393, 455, 476, 505, 506, 558, 560.
 (v. Conway.)
 Abercorran castle, 335.
 Aberfraw, residence of princes of Gwynedd, 166, 197.
 (v. Gwynedd.)
 Abergavenny, Abergewni, castle and town, 289, 380, 422.
 Abergelen, 163, 165.
 Aberhodni, Aberhonddu, castle and town, 307, 342, 360, 375. (v. Brecknock.)
 Aberllienawg castle, 236.
 Aberrheidol castle, 280.
 Abertawy, 336, 340, 358, 425. (v. Swansea.)
 Aberteivy, battle at, 268. (v. Cardigan.)
 ——— castle, 263, 266, 285, 341, 343, 344, 357, 361, 364, 368, 452.
 ———, Llywelyn's court held at, 358.
 ———, Festival of the Lord Rhys at, 292.
 Aberystwith castle and town, 257, 263, 267, 341, 347, 348, 351, 366, 573, 574.
 Aborigines of Britain, 21, 22.
 Adam, Bp. St. Asaph, 301, 302.
 Adlung's "*Mithridates*" referred to, 26.
 Adrian IV., Pope, 295, *note*.
 Aeddan ab Blegwryd, 204, 205.
 ———, the "arrant traitor," 102, 103.
 Aedd Mawr, a legendary person, 34.
 Aelfgar, Earl, 209, 210.
 Aella founds Sussex, the first *Bretwalda*, 89.
 Aercol Law Hir, prince of Dyved, 148.
 Aëtius, implored to aid the Britons, 72, 88, 89.
 Agricola, Julius, commands in Britain, 62, 64, 65.
 Agriculture, legend of its introduction amongst the Kymry, 57.
 ——— of the Welsh, 319, 583—585.
 Alain, Alan, prince of Bretagne, shelters Cadwaladr, 126, 127, 435.
 ——— Fergaunt accompanies William the Conqueror, 434, 439.
 Alanus ab Insulis, commentator upon Merlin's prophecies, 440.
 Alawn, a legendary person, 540.
 Alban, St. of Verulam, martyrdom of, 81, 82.
 Albanact, legend of, 44.
 Albinus, Clodius, Tyrant in Britain, 66.
 Albion, legend of, 37.
 Albyne, Dame, and sisters, legend of, 38.
 Alcluyd, legendary and historical references to, 109, 133, 165.
 Alexander of Scotland serves against Wales, 256, 257.
 ——— III., Pope, 282, 303.
 Alfred. (v. Aluryt.)
 Alfred the Great, his relations to Wales, 165—168.
 ———, his obligations to the laws of Wales examined, 175—177, 541.
 Allectus seizes the government of Britain, 68, 69.
 Alphabet, Bardic, 546, 547, 549.
 Aluryt, a Saxon invader of Wales, 198, 201, 202.
 Alwen, the river, 7.
Amadis de Gaula, poem, 106.
 America, alleged discovery of, by Prince Madog examined, 326—334.
 Ammianus Marcellinus referred to, 525.
 Amphibalus, St., 95. (v. Alban, St.)
 Anarawd ab Gruffydd ab Rhys, 266, 267.
 ——— ab Rhodri Mawr, 166—169, 324.
 ——— ab Rhys, 337.
 Anchorite of the Wye, the story of the, 303.
 Aneurin quoted or referred to, 100, 102, 118, 120, 133, 153, 525.
 ———, account of him and his works, 154, 155.
 Angles, under Ida, settle in Britain, 100.
 ———, under Uffa, settle in Britain, 103.
 Anglesey, (*Mona*), physical account of, 2, 4, 7, 9, 11, 12, 18, 19, 582.
 ———, agriculture of, 585.
 ———, a celebrated seat of Druidic learning, 54.
 ———, attacked by the Romans, 63, 64.
 ———, taken from the Gael by the sons of Cynedda, 73, 136.
 ———, colonized by the Saxons, and so named by them, 139, 162.
 ———, ravaged by the Danes and Irish, 164, 165, 168, 169, 197, 198, 203, 206, 235.
 ———, reduced by Gruffydd ab Cynan, 225, 232.
 ———, insurrection in, 246.
 ———, Welsh make a stand against the Normans in, 248, 249.
 ———, Henry II. descends on, 272.
 ———, subsequent events in, 291, 292, 336, 338, 339, 395.
 ———, ceded to Llywelyn, 469, 482, 483.
 ———, reduced by the English, 481, 496, 500, 501, 560.
 ———, constituted a county, 522.
Anglia Transvalliana, Pembrokeshire so called, 255.
 Anglo-Saxon Chronicle quoted and referred to, 76, 89, 90, 97, 100, 101, 120, 129, 130, 138, 152, 153, 160, 162, 167, 169, 170, 202, 204, 207, 208, 213, 246, 247, 256, 259, 309, 319.
 Anianus preaches a crusade in Wales, 385.
 Animals, laws respecting, 192, 193.
Annales Cambriae quoted and referred to, 107, 128, 136, 137, 139, 140, 144, 146, 152, 153, 160, 162—164, 167—169, 172, 198, 201, 204, 213.
 ———, ancient MS. (*Menevenses*), 228, 229, 232, 236, 237, 239, 246, 247, 249, 251, 252, 254, 256—261, 264—267, 270—272, 275, 276, 278, 285—287, 299, 336, 337, 339, 340, 347, 350, 351, 356, 364, 366—

- 368, 372, 374, 380, 385, 387, 391—393, *note*, 396, 415, 416, 427, 441, 455, 458, 459, 480, 488, 494, 502, *note*, 558.
- Annales Cambriae*, recent MS., 335—338, 342, 344, 347, 348, 351, 354—356, 364, 366—368, 373—375, 378, 380, 385—387, 390, 415, 416, 418—421, 423, 426, 451, 452, 454, 455, 475, *note*, 480, 502, *note*.
- , remarks upon their origin, &c., 216, 225, 309, 310, 357, 358, 420, *note*, 558, *note*.
- Annales Cestrenses*, 461, *note*.
- *Landavenses*, MS., 376, 377, 391, *note*, 465, 470, 471, 475, *note*, 484, 488.
- *Margamenses*, 307, 310, 346, 347, 350, 351, 354, 370, 373—375, 377, 445, 446.
- *Monecenses*. (v. *Annales Cambriae*.)
- *Waverlienses*, 244, 354, 360, 366, 374, 465.
- Arawn ab Cynvarch, legendary notices of, 110, 112, 115.
- Arberth, or Narberth, castle, 364.
- Archæologia Cambrensis*, quoted or referred to, 471, *note*, 580.
- Archbishoprics of Britain, 77, 78, 122, 145. (v. St. David's.)
- Arderydd, battle of, 102.
- Arduwy, 366.
- Aregwedd Voeddawg, legend of, 63.
- Arenigs, the, height of, 3.
- Aren Mawddy, height of, 3.
- Argoed, principality of North Britain, 115.
- Argoed Llwyvain, battle of, 100, 101.
- Arianism in Britain, 83.
- Ar Llechwedd, 354.
- Armes Prydain Fawr*, referred to, 437, 438.
- Armorica. (v. Bretagne.)
- Arms and armour of the Welsh, 317, 402.
- Arson, laws concerning, 188.
- Artegall and Elidure, legend of, 47, 48.
- Arthur, Prince, history and legend of, 95, 97—100, 104—119, 121, 132, 133, 137, 145, 146, 403, 404, 408, 432, 439, 543, *note*, 548.
- , expected to return and restore the dominion of the Kymry, 99, 104, 105, 114, 116, 117, 241, 278, 279, 281, 292, 295, 433, 443, 444, 569, 591.
- , "invention" of his sepulchre, 100, 275, 292, 293, 339, 443—447.
- , his crown amongst the spoils taken from Llywelyn, 503, *note*.
- , places, &c., named after, 116.
- Arts of the ancient Britons, 51, 52.
- Arviragus, or Gweyrydd, legend of, 61.
- , name used generally by Juvenal, 65.
- Arvon, 292, 354. (v. Caernarvonshire.)
- , privileges of the men of, 136, 178, 519, *note*.
- Arwystli, a district so called, notices of, 279, 288, 293, 341, 427, 452, 489.
- Hen, legendary preacher of Christianity in Britain, 76.
- Asav, St., mentioned, 149.
- Asclepiodotus, history and legend of, 68, 69.
- Asser, and his writings, 225—227, 541.
- , his "Life of Alfred" quoted or referred to, 145, 160, 165—167, 216, 217.
- Athelstane, history and legend of, 127, 135, 161, 165, *note*, 170.
- Audeley, or Aldithel, Henry de, 364, 394.
- , James de, 429, 451, 454, 456, 457, 465.
- Augustine, St., legend and history of, 122, 123, 151, 152.
- Aulus Plautius commands in Britain, 61.
- Aurelius Ambrosius, or Emrys Wledig, history and legend of, 72, 73, 85—95.
- Conan, 137.
- Avallon, Isle of, mentioned, 79, 114, 116, 292, 293.
- Avarwy ab Lludd, legend of, 59—61.
- Avranches, Robert d'. (v. Rhuddlan, Robert de.)
- Badon, Mount, battle of, historical and legendary account of, 98, 107, 109.
- Bala castle, 346.
- Baldwin, Abp. Canterbury, preaches crusade in Wales, 294, 297, 307, 308, 401, 402.
- Baldwyn castle. (v. Montgomery.)
- Bamborough castle, built by Ida, 100.
- Bampton, men of Wessex defeat the Welsh at, 138.
- Bangor, and abbey, 307, 473, 474, 485, 557, 569.
- , Bp. of, intercedes for Gruffydd with Davydd, and with Henry, 388, 391.
- , sent to treat with Henry, 452, 453, 455.
- , Dean and Chapter's letter to Abp. Canterbury, 478, 479.
- , Iscoed, and the massacre of the monks of, history and legend of, 78, 123, 124, 137, 151.
- , Illyd, or Llantwit Major, 83.
- Bards and Bardism, 54, 120, 227, 259, 409, 410, 412, 449, 507, *note*, 519, *note*, 522—555.
- , laws concerning those in attendance on the court, 184, 526—529.
- , rivalry with clergy, 26, 537, 538, 546, *note*.
- , their works wrongly regarded as records of fact, 449, 486, 546 and *note*, 575, *note*, 589.
- of the 14th and subsequent centuries to the present day, 578, 579.
- Bardsey, island, 4, 144, 161.
- Barons of England make alliance with Welsh chiefs against John, 356.
- submit without making terms for their Welsh allies, 361.
- Barons' War, the Welsh take part in the, 450, 459—463.
- Barry Holmes and island, 5.
- Basingwerke abbey, 329, 485.
- , Book of, quoted, 123.
- , castle, 285.
- Basset, Sir Richard, holds bardic congress at Bewpyr, 540, 544.
- Bassett, Philip, 456—458.
- Bath, the Red Book of, quoted, 447.
- Bauzan, Stephen, 425, 426.
- Beauchamp, William, 469, 473, 480.
- Beaumaris castle built, 560.
- Becket, Thomas à, 275, 280, 282, 283, 285, 286, 297, 303.
- Bede, quoted or referred to, 76, 77, 81, 82, 84, 87, 88, 128, 129, 137, 139, 140, 151—153, 166, 216.
- Bedwyr, or Bedwini, legends and traditions of, 99, 111—113, 115, 117, 146.
- Beirdd Beli*, Y, 548.
- Belesme, Robert de, 244, 250.
- Beli and Bran, or Belinus and Brennus, legend of, 46, 47.
- ab Rhun, 131.
- Belyn ab Cynvelyn opposes Rome, 62, 63.
- Benlli Gawr, legend of, 87, 88.
- Bere castle, 505.
- Bernard, Bp. St. David's, 297.
- Bernicia, or Bryneich, kingdom of, 100, 103.
- Berwyns, the height of the, 3.
- , Henry at the, 282, 283.
- Beuno, St., 149.
- Bigod, Earl, 473.
- Bishop and his Clerks, the rocks so called, 5.
- Bishoprics of Britain, or Wales, 77, 122.
- Bishops of Wales, character of, 303, 304.
- , influence of England over, 218, 296, 297.
- , England, Llywelyn's letter to them, and their reply, 476, 479.

- Bishops, Norman, expelled from Wales, 262, *note*, 282, *note*, 296.
- Bishopstreu manor, tenure of, 245.
- Black Hill, height of, 3.
- Pagans, the. (*v.* Danes.)
- Bladud, or Blaiddydd, legend of, 45.
- Blaenlleuni, 380.
- Blakeway and Owen's "History of Shropshire," quoted, 356, *note*.
- Bleddyn ab Cynvyn and Rhiwallon, princes of Gwynedd, 213, 229—232, 324.
- , legend of, in connexion with Bardism, 541—543.
- , makes alterations in the laws, 174, 178—180, 229, 230, 518.
- ab Owain of Pokington, 356, *note*, 363.
- Vardd, 509—511.
- Bledri, Bp. Llandaff, 219, 220.
- Bledrig, the sons of, give up N. Wales to Rhodri Maelwynawg, 140, 141.
- Blegwryd, archdeacon of Llandaff, and jurist, 173, 196, *note*.
- Bleiddan. (*v.* Lupus.)
- Blois, Peter of, quoted, 443.
- Bluchbard, 153.
- Boadicea, revolt and overthrow of, 56, 63, 64.
- Bohun, Humphrey de, 422, 454, 456, 457.
- Bonedd y Saint*, referred to, 76, 77, 144.
- Books not to be carried out of Wales, 194, 225.
- Border-warfare, instances of, and remarks upon, 162, 193, 198, 244, 265, 281, 317, 353, 375, 392, 420, 421, 427, 429, 457, 458, 516. (*v.* Marches.)
- Boosworth Field, battle of, 576, 590.
- Boundaries of Wales, 1, 2, 462.
- Bouquet, Dom, his historical collection referred to, 303, *note*.
- Bowles, Gen., inquiries respecting the Madogwys, referred to, 331, 332.
- Braint ab Nevyn, legend of, 124, 125.
- Bran, or Brennus, legend of, 46, 47.
- , the Blessed, legends of his introducing Christianity into Britain, and reforming the state, 63, 75, 76, 177.
- Breauté, Fulk de, 351, 354, 355, 362, 363.
- Brecknock, or Brecon, castle, 214, 264, 380, 460. (*v.* Aberhodni.)
- Brecknockshire, physical description of, 3, 6, 8, 9.
- , ravaged by Danes, 168.
- , insurrections in, 246, 247, 360.
- , subsequent notices of, 356, 378, 457, 458, 466, 468.
- , constituted a county, 576.
- (*v.* Brychan.)
- Brecon, Beacon or Van of, its height, 3.
- , "Traitors" of, origin of the term, 164.
- Breiddin Hills, height of, 3.
- Breos, or Brause, or Bruse, Giles de, Bp. Hereford, 356, 359.
- , John de, 361.
- , Reginald de, 356, 359, 360, 364—366, 369.
- , William de, 371—374, 378.
- Bretagne, Brittany, Little Britain, Armorica, or Llyddaw, legend of its conquest by Maxen Wledig and Cynan Meiriadawg, 70, 71. (*v.* Arthur, Hu Gadarn, &c.)
- , legendary and historical account of fugitive Britons taking refuge in, 96, 103, 122.
- , submits to Alfred the Great, 165, *note*.
- , Arturian and other legends framed there, 128, 433—444.
- Breton language, the, 26, 27.
- Bretons, or Brython, a "social tribe," 35.
- seek refuge with Athelstane, 165, *note*.
- Bretons in Duke William's army, 231, 434, 436, 442. (*v.* Alain.)
- Brevi, or Llandewi Brevi, synod of clergy at, 144.
- Bridget, St., 145.
- Bridgenorth besieged by Henry I. 250, 251.
- surrenders to the Earl of Leicester, 459.
- Bristol Channel, the, 5.
- Britons, the aboriginal, 21, 22.
- left in England after the Saxon conquest, 138, 230.
- , manners, customs, arts, and religion of the, 50—57.
- Brittia, legend of the Isle of, 121, 122.
- Brochwael Ysgythrog, or Brocmail, defeated by the Saxons at Chester, 123, 124, 137, 152, 153.
- Bromfield, the lordship of, 292, 356, 422, 424.
- Bronwen verch Llyr, legend of, 129.
- Brunnaburgh, battle of, 133, 172.
- Brut y Brennoedd*, or *Tysilio*, quoted or referred to, 40, 62, 76, 77, 90, 91, 94, 95, 107, 109, 111, 122, 125, 127, 153, 403, 442. (*v.* Geoffrey of Monmouth.)
- *y Tyrysogion*, or *y Saeson*, quoted or referred to, 128, 140, 160, 167—169, 195, 197, 198, 201, 203—205, 208, 210, 261, 278, 309, 310, 353, 470, *note*, 541, 543. (*v.* Caradawg of Llangarvan.)
- Bruts*, origin of, and remarks upon, 216, 357, 358, 364, 387, 398, 449, 451, 589.
- Brutus, legend of, 39—43, 501.
- Greenshield, legend of, 45.
- Brychan Brycheiniog, legendary notice of, 80, 81, 83, 135.
- Bryn Derwyn, battle of, 419.
- Edwin, battle of, 138.
- Budiford given to Llywelyn, 363.
- Builth castle and district, 135, 168, 286, 349, 360, 365, 368, 373, 391, 419, 423, 453, 454, 502 and *note*.
- Burget', lordship of, 468.
- Burgh, Hubert de, 371, 372, 375, 378, 381.
- Burhred, king of Mercia, invades Gwent, 164.
- Bwch y Dinas castle, 380.
- Cadavael Wylt, 136.
- Cadawg, or Cadog, St. (*v.* Cattwg, St.)
- Cadell ab Arthvael, 172.
- Deyrnllwg, 137.
- ab Gruffydd ab Rhys, 266, 268—270.
- ab Rhodri Mawr, 166—169, 324.
- Cader Idris, height of, 3.
- , Hotspur's expedition to, 567.
- Cadivor ab Collwyn, lord of Dyved, 238.
- Cador, Earl of Cornwall, legend of, 108, 109, 112, 115.
- Cadurcis*, *Paganus de*, 480, 481.
- Cadvan ab Gruffydd ab Cynan, 260, 261.
- ab Iago, legend and history of, 124, 136, 137.
- ab Ieuav, 202.
- Cadwaladr, the last king of the Britons, legend and history of, 126—129, 139, 140, 176, 435, 436, 541.
- expected to return and restore the dominion of the Kymry, 116, 241, 278, 279, 281, 295, 434—438, 442—444, 569, 576, 591.
- ab Gruffydd ab Cynan, 263, 264, 266—286, 291.
- Cadwallwn, or Cadwalla, ab Cadvan, legend and history of, 124—126, 128, 138, 139.
- ab Madog, 291, 292, 302, 304.
- of Morganwg, 351.
- the moss trooper slain, 292.
- Cadwgan ab Bleddyn, 235, 246, 248—251, 253—255.
- , legendary connexion with Bardism, 541, 542.
- ab Meirig, 245.
- Caeco, district of, 245, 480.
- Caer Caradoc, height of, 3.

- Caereinion, castle, 271, 286.
 Caerleon upon Usk, 136, 144, 145, 289, 291, 308, 361, 375, 385. (v. Arthur.)
 Caermarthen, or Caermyrddin, or Caeruyrddin, castle and town, 91, 257, *note*, 268, 270, 277, 279, 336, 339, 356, 357, 361—363, 367—370, 380, 391, 393, *note*, 415, 419, 426, 451, 488, 559, 573.
 ——— Bay, 5, 6, 8.
 Caermarthenshire, physical features of, 3, 18, 19.
 ———, constituted a county, 522.
 Caernarvon castle and town, 556—558, 569, 572.
 Caernarvonshire, physical description of, 2, 4, 6, 7, 11, 12, 18, 19. (v. Arvon, Snowdon, &c.)
 ———, constituted in county, 522.
 Caerphilly, or Senghenydd, castle, 470, 471, 563, 572.
 Caerwedros castle, 263.
 Cæsar, Julius, quoted or referred to, 51, 53—60, 524.
 Cai, or Kay, one of Arthur's knights, legends of 99, 111—113, 115.
 Cairns, 23, 24.
 Calamine, 19.
 Caldly island, 5.
 Calenius. (v. Mapes, Walter.)
 Caliburn, or *Caled Vnoch*, Arthur's sword, 109, 115—117.
 Camber, legend of, 44, 501.
 Cambrian rocks, 7, 8, 12, 13.
 "Cambro-Briton, The," quoted and referred to, 272, 277, 287, 555, 580.
 Camden, quoted, 255, 445, 446.
 Camlan, battle of, legend and history of the, 96, 114, 115.
 ———, second battle of, 129.
 "Camp of Refuge," Welsh in the, 233.
 Canterbury, Abp., his letters to Llywelyn, 479.
 ———, excommunicates Llywelyn, 480, 494.
 ———, negotiations with Llywelyn, 497—502.
 ———, dependence of the Welsh upon, in ecclesiastical matters, 474.
 ———, dispute between, and St. David's, respecting authority, 297—300. (v. Independence.)
 Cantilupe, William de, 366.
 Canton, Patrick de, 451, 452.
 Cantrev Bychan, lordship of, 339, 344, 359.
 ——— Mawr, lordship of, 276, 279, 280, 355, 359.
 Canute appoints bishops in Wales, 296.
 Caracalla and Geta, emperors, 67, 178.
 Caractacus, or Caradawg ab Bran, resists the Romans, 62, 63.
 Caradawg ab Gruffydd, 214, 231, 232.
 ———, a chieftain of Gwynedd, killed at Rhuddlan marsh, 141.
 ——— of Llangarvan, or Caradoc of Llangarvan, quoted or referred to, 127, 135, 162, 168, 169, 196, 197, 234, 247, 251, 254, 256, 263—268, 270, 275, 277—280, 286, 287, 290, 293, 336—342, 350, 351, 354, 366, 373, 395. (v. Bruts, Lhuyd, Powell.)
 ———, remarks upon, 259, 309, 310, 589, 590.
 ——— ab Meirig, his Christmas feast, 222.
 ——— ab Rhydderch, 213.
 ——— Vreichvras, or Cradock, legend and history of, 115, 134, 146.
 Carausius, or Carwn, British emperor, 67, 68, 85.
 Carboniferous Limestone. (v. Mountain Limestone.)
 Cardiff, or Caerdyv, castle and town, 246, 252, 290, 305, 380, 570.
 Cardigan castle and lordship, 362, 363, 366—370, 375, 387, 419, 480, 488. (v. Aberteivy.)
 ——— Bay, 1, 4, 585.
 Cardiganshire, physical features of, 3, 4, 6, 8, 12, 16—19, 582.
 Cardiganshire, constituted a county, 522. (v. Cardigan.)
 Caredig, or Careticus, last king of all Britain, history and legend about, 96, 138.
 Caredigion, principality and lordship, events of its history, 146, 163, 167, 170, 195, 200, 204, 232, 245, 246, 253, 257, 263, 270, 276, 280, 285, 288, 341, 502.
 Caredigion, men of, "a primary tribe," 324.
 Carew, lordship of, 425, 571.
 Carinus, Tyrant, 67.
 Carlyle, Mr. T., quoted or referred to, 143, 272, 344, 437, 577, 578, 587.
 Carneddau, 23.
 Carned-Davydd, height of, 2.
 Carned-Llywelyn, height of, 2.
 Carno, Mount, battles of, 140, 235.
 Carnwylion, 356, 359, 425.
 Carregcennen castle, 416, 494, 559.
 Carreghova castle, 279, 341.
 Carte's History of England quoted or referred to, 461, *note*, 484, 488.
 Cartismandua gives up Caractacus, 63.
 Cassivelaunus, or Caswallwn ab Beli, legend and history concerning, 35, 48, 59, 60.
 Castel-Newydd, 452. (v. Emllyn.)
 Caswallwn Law Hir, first historic prince of Wales, 73, 135.
 Catigern, son of Gwrtiynern, legend respecting, 89, 90.
 Catlin, Mr., on the Madocians, 332, 333.
 Cattle bred in Wales, 584.
 Cattraeth, battle of, 102.
 Cattwg Ddoeth, or Cattawg, or Cadog, 102, 115, 116, 144, 145, 552, 553.
 Caves in Wales, 9, 10, 12, 16.
 Caxton's *Morte d'Arthur* mentioned, 118.
 Ceadwalla, king of Wessex, circumstances of his death attributed to Cadwaladr, 126, 127, 129, 176, 177, 333.
 Cedrych ab Gwaethvoed, lord of Caredigion, 238, 239.
 Ceiriog, Henry's passage of the, 282.
 Celibacy of the clergy in Wales, 194, 216, 217, 295, 299, 300, 304, 305, 398.
 Celliwig in Cornwall, 146.
 Celtic dialects, a comparison of the, 26, 27.
 Cemaes, or Kemeys, 358, 362, 430.
 Cenwalch of Wessex defeats the South Wallians, 140.
 Cerdic and Cynric invade Britain and set up kingdom of Sussex, history and legend, 96—100.
 Cevn Bedd Llywelyn, 502, *note*.
 ——— Digoll, battle of, 560.
 ——— Ogo, rock, 9.
 Charlemagne and his Paladins, romances about, 105.
 Charles V. of France, 564.
 ——— VI. of France makes alliance with Owain Glyndwrdu, 572, 573.
 Cheesewring, 23, 55.
 Chelmarsh Hills, 2.
 Chepstow town and castle, mentioned, 2, 482, 577.
 Cheshire, a county palatine, 517.
 ———, plain of, 2.
 ———, ravaged, 246.
 Chester, fortified, 169.
 ———, triumph of Edgar the Peaceful at, 199, 200.
 ———, reduced by the Normans, 231.
 ———, Llywelyn summoned to, 475.
 ———, Prince Edward receives the homage of the Welsh there, 561.
 Chirk, lordship of, 563.
 Chivalry, Arthur the ideal hero of, 105.
 Choirs, or Schools, 161. (v. Monastic Institutions.)
 Christianity, legends and history of its introduction into Britain, 74—83.
 Chronicles, Welsh, 589. (v. Bruts, Caradawg, Lhuyd.)
 ———, English. (v. Matthew of Westminster, Roger

- of Wendover, Matthew Paris, William of Malmesbury, &c.)
 Cian, 153.
 Cicero, referred to, 50, 524.
 Cilcoennyn, 349.
 Cilgarran castle, 285, 344, 347, 357, 358, 367, 368, 445, 452.
 Cil Owain, 272.
 Civilization begins to spread in Wales, 562.
 Clare. (v. Fitz-Gilbert.)
 —, Gilbert de, Earl of Gloucester, 425—431, 460, 461, 467, 468, *note*, 470—472, 502, 559, 560, 562.
 Claudia and Pudens, 80.
 Claudius, emperor, history and legend of his dealings with Britain, 56, 61—63, 178.
 Cleddon, the river, 6.
 Clee Hills, their height, 2, 3.
 Clergy, character of, in Wales, 302—305, 398. (v. Celibacy.)
 —, Abp. Canterbury intercedes for those in Llywelyn's camp, 504.
 Clifford, Roger, 469, 473, 493, 494, 498.
 —, Walter, 276, 516.
 "Close Rolls" referred to, 356, *note*, 361, *note*, 368, 399, 400.
 Clun castle, 268, 340, 356, 359, 380, 460.
 Clwyd, the, 6, 7.
 Clwydian mountains, height of the, 2, 8.
 Clydawg, a Welsh prince, 170.
 Clydno Eiddyn, 136.
 Coal and Coal-fields of South Wales, 9, 10.
 Coalbrook Dale coal-field, 9.
 Coal formation, 9, 13—15.
 — mines, 582, 583.
 Coast-line of Wales described, 4, 5.
 Coed Eulo, Henry repulsed in, 271, 272.
 Coel, "old King," 69.
Coelbren y Beirid, the Bardic alphabet, 545—547, 549.
 Coel ab Cyllin ab Caradawg, legends of, 63, 77, 78.
 — ab Meurig, legendary person, 62.
 Cogidu(b)nus, *Legatus Augustalis*, 131, 178.
 Coleshill pass, Henry repulsed at, 271, 272.
 Coll ab Collvrewi, legends of, 57.
 Columba, St., or Columcille, 145, 550.
 Compensations to churches injured in the war, 557.
 — for insult, hurt, and loss of life, laws regarding, 190—192.
 Conan. (v. Cynan.)
 — of Bretagne, expected to restore the sway of the Kymry, 116, 278, 281. (v. Cadwaladr.)
 Congarth Vechan. (v. Pembroke castle.)
 Conoclas castle, 457.
 Constans, history and legend of, 72, 73, 128.
 Constantine the Blessed's history and legends, 71, 72, 128, 134.
 —, son of Cadwr, legend of, 95.
 — the Great, 69, 70, 78.
 Constantius Chlorus, Cæsar of Britain, 68, 69.
 Consyllt, battle of, 270.
 Conway, the, 6.
 —, battle at, 166.
 — castle, 556, 567, 572.
 —, chronicle kept at, 310. (v. Aberconway.)
 Copper, and copper-smelting, 19, 581, 582.
 Coraniaid, invasion of the, legend of the, 35.
 Corineus, legend of, 43.
 Cornish tongue, the, 26, 27, 135.
 Cornwall, or Cerniw, historical notices of, 122, 129, 132, 134, 135.
 —, Richard, Earl of, 378, 385, 396, 423—425, 559.
 Cor Tewdws, 83, 145.
 Corvynwr, Bard of Ceri, legend of, 57.
 Corwen, Owain encamps at, 282.
 Cothy, the, 6.
 Court, the, laws respecting, 180—185.
 Cradock. (v. Caradawg.)
 Craig y Dinas, Arthur's charmed sleep there, 117.
 Creuddyn, the, a district of North Wales, 354.
 Criccieth, Gruffydd ab Llywelyn imprisoned at, 388
 Crida, or Creoda, founds Mercia, 103.
 Cridia. (v. Kerry.)
 Croesenydd, the piece of the true cross taken amongst the spoils of Llywelyn, 503, *note*.
 Cromlechau, 23—25.
 —, named after Arthur, 116.
 Cromwell, Oliver, his "Welsh war," 577, 578.
 Crops, rotation of, in Wales, 584, 585.
 Crusades, Welsh engage in, 247, 294, 297, 307, 308, 385.
 Cumbria, kingdom of, historical notices of, 73, 132—134.
 —, refugees from, in Wales, 166.
 Cunedda. (v. Cynedda.)
 Cunedglas, 137.
 Customs of the ancient British, 51, 52.
 — of the Welsh, 144, 148, 149, 180—194, 219—225, 300—309, 316—323, 398, 399, 484, 586.
 Cuthred of Wessex wars with the Welsh, 140.
 Cwm Hir abbey, 379, 568.
 — Llywelyn, 502, *note*.
 Cybi, St., 149.
 Cydewain, district so named, 350, 385, 460, 468, 484.
 Cyllin, St., a legendary person, 77, 78.
 Cymaran castle, 268, 339.
 Cymmer abbey, 376, 393, 569.
 Cynan ab Coel, 101.
 — ab Hywel, of Gwynedd, 204.
 —, 367.
 — ab Iago, 207.
 — Meiriadawg, legend of, 70, 71, 436.
 — ab Owain Gwynedd, 268, 269, 272, 277, 287, 291.
 — Tindaethwy, 141, 161.
 — Wledig, or Aurelius, legend of, 95, 96.
 Cyndav, or Cynvan, legendary preacher of Christianity in Britain, 76.
 Cynddelw, bard, 139, 314—316, 327, 531, 534, 535.
 Cynddylan, prince of Powys, 132, 137, 158.
 Cyndeyrn Mwyngu, St., or St. Kentigern, or St. Mungo, 145, 146.
 Cyndrwyn, prince of Powys, 137.
 Cynedda Wledig, Cunedda, or Cunedagus, legend and history concerning, 45, 83, 131.
 —, sons of, conquer Wales, 73, 135.
 Cyneddian migration, the, 73, 135.
 Cynewulf of Wessex, his wars with the Welsh, 140.
 Cyngen ab Elis, 172.
Cynghanedd, or alliteration, example of, 555.
 Cynog, his "Book of Laws," 518.
 Cynvael castle, 269.
 Cynvelyn, Cunobelinus, or Cymbeline, legend and history of, 61, 62.
 Cynwrig Hir releases Gruffydd ab Cynan, 236.
 Cyn y Brain, height of, 3.
 Cyveiliog, district so named, 201.
 Cystennyn. (v. Constantine the Blessed.)
 — Ddu, 202.
 — Goronawg, 134.
 Dairy produce of Wales, 584.
 Dances in Cornwall, 135.
 — ravage Strath Clyde, 133.
 — in Wales, 164—170, 196, 197, 202—204, 206, 207, 235, 248, 249.
 Daniel, a Kymric scholar, 302.
 Daugleddau, a district so called, 364.

- David, St., or Dewi ab Sandde, 111, 144, 146.
 —, Bp. St. David's, 297.
 Davies, Rev. Edward, works referred to, 436, 534, 536, 547, 548.
 Davydd Benfras, bard, 410, 509, 531.
 — ab Edmwnd, bard, 548.
 — Edward, collector of bardic legends, 544, 547.
 — Gam, 570, 574.
 — ab Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, 418, 419, 451, 452, 456, 460, *note*, 468, 471, 473—475, *note*, 476, 478, 481—484, 487—505.
 — ab Gwilym, bard, 536, 537, 578.
 — ab Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, 363, 373, 375, 378, 386, 387, 392, 396, 397, 414.
 — ab Owain Gwynedd, 272, 281, 287—292, 321, 322, 325, 338—342.
 Dee, the, 6.
 Defence of Wales, means for, according to Giraldus, 402, 403.
 De Foe, Daniel, quoted, 482, *note*.
 Degeman, abbot of, 302.
 Deheubarth. (*v.* Dyved.)
 Deiniol, 144, 149.
 Denbigh castle and town, 484, 560.
 Denbighshire, physical account of, 2, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11.
 — constituted a county, 576.
 Deresloyn, or Drosolan, castle, 559.
 Devil's Dyke, Cambridgeshire, 103.
 Devonian beds, in Wales, 8—10, 14, 15.
 Deyfyr, or Deira, kingdom of, 103.
Dial Rhodri, 166.
 Diceto, Radulph de, quoted or referred to, 292, 449.
 Diganwy, or Gannock, castle, 162, 349, 350, 353, 354, 390, 395, 419, 423, 428, 432, 455, 459.
 Digoll, battle of, 138.
 Dimetia. (*v.* Dyved.)
 Dinas Bran, 424.
 — castle, 263.
 — Emrys, legend of the dragons in, 91.
 Dinerth castle, 276, 347, 348.
 Dinevwr. (*v.* Dyved.)
 — castle, 268, 270, 336, 337, 341, 347, 355, 426, 452, 490, 559.
 Dinothus, or Dinooth. (*v.* Dunawd.)
 Diodorus Siculus, quoted or referred to, 49, 524, 545.
 Diogenes Laertius referred to, 50.
 Diplomacy, attempts at, 275, 283—285, 393.
 Disasters, and the opposite, a record of, 347.
 Diserth castle, 390, 419, 423, 428, 432, 455, 459.
 Dolbadarn castle, 419.
 Dolomitic conglomerate, 11.
 Dol y Forwyn, 484.
Domesday Book quoted or referred to, 215, 223—225, 242, 319, 516.
 Donald, or Dumnail, prince of Cumbria, 133.
 Draining in Wales, 584.
 Dress of the Welsh, 320.
 Druids and Druidism, 53—57, 75, 161, 524, 525, 534—536, 539, 546, 547.
 Dubricius, St., or Dyvrig Beneurog, legends and historical notices of, 108, 109, 111, 144, 147, 148.
 Dunawd ab Pabo Post Prydain, 123, 133, 152.
 Dunstable, Chronicle of, referred to, 428, *note*, 484.
 Dunwallo Molmutius. (*v.* Dyrnwal Moelmud.)
 Dwellings of the Welsh, 319.
 Dwyvan, legendary missionary in Britain, 77, 78.
 Dyffryn Clwyd, 281, 354, 415.
 — Teyvediad, 380.
 Dyved, ravaged by Saxons and others, 139, 162, 165, 166, 195, 202, 207, 208, 231, 232, 246, 263, 356, 364, 367.
 —, insurrections in, 245, 257.
 — united with the other principalities under
 Rhodri Mawr, and allotted to Cadell his son, 163, 166.
 Dyved, tributary to Gwynedd, 171.
 —, principality ends, 238.
 —, laws of, 178—194.
 —, men of, a "primary tribe," 324.
 Dyrnwal, prince of Dyved, 199.
 — Moelmud, Dyrnwarth ab Prydain, or ab Clydno, Dunwallo Molmutius, legend of, 34, 45, 46, 175.
 —, his laws examined and referred to, 176—179, 190, 450, 519, 520, 531, 544, 545.
 —, Triads ascribed to him, quoted and examined, 176.
 Dyvi, the, 6.
 Dyvy castle, 276.
 Dywir of the golden hair, a legendary lady, 115.
 Eagle, prophecies of the, at Shaftesbury, or Winchester, 126, 127, 435.
 Ealdred, Bp., 208, 211.
 East Anglia, kingdom of, set up, 103.
 Easter, controversy respecting time for observing it, 151, 216.
 Eastern origin of the Kymry, 20—31, 56, 57.
 East Saxons. (*v.* Essex.)
 Ecclesiastical History of Britain, 74—83.
 — Wales, 142—153, 215—223, 294—309, 398, 399, 515, 556.
 Edeyrnion, 236, 282.
 Edgar the Peaceful, 134, 196—201, 218.
 Edling, the heir apparent, laws concerning, 180—184.
 Edmund I., 133, 170, 172.
 — II., or Ironside, 204.
 —, Prince, 481, 488, 560.
 Edouart ap Yvain, Welsh refugee in France, 565.
 Edred, 170, 197.
 Edric *Le Sauvage*, 229—231.
 Edward the Confessor, 207—213.
 — Elder, 133, 170, 196.
 Edward I., receives North Wales as an appanage from his father, 419.
 — visits Chester, 421.
 — attacks North Wales, 423, 424.
 —, his character when prince, 450.
 —, further mention of, 454—456.
 —, attempts to check Llywelyn, 458.
 —, his adventures and conduct in the "Barons' war," 459—463.
 —, subsequent dealings with Wales as prince, 465—472.
 —, was he ever "Prince of Wales" ? 373, *note*.
 —, dealings with Wales as king of England, 472—506, 556—561.
 —, first royal expedition against Llywelyn, 480—482.
 —, legend of his magnanimity, 482, *note*.
 —, final expedition against Llywelyn, 495—506.
 —, expedition against Madog ab Morgan, 560, 561.
 —, legends of his massacre of the Bards, and burning the Welsh MSS. in the Tower, 549, 550.
 —, legend of his duping the Welsh chieftains at Rhuddian castle, 557, 590.
 — annexes Strath-Clyde and Cumbria to England, 134.
 — reburies Arthur's bones, 100, 446, 447.
 — II., legends about his birth and infancy, 557, *note*.
 —, dealings with Wales, 562.
 —, "Prince of Wales," 373, *note*, 562, 563.
 — III. makes Lancashire a country palatine, 517.

- Edward IV. sets up the President and Council of the Marches, 517.
 ——— imprisons Henry Tudor, 575.
 ——— VI., statutes of, referred to, 517.
 Edwin and Morkar aided by the Welsh, 230.
 ——— of Northumbria, legend and history of, 124, 125, 128, 138, 139, 153.
 Edwy, 197.
 Egbert, his wars and conquests in Wales, 135, 161—163.
 Eiddilig Cor, a legendary person, 98.
 Eidiol Gadarn, or Eldol, legends of, 90, 93.
 Eilaf the Dane, 205.
 Einion ab Anarawd, 276.
 ——— ab Cadivor, 238, 239.
 ——— Glyd, 291, 292.
 ——— ab Gwalchmai, bard, 314.
 ——— ab Gwgan, bard, 409.
 ——— ab Madog ab Rhahawd, bard, 412, 413.
 ——— ab Owain, prince of Dyved, 202.
 ——— ab Owain, 261, 264.
 ——— Urdd, ab Cynedda, conquers North Wales, 73, 131, 135.
 ——— Wann, bard, 412.
 Eirion, the, 6.
Eisteddfodau, legends of, and other notices, 227, 539—545, 580.
 Elbotus, St., or Elvod, Elbodg, 153, 296.
 Eleanor, queen to Edward I., 419, 446, 447, 557.
 ———, daughter of De Montfort, Llywelyn's bride, 462, 476—478, 484—487.
 Elen, the "armipotent," legend of, 71.
 Elidir Sais, bard, 410, 411, 536.
 Elidyr the courteous, 135.
 Elis ab Idwal, 171, 172.
 ——— Madog, 346.
 ——— Tewdwr, 167.
 Elizabeth, queen, proclaims an *Eisteddfod* at Caerwys, 539.
 Ellesmere, lordship of, 292, 346, 390, 462.
 Ellis, Sir Henry, quoted, 522, *note*.
 ———, "Metrical Romances," referred to, 92, 117.
 Elphin ab Gwyddno, legend of, 155—157.
 Elvel, district so called, 268, 279, 288, 298, 356.
 Elwy, the, 6.
 Elystan Glodrydd, the family of, 238, 324.
 Emlyn cantrev and castle, 357, 358, 451, 559.
 Emma, natural sister to Henry II., married to Davydd ab Owain Gwynedd, 291.
 Emrys Wledig. (*v.* Aurelius Ambrosius.)
 Englefield, lordship of, 390, 415, 491. (*v.* *Perveddwlad*, Tegengl.)
 Enid, or Erec, legendary lady of Arthur's court, 115.
 Episcopacy in Wales, 143.
 Ercenwine sets up kingdom of Essex, 100.
 Erdesley castle, 459.
 Erging and Euas, lordships, 135, 144, 170. (*v.* *Ircingfield*.)
 Erse, or Irish language, illustrated, 26.
 Eryri. (*v.* Snowdon.)
 Essex, Henry of, his cowardice, 272 and *note*.
 ———, kingdom of, founded, 100.
 Essyllwg, men of, or Silures, resist the Romans, 62, 63.
 ———, a "primary tribe," 324.
 ———, settle in Brittany, 69.
 Essyllt Vynghwen. (*v.* Ysolt.)
 Ethelbald of Mercia, his wars with the Welsh, 140.
 Ethelbeht of Kent, 152.
 Ethelfeda, the "Lady of the Mercians," 169, 170.
 Ethelfrid, or Ethelfrith, of Northumbria, defeats the Britons at Chester, and massacres the monks of Bangor, history and legend, 123, 124, 137, 152.
 Ethelwerd referred to, 76.
 Ethered of Mercia, defeated by Anarawd, 166, 169.
 Ethnology of Wales, 20—31, 585, 586.
 Eubates. (*v.* Ovates.)
 Eudav, legendary king of Britain, 69.
 Evans, Evan, quoted, 532, 542, *note*, 579.
 ———, Theophilus, "Mirror of Ancient Times," referred to, 331.
 Evesham, battle of, 463.
 Evrawc, or Ebraucus, legend of, 44.
 Extent of Wales, 2.
 Fabyan referred to, 107, 557, *note*, 561.
 Fagan, legendary missionary in Britain, 77, 78.
 Families of Saints, 143, 144.
 Farming in Wales, 583—585.
 Faults in the coal strata of Wales, 10, 14, 15.
 Fauriel, M., referred to, 118.
 Ferrex and Porrex, legend of, 45.
 Fitz-Baldwin, 251.
 Fitz-Gerard, Maurice, 465.
 Fitz-Gilbert, Baldwin, his cowardice, 264.
 ———, Richard, Earl of Clare, 262, 268.
 Fitz-Hamon, Robert, conquers South Wales, 238, 239, 246, 249, 250.
 Fitz-John, Payne, 261, 266.
 Fitz-Matthew, Herbert, 393—395.
 Fitz-Osborne, Roger, Earl of Hereford, 305.
 Fitz-Peter, Geoffrey, 342, 343.
 Fitz-Richard, Gilbert, Strongbow, 255, 257.
 ———, Robert, 349, 350.
 Fitz-Roy. (*v.* Robert, Earl of Gloucester.)
 Fitz-Walter, Milo, Earl of Gloucester, 250, 263.
 Fitz-Warine, Fulk, Lord of Whittington, 349, 367.
 ———, the "Romance" of that house referred to, 349.
 Fleance, son of Banquo, legend of, alluded to, 219.
 Flemings, the colonies of, in South Wales, their fortunes and misfortunes, 252, 254, 257, 266—268, 271, 280, 285, 294, 306, 337—339, 360, 364, 568, 586.
 Flint castle, 481, 494.
 Flintshire, natural history of, 2, 6—9, 18, 19, 582.
 ———, constituted a county, 522.
 Florence of Worcester, and his continuator, quoted or referred to, 146, 169, 200, 209, 228, 241, 247, 250, 256, 259, 263, 265, 266, 309.
 Food, &c. of the Welsh, 319, 463, 484. (*v.* *Laws*, *Customs*.)
 Fordun, John, referred to, 447.
 Forest of Dean, coal-field, 9.
 ———, miners, 369.
 Forests, submerged, on the coast of Wales, 12, 17.
 Four Cantreus, the. (*v.* *Perveddwlad*.)
 France, emigration from Wales into, 564, 565.
 ———, intrigues and intervention of its kings in respect of Wales, 561, 572, 573. (*v.* Charles, Louis, Philip.)
 Francon, Adam, or Stephen de, kills Llywelyn, 503.
 Freemasonry, its possible relation to Bardism, 549.
 Gael, the, driven out of North Wales by the sons of Cynedda, 73, 135.
 Gaelic, the, dialect, 26.
 Gaimar, Geoffrey, *L'Estorie des Engles*, referred to, 200, 204.
 Gaius' Plain, battle of, 140.
 Galahad, or Galath, Sir, legend of his achieving the Sangraal, 115, 119.
 Galena, 19.
 Gall ab Disgyveddawg, a Cumbrian prince, 133.
 Games and sports of the Welsh, 321. (*v.* *Music*.)
 Garmon, St. (*v.* Germain, St.)
Gavel-kind, tenure, in Wales, 161, 186, 187.
 Gavran ab Aeddán, legend of, 327.
 Gawain. (*v.* Gwalchmai.)

- Genealogy. (v. Heraldic Tastes, Pedigrees.)
 Geneur' Glyn, 416.
 Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Gruffydd, or Galfrai, ab Arthur, his legends quoted or referred to, 39—48, 59, 61, 62, 67—70, 72, 77, 82, 83, 86, 89—96, 107—114, 116, 117, 122—127, 136, 152, 153, 175—177, 241, 281, 433, 435, 438—443, 449, 501. (v. Bruts.)
 ———, remarks upon his writings, 36, 127—131, 259, 309, 310, 403, 404.
 Geological History of Wales, 12—17.
 Geology of Wales, 7—19.
 Geraint ab Erbin, history and legend of, 97, 98, 134.
 ——— Vardd Glas, identified with Asser? 227, 541.
 ———, prince of West Wales, 134.
 Germain, St., of Auxerre, legends and history of his missionary visits to Britain, 87—89, 93, *note*, 145.
 Gervase of Canterbury or Dover, quoted or referred to, 283, 302, 303, 339.
Gesta Stephani referred to, 262, 264, 266.
 Giants, legend of the, 39, 42, 43.
 Giants' Dance, *Choir Gawr*, 55, 94. (v. Stonehenge.)
 Giffard, John, of Brimmesfield, and his wife, 488, 503.
 Gifts to the Church. (v. Ecclesiastical History.)
 Gildas quoted or referred to, 76, 81, 84, 85, 88, 89, 96, 98, 136, 137, 144, 145, 160, 318, 525.
 ———, account of his works, 149—151.
 Gillamori, legendary chieftain of Ireland, 94, 95, 109, 110.
 Giraldus Cambrensis quoted and referred to, 162, 213, 241, 245, 252, 264, *note*, 276, 279, *note*, 282, 294, 295, 297—308, 316—321, 327, *note*, 336, 340, 342, 397, 398, 445, 446, 529—531.
 ———, account of his life and works, 297—308, 400—403.
 Glaciers, evidence of their action in Wales, 12, 16.
 ———, supposed megalithic monuments occasioned by, 24.
 Glamorganshire, its bardic pre-eminence, 548.
 ———, physical description of, 3, 5, 6, 9—11, 18, 19, 581, 582. (v. Morganwg.)
 Glas Lyn, the, 6, 19.
 Glastonbury abbey, 116, 129, 293, 445—447.
 ———, monk of, quoted, 445, 446.
 Glewlewyd Gavaelwawr, legend of, 98.
 Gloucester, homage done to Henry by Welsh chieftains at, 362, 363. (v. Marches.)
 Glyndyrdwy, lordship of, 565, 569.
 Glywysyg, principality of, 167, 196, *note*, 220.
 Godarville, Walter de, falls into an ambush, 376.
 Godfrey, son of Harald, 198, 202, 203.
 Gododin. (v. Aneurin.)
 Godwin, Earl, 207—209.
 Gogmagog, legend of, 43.
 Gold mines in Wales, 582.
 Golyddan, bard, 120, 129.
 ———, spurious poems ascribed to, 438.
 Gordon, Adam, "the outlaw," 463, *note*.
 Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, legends of, 107, 108, 119.
Gorseddau spoken of, 544, 545 and *note*.
 Gothic, king of Man, 336.
 Government of Wales, Giraldus' hints for the, 402.
 Gower, or Gwyr, men of, mentioned in Triads, 69, 324.
 ———, 145, 196, 197, 202, 246, 262, 270, 356, 360, 425, 427.
 Graal, the Holy, legends respecting, 78, 79, 115—119, 145.
 Grafton referred to, 107, 493, 557, *note*.
 Gratian, legend and history of, 70.
 ——— Munciceps, legend and history of, 71, 72.
 Gray's Ode, "Ruin seize thee!" referred to, 549.
 Gregory X., Pope, Llywelyn's letter to, 475.
 Grey, John de, farms North Wales, 417.
 ———, Reginald de, 473, 488, 490—492, 503, *note*, 559.
 Grey de Ruthyn, 565, 566, 568, 570.
 Grievances, declarations of, by the Welsh princes and people, 489—493, 497—501.
 Gronw ab Heylyn, 482, 492.
 Gronwy and Llywelyn, sons of Cadwgan ab Bleddyn, 232.
 ——— ab Owain, lord of Tegengi, 256.
 Grosmont, Henry surprised before, 381, 382.
 ———, Welsh defeated at by Prince Henry, 573.
 Gruffydd ab Cynan, his history, 232, 235—237, 242, 243, 246, 248—250, 256, 257, 264, 265, 307.
 ———, legendary association with Bardism, 324, 541—543.
 ——— ab Gwenwynwyn, 388, 390—392, 415, 424, 458, 459, 468, 471, 475, *note*, 476, 478, 485, 489, 490.
 ——— ab Llywelyn, 206—213, 219, 244.
 ——— ab Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, 366, 368, 385—392, 412, 413.
 ———, his wife attempts to procure his release, 389.
 ———, his body obtained and buried in Wales, 416, 417.
 ——— ab Madog of Bromfield, 389, 390, 392, 422, 424, 427, 456, 470.
 ——— Maelor, 279, 292, 336.
 ——— ab Meredydd, 238.
 ——— ab Rhodri, 354.
 ——— ab Rhys, vassal of the king of England, 245.
 ——— ab Gruffydd, 294, 336, 341—344.
 ———, prince of Dyved, 257, 258, 260—265.
 ———, legendary connexion with Bardism, 543 and *note*.
 ——— ab Yr Ynad Coch, bard, 511—513.
 Gualo, apostolical legate, 356, 360, 362, 363.
 Guest, Lady Charlotte's *Mabinogion*, referred to, 117, 404—408, 533, 579.
 Gundlei, legendary mention of, 99.
 Guortemir, Gwrtheyyr, or Vortipore, son of Gwrtieryn, history and legend, 89, 90, 92.
 Gutto 'r Glyn, bard, 546, 550, 578.
 Guttyn Owain, bard, 328—330, 578.
 Gwaelawd, Cantrev y, submerged, 137, 155.
 Gwaethoed, lord of Cibwyr, legend of, 200.
Gwaith Emrys. (v. Stonehenge.)
 Gwalchmai, or Gawain, Arthur's knight, 113, 115, 293.
 ——— ab Meilyr, bard, 272, 273, 277, 278, 287, 288, 310, 311, 342, 438, 531.
 Gwarthav Penllwynog, cantrev of, 358.
 Gwarthryniion, 346, 424, 468. (v. Gwrtieryn.)
 Gwenddolen, daughter of Llywelyn, 487.
 Gwenddoleu ab Ceidio, 133.
 Gwenhwyvar, or Guenever, Arthur's queen, 110, 112, 113, 115, 119, 293, 446, 447.
 Gwennlliant, wife of Gruffydd ab Rhys, 263, 265.
 Gwennllwg, 168, 246.
 Gwent, historical notices of, 138, 139, 163, 167, 168, 206, 220—222, 246.
 ———, archers of, 282, 290, *note*.
 ———, laws of, 179—194.
 ———, lordships of, 245, 289—291.
 ———, people of a "primary tribe," 324.
 Gwenrewi, St., 149.
 Gwenwynwyn, ab Owain Cyveiliog, 293, 299, 340—343, 346—350, 353, 356, 358, 359.
 Gwenystrad, battle of, 101.
 Gweyrydd. (v. Arviragus.)
 Gwgan of Powys, his adventure at the court of the Lord Rhys, 321, 322.
 Gwion Bach. (v. Taliesin.)
 Gwladys, daughter of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, 415.
 ———, daughter of Davydd ab Gruffydd, 487.
 Gwrtieryn, Gwrtheyyrn, Gwrthenau, or Vortigern, his

- history, and legends about him, 72, 73, 85—97, 114, 135.
- Gwrgan, prince of Morganwg, 214, 229.
— ab Rhys, bard, 275, 276.
- Gwrgi and Peredur, their tribes, 102, 133.
- Gwriad, Cumbrian prince, 133.
- Gwron, a legendary person, 540.
- Gwrtheyyr. (v. Guortemir.)
- Gwrthmwl Wledig, 146.
- Gwyddel, legendary and historical accounts of their invasions of Gwynedd, 35, 196. (v. Picts, Scots.)
- Gwyddno Garanhir, 136, 137, 155—157.
- Gwyddon Ganhebon, a legendary person, 33, 540.
- Gwyndydians, a "primary tribe," 324.
- Gwynedd, legends of its kings, 124—129.
— subjugated by Saxon kings, 139, 140, 162.
— joined with Powys and Dyved under Rhodri Mawr, and allotted to Anarawd his son, 163, 166.
— receives tribute from Powys and Dyved, and pays it to England, 171.
— laws of, 178—194.
— subsequent mention of, 202, 203, 231, 256—259, 344, 469.
- Gwynionydd, 358, 480.
- Gwynne, Sir John's "History of the Gwedir Family," referred to, 353, 354.
- Gwynvardd, bard, 146.
- Gwys castle, 269, 337, 339, 364.
- Gypsum, 18.
- Hackett's "Epitaphs" quoted, 330, 331.
- Hadrian, emperor, in Britain, 65, 178.
- Hakluyt referred to, 329.
- Hallam's "Literature of Europe" quoted, 530.
- Halle's Chronicle quoted, 440, 441, 569, 576.
- Hame, Walter de, his heroism, 343.
- Hanmer, John de, 572.
- Hardyng quoted, 38, 118, 557, *note*.
- Harlech castle, 572, 574, 575.
- Harold, Earl, and king of England, 208—214.
- Haverford, or Haverfordwest, castle and town, 349, 350, 364, 427, *note*, 558, 573.
- Hawarden castle and lordship, 462, 468, 494.
- Hay castle, legendary and historical notices of, 347, 359, 460.
- Heathfield, battle of, legend and history of the, 125, 139.
- Hecana, the, annexed to Mercia, 140.
- Hecatæus of Miletus, legend from, 49.
- Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, 69.
- Helias Walwyn, 503.
- Helvius Pertinax commands in Britain, 65.
- Hemingford, or Hemingburgh, quoted, 367, 395, 498.
- Hengst and Horsa, the first Saxon settlers in England, history and legends of, 85—96, 120.
- Hengwrt MS. quoted, 297.
- Henry I., his first expedition into Wales, 256, 257.
— his second expedition, 258, 259.
— assumes lordship of the Welsh sees, 297.
— II., his first expedition, against North Wales, 271—273.
— second expedition, against South Wales, fictitious and true accounts, 276, 279.
— third expedition, against Central Wales, 282, 283.
— his cruelty to his hostages, 283.
— journeys through South Wales, to and from Ireland, 288, 289, 308, 445.
— "invention" of the bones of Arthur, by, 100, 292, 293, 444—446.
— III., dealings with Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, 359, 362, 373.
— marches to the relief of Builth, 365, 366.
— first expedition into Wales, 371, 372.
- Henry III., expedition against Llywelyn and the Earl Marshal, 379—384.
— forbids homage to be done to Davydd ab Llywelyn, 386.
— second expedition into North Wales, against Davydd ab Llywelyn, 390, 391.
— third expedition, 395, 396.
— said to have invaded Wales, 416.
— fourth expedition, 428, 429.
— dealings with Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, 451—472.
— his misfortunes in the "Barons' war," 460—463.
— IV., his relations to Wales mentioned, 565—574.
— first expedition against Owain Glyndwr, 566.
— second, 569, 570.
— third, 573.
— "Ordinances" for Wales, 538, 566, *note*.
— V., when Prince of Wales, conducts the war against the Welsh, 566—574.
— VI. releases Henry Tudor, 575.
— VII. sanctions Bardism, 548, 576. (v. Tudor.)
— VIII., Statutes of, incorporating Wales with England, 516, 517, 576, 577, 587.
— of Huntingdon quoted and referred to, 76, 94, 107, 127, 140, 209, 217, 309.
- Heraldic tastes and habits of the Welsh, 318, 323, 325, 588, 589.
- Herbert, Sir Thomas, his account of Madog ab Owain Gwynedd quoted, 330, 331, 334.
- Hereford, various historical notices of, 345, 458, 462, 463.
— letters from the Bp. and Archdeacon of Hereford quoted, 457, 458, 571.
- Herefordshire, physical account of, 3, 6, 9. (v. Hecana.)
— suffers in the border wars, 246, 572.
- Hevenfield, battle of, 125, 139.
- Hiraethog Mountains, height of, 2.
- Hirvryn cantrev, 358.
- Historical value of the Bardic remains, 449, 486, 508, 511, *note*, 546 and *note*, 589.
- Hoare, Sir R. C.'s edition of Giraldus referred to, 341, 402.
- Hoel of Bretagne, legend of, 109—113.
- Holinshed quoted, 37, 483, 557, *note*.
- Honorius, emperor, relinquishes Britain, 71.
- Hope castle, 484, 491, 496.
- Hornius, his contribution to the Madocian legend, 328, 329, *note*.
- Hospitality of the Welsh, 320.
- "Hubert's Folly," 372, 378.
- Hudibras, a legendary person, noticed, 45.
- Hu Gadarn, legends of, 33, 34, 57, 175, 540.
- Huganus, lord of West Wales, legend of, 169.
- Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, 234, 236, 237, 244, 248, 249.
— Earl of Shrewsbury, 246, 248.
- Humber, legend of King, 44.
- Humphrey castle, 266, 276.
- Huntington castle, 460.
- Hyperboreans, legend of the, 48, 49, 55.
- Hyveidd, prince of Dyved, 167.
— Hir, 137.
- Hywel Dda, 163, 169—173, 196, 197, 217, *note*, 325.
— laws of, 174, 178—194, 225, 372, 501, 518, 526.
— ab Edwyn and Meredith, 206, 207.
— ab Gronwy, 251.
— ab Gryffydd ab Cynan, 353, 356, 358, 359, 363.
— ab Ieuav, 197—202.
— ab Cadwgan ab Elystan Glodrydd, 278, 279, 293.

- Hywel ab Iorwerth, of Caerleon, 289, 291.
 — ab Morgan, prince of Morganwg, 207.
 — ab Owain Gwynedd, 268—271, 277, 287.
 —, his poems, 314, 326, 531.
 — ab Rhys ab Arthvael, 167.
 — ab Rhys, prince of Glywysyg, 220.
 —, Sais, 336, 337, 343.
 — Voel, bard, 509.
 — Vychan, contest with Cynan Tindaethwy, 161.
 —, a Welsh prince, 199.
 —, last prince of West Wales, or Cornwall, 135.
- Iago ab Beli, 131, 136.
 — ab Idwal, 205, 206.
 — and Ieuv, sons of Idwal Voel, 195, 197, 201, 202.
 Ida founds the kingdom of Bernicia, 100, 101.
 Iddawg Corn Prydain, legend of, 98.
 Idwal ab Meirig, 203, 204.
 — ab Rhiryd, 253, 260.
 — Voel, 169—172.
- Iehan Win, Welsh refugee in France, 565.
 Iestyn ab Gwrgant, lord of Morganwg, 214, 229, 232, 237—239, 324.
 Ieuan Brechva, 328.
 Ievan Vavr, the "Son of the Dewless," 403.
 Igera, mother of Arthur, legend of, 107, 108, 119.
 Iliid, legendary missionary in Britain, 76.
 Illtud, St., or Iltutus, legends of, and other notices, 57, 83, 115, 116, 145, 146, 161.
 Ina, king of Wessex, overruns West Wales, 134, 135.
 —, circumstances of his life and death attributed to Ivor and Ynyr, 127, 129, 130.
 Incorporation of Wales with England, statutes, &c., effecting the, 516, 517, 576—578.
 Independence, Ecclesiastical, legendary and historical account of, in Wales, 123, 143, 172, 216, 217, 295—300, 572, *note*, 587, 588, 590.
 Indians, Welsh, or *Madogwys*, stories of, 331—333.
 Innocent III., Pope, 298, 299.
 — IV., Pope, 393.
 Interdict laid on Wales by Gualo, 356, *note*, 360.
 — — — — — Honorius, 370.
 — — — — — districts of Wales, 148, 220—223, 296, *note*.
- Iolo Goch, bard, 33, 574, 578.
 — Morganwg. (*v.* Williams, Edward.)
 — MSS. quoted or referred to, 177, 200, 201, 214, 237, 323, *note*, 324, 403, 448, 531, 541, 543 and *note*, 545, 553, 554.
 Ionaval ab Meirig, 202.
 Iorwerth ab Bleddyn, 250, 251, 254, 255.
 — Drwyndwn, 287, 338.
 — Goch, 282, 286.
 — ab Madog, jurist, 519, *note*, 557, *note*.
 — ab Owain of Caerleon, 275, 289, 291.
 — Bp. St. David's, 360, 361, 399.
 Ircingfeld, 225. (*v.* Erging.)
 Ireland and the Irish, 207, 208, 210, 235, 266, 267. (*v.* Danes, Picts, Scots, &c.)
 Iron and Iron-works, 9, 19, 581, 582.
 Isabella, wife of Davydd ab Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, 375, 378.
 —, divorced wife of King John, legend of, 359, 360.
 Ismael, abbot of, 302.
 Ithael, prince of Morganwg, 149.
 Ithel ab Hywel, prince of Gwent, 163.
 Ithon, the, 6.
 Ivor Bach, his exploit at Cardiff castle, 290, 400.
 — and Ynyr, legend of their wars and reign, borrowed from the history of Ina of Wessex, 127, 129, 130, 134.
- James, St., legend of his preaching in Britain, 79.
 Japheth, legendary ancestor of the Britons, 40, 41.
- Joan, natural daughter of King John, married to Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, her history, 346, 353, 357, 363, 365, 369, 370, 373, 374, 386.
 Jocelin of Brakelond's Chronicle referred to, 272, *note*.
 Johannes Scotus Erigena, not a teacher at St. David's, 217.
 John, Earl of Moreton, 293, 335, 336, 339.
 —, King of England, 343—349.
 —, passes through South Wales to Ireland, 349.
 —, invades North Wales, 350, 351.
 —, hangs the Welsh hostages, 353—355.
 —, his dealings with Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, 354, 355, 358.
 —, confederate with the Welsh in his war with the Barons? 356, 357.
 —, on the Welsh borders, 359.
- Jones, Rev. John, (*Tegid*) his opinion of the *Coelbren y Beirdd*, 547, 579.
 —, Rev. W. Basil, "Vestiges of the Gael" mentioned, 580, 585.
Jongleurs, the Norman, spoken of, 537.
 Joseph of Arimathea, legends of, 78, 79, 118, 119.
 — Exeter, or *Icanus*, quoted, 443.
 —, Bp. Llandaff, 217, 219—222.
 Julius Agricola. (*v.* Agricola.)
 — Caesar, legendary and historical account of his invasion of Britain, 35, 58—61.
 — Frontinus, 63.
 Jutes invade Britain, 85, 86, 89.
- Karquit, William, his contest with Giraldus, 306, 307.
 Kemeys castle, 294, 336, 357. (*v.* Cemaes.)
 Kenefeg castle, 377, 391, *note*.
 Kenenllys castle, 457.
 Kent, kingdom of, set up, 89.
 Kentigern. (*v.* Cyndeyrn.)
 Kentwine, king of Wessex, 129, 134.
 Keridwen, 157, 447, 535.
 Kerry, Ceri, or Cridia, castle and lordship, 371, 372, 460, 468, 484.
 —, the story of the consecration of the church at, 301, 302.
- Kidwelli, or Cydwelli, district and castle, 246, 270, 336, 356—358, 368, 375, 425, 430, 451, 480.
 Kilhwch and Olwen, *Mabinogi* of, 404—408.
 Kinardsley castle, 368, 369.
 King, laws respecting the, 180—185.
 Kit's Coty House, 24, 89.
 Knyghton quoted and referred to, 361, *note*, 484, 504.
 Kymraeg, obstinate adherence of the Welsh to its use, 448, 551, 580, 586—588.
 —, its relations to the other Celtic, and to the Indo-Germanic tongues, 25—31.
 Kymry, a "social tribe," 34, 35. (*v.* Britons, Welsh.)
Kyvoesi Myrddin a Gwenadwydd, quoted, 130, 131, 435.
- Lacy, Roger de, his honourable title, 349.
 Landed property, laws respecting its descent, recovery, &c., 186, 187.
Landavensis, Liber, quoted and referred to, 147—149, 195, 196, *note*, 197, 202, 206, 217, 219—223, 245, 305, 310, 318.
 Langley, Geoffrey de, 420.
 Langtoft, Piers, quoted, 487.
 Language of Wales. (*v.* Kymraeg.)
 Lateran Council, 297.
 Laughern, Major-General, in Poyer's insurrection, 577, 578.
 Launcelot du Lac, Sir, legendary person, 115, 119.
 Laws, English, introduced into Wales, 322, 345, 363, 391, 400, 417, 420, 484, 490, 576.
 —, and legislation of Wales, history and legend con-

- cerning, 174—194, 199, 204, 229, 230, 296, 318, 319, 345, 363, 447, 448, 452, 453, 482, 484, 490.
 Laws, remarks upon, 322, 323, 399, 400, 518—522.
 — (v. *Dyvnwal Moelmud, Marsia, &c.*)
 Layamon's Brut d'Angleterre referred to, 40.
 Lead, 18, 19, 581.
 Lear and Cordelia, legend of, 44, 45.
 Leek, worn after the battle of Meigen, 139.
 — association transferred to St. David, 146.
 Legendary element in Welsh History, source of the preponderance of the, 449, 588, 589.
 Legends of early Britain, and of Wales. (v. *Bruts, Geoffrey of Monmouth, &c.*)
 Leia, Peter de, Bp. St. David's, 298, 304.
 Leil, a legendary person, 45.
 Leland referred to, 445, 446.
 Leo. (v. *Llew.*)
 Leofgar, Bp., Hereford, 211.
 Lewes, battle and convention of, 460.
 Lewis, Sir Edward, of the Van, holds a bardic congress, 540.
 Lewis Glyn Cothi, 537, 574, 578.
 Leyburn, Roger, 471, *note*.
 Lhuyd, Edward, 435.
 —, Humphrey, "Historie of Cambria," quoted, referred to, and criticized, 169, 201, 260, 261, 266, 267, 292, 310, 328—330, 335—337, 339, 342, 344—348, 353, 356—358, 360, 361, 364, 367, 372, 373, 375, 378, 380, 384, 385, 387, 389, 391, 392, *note*, 394, 395, 398, 399, 415, 416, 418, 421, 424, *note*, 426, *note*, 427, *note*, 428, 429, 431, *note*, 451—454, *note*, 457, 458, 460, 469, 470, *note*, 482, 483, *note*, 536, 539, 543, 589. (v. *Bruts, Caradawg, &c.*)
 Libiau, Bp. Llandaff, 222.
 Limestone rocks, 18. (v. *Mountain Limestone.*)
 Lincoln, Welsh at the battle of, 266.
 Literature of Wales, 104—117, 153—159, 225—227, 309—316, 400—413, 432—444, 447—450, 507—515, 578—580.
 Llanbadarn Vawr castle and town, 423, 481, 494, 559, 573.
 — sanctuary, 253, 257, *note*.
 Llanberis vale, 6.
 Llanccarvan, or Llangarvan, 102.
 Llandaff, book of. (v. *Landavensis, Liber.*)
 —, chronicle kept at, 310. (v. *Annales Landavenses.*)
 —, events at, 153, 301, 305, 570.
 —, see of, 78, 147.
 Llandello Vawr, 355, 426, 502.
 Llandinan Mountains, their height, 3.
 Llandovery, 559. (v. *Llanymddyri.*)
 Llangadoc castle, 346, 348.
 Llangollen vale, 7, 9.
 Llanhausden castle, 336, 337, 455.
 Llanrhystyd castle, 269, 276.
 Llanstephan castle, 266, 268, 335, 357.
 Llanvaes, battle at, 162.
 Llanveyr, 502, *note*.
 Llanvihangel, 270.
 Llanymddyri, or Llandovery, castle and town, 276, 337, 344, 347, 349, 355, 370, 494.
Llechlawr, unprophetic when Henry II. passed over it, 289, 441.
 Lleurwg, or Lles. (v. *Lucius.*)
 Llew, or Leo ab Cynvarch, Nathanleod, or Lot, his history, and legends concerning him, 95, 97, 108, 110.
 Llewelyn, Mrs., version of Hywel's "Choice," 314.
 Llleyn, 354, 385, 481.
 Lloegria, given up to the Saxons, historical and legendary account of this event, 90, 91, 122.
 Lloegrians, a "social tribe," 35.
 Llongborth, battle at, 97, 98.
 Lludd, or Ludd, legends of, 43, 48, 91, 92, 403.
 Llwyd, Sir Gruffydd, 563, 564. (v. *Lhuyd.*)
 Llychlyn, legend of the invasion from, 35.
 Llygad Gwr, bard, 444, *note*, 507, 508.
 Llyr. (v. *Lear.*)
 Llywarch, bard, quoted, 278.
 — Hên, account of, 158, 159.
 —, legendary mention of, 115.
 —, quotations from, and references to his genuine poems, 97—103, 120, 132, 133, 139, 145, 525.
 —, specimens of the spurious poems current under his name, 553.
 — ab Llywelyn, *Frydydd y Moch*, quoted, 326, 338, 535.
 — ab Trahaearn, 253, 255, 256, 260.
 Llywelyn ab Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, 415—432, 441, 442, 449, 451—504, 507, 506, 510—512.
 — ab Iorwerth, "the Great," 326, 327, 336, 338—387, 409, 410, 444, *note*.
 — ab Madog ab Meredydd, 278.
 — ab Rhys, "*Bren*," 562, 563.
 — Sion, bard, 546, 547.
 — ab Sitsyllt, 204, 205.
 —, a South Wallian prince, 172.
 — Vardd, 412.
 Loocrine, legend of, 44.
 Loingarth, the wonderful altar in, 145.
 Lollius Urbicus commands in Britain, 65.
 London, legend of its foundation, 43.
 —, Saxons gain, 100.
 —, council of, 297.
 Long Mountains, their height, 3.
 — Mynd, height of, 3.
 — Knives, Plot of the, 90, 91.
 Lords Marchers. (v. *Marches.*)
 Lot. (v. *Llew.*)
 Louis, Dauphin of France, invades England, 359, 360.
 —, St., arbitrator in the "Baron's war," 460, *note*.
 — VII., letters from Owain Gwynedd to, 283—285.
 Lucan quoted and referred to, 50, 525.
 Lucian referred to, 50.
 Lucie Owain castle, 347, 348.
 Lucius, Lles, or Lleurwg, legend of his being the first Christian king of Britain, 62, 76—78, 80, 122.
 Ludd. (v. *Lludd.*)
 Ludlow, 368, 460.
 Lupus, Bp. Troyes, accompanies St. Germanus on his missionary visit to Britain, 87.
 Lyomese, the, submerged, 137.
 Lyvni, the, 6.
 Mabelven, the district so named, 480.
Mabinogion, the, referred to and illustrated, 114, 117, 155—158, 398, 403—408, 442, 443, 532, 533, 535, 541.
 Mabwynion cantrev, 358, 490.
 Maccus of the Isles, son of Harald, 197—199.
 Machynlleth, 570.
 Madog ab Bleddyn ab Cynvyn and his brothers rebel against Rhys ab Tewdwr, 237.
 — Goch Min Mawr, legend of his treachery, 502, *note*.
 — ab Gruffydd Maelor, 336, 350, 353, 354, 369, 385.
 — ab Gwallter, bard, 513, 514, 531.
 — ab Meredydd, 270—272, 277.
 — Min, Bp. Bangor, 205, 213.
 — ab Morgan, 560, 561.
 — ab Owain Gwynedd, the legend of his discovery and colonization of North America examined, 291, 316, 326—334.
 — ab Rhiryd, 253—256.
Madogwys, or *Madocians*, the. (v. *Madog ab Owain.*)
 Maelgwn Gwynedd, or Malgo, or Maglocune, history and legend concerning, 96, 131, 136, 146, 157, 525, 538, 541.

- Maelgwyn ab Owain Gwynedd, 291.
 — ab Rhys, 294, 335—338, 341, 343, 344, 347
 —351, 353, 355—358, 366, 369, 370, 374.
 — Vychan, 374, 375, 380, 385, 386, 390, 391,
 415, 560.
 Maellenydd, district of Wales, and its castle, 268, 279,
 291, 339, 364, 391.
 Maenor Bdydev cantrev, 358.
 — Deilo, 480.
 Magnus, son of Harald, 211.
 —, son of Olaf, 248, 249.
 Malcolm, prince of Cumbria, 133, 134.
 Mallaen cantrev, 358, 480.
 Mallet's "Northern Antiquities" referred to, 549.
 Malltraeth morass, in Anglesey, 563.
 Malory, Sir Thomas, compiler of the *Morte d'Arthur*, 118.
 Malpas, Robert de, 231.
 Malverns, the, height of, 4, 8.
 Manifesto of Edward against Llywelyn, 474—476, 479.
 Manners of the ancient Britons, 51, 52.
 — Welsh. (c. Customs, Clergy, &c.)
 Manufactures of Wales, 585.
 Maux, the dialect illustrated, 26, 27.
 Mapes, Walter de, or Calenius, legend and history of
 him, 39, 123, 127, 300, 302, 309, 310.
 Marble, 18.
 March ab Meirchion, or Mark, a legendary person, 115.
 Marches, the, events in, 162, 224, 225, 266, 427, 459—
 463, 465, 571. (v. Border warfare, &c.)
 —, Lords of, 241, 242, 244, 245, 392, 400,
 465, 515—518, 576, 577.
 —, president and council of, 517, 539.
 —, usages of, spoken of, 468—470, 482,
 485, 488—490.
 Margan, or Margam, abbey, 383. (v. *Annales Marga-*
menses.)
 Marquesses. (v. Marches, Lords of the.)
 Marriage, laws relating to, 185, 186.
 Marshal, Gilbert, Earl, 384, 387.
 —, Richard, Earl, 378—384.
 —, Walter, 387, 391, 416.
 —, William, Earl of Pembroke, 360—363.
 —, the younger, 364,
 365, 367, 369, 370, 374.
 Marsia, or Martia, or Mertia, a legendary legislatrix of
 the Kymry, 47, 176—178.
 Martyrs of the British church, 81, 82.
 Mathraual, 141. (v. Powys.)
 Matilda the Empress. (v. Stephen.)
 — castle, 342, 377, 382, 462.
 Matthew of Westminster, referred to and quoted, 162,
 363, 386, 393, 426, 429, 451, 452, 460, *note*, 476, 479,
 495, 498, 503, *note*, 504, 557, *note*, 560, 561, 589.
 (v. Roger of Wendover; Paris, Matthew.)
 Maw, the, 6, 19.
 Mawan, legendary missionary in Britain, 76.
 Maxen Wledig, legends of, 70, 71, 78.
 Maximus the Great, legend of, 70.
 Medrawd, or Mordred, Arthur's treacherous nephew,
 legendary and other notices of, 95, 98, 110, 112—115,
 293, 446, 447.
 Megalithic monuments in Britain, 23—25.
 Meigen, battle of, 139.
 Meilyr Brydydd, quoted and referred to, 235, 265, 310.
 Meirig ab Hywel, prince of Morganwg, 207, 211.
 Meirionydd, 254, 260, 269, 336, 366, 391, 423, 481.
 (v. Merionethshire.)
 Meister Singers of Germany spoken of, 530, 534.
 Melrose, Chronicle of, quoted, 391, 439.
 Menai Straits, the, 4, 15.
 —, bridges over, 496, 497, 505.
 —, crossed by the Romans, 63, 64.
 —, English defeated near, 272, 273, 498.
 —, tract near, submerged, 137.
 Menu, deeds of, ascribed to Arthur, 104.
 —, institutes of, imaginary derivation of, from Bard-
 iam, 541, *note*.
 Mercia, kingdom of, set up, 103.
 —, laws of, mentioned, 176.
 Meredydd ab Bleddyn, 250, 251, 255, 256, 260, 261.
 — ab Cadwgan, 260.
 — ab Gruffydd ab Rhys, 268—270.
 — ab Hywel, lord of Kerry, 390.
 — and Ithel, sons of Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, 229.
 — ab Llywelyn of Meirionydd, 420.
 — ab Owain of North Wales, 202—204.
 — South Wales, 213, 232.
 —, 415, 422, 423, 426, 451—453.
 —, sons of, 494, 506.
 — Glyndwrdu submits, 574.
 — ab Rhys, bard, 327, 331, 448, 578.
 — ab Gruffydd, 339, 341, 344.
 — Gryg, 415, 422, 423, 426, 430, 451,
 452, 457, 468, 470.
 — ab Rotpert, 350, 353, 354, 369, 390.
 —, South Wallian prince, ally of Brochwael, 124.
 Merionethshire, or Meirionydd, mountains and physical
 characteristics, 2—4, 6, 8, 17.
 — constituted a county, 522.
 Merlin, romance of, 116. (v. Myrddin.)
Merlini Prophecia. (v. Myrddin.)
 — *Vita* quoted, 438, 440, *note*.
 Merthyr Tydvil, ironworks at, 581, 582.
 Mervyn, prince of Powys, 166, 168, 324.
 — Vrych and Eessyllt, 160—163.
 Metals, wealth of Wales in, 18, 19, 581—583.
 Mengant, or Maygan, mentioned, 91, 437.
 Meurig, various princes so named, 62, 138, 148.
 Milford Haven, 5, 6, 573.
 Military tastes and habits of the Welsh, 316—318.
 Millstone grit, 9.
 Mineral wealth of Wales, 17—19, 581—583.
 Mines, 18, 19, 581—583.
Minnesingers mentioned, 530, 531.
 Miracles, ecclesiastical, 81, 82, 87, 88, 99, 119, 144—
 147, 306—308.
 Mochmant, 286.
 Moel Tryvaen, deposit of modern shells on the side of, 11.
 Mold, or Monthaut, castle, 269, 395, 459, 563.
 Molmutine Laws and Triada. (v. Dynnwal Moelmutd.)
 Mona. (v. Anglesey.)
 Monastic habit assumed at death, 385, 398, 399.
 — institutions, 143.
 Monmouth, affray between Dr. Guisnes and the Earl
 Marshal near, 382, 383.
 — castle, 462.
 —, John of, 369, 382, 383, 391.
 Monmouthshire, its mountains and other natural fea-
 tures, 3, 6, 9.
 — constituted a county, 576.
 Montfort, Amaury de, his imprisonment, 478, 487.
 —, Peter de, 422, 423, 431, 451, 461, *note*.
 —, Simon de, Earl of Leicester, 430, 431, 450,
 459—463, 465.
 —, the younger, 459, 461, *note*, 463.
 Montgomery castle, 231, 246, 366 and *note*, 369, 372,
 375, 376, 394, 419, 425, 427, 460—462, 467, 470,
 472, 479, 485.
 — Ford, meetings, conferences, treaties, &c.,
 at, 420, 452, 454—457, 469, 471—473.
 —, Roger of, 237.
 Montgomeryshire, physical features of, 3, 5, 8, 9, 19.
 — constituted a county, 576.
 Monthaut, Robert de, 468. (v. Mold.)
 —, Roger de, 390.
Monumenta Historica Britannica, Vol. I., referred to,
 146, 165.
 Mora, Pontius de, 473, 474.

- Morals of the Welsh, 318, 587. (*v.* Customs, Clergy, &c.)
 Morddal, legend of, 57.
 Mordav, the munificent, 133.
 Morgan Cam, 373, 375, 377, 415.
 — ab Caradog ab Iestyn, 291.
 — Hên, of Morganwg, 196, 197.
 — ab Hywel, of Caerleon, 375, 385, 392.
 — ab Iorwerth, of Caerleon, 361, *note*, 560, 561.
 — Mwynvawr, lawgiver of Morganwg, 177, 196, *note*, 324, 345.
 — ab Owain, of Caerleon, 262, 275.
 — ab Sadurnin, 131.
 — Dr. William, translator of the Old Testament, 579.
 Morgant, 100, 101, 133.
 Morganwg, various notices of, 102, 138, 177, 196, 197, 201, 203, 206, 207, 214, 235, 237—239, 245.
 Morgeneu, Abp. St. David's, 204.
 Morkar, Earl, aided by the Welsh, 214.
Morte d'Arthur, 117, 118.
 Mortimer, lord of Chirk, 563.
 — Edmund, 503.
 — Sir Edmund, 569—572.
 — Hugh, 268, 467.
 — Ralph, 389, 390, 415.
 — Roger, 339, 340, 346, 391, 415, 422, 424, 453, 454, 456, 457, 459, 460, 466, 468, 471, 479, 484, 504, 559.
Morva Rhuddlan, alluded to, 141, 212, 231.
 Mostyn MS. quoted, 484, 488.
 Mounds, sepulchral, 21—23.
 Mountain Limestone, 9, 13, 14.
 Mountains of Wales, 2—4.
 Mumbles Head, 5.
 Municipalities established by the Romans in Britain, 73, 74.
 Munno, the, 6.
 Murder, laws concerning, 188—190.
 Music and musical instruments of the Welsh, 529, 530. (*v.* Bards.)
 Myles, Nicholas de, 415, 416.
 Mynyddawg Eiddin, legends of, 100, 102, 133.
 Mynydd Hyddgant, 568.
 — Llangeinor, Maen, and Mawr, height of, 2, 4.
 — y Pwl Melin, Owain Glyndwrdu defeated at, 573.
 Myrddin, or Merlin, Emrys or Ambrosius, and Wylt, legends of, 91—95, 106, 114, 133, 327, 444, *note*, 540.
 —, poems and prophecies ascribed to, 130, 241, 259, 261, 278, 279, 281, 433—444, 447—449, 488, 520, 525, 537, 569, 571.
 Myth, illustration of the growth of one, 119, 120.
 Myvrian Archaeology referred to, 145, 470.
 Nant yr Arian, or Silverdale, 358.
 — Pencarn, passage of, by Henry II., 441.
 Narberth. (*v.* Arberth.)
 Nathanleod. (*v.* Llew.)
 Nationality of the Welsh, 296, 589. (*v.* Kymraeg, Prophecies, &c.)
 Neath abbey, 375.
 Nest, mistress to Henry I., 250, 252, 253.
 Nennius, account of the *Historia Britonum* ascribed to, 216, 225, 226.
 —, quoted or referred to, 40, 41, 76, 77, 84, 87, 92—94, 98, 100, 101, 106, 107, 120, 128, 129, 135, 140, 145, 153, 160, 433, 434, 443, 526.
 Neuf Marché, Bernard de, 244, 250.
 Nevyn, the tournament at, 557.
 Newburgh, William of, quoted, 443.
 Newcastle. (*v.* Castel Newydd, Emlyn.)
 Newport, Monmouthshire, 462, 463.
 New Red Sandstone, 11.
 Nigel, lord of Halton, 244.
 Normandy, Welsh auxiliaries serve in, 290, 291.
 Norman conquest of Wales, why so slow, 241.
 — laws, introduced by Davydd ab Owain, 322.
 Normans, character of 240.
 — conquer South Wales, 239.
 — marry Welsh ladies, and so pacifically inherit Welsh lordships, 250.
 Northumbria ravaged by the Welsh, 206.
 North Wales, agriculture of, 584.
 —, farmed out by Henry III., 417.
 —, the Gael dispossessed of, 73, 585.
 —, held by Robert de Rhuddlan, 242.
 —, mines, &c., of, 581, 582.
 —, people of, 585, 586. (*v.* Edward I., Gwynedd.)
 Novis, Abp., 167.
 Nowi ab Gwriad, prince of Gwent, 221—223.
 Nudd Haal, Cumbrian prince, legends of, 133, 136.
 Octa, son of Hengst, legendary notice of, 93, 95.
 Offa, king of Mercia, defeats the Welsh, 141.
 Offa's dyke, 141, 213.
 — laws, the origin of, appropriated by the Welsh, 176.
 Old Red Sandstone, 9—11, 13.
 Orby, Fulk de, 455.
 Ordeals, 190, 305.
 Ordericus Vitalis, quoted or referred to, 230—234, 236, 242, 243, 249, 261, 265.
 Ordinances of Wales. (*v.* Henry IV.)
 Orme's Head, 4, 9.
 Ostorius Scapula, 62, 63.
 Oswald of Northumbria, legend and history of, 125, 126, 139.
 Oswestry, or Oswald's Tre, or Croes Oswald, castle and town, 270, 282, 380, 479, 560.
 Oswy Whitebrow, legend of, and history, 126, 128.
 Ottoboni, the papal legate, negotiates a treaty with Llywelyn, 465—468, 476.
 Oudoceus, St., legends and records of, 148, 149, 150, 151.
 Ovates, *Orydd*, *Eubates*, or *Vates*, a supposed order of Bards or Druids, 54, 524 and *note*, 545 and *note*, 548, 549.
 — the "Hostile," 115, 541.
 Owain ab Cadwgan, 251—258.
 — Cyveiliog, 270, 278, 279, 282, 286, 292, 294.
 —, his poems, 2, 4, 279, *note*, 295, 311—314, 531.
 — ab Davydd, 354.
 — ab Edwyn, invites the Normans to invade North Wales, 248, 249.
 — Glyndwrdu, the story of his insurrection, and of his superstition, 440, 441, 449, 538, 565—574.
 — Goch ab Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, 415—419, 481—483, 508, 509.
 — ab Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn, 475, *note*, 478, 482.
 — ab Rhys, 346, 348, 349, 351, 354, 356, 358, 360, 366, 370, 375, 377, 380, 385.
 — of Gwent submits to Athelstane, 170.
 — Gwynedd, 260, 263—287, 297, 444, *note*.
 — ab Hywel Dda, 195—197, 201—203, 218.
 — ab Maxen Wledig, history and legend of, 72, 131.
 — ab Urien, legend and history of, 101, 102, 115, 137.
 — Vychan, 279, 286, 293.
 Owen, Aneurin, his "Ancient Laws of Wales" referred to and quoted, 171, 174, 176, 178, 179, 191, 194, 310, 324, 399, 518—520, 522, *note*, 528, *note*, 544 and *note*, 545.
 Owen's "British Remains" referred to, 323, *note*, 517.
 — Dr. W. (*v.* Pughe, Dr. W. O.)
 Oxford, council at, 292.
 —, parliament at, 431, 432.
 —, schools and scholars at, 145, 567.
 Oystermouth, 559.

- Pabo Post Prydain, 133.
 Padarn, St., or Patern, or Patronus, legends of, 99, 146, 147.
 Pagans. (v. Danes.)
 Palæozoic rocks, 7—9, 12, 13.
 Palatine jurisdictions, 517.
 Palgrave, Sir Francis, referred to, 196.
 Paris, Matthew, quoted, 342, 386, 388, 393, 395, 397, 414—416, 418—420, 424, 425, 427—431, *note*, 440, 451, 452, 516. (v. Matthew of Westminster, Roger of Wendover.)
 —, Welsh scholars at, 302.
 Parliament, the "Mad," 431, 432.
 Parry, John Humfrees, version of the Odes of Gwalchmai, 272, 273, 277, 278.
 —, Dr., revises the Welsh translation of the Scriptures, 579.
 Paschal controversy, the, 151—153.
 Pasgen, or Pascent, legend and history of, 94, 95, 135.
 Patrick, St., 145.
 Patriotism. (v. Nationality.)
 Paul, St., legend of his preaching in Britain, 79.
 Paulinus, or Pawl Hên? 144, 146, 147, 153.
 Paviland caves, the, 12, 17.
 Payne castle, 340, 342, 356.
 Peblau, king of Erging, 144, 147, 148.
 Pedigrees amongst the Welsh, 318, 323, 530, 531, 588, 589.
 Pelagianism in Britain, 144.
 Pelagius, or Morgan, the heretic, 83, 89.
 Pembroke, or Penbroch, castle, 245, 247, 263, 364, 430, 577, 578.
 —, lord of, purchases peace of Owain Glyndwrdu, 573.
 Penbrokeshire, physical features of, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 18, 19, 582.
 —, conquered by Strongbow, 255.
 —, a county palatine, 517.
 —, other events relating to, 361, 430.
 Pencadair, Henry II. at, 279 and *note*, 448.
 Pencelly castle, 380.
 Penchyn', district so named, 481.
 Penda of Mercia, legends and history of, 103, 125, 126, 139, 140.
 Pendaran Dyved, tribe of, 324.
 Pengwern, lost by Powys, 141. (v. Shrewsbury.)
 Penmarc castle, 570.
 Pen Maen Mawr, height of, 2.
 Pennant, in South Wales, 430.
 —, the tourist, referred to, 9, 374, 575.
 Penrhyn Rhionydd, 146.
 —, slate-quarries at, 583.
 Pensax coal-field, 9.
 Penwedic castle and cantrev, 270, 348, 349, 351.
 Percy, Sir Henry, or Hotspur, his relations to Wales, 567, 568, 570—572.
 Peredur ab Eryawg, or Sir Perceval, legends about, and history of, 102, 115, 116, 118, 119, 133.
 Periv ab Cedivor, bard, 314.
 Permian beds, 11.
 Persecution in Britain, 81, 82.
 Perveddwad, or the Four Cantreys, 415, 417, 423, 469, 482, 483, 488, 490, 500, 501. (v. Rhos, Rhyvoniog, Englefield, and Dyffryn Clwyd.)
 Peter, Bp. St. David's, 307.
 —, St., legend of his preaching in Britain, 80.
 Philip, *Le Hardi*, III., king of France, letter from Llywelyn to, 477.
 — and Mary, statute of, referred to, 517.
 —, St., said to have preached in Britain, 79.
 Philip Brydydd, 411, 412, 535.
 Physical description of Wales, 1—19.
 Picts, their invasions of England and Wales, from Scotland and Ireland, spoken of, 65, 70, 71, 85, 88, 89, 100.
 Pilgrimages to Rome in vogue with the Welsh, 295, 308.
Placita at Westminster, records of, referred to, 400.
 Plants, marine, 17.
 —, subarctic, 16.
 Plenydd, a legendary person, mentioned, 540.
 Pliny, referred to, 525.
 Plutarch, quoted, 55.
 Plynlimmon, its height, &c., 3, 5, 19, 568.
 Poer, Ranulph, vice-count of Gloucester, 289, 290, 293.
 Polydore Vergil mentioned, 150.
 Pomponius Mela referred to, 50, 525.
 Pont Orewyn, 502, 503.
 Pool, Welshpool, or Trallwng, 340, 478.
 Portlands at Portsmouth, 97, 98.
 Porthacothy in Anglesey, 339.
 Poseidonius the Stoic quoted, 523.
 Powel, Col., in Poyer's insurrection, 577.
 Powell, Anthony, referred to, 326, 403.
 —, Dr. D., editor of Lhuys's "Historie of Cambria," spoken of, 169, 201, 260, 261, 329, 330, 356, *note*, 373, 415, 446, 476, 482, 490, 497, *note*, 498, 500, *note*, 536, 539, 542, 543, 557, 561, 567, *note*, 579.
 Powys, various historical events connected with the principality of, recorded, 140, 141, 162, 163, 166, 168, 171, 229, 231, 235, 336, 425.
 —, privileges of the men of, celebrated by Cynddelw, 139, 178.
 Poyer, Col., his insurrection in South Wales, 577, 578.
 Precelly Mountains, the height of the, 3, 8, 18.
Preiddau Annwn referred to, 537.
 Prestatyn castle, 286.
 Price, Rev. Thomas, his *Hanes Cymru* referred to, 435, *note*, 579.
 Prichard, Dr., on the "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," referred to, 28.
 Primitive language, the fruitless search for, 20.
 "Prince of Wales," some account of this title, 372, 373 and *note*, 413, 462, 468, 469, 476, 504, 557, *note*, 561, 562.
 Private forays, 222, 223.
 Procopius, legend quoted from, 121.
 Prophecies, pretended, current in Wales, 259, 395, 432—449, 488, 499, 511, *note*, 520, 536, 569.
 "Protector of the Britons," a title of the English kings, 196.
 Prydain ab Aedd Mawr, legends of, 34, 175.
Prydydd Bychan, y, bard, 412, 508, 509.
 Pughe, Dr. William Owen, quoted and remarked upon, 331, 332, 525, 531, 536, 539, 541, 545, *note*, 546—548, 551, 579.
 Pulesdon, Roger de, 560.
 Queen, laws relating to the, 180—185.
 Radnor castle, 340, 359, 375, 378, 384, 460, 568.
 — forest, height of, 3.
 Radnorshire, physical description of, 3, 6, 8, 10, 356.
 —, constituted a county, 576.
 Ragland castle, siege of, by Fairfax, 577.
 Ralph, Earl of Hereford, 209, 210.
 — Norfolk, Welsh engaged in his conspiracy, 233, 234.
 Ramsey island, 4.
 Ranulph, two Earls of Chester so named, 264, 266, 270, 349, 361, *note*, 377.
 Record Commission, publications of the, spoken of, 345.
 "Redde" castle, 380.
 Rees' Encyclopædia referred to, 545, *note*, 549.
 —, Prof., his "Essay on Welsh Saints" cited, 143.
 Religion of Ancient Britain, 53, 57.
 — in Wales, 308, 309, 411, 512—514, 587. (v. Ecclesiastical History, Monastic Habit, &c.)
 Restoration of the sway of the Kymry in Britain ex-

- pected, 432—450, 567. (v. Arthur, Cadwaladr, Pro-
phesies.)
Revue des Deux Mondes, referred to, 118.
 Reyn, a pretended son of Meredydd ab Owain, 205.
 Rhaidrwy castle, 292, 337, 375.
 Rheged, kingdom of, 100—102. (v. Cumbria.)
 Rheidol, the, 6.
 Rheims, council of, 297, 301.
 Rhitta Gawr, legends of, 112, 113, 137.
 Rhiwallon Wallt Banadlan, 137.
 Rhodri ab Gruffydd, 483.
 — Maelwynawg, or Roderic Molwynoc, 129, 135,
 140, 141.
 — Mawr, Roderic the Great, 131, 132, 163—166.
 —, sons of, 167, 324.
 — ab Owain Gwynedd, 291, 292, 336—339.
 Rhos, in North Wales, lordship of, 242, 354, 415, 491.
 (v. Perfeddwlad.)
 —, in South Wales, 252, 293, 306, 358, 361, 364, 430.
 Rhuddlan abbey, castle, and town, 212, 231, 272, 273,
 282, 286, 349, 353, 354, 390, 419, 481, 494, 496, 557,
 558.
 —, Robert de, 231, 242, 243.
 —, Statutes of, 175, 179, 194, 400, 505, 521, 522.
 —, Treaties of, 391, 482, 483.
 Rhun ab Maelgwn, 131, 136.
 — ab Urien, or Rum Mab Urbgen, or Paulinus? 153.
 Rhuvawn ab Maelgwn, 137.
 Rhydcors castle, 245, 246, 251.
 Rhyddchwina, peace of, 493.
 Rhydderch Hael, 100, 102, 103, 131, 132, 136.
 — ab Iestyn, 205, 206.
 Rhyddmarch, Bp. St. Davids, 302.
 Rhymes, varieties of, amongst the Welsh, 554, 555.
 Rhys Brydydd, 34.
 — Goch, bard, 546, 578.
 — ab Gruffydd ab Rhys, "the Lord Rhys," 266, 269,
 270, 271, 273, 275—277, 279, 280, 282, 285, 286, 288
 —294, 297, *note*, 321, 322, 335—341.
 —, 346, 348, 349, 351, 354
 —356, 358, 360, 366.
 — ab Meredydd, 480, 502, 506, 558, 559.
 — ab Owain, 232.
 — ab Rhydderch, 207, 209.
 — ab Tewdwr, prince of Dyfed, 234, 237, 238, 241,
 324, 444, *note*, 541—543.
 —, 567, 574, 575.
 — ab Thomas, Sir, 575, and *note*.
 — Vychan, or Gryg, ab Rhys ab Gruffydd, 339, 341,
 344, 347—351, 354—356, 359, 361, 364, 369, 370,
 377, 380, 385, 411, 412.
 — ab Rhys Gryg, 369, 370, 392.
 — ab Rhys Mechyl, 416, 422, 426, 451,
 452, 454.
 —, sons of, 494, 506.
 Rhys Vychan ab Rhys ab Maelgwn, 494, 506.
 Rhyvoniog, lordship of, 162, 242, 354, 415. (v. Per-
 veddwlad.)
 Richard II., 565.
 —, believed to be living in Henry IV.'s reign,
 569, 570.
 — III., 575, 576.
 — of Devizes, cited, 339.
 Rishanger, quoted or referred to, 451, 458, 463, 466.
 Rivers of Wales, 5—7, 16, 17.
 Robert, Earl of Gloucester, 258, 267, 305, 309, 543, *note*.
 Robin ab Ledin, Welsh refugee in France, 565.
 Rocking stones, 23, 55.
 Roderic. (v. Rhodri.)
 Roger, Earl of Clare, 276, 277.
 — of Wendover's "Flowers of History," quoted or
 referred to, 129, *note*, 162, 266, 342, 349, 353, 365,
 366, 368, 371, 372, 374, 376—378, 380, 381, 384,
 385, 439. (v. Paris, Matthew.)
 Roland at Roncesvalles, 105.
 Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, 105.
 Romans invade and conquer Britain, 58—64.
 — assist Britons against Caledonians and Saxons,
 88, 89.
 — give up Britain, 71, 84.
 — their roads, camps, &c., in Britain, 64, 65.
 Romantic literature of Europe, influence of Welsh tra-
 ditions and legends upon, 104—119, 432—444.
 Rome, Church of, its influence in Britain and Wales, 83,
 295—300. (v. Independence, Ecclesiastical.)
 Roses, Wars of the, referred to, 574, 575.
 Rouen, Welsh at the siege of, 290.
 Round Table, legends of, 105, 114, 116—119.
 —, or Tournament, at Nevrn, 557.
 Rowena, legends of, 86, 90, 92, 120.
 Rowland's *Mona Antiqua*, referred to, 162.
 Rowlandson's Prize Essay on the Agriculture of North
 Wales, referred to, 583, 584.
 Royal lands ravaged, 422.
 — officers, laws relating to them, 180—185.
 Rufin, Le Chevalier, Welsh leader of a Free Company,
 565.
 Runes, or Runic letters, spoken of, 449, 549.
 Ruthyn burnt, 566.
 Ruxton, Lieut., his discovery of the Madocians, 333.
 Rymer's *Fœdera* cited, 344, 348, 357, 364, 370, 372,
 378, 386, 388, 393, 394, *note*, 418, 427, 428, 430, 451,
 455, 457, 466, 467, 474, 480, 481, 485, 488, 495, 522,
 527, 561.
 Sabrina, legend of, 44.
 St. Asaph's see, cathedral, and abbey, 145, 161, 297,
 474, 557, 569.
 — Bride's bay, 5, 12.
 — Clare castle, 335, 339.
 — David's cathedral, see, &c., 161, 166, 167, 169, 202
 —205, 217, 235, 237, 247, 295—299, 301, 307, 380,
 515, 558, 572, *note*.
 —, Head, 4.
 — Fagan's, battle at, 577.
 — Valeri, Maud de, legend of, 347, 348, 359.
 Salesbury, William, translator of the New Testament,
 550, 579.
 Saltworks, 18.
 Samson, St., 110, 111, 144.
 Sanctuary, privilege of, according to the laws, 308, 309.
 Sarn Badrig and Cynvellyn, 4, 17, 137.
 Saxon invasions begin, 67, 70, 71, 85.
 — conquest of Britain, 84—103, 120—122.
 — plot, Welsh and Scots share in, against the Nor-
 mans, 265.
 — Shore, Count of the, 85.
 Schultz' "Essay on the Influence of Welsh Tradi-
 tions" referred to, 105, 118.
 Scots, invasions of, 70, 85, 100.
 —, Saxons invited to aid in repelling, 88, 89.
 —, Welsh make alliance with, 429.
 Scott, Sir Walter, his *Sir Tristram* mentioned, 117.
 "Scutage of Gannock," the, 397.
 Segrave, Stephen, 381.
 Seiont, the, 6.
 Seisyllt, or Sitsyllt, bard, 535.
 — ab Dyrnwal, 289—291.
 Seithennyn the Drunkard, 136, 137.
 Sele, Hywel, attempts to assassinate Owain Glyndwrn,
 569.
 Senghenydd, or Caerphilly, castle, 291, 360, 361.
 Sepulchral mounds, 21, 23.
 Severn, the, 5.
 —, Danes blockaded at, 168.
 Severus, emperor, in Britain, 66, 67.
 Shakspeare's Henry IV., quoted, 441, 569, 570, 574.
 — V., 562.

- Shakespeare's Henry VI., 575.
 Shrewsbury, or Pengwern, miscellaneous historic notices of, 348, 356, *note*, 363, 378, 383, 459, 470, 481, 495.
 — battle of, 571.
 Shropshire, hills, rivers, &c., 2, 3, 5, 9, 10.
 — noticed, 246, 574.
 Siferth, a Welsh prince, 199.
 Silures, resist the Romans, 62, 63. (*v. Essyllwg.*)
 Silurian system of rocks in Wales, 7—9, 12, 13.
 Silver, 19, 582.
 Simeon of Durham, and his continuator, mentioned, 264, 309.
 Simon Zelotes, St., legend of his preaching in Britain, 79.
 Sion Kent, bard, 537, 578.
 Skalds of Scandinavia spoken of, 549.
 Skomer island, 5.
 Slate quarries, 18, 583.
 Slavery in Wales, 219.
 Snowdon, its height, physical structure and history, its quarries, &c., 2, 8, 16, 18, 583.
 —, historical events connected with it, 162, 246, 258, 350, 395, 481, 496—506, 522, 560, 561, 573.
 Social aspects of Wales. (*v. Customs, &c.*)
 — distinctions, 180—194.
 — tribes, the three, 34, 35.
 Southey, Robert, his "Madoc" quoted, 316, 334.
 South Wales, physical features of, 2, 9.
 —, its mines, &c., 581, 582.
 —, its people, 585, 586.
 —, descendants of Liethan driven out of, by the sons of Cynedda, 135.
 —, subjugated by the Normans, 237—239.
 —, Welsh princes become lords in, under the kings of England, 245.
 —, its *reguli* reconciled to Henry II. by the Lord Rhys, 291.
 —, lost and won again, 375, 480.
 — (*v. Dyred, Gwent, Morganwg, &c.*)
 Spang, John, Lord Rhys's jester, 308.
 Spelman, Sir Henry, his *Concilia* referred to, 196.
 Springs, 18.
 Stephens, Thomas, his "Literature of the Kymry" cited and alluded to, or controverted, 40, 130, 159, 309, 403, 404, 435—437, *note*, 442, 444, *note*, 447, 448, 507, *note*, 523, 531, 532, 534, 536, 541—543 and *notes*, 549, 550, 555, 578.
 Stephen and Matilda, the Welsh rebel during their contest for the throne of England, 264—273.
 Stilicho delivers Britain, 71.
 Stonehenge described, 54—57.
 —, legend respecting, 94.
 Stowe's Annals quoted, 557, *note*.
 Stow Hill, its height, 3.
 Strabo referred to, 50, 524, 545.
 Strange, John Le, 422—424, 456.
 Strange, John Le, Junior, 460, 461.
 Strata Florida. (*v. Ystrad Flur.*)
 Strath-Clyde, kingdom of, historical sketches of, 73, 131—134, 166, 199.
 Stratywy. (*v. Ystradtyw.*)
 Strigul. (*v. Strongbow, Pembroke.*)
 Strongbow, Gilbert, Earl of Pembroke, 255, 256.
 —, Richard, Earl of Strigul, his expedition against Ireland, 287.
 Subjugation of Wales, the necessity for it, 274, 275, 334, 335, 362, 402, 464.
 Suckley manor given up to Llywelyn, 366.
 Suetonius Paulinus commands in Britain, 62—64.
 —, extirpates the Druids, 56.
 Sulien, Bp. St David's, 302.
 Superstition in Wales, 161, 162.
 Sussex, or South Saxons, kingdom of, 89.
 Swansea, or Abertawy, 559
 — Bay, 5.
 Swansea, copper-smelting at, 581, 582.
 Sweyn, Earl, 207, 208.
 Sycarth, manor of, 569.
 Tacitus quoted and alluded to, 63, 64, 131, 525.
 Talacharn castle, 357.
 Talhaiarn, bard, 153.
 Taliesin, or *Ambrosius Telesinus*, or Gwion Bach, quotations from, and references to, 33, 34, 99—101, 120, 136, 145, 153, 154, 399.
 —, *Mabinogi* of, 155—158, 403, 447, 538, 540.
 —, fictitious poems of, 103, 259, 438, 447, 448, 525, 529.
 Tal y Moelvre, battle of, 272, 273.
 Tave, the, 6.
 Tegan Eurvron, a legendary lady, 115.
 Tegengl, or Englefield, 166, 248, 286. (*v. Perveddwlad.*)
 Teify, the, 6.
 Teilo, St., legends of, 111, 144, 146—148.
 —, abbot of, 302.
 Tenby, or Denbigh y Pyscot, 270, 294, 453, 573.
 Tenure of land in the Marches, 224, 225.
 Teulydog, abbot of, 302.
 Tewdwr of Brycheiniog, his expensive frolic, 222.
 — of Morganwg, defeats the Saxons at Mathern, 136.
 — (*v. Tudor.*)
 Theft, laws regarding, 188.
 Theodosius commands in Britain, 70.
 —, founds Cŵr Tewdwa, 83.
 Thierry, Augustine, History of the Norman Conquest quoted or referred to, 239, *note*, 252, *note*, 265, 564, 565.
 Thomas ab Einion, 403.
 Thony, Ralph de, 382, 384.
 Tintagel, or Tintaiol, castle, 107, 108, 396.
 Tostig, Earl, 212, 214.
 Towy, the, 6.
Traethodydd, the, referred to, 546, *note*.
 Trahaearn ab Caradawg, 232, 234, 235.
 — ab Hywel, 469.
 Trallwng, 255, 424, 425, *note*. (*v. Poole.*)
 Trefaldwyn castle. (*v. Montgomery.*)
 Trefelard, 453.
 Trefilan castle, 385.
 Trefynnion castle, 349.
 Tregarnedd, in Anglesey, 563.
 Tregarron mountains, their height, 3.
 Tre'r Twr, 570.
 Trevdraeth castle, 357.
 Triads relating to Bardism, 519, 520, 528, 540, 541, 544, 545.
 —, ethical, 551, 552.
 —, legends of the, 33—36, 57, 59—63, 71—73, 76, 86, 90—92, 94, 98—100, 102, 103, 114—116, 129, 131—133, 136, 137, 140, 145, 163, 166, 175, 177, 178, 213, 318, 319, 324, 327.
 —, observations upon the, 589.
 Triassic rocks, 11.
 Tribes of the Kymry, royal and common, 324—326.
 Tribute paid by the Welsh princes to England, 163, 166, 170, 198, 469, 482.
 Trimmer's Prize Essay on the Connexion of Agriculture and Geology quoted, 583, 584.
 Tristram, Sir, a poem, 117. (*v. Trystan.*)
 Trivet, Nicholas, cited, 288, 353, 458, 475, *note*, 480, 481, 483, 484, 589.
 Troubadours, spoken of, 525, 531.
 Troynovant, or London, legend of its foundation, 43.
 Trystan ab Tallwch, legend of, 115, 541.
 Tudor, Edmund and Jasper, 575.
 —, Owen, 433, 506, 574, 575.
 —, Henry, Earl of Richmond, and Henry VII., 506, 575, 590.
Tumuli, 21—23.

- Turbaries, in Wales, 12.
 Turberville, Thomas, 561.
 Turner, Sharon, his writings referred to, 128, 159.
 Twrch Trwyth, the hunting of the, *Mabinogi* of, or of Kilhwch and Olwen, 404—408.
 Tybetot, Robert, 482, 491, 559.
 Tydain Tad Awen, a legendary person, 540.
 Ty Gwyn, or the White House, on the Tav, abbey of, 399, 425.
 Tyrants, Britain a "seed-field" of, 65—74.
 Tysilio, legends relating to, 39, 153, 281. (v. Bruts.)
- Uchtryd ab Edwyn, 253, 254.
 Uffa sets up East Anglian kingdom, 103.
 Ulpius Marcellus commands in Britain, 65.
 Urban, Bp. Llandaff, 301, 305.
 Urb Lluyddawg, legend of, 35.
 Urien ab Cynvarch, of Rheged, history and legend about him, 100—102, 110, 131, 132, 158.
 Ursula, St., and the eleven thousand virgins, 82, 83.
 Usk, the, 6, 375.
 ———, the castle on, 289.
 Uthyr Pendragon, legends of, 72, 73, 94, 95, 107, 108, 119.
- Valence, William de, Earl of Pembroke, 502, 558.
Vates. (v. Ovates.)
 Vaughan of Hengwrt quoted, 201, 324, 435, 543.
Venedotia. (v. Gwynedd, North Wales.)
 Vespaian commands in Britain, 61.
Via Flandrensis, 252, *note*.
Victoria Alleluistica, 88.
 Vipont, Robert de, 353.
 Vortipore, legend of, 96, 137. (v. Gwrtheyvr.)
 Yrnwy, the, 5.
- Wace, his *Brut d'Angleterre* referred to, 40, 404.
 Walerand, his embassies to Llywelyn, 466.
 Wales, imperfectly occupied by the Romans, 65.
 ———, Britons driven into, according to history and legend, 96, 103, 122.
 ———, expected to be a perpetual possession for the Kymry, 103, 432—450.
 ———, divided by Rhodri Mawr, into Gwynedd, Powys, and Dyfed, 132.
 ———, petty principalities in, 132, 163.
 ———, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth claims to be lord paramount of, 345, 346.
 Walls built by the Romans in North Britain, 64—66, 71.
 Walsingham, Thomas, mentioned, 589.
 Walwen. (v. Gwalchmai.)
 Walwern castle, 278, 279, 286.
 Warren, Earl, anecdote of, 516.
 Warrington's "History of Wales" remarked upon, 163, 340, 424, *note*, 469, 497, *note*, 498, 500, *note*, 517.
 Wats' Dyke, 213.
 Weaver, the, 7, 18.
 Wecheleu, the anchorite, 303.
 Welsh, legends respecting the origin of the name, 89, 127.
 Welsh, Anglo-Saxon laws respecting them, 193, 194.
 ———, in the English armies, 562.
 ———, engage as mercenaries, 266, 290, 291, 339, 356, 460, 564, 565.
 ———, remarks upon them, 585—591. (v. Ethnology.)
 ———, Indians. (v. Indians.)
 ———, Kind, spoken of, 129, 141, 193.
 ———, MSS., legend of the burning of them in the Tower, 549, 550.
 ———, society, spoken of, 497, 580.
- Wenlock Edge, 3, 5, 8, 15.
 West Saxons, or Wessex, kingdom of, history and legend respecting it, 96—100.
 West Wales mentioned, 129. (v. Cornwall.)
 White House on the Tav, Hywel's Legislative Assembly at, 172, 173.
 Whittington castle and lordship, 367, 368, 462, 468.
 Wight, Isle of, subdued, 100.
 Wigmore castle, priory, &c., 458—460.
 ———, *Historia* of the priory referred to, 346, *note*, 463.
 Wikes, Thomas, quoted, 391, 426, *note*, 428, 439, 460, 462, 470, 475, *note*, 480, 481, 484, 485, 496, 497, 558, 559.
 William of Brabant, Bp., killed, 254, 255.
 ——— I. enters Wales, 236.
 ——— II., two expeditions against North Wales, 246—248.
 ———, Earl of Gloucester, 290.
 ——— of Malmesbury, quoted, 114, 127, 130, 170, 171, 198, 199, 233, 247, 248, 250, 252, 258, 267, 293, 296, 309, 443, 445.
 Williams, Archdeacon, quoted, 24, 48, 80.
 ———, Edward, (*Iolo Morganwg*.) referred to, 523, 536, 539, 543, *note*, 545 and *note*, 546—548, 551 and *note*, 554, 579, 585.
 ———, Taliesin, (*ab Iolo*.) on the *Coelbren*, referred to, 546, 579.
 ——— ab Tewdwr, 567.
 Winchester, Peter, Bp. of, 378—384.
 Windsor, Gerald de, *dapifer*, 245, 247, 251—253, 258.
 Wirral, Danes seize the, 168.
 Witnesses, laws respecting, 190.
 Witticisms of the Welsh, 308, 320.
 Wolves' heads, story of the tribute of, 198, 199, 488.
 Worcester, Annals of, cited, 561, *note*.
 ———, events at, 362, 461.
 Wotton's *Leges Wallie*, 179.
 Wright, Thomas, "History of Ludlow," quoted, 366, *note*.
 Wye, the, 5, 6.
 Wynion, the, 6.
 Wynne's History of Wales, spoken of, 169, 201, 549, 550.
 Wyz. (v. Gwys.)
- Yale, or Ial, castle, 270, 274.
 Y Glefford Faun Ogd, height of, 2.
 Ynyr. (v. Ivor.)
Ynys Ceoni, 563.
 Yorke's "Royal Tribes" referred to, 321, 324, 325.
 Yr Aren, height of, 2.
 Yr Arrig, height of, 2.
 Yrffon, the, 6.
 Ysgennen, district of, 494.
 Ysolt, Isolt, Ysonde, Isonde, or Essyllt, legend of, 115.
 Yspys, Normans defeated in the forest of, 246.
 Ystrad-Alun, 493.
 ——— Clwyd, 166, 210.
 ——— Flur, or Strata Florida, abbey, 330, 386, 476, 557, 561, *note*, 568.
 ———, Chronicle at, 310, 329, 420.
 ——— Meirig castle, 266, 270, 276, 337, 341, 343, 348.
 ——— Tywy, 246, 355, 358, 426, 430, 480, 502.
 Ystradyw, or Ystradwy, lordships of, 245.
 Ystwith, the, 6.
 Yvain, or Owain, de Galles, Welsh refugee in France, 564.
 ———, Greflin, Welsh refugee in France, 565.
- Zinc, 19.
 Zouch, Alan de la, farms North Wales, 417, 418.

